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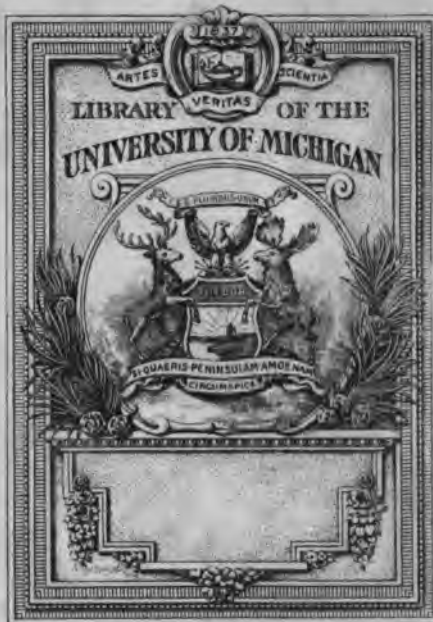
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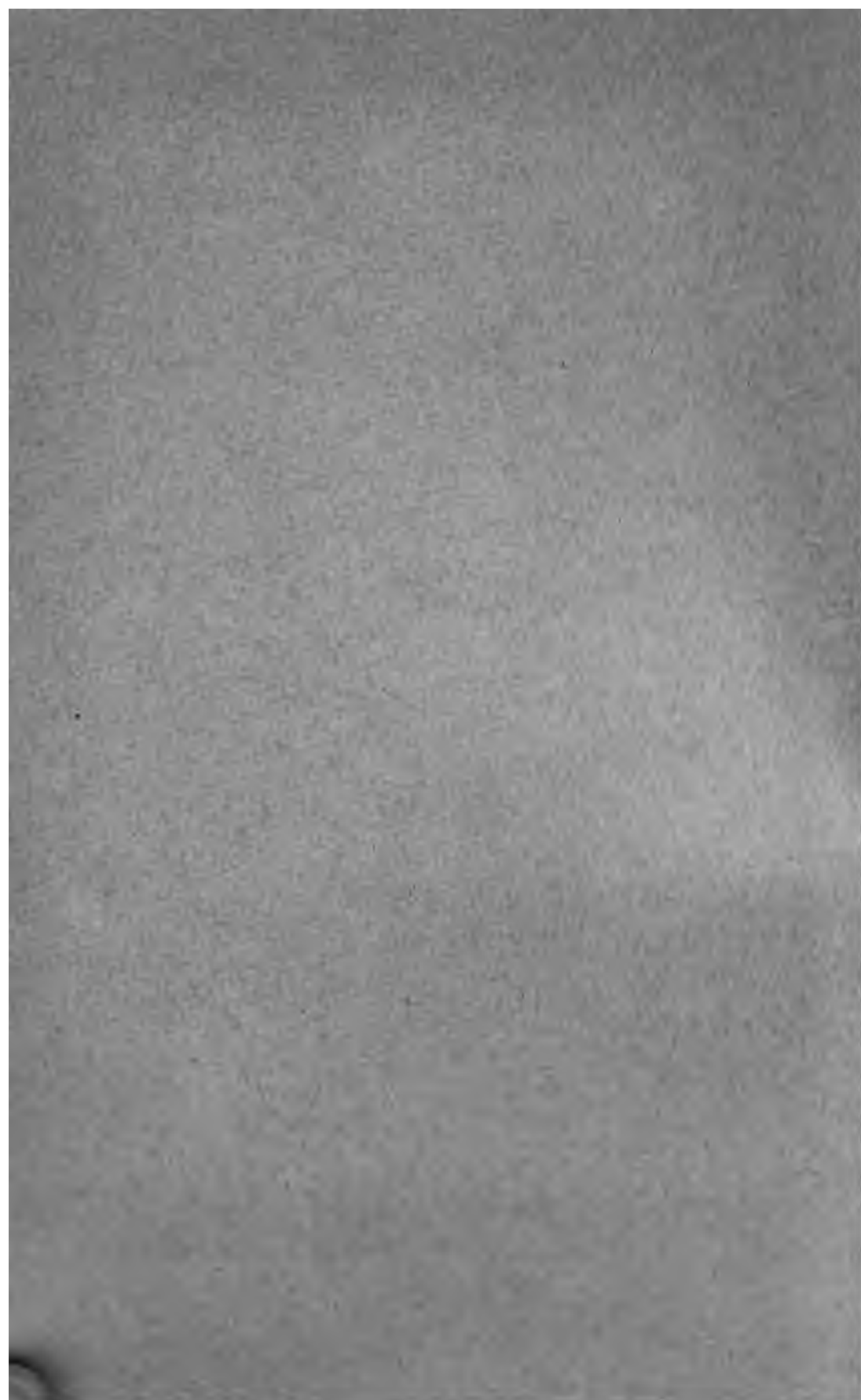
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# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY

VOLUME XXVII  
MAY TO OCTOBER  
1906



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# M<sup>c</sup>CLURE'S MAGAZINE

A  
NEW SERIES  
BY

Rudyard  
Kipling

"Robin Goodfellow, His Friends"

BEGINS IN THIS  
NUMBER

WILLIAM JORDAN

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FOURTH AVENUE & TWENTY-THIRD STREET NEW YORK

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"A YEAR FROM NOW," HE SAID, "YOU WILL REMEMBER THAT YOU  
HAVE SAT WITH THE EMPEROR OF BRITAIN—AND GAUL"

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVII MAY, 1906

No. 1



## Robin Goodfellow -- His Friends

by  
**Rudyard Kipling**

Illustrated by **Andr  Castaigne**



ONCE upon a time a boy called Dan and a girl called Una lived in England upon a farm a thousand years old not very far from where Caesar landed to conquer the Britons, and quite close to where William the Conqueror fought the battle of Hastings. That was why they sometimes dug up old Roman and Anglo-Saxon coins in their garden.

At one end of the farm stood a tiny water-mill that had been a smuggler's hiding-place ever since smuggling began; and at the other was a tumble-down cottage called The Forge, in a broken hollow of fern and gorze, which was all that remained of an ancient iron foundry that had cast cannon for the ships that fought the Spanish Armada. Dan and Una never found anything except rats in the mill; but by the Forge, where their friend Hobden the Hedger lived, they would come across beautiful glassy-green pieces of

slag, and rusty nails that looked like real daggers.

If they had thought for a moment (instead of scrambling about with old Hobden, setting traps), they would have seen that their farm was the last place in Old England to take liberties with. There were queer dimples and waves and hillocks in the old smooth pastures that had never been broken up since Elizabeth's time — and each mound was crowned with a warning Fairy Ring, or a tuft of fern. After heavy rain, when the sun struck right, you could trace something like faint shadows of a broad road sweeping past across a lonely field and disappearing into huge double hedges almost as tall and deep as railway tunnels. Some people said it used to run straight to Land's End in Cornwall, but old Hobden said that in his father's time a wise man could bring twenty packhorses up from the sea inside those double hedges, with a keg of brandy on each horse, and never show a single horse's single ear above ground all the way.

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Odd lengths of footpath paved with thin oblong bricks popped up in a honeycombed rabbit-warren, died out in the plough land beyond, and reappeared half a mile off at the south side of a steep wood where you could reach down between the gorze stems and feel the outline of a flat hearthstone. There were fords to the brook that nobody could use because the banks were so high; but when you peered down, you could see the stones had been worn hollow by human feet. The valley was full of noises of running water, and the spatter of the mill-wheel — half words and chuckles by day; whole sentences and impudent songs by night — and wherever you went, you could not (the children had tried often), hide from an Oak, an Ash, and a Thorn, all three trees together, leaning and whispering and watching.

Yet in spite of these signs, Dan and Una took it into their heads to act a piece out of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the most magical play in the world — on Midsummer Night's Eve, the most magical night in the year. Not content with that, they acted it in the middle of an old Fairy Ring, which lay almost under a little ferny hill called Pook's Hill, and Pook means Puck all England through, and Puck means Magic.

Not even content with that, they acted it three times over — three times over, *on* the edge of light and dark, *on* the edge of Midsummer Night, *on* the edge of running water, *in* a Fairy Ring, and *under* Puck's particular Hill!

Then they were surprised to meet Puck himself! But as he said, if all the people of the Hills (he never used the word Fairies), had not left England a few hundred years before, they would have met every fairy who was any fairy from Merlin the Wizard to King Oberon. However he was very nice about it, and told them that he was the only person of his kind in the country. He did not exactly say what he was, but he admitted he was the oldest of the Old Things, and had come into England with Oak, Ash, and Thorn. When Oak, Ash, and Thorn had perished out of England, he would have to go too.

That is quite true, but it will not happen for some time. Puck has many names.

Our South country folk call him Robin — short for Robin Goodfellow, and when anything has gone wrong with a carter's plough-harness, or a dairy maid's churn, or an old woman's ball of knitting wool, they always ask: "Who's been playin' Robin with this?" — for, as Master William Shakespere says, Puck used to be a great practical joker.

But when he met Dan and Una, he did not bother them with any conjurer's magic. He simply said that as the People of the Hills had gone, he would have to show them something else, and so he gave them each a clod of earth, said Words over it, and made them free of all Old England, and all the people who had lived on their Farm for three thousand years.

The consequences were rather exciting, because all sorts of people belonging to all sorts of past times turned up in all sorts of places, and the children never knew whom they would find next. You can easily see, though, if they had gone to tea with their dear parents and had said: "There's a Norman baron in the Seven Acre with spurs a foot long," or: "Do you know that when Mr. Cabot was discovering islands he told us he lived for a month on quite raw fish?" or "We've been talking to a one-eyed Jew down at the mill who says he really made King John sign Magna Charta" — their dear parents and their governess would have been shocked and surprised. And when grown-ups are that way it means medicine for the schoolroom.

So Puck after each talk magicked away their memories with the Strong Magic of Oak, Ash, and Thorn, and they went back to their home quite comfortable and ordinary.

That is one of the reasons why these tales have been so difficult to collect. I know for a fact they met a young British-born Roman in Far Wood; and a painter-man in the Mill attic; and I know that Puck told them and old Hobden the story of how the fairies left England in Elizabeth's time. But I believe they met other people as well; for taking only the thousand years that their farm had been a farm, many folk must have come and gone there.

And Puck he knew them all!



# I A Centurion of the Thirtieth



DAN had come to grief over his Latin, and was kept in, so Una went alone to Far Wood. Dan's big catapult and the lead bullets that Hobden had made for him were hidden in an old hollow beech stub on the west of the wood. They had named the place out of the verse *In Lays of Ancient Rome*.

*From Lordly Volaterrae  
Where scowls the jar-jamed hold  
Piled by the hands of giants  
For Godlike Kings of old.*

They were the "Godlike Kings," and when old Hobden piled some comfortable brushwood between the big wooden knees of Volaterrae, they called him "Hands of Giants."

Una slipped through her private gap in the fence, and sat still a while, scowling as scowliely and lordly as she knew how; for "Volaterrae" is an important watch-tower that juts out of Far Wood just as Far Wood juts out of the hillside. Pook's Hill lay below her, and all the turns of the brook as it wanders out of the Willingford Woods between hop-gardens to old Hobden's cottage at the Forge. The Sou' West wind (there is always a wind by Volaterrae) blew from the bare ridge where Cherry Clack Windmill stands.

Now wind prowling in the woods sounds like exciting things going to happen, and that is why on blowy days, you stand up in

Volaterrae, and shout bits of *Lays* to suit its noise.

Una took Dan's catapult from its Secret Place, and made ready to meet Lars Porse-na's army stealing through the wind-whitened aspens by the brook. A gust boomed up the valley, and Una sang sorrowfully:

*Verbenna down to Ostia  
Hath wasted all the plain,  
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,  
And the stout guards are slain.*

But the wind, not charging fair to the wood, started aside, and shook a single oak in Gleason's pasture. Here it made itself all small, and crouched among grasses, waving the tips of them as a cat waves the tip of her tail before she springs.

"Now welcome — welcome Sextus," sang Una, loading the catapult.

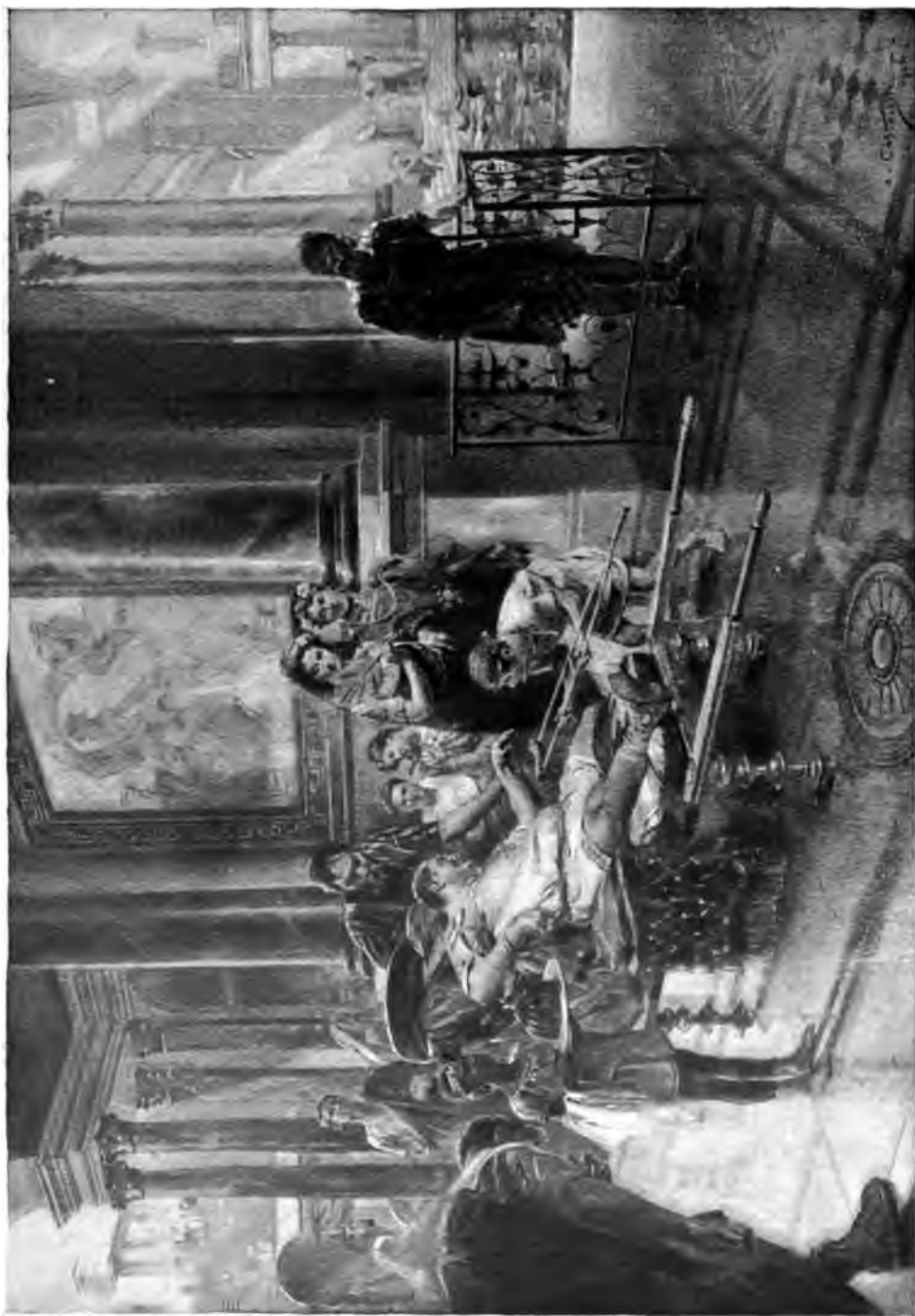
*Now welcome to thy 'ome,  
Why dost thou stay and turn away?  
Here lies the road to Rome.*

She fired into the face of the lull to wake up the cowardly wind, and heard a grunt from behind a thorn in the pasture.

"Oh, My Winkie!" she said aloud, and that was something she had picked up from Dan. "I believe I've tickled up one of Gleason's cows."

"You little painted beast!" a voice cried. "I'll teach you to sling your masters."

She looked down most cautiously, and saw a young man covered with hoopy bronze



"'AQUAE SOLIS . . . THE BEST BATHS IN BRITAIN. JUST AS GOOD, I'M TOLD, AS ROME'"

armour all glowing among the broom. But what Una admired most was his great bronze helmet with a red horsetail that flicked in the wind. She could hear the long hairs rasp on his shimmery shoulder-plates.

"What does the Faun mean," he said half aloud to himself, "by telling me the Painted People have changed?" He caught sight of Una's yellow head. "Have you seen a painted lead-slinger?" he called.

"No — o," said Una. "But if you've seen a bullet —"

"Seen?" said the man. "It passed within a hair's-breadth of my ear."

"Well, that was me. I'm most awfully sorry."

"Didn't the Faun tell you I was coming?" He smiled.

"Now if you mean Puck. I thought you were a Gleason cow. I — I didn't know you were a — a — What are you?"

He laughed outright showing a set of splendid teeth. His face and eyes were dark, and his eyebrows met above his big nose in one bushy black bar.

"They call me Parnesius. I have been a Centurion of the Seventh Cohort of the Thirtieth Legion — the Ulpia Victrix. Did you sling that bullet?"

"I was using Dan's tweaker — catapult I mean," said Una.

"Catapults!" said he. "I ought to know something about them. Show me!"

He leaped the rough fence with a rattle of spear, shield, and armour, and hoisted himself into Volaterrae as quietly as a shadow.

"A sling on a forked stick. I understand!" he cried, and pulled at the elastic. "But what wonderful beast yields this stretching leather?"

"It's laccy — elastic. You put the bullet into that loop, and then you pull hard."

The man pulled, and hit himself square on his thumbnail.

"Each to his own weapon," he said gravely, handing it back. "I am better with the machine, little maiden. But it's a pretty toy. A wolf would laugh at it. Aren't you afraid of wolves?"

"There aren't any," said Una.

"Never believe it. A wolf's like a Northman. He comes when he isn't expected. Don't they hunt them here?"

"We don't hunt," said Una, remembering what she had heard from grown-ups.

"We preserve — pheasants. Do you know them?"

"I ought to," said the young man smiling again, and he imitated the cry of the cock-pheasant so perfectly that a bird answered out of the wood.

"What a big, painted, clucking fool is a pheasant," he said. "Just like some Romans!"

"But you're a Roman yourself, aren't you?" said Una.

"Ye — es and no. I'm one of a good few thousands who have never seen Rome except in a picture. My people have lived at Vectis for generations. Vectis — the island west yonder that you can see from so far in clear weather."

"Do you mean the Isle of Wight? It lifts up just before rain, and we see it from the Downs."

"Very likely. Our Villa is on the south edge of the Island by the Broken Cliffs. Most of it is two hundred years old, but the cow stables where our first ancestor lived must be a hundred years older. Oh, quite that, because the founder of our family had his land given him by Agricola at the Settlement. It's not a bad little estate for its size. In spring time violets grow down to the very beach. I've gathered sea-weeds for myself and violets for my Mother many a time with our old nurse."

"Was your nurse a — a Romaness too?"

"No, a Numidian — Gods be good to her! A dear, fat, brown thing with a tongue like a cow-bell. She was a free woman. By the way, are you free, maiden?"

"Oh, quite," said Una. "At least till tea-time, and in summer our governess doesn't say much if we're late."

The young man laughed again — a proper understanding laugh.

"I see," said he. "That accounts for your being in the wood. *We* used to hide among the cliffs."

"Did *you* have a governess then?"

"Did we not! A Greek too. She had a way of clutching her dress when she hunted us among the gorze-bushes that made us laugh. Then she'd say she'd get us whipped. She never did, though, bless her! Aglaia was a thorough sportswoman, for all her learning."

"But what lessons did you do — when — when you were little?"

"Ancient history, the Classics, arithmetic, and so on," he answered. "My sister and



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“‘TELL HIM THERE ARE THREE OF HIS HANDS THAT  
WANT TO SEE HIM, MISS’”



"HAVE CAUGHT THE EDGES OF THE TABLE; 'WHAT?' SAYS HE"

weren't married, and didn't have a house here with a vegetable patch in the back-yard, and furniture bought on the instalment plan and almost paid for.

Being a striker weren't any fun the second week when you had to toss up a nickel to see whether you'd spend it on a plug of tobacco for yourself or a pound of sugar for the house. It made me feel hot and bad-hearted to think the Boss was trying to drive us to the wall and kind of starve us back to work — it made me fill up clean full of feelings that would make me speak cross to the kids and slam the front door hard when I came in or went out, and got me to feeling sour until I knew I'd make the Boss sweat and go to the ropes before I'd ever give in. Some of the men got drunk, and maybe you'd see a feller whooping it along Main Street at noon, cursing at everybody and people cursing at him, and it seemed as if everybody who got to hating the Boss, got to hating each other, too!

We had a meeting of the union that we all remember on the fifth Wednesday, in the morning, and there wasn't so much talking but everybody looked a heap. Dave Kennedy read a letter from the central union saying how they'd found it impossible to add anything to our strike fund, but how we ought to stick it out and have courage, and another from the owner of Masonic Hall, saying how the rent due from our union for the use of the hall hadn't been payed. We took a vote, and you could tell how bulldog the men felt because two hundred of 'em were for holding out against the Boss when every man of 'em had already been up against being busted and hungry.

And then Bill Gaylor came in, looking red and out of breath. Seems to me I can see him now as he stood there in the door, and says in a kind of dull voice, but so's everybody could hear: "The factory's for sale!"

Dave caught the edges of the table. "What?" says he.

"The factory's for sale," says Bill, pushing his way up through the men — some of 'em had jumped up and were standing, and some of 'em had kind of slumped back on the settees — "there's a big white sign on the side next the railroad!"

A good many of us pushed each other for a place at the back windows where you could get a look at the tracks and the covered bridge, and I tell you I never felt so curious

as when I seen that sign smashing me between the eyes. It looked like the finish of my little home and the whole business, and I felt like a feller that gets thrown overboard in the middle of the ocean, and has his woman and kids thrown overboard, too. You could tell by the look of the others that it weren't any different with them.

"Gentlemen," says Dave. "We are up against the real thing now. Of course, we don't know what the Boss is going to do, but I suggest that we send a committee to him to find out. Then if we — we are up against the finish of this fight now — if we have to compromise —"

At that Bill Gaylor came up like the fur on a mad cat's tail. "Compromise nothing!" he yells, his eyes red with liquor or fever or something. "I'll not compromise! We can beat him out if we have to cut our own throats to do it. We can burn the factory!"

A feller next to me whose wife was sick kind of tightened his hands and leaned forward, looking into the air, and says: "Yes," and two or three others yelled: "You're right!" but the rest of us jumped up yelling: "No, no, none of that!" and three of us were appointed to go and see the Boss and report that evening. I was one of 'em.

We went straight up there and rang the bell on the big front door, and the Boss's pretty daughter opened it. "Tell him there are three of his hands that want to see him, miss," says I.

"Why," says she, "he told me to say that he can't see the use of talk since you have your minds made up."

I caught sight of two trunks in the hall that looked as if they was ready to go somewhere, and it was a jar — like the sign on the factory!

"Please, miss, tell him we want to see him — bad" says Henderson who stood back of me.

"Step in," says she, "he's in there in the library."

The Boss was sitting in an arm-chair reading a book, and he looks up and smiles. "Howdy do, Jim. Howdy do, Joe," and then he scowls and says: "I thought I'd never be bothered about this factory business any more."

"Have you shut it down for good, sir?" says I.

"Yes," says he, kind of thoughtful, "the business was a habit with me I guess, and I

"How? How?" said Dan and Una.

Parnesius smiled, and stood up, flashing in his armour.

"So!" said he, and he moved slowly through the beautiful movements of the Salute, that ended with a hollow clang of the shield coming into its place on his broad shoulders.

"Hai!" said Puck. "That sets one thinking!"

"We went out fully armed," said Parnesius, sitting down. "But as soon as the road entered the Great Wood, my men expected the packhorses to hang their shields on. 'No!' I said, 'you can dress like women in Anderida, but while you're with me you will carry your own weapons and armour.'"

"'But it's hot,' said one of them, 'and we haven't a doctor. Suppose we get sunstroke, or a fever?'"

"'Then die,' I said, 'and a good riddance to Rome! Up shields — up spears — and tighten your foot-wear!'"

"'Don't think yourself Emperor of Britain already,' a fellow said. I knocked him over with the butt of my spear, and explained to these Rome-born Romans, that if there was any further trouble, we should go on with one man short. And, by the Light of the Sun, I meant it too! My raw Gauls at Clausentum had never treated me so.

"Then, quietly as a cloud, Maximus rode out of the fern (my Father behind him), and reined up across the road. He wore purple, as though he were already Emperor, his leggings were of white buckskin laced with gold.

"My men dropped like — like partridges.

"He said nothing for some time, only looked, with his eyes puckered. Then he crooked his forefinger, and my men walked — crawled I mean — to one side.

"Stand in the sun, children!" he said, and they formed up on the hard road.

"'What would you have done?' he said to me, 'If I had not been here?'"

"'I should have killed that man,' I answered.

"'Kill him now,' he said. 'He will not move a limb.'

"'No,' I said. 'You've taken my men out of my command. I should only be your butcher if I killed him now.' Do you see what I meant?" Parnesius turned to Dan.

"Yes," said Dan. "It wouldn't have been fair, somehow."

"That was what I thought," said Parnesius. "But Maximus frowned. 'You'll never be an Emperor,' he said. 'Not even a General will you be.'"

"I was silent, but my Father seemed pleased.

"I came here to see the last of you,' he said smiling.

"'You have seen it,' said Maximus. 'I shall never need your son any more. He will live and he will die a Centurion of a Legion — and he might have been Prefect of one of my provinces. Now eat and drink with us,' he said. 'Your men will wait till you have finished.'"

"My miserable thirty stood like wineskins glistening in the hot sun, and Maximus led us to where his people had set a meal. Himself he mixed the wine.

"'A year from now,' he said, 'you will remember that you have sat with the Emperor of Britain — and Gaul.'"

"'Yes,' said the Pater, 'you can drive two mules — Gaul and Britain.'"

"'Five years hence, you will remember that you have drunk' — he passed me the cup and there was blue borage in it — 'with the Emperor of Rome!'"

"'No, you can't drive three mules; they will tear you in pieces,' said my Father.

"'And you on the Wall, among the heather, will weep because your notion of justice was more to you than the favor of the Emperor of Rome!'"

"I sat quite still. One does not answer a General who wears the Purple.

"'I am not angry with you,' he went on, 'I owe too much to your father —'"

"'You owe me nothing but advice that you never took,' said the Pater.

"'To be unjust to any of your family. Indeed, I say you will make a good Centurion, but, so far as I am concerned, on the Wall you will live, and on the Wall you will die.'"

"'Very like,' said my Father. 'But we shall have the Picts and their friends breaking through before long. You cannot move all troops out of Britain to make you Emperor, and expect the North to sit quiet.'"

"'I follow my destiny,' said Maximus.

"'Follow it then,' said my Father, pulling up a fern root. 'And die as Theodosius died!'"

"'Ah,' said Maximus. 'My old General was killed because he served the Empire too well. I may be killed, but not for that reason,' and he smiled a little pale gray smile that made my blood run cold.

" 'Then I had better follow my destiny,' I said, 'and take my men to the Wall.'

"He looked at me a long time, and bowed his head slantways like a Spaniard. 'Follow it!' he said. That was all. I was only too glad to get away, though I had many messages for home. I found my men standing as they had been put — they had not even shifted their feet in the dust, and off I marched, still feeling that terrific smile like an east wind up my back. I never halted them till sunset, and — " he turned about, and looked at Pook's Hill below him. "Then I halted there." He pointed to the broken bracken covered shoulder of the Forge Hill behind old Hobden's cottage.

"There? Why that's only the old Forge — where they made iron hundreds of years ago."

"Very good stuff it was too," said Parnesius calmly. "We mended three shoulder straps here, and had a spear-head riveted. The forge was rented from the government by a one-eyed man from Carthage. I remember we called him Cyclops. He sold me a beaverskin rug for my sister's room."

"But it couldn't have been here," Dan insisted.

"But it was! From the Altar of Victory at Anderida to the First Forge in the Woods here, is twelve miles, seven hundred paces. It is all in our Army Road Book. A man doesn't forget his first march. I think I could tell you every station between here and — " He leaned forward, but his eye was caught by the setting sun.

It had come down to the top of Cherry Clack Hill, and the light poured in between the tree trunks so that you could see red, and gold, and black, deep into the heart of Far Wood; and Parnesius in his armour shone as though he had been afire.

"Wait," he said, lifting a hand, and the sunlight jinked on his glass bracelet. "Wait! I pray to Mithras!" He rose and stretched his arms westward, with deep splendid sounding words.

Then Puck began to sing too, in a voice like bells tolling, and as he sang, he slipped from Volaterrae to the ground, and beckoned the children to follow. They obeyed; it seemed as though the voices were pushing them along, and through the goldy brown light on the beech leaves they walked, while Puck between them chanted something like this: —

*Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria  
Cujus prosperitas est transitoria  
Tam cito labitur ejus potentia  
Quam vasa figuli quae sunt fragilia*

They found themselves at the little locked gate of the wood.

*Quo Caesar abiit celsus imperio?  
Vel Dives splendidus totus in prandio  
Dic ubi Tullius —*

Still singing, Puck took Dan's hand and wheeled him round so as to face Una as she came out of the gate, and it shut behind her, at the same time as he threw the memory-magicking Oak, Ash, and Thorn leaves over their heads. . . .

"Well, you *are* jolly late," said Una. "Couldn't you get away before?"

"I did," said Dan. "I got away in lots of time, but — but I didn't know it was so late. Where've you been?"

"In Volaterrae — waiting for you."

"Sorry," said Dan. "It was all that beastly Latin."

*The second story of this series, "On the Great Wall" will be published next month.*



# REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE\*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

VII

## FLIGHT FROM THE FATHERLAND

ILLUSTRATED WITH A MAP BY HARRY FENN

*At the opening of this article Schurz and his fellow-patriot, Kinkel, are hurrying to the nearest seaport — Schurz having the night before rescued Kinkel from the penitentiary at Spandau near Berlin. — THE EDITOR.*



THE sun was up when we greeted the boundary pole of Mecklenburg. Even there we did not by any means feel quite safe, although a little safer than in Prussian territory. The trot of our horses became slower and slower. One of them appeared utterly exhausted. So we had to stop at the nearest Mecklenburg inn, in Dannenwalde. There Hensel washed the horses with warm water, which helped a little, but only for a short time. In the town of Fürstenberg we had to unharness them for a longer stop because they could go no farther, having put over fifty miles behind them. At last we reached Strelitz where in the person of Judge Petermann, a city magistrate, we had an enthusiastic friend and protector who already in the preceding night had been on the road with one of the relay carriages.

Petermann received us with so demonstrative a joy that I feared he would not refrain from proclaiming the happy event from the windows of his house to the passers-by. In fact, he could not deny himself the pleasure of bringing in some friends. Soon we sat down to a plentiful meal and with merrily clinking glasses we waited for another carriage and fresh horses. Then we took a cordial leave of our friend Hensel. His two fine bays had lain down as soon as they reached the stable, one of them, as I learned later, never to rise again. Honor to his memory!

Petermann accompanied us on the further drive which now went on with uninterrupted rapidity. In Neubrandenburg as well as Teterow we changed horses and by seven o'clock the next morning, the 8th of November, we arrived at the "White Cross Inn" on the Neubrandenburg turnpike near the city of Rostock. Petermann went at once to fetch our friend Moritz Wiggers whose turn it now was to take the management of affairs. Without delay he sent us, in a wagon accompanied by a Rostock merchant by the name of Blume, to Warnemünde, a seaside resort on a fine harbor, where we were cared for in Woehlerts Hotel. Petermann, happy beyond measure that his part of the adventure was so successfully accomplished, turned back to Strelitz. On our journey we had accustomed ourselves to calling Kinkel by the name of Kaiser and myself by the name of Hensel, and these names we inscribed upon the register.

Wiggers had recommended Warnemünde to us as a place of patriarchal customs and conditions where there existed a police only in name and where the local authorities, if they should discover us, would make it their business to protect rather than betray us. There, he thought, it would be safe to remain until a more secure asylum or a favorable opportunity to cross the sea could be found. From the shore of Warnemünde I saw for the first time in my life the sea. I had longed for that spectacle, but the first view of it was disappointing. The horizon appeared to me much narrower and the

waves which rushed on white-capped, as the northeast wind drove them in, much smaller than I had pictured them in my imagination. I was to make better acquaintance with the sea and to learn to look at it with greater respect and higher enjoyment. However, we were little disposed to give ourselves to the contemplation of nature. Kinkel had spent two, and I three, nights in a carriage on the highroad. We were extremely fatigued and in a few minutes lay soundly asleep.

The next day Wiggers returned with the news that there was only one brig on the roads, and that she was not ready to sail. A friend of his, Mr. Brockelmann, a merchant and manufacturer, thought it safest to send us across the sea on one of his own ships and to shelter us in his own house until that ship could be started. Thus we left our hotel, and a Warnemünde pilotboat carried us up the Warnow River. We landed near a little village where Brockelmann awaited us with his carriage.

We saw before us a stalwart man of about fifty years, with gray hair and whiskers, but with rosy complexion and youthful vivacity in expression and movement. He welcomed us with joyous cordiality, and after the first few minutes of our acquaintance we were like old friends. In him we recognized a self-made man in the best sense of the term; a man who had carved his own fortune; who could look back with self-respect upon what he had accomplished; and who found in his successes an inspiration for further endeavor and for an enterprising and self-sacrificing public spirit. His broad humanity, which recognized the right of every one to a just estimation of his true value and his claim to a corresponding chance of advancement, had made him from his early youth a liberal, and after the revolution of 1848, a democrat. He had carried out his principles and theories practically as far as possible, and he was therefore widely known as a protector of the poor and oppressed. But especially his employes, his working people, of whom there were large numbers in his factories, revered and loved him as a father. When he offered us his house as an asylum he could well assure us that he had workingmen enough who at his request would fight for us and in case of need hold possession of our asylum long enough to give us time for escape. However, it would not come to this, he said, as the arrival of such guests as "the

Herren Kaiser and Hensel" in his house would attract no attention; and even if our secret were suspected by any of his people, there were no traitors among them. In short, he could vouch for everything. Thus we drove to his house which was situated in a suburb of Rostock. There we had some days of rest and plenty. Brockelmann, his wife, his eldest daughter, her fiancé, the merchant Schwartz, and a little circle of friends, overwhelmed us with the most lavish attentions. How can I describe the care with which the mistress of the house herself washed Kinkel's wounded hands and bandaged and nursed them! and the meals which according to Mecklenburg notions of hospitality were necessary; the indispensable first breakfast and second breakfast and sometimes third breakfast, and the noon repast, and the afternoon coffee with cake, and the suppers, and the "little somethings" before going to bed, and the night caps, which succeeded one another with incredibly short intervals; and the evenings during which Wiggers played to us Beethoven's sonatas with a masterly hand reminding Kinkel of the musical language of his Johanna; and the occasional surprises when Brockelmann had the revolutionary hymn, the Marseillaise, played by a brass band in the house!

With all this, however, the more serious side of our situation was not forgotten. Brockelmann had ordered one of his own vessels, a little schooner of forty tons which had proved a good sailor, to be prepared for us. The "Little Anna" — this was the name of the schooner — received a cargo of wheat for England which was put on board as rapidly as possible, and Sunday, the 17th of November was the day fixed for our departure, if by that time the long prevailing northeaster should have changed into a more favorable wind.

In the meantime the news of Kinkel's flight had gone through all the newspapers and caused everywhere a great stir. Our friends in Rostock informed themselves with minute care of all that was printed and said and rumored about the matter. The "warrant of capture" which the Prussian government had published in the newspapers concerning the "escaped convict," Kinkel, our friends brought to us at tea-time and it was read aloud with all sorts of irreverent comments amid great hilarity. Of the part I had in the liberation of Kinkel, the authorities

and the public knew at that time nothing. Especial pleasure we derived from the newspaper reports which announced Kinkel's arrival at several different places at the same time. The liberal Pastor Dulon in Bremen, following a true instinct, described in his journal with much detail, when and how Kinkel had passed through Bremen and sailed for England. Some of my friends reported his arrival in Zurich and in Paris. One paper brought a circumstantial report of a banquet that had been tendered to Kinkel by the German refugees in Paris and even the speech he had made on the occasion. Thus nothing remained untried to confuse the Prussian police and to mislead its searches.

But there were also some alarm signals of a disquieting nature. Wiggers received on the 14th of November a letter without signature from the neighborhood of Strelitz in an unknown handwriting, as follows: "Expedite as much as possible the shipment of the goods entrusted to you. There is danger in delay." Probably the authorities had discovered our tracks between Spandau and Strelitz and were pursuing them farther. Then on Friday, November 15th, a stranger called upon Wiggers who represented himself to be our friend, "Farmer Hensel," and inquired whether Kinkel, whom he had taken in his carriage from Spandau to Strelitz, was still in Rostock. Wiggers had indeed heard us speak of him with expressions of the highest confidence, but he apprehended the stranger might not be Hensel himself, but a spy in disguise. So he feigned the utmost astonishment at the news that Kinkel was in Rostock, but promised to gather information, and to communicate the result to the stranger whom he requested to call again the next day. The occurrence was at once reported to us, and the description given by Wiggers of the appearance of the man persuaded us that the stranger was the true Hensel, who, as he had said to Wiggers, had come to Rostock merely to quiet his anxiety about our safety. Kinkel and I wished very much to see him and to press once more the hand of our brave and faithful friend, but Wiggers who had become seriously worried by the warning received from Strelitz, counselled the utmost circumspection and promised us to transmit to Hensel, who had said that he was to remain in Rostock until the 18th, our warmest greetings after we should have reached the open sea.

Thus we found in spite of all agreeable surroundings considerable comfort in the report that the northeast wind had gone down; that the "Little Anna" was anchoring at Warnemünde; and that everything would be ready for our departure on the 17th of November.

On a frosty Sunday morning we sailed, in the company of an armed escort which our friends had composed of reliable men in sufficient numbers, as they believed, to resist a possible attack by the police, in two boats across the bay to the anchorage of the "Little Anna." Arrived on board, Mr. Brockelmann gave the captain, who was not a little astonished at receiving a visit from so large a company, his instructions — "You take these two gentlemen," he said, pointing to Kinkel and myself, "with you to Newcastle. You pass Helsingör without stopping, and pay the Sound dues on your return. In stress of weather you will beach the vessel on the Swedish shore rather than return to a German port. If the wind suits you better for another harbor than Newcastle on the English or Scottish coast, you sail there. The important thing is that you reach England as quickly as possible. I shall remember you if you carry out my orders punctually." The captain, whose name was Niemann, may have received these instructions with some amazement, but he promised to do his best.

Some of our friends remained with us until the steam tug hitched to the "Little Anna" had carried us a short distance into the open sea. Then came the leave-taking. As Wiggers tells in an elaborate description of the scene, in a German periodical, Kinkel threw himself sobbing into his arms and said: "I do not know whether I shall rejoice at my rescue, or shall mourn that like a criminal and an outcast I have to flee my dear Fatherland!" Then our friends descended into the tug and with grateful hearts we bade them farewell. They fired a salute with their pistols and steamed back to Warnemünde, where, according to Wiggers, they celebrated the accomplished rescue with a joyous feast.

Kinkel and I remained on the poop of our schooner and gazed after the little steamboat that carried our good friends away. Then our eyes rested upon the shore of the Fatherland until the last vestige had disappeared in the dusk of the evening. In our halting conversation now and then the

question would recur: "When shall we return?" That a victorious uprising of the people would call us back, we both hoped fervently. It was a hope born of ardent desires and nursed by fond illusions. What would we have answered the prophet who at that moment had told us that first I, but only after eleven years, would again put my foot on German soil, and then not as a German but as the Minister of the United States of America to Spain on my return to my new home, and that Kinkel would have to wait until, after the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866, the former Prince of Prussia and commander of the forces that had taken Kinkel prisoner near Rastatt, now king and president of the North-German Confederation, would open to him once more by an amnesty the door of the Fatherland!

We did not quit the deck until it was dark. The cabin of the schooner was very small. Its first aspect destroyed in me a fond imagining. I had until then only once seen a sea-going ship, a brig, which at the time when I attended the Gymnasium, had been brought from Holland up the Rhine and anchored near Cologne; but I could see that ship only from the outside. My conception of the interior of a ship I had derived from novels and descriptions of maritime wars which I had read as a boy, and so the main cabin of a ship stood before my eyes as a spacious room well fitted out with furniture, and the walls decorated with trophies of muskets and pistols and cutlasses. Of all this there was nothing in the cabin of the "Little Anna." It measured hardly more than eight feet between the two berths, one on each side, and in the other direction hardly more than six. It was so low, that Kinkel standing upright touched the ceiling with his head. In the center there was a little table screwed to the floor, and behind it a small sofa covered with black haircloth, just large enough to hold Kinkel and me, sitting close together. Above the table was suspended a lamp which during the night faintly illumined the room. The berths, which had been hastily prepared for us, were a foot or two above the floor and open, so that when we were in bed we could see one another. These arrangements appeared to be very different from those of the proud East India ships, or of the frigates which I found so enticingly described in my books; but when I considered that this was after all an unusually small trading schooner.

I found that they were as practical as they were simple.

Captain Niemann who had so unexpectedly been stirred up from his winter's rest by the sudden order of his master, probably did not know at first what to think of his two remarkable guests on the "Little Anna." One of our friends who had accompanied us on board had by some hint given him reason to believe that we were bankrupt merchants forced by unfortunate circumstances to run away from home; but the skipper told us afterwards he could not make this theory agree with the manifestations of respect and of warm, aye, even enthusiastic attachment with which our friends had treated us. However, he had nothing to do but to execute the orders received. In case of necessity he would really have run his vessel on shore at the risk of losing her. In the meantime he took very good care of us. The Captain had a crew of seven men: a mate, a cook, a boy, and four seamen. Frau Brockelmann had amply provided us with all sorts of delicacies foreseeing that the bill of fare of the schooner kitchen would be very limited.

At first the sea voyage was agreeable enough. A gentle breeze filled the sails, and the ship glided along pleasantly. But as morning dawned, wind and sea became more lively and Kinkel reported himself seasick. The wind increased, the sea ran higher, and Kinkel grew more and more miserable as the day progressed. He gathered himself up to go on deck, but soon returned to his berth. I tried to lift him up, but in vain. After a few hours of acute suffering he became quite desperate in his torment and he felt that he was going to die. He had a mind to tell the Captain to carry him to the nearest port. His agony seemed to him intolerable. Had he escaped from prison to die such a wretched death? It is recognized as one of the peculiarities of seasickness that those who do not suffer from it, do not appreciate the suffering of those who do, and that the sufferer considers the indifference of the well person as especially hard-hearted and exasperating. That was the case with us. I felt myself uncommonly well. The more the "Little Anna" bobbed up and down in the waves, the higher rose my spirits. I felt an inordinate appetite which did the fullest justice to the accomplishments of our cook. This joyous feeling I could not entirely conceal from Kinkel,



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE TAKEN BY SCHURZ AND KINKEL IN THEIR FLIGHT FROM SPANDAU JAIL TO THE BALTIC, AND THE COURSE OF THE "LITTLE ANNA", IN WHICH THEY ESCAPED TO ENGLAND IN NOVEMBER, 1850

although I deplored very sincerely his sufferings which probably were aggravated through the nervous condition resulting from long imprisonment. I thought I could raise him up by making fun of his fear of immediate death, but that would not do at all, as Kinkel believed in all seriousness that his life was in danger. My jokes sounded to him like unfeeling recklessness, and I had soon to change my tone in order to cheer him.

In this condition we passed Helsingör — the toll-gate of the Sound dues — and with it, the last place in which our liberty might possibly have been in danger, and so we entered the Kattegat. The sea had been wild enough in the Sound, but in the Kattegat it was much wilder. The winds seemed to blow alternately from all points of the compass, and we cruised two days between the Skagen, the projecting headland of Denmark and the high rocks of Sweden and Norway, until we reached the more spacious basin of the Skagerak. But there too, and as we at last entered the open North Sea, the "dirty weather" as our sailors called it, continued without change. At times the wind grew so violent that Captain Niemann recognized it as a real gale. Like a nutshell, the "Little Anna" jumped up and down on the angry billows. The sea constantly washed the deck, where I kept myself all the time that Kinkel did not need me below; and in order not to be washed overboard I had the mate bind me fast to the main mast. So I gained a vivid impression of the constantly changing grandeur of the sea which at the first view from Warnemünde had failed to impress me. Now I was fascinated by the sensation to such a degree that I could hardly tear myself away, and every minute I had to stay below appeared to me like an irretrievable loss.

Kinkel continued seasick several days, but he gradually became aware of how much seasickness a man can endure without fatal result. By degrees his suffering diminished; he went on deck with me and began to appreciate the poetry of the sea voyage and then forgave me that I had refused to believe in the deadly character of the malady. The bad weather continued without interruption ten days and nights. At times the fury of the elements made cooking impossible. The most that could be done was to prepare some coffee and beyond that, we lived on biscuits, cold meats, and herring, but we remained in good spirits and began to enjoy the humor of

our situation. Two things impressed me especially. The one repeated itself every morning during the stormy time. Shortly after daybreak the Mate regularly came to the cabin to bring us our coffee while we were still lying in our berths. When the sea thundered furiously against the sides of the ship and crashed down on the deck so that we could hardly hear our own words, and when the "Little Anna" bounced up and down and rolled to and fro like a crazy thing, so that we had to hold on to something in order not to be tumbled out of our berths, the brave seaman stood there in a dripping suit of oilskin, spread his legs far apart, held on with one hand to the little table, and balanced in the other, with astonishing art, a bowl of coffee without spilling a drop, and screamed at us to the utmost of his power to make us understand the surprising intelligence that the weather was still bad and we could not expect to have any cooking done. We had therefore to be satisfied with what he then offered us. Thirty years later when I was Secretary of the Interior in the government of the United States, I visited during the presidential campaign of 1880, the town of Rondout on the Hudson where I had to deliver a speech. After the meeting I crossed the river on a ferry-boat in order to take the railroad train to New York at the station of Rhinebeck opposite. In the dusk of the evening a man approached me on the ferry-boat and spoke to me in German: "Excuse me," he said, "that I address you. I should like to know whether you recognize me,"

I regretted not being able to do so.

"Do you remember," he asked, "the Mate on the 'Little Anna,' — Captain Niemann — on which you and Professor Kinkel in November, 1850, sailed from Rostock to England?"

"What!" I exclaimed, "do I remember the Mate who every morning stood in the cabin with his bowl of coffee and executed such wonderful dances?"

"Yes and you always made such funny remarks about it which set me laughing if I could understand them in the terrible noise. That Mate was I."

I was much rejoiced and we shook hands vigorously. I asked how he was doing and he replied "Very well indeed."

I invited him to visit me in Washington, which he promised to do. I should have been glad to continue the conversation longer

but in the meantime we had reached the eastern bank of the Hudson. My railroad train stood ready and in a few minutes I was on the way to New York. The mate did not keep his promise to visit me in Washington, and I have never seen him again.

The other picture still present to my mind was more serious in its involuntary ludicrousness. While we were driven about in the North Sea by violent gales, the sky was constantly covered with dense clouds so that no regular observation could be had to determine where we were. The captain indeed endeavored to ascertain our whereabouts as well as he could by the so-called dead reckoning: but after we had been going on for several days he declared to us quite frankly that he had only a very vague idea of our latitude and longitude. Now we saw him frequently in the cabin sitting on the little sofa behind the table with his head bent thoughtfully over his chart, and as the matter was important to us too, we tried to help him in his calculations. Kinkel, after he had overcome the seasickness, and myself spent almost the whole day on deck in spite of the storm, and as we had observed the drifting of the vessel from its true course we formed an opinion on that matter, to which the captain, too, listened with great apparent respect; and when during the night he sat under the lamp over his chart, Kinkel and I stuck our heads out of our berths, holding fast to some object so that we should not fall out, and looking at the chart in this position, discussed with the captain the question of latitude and longitude, of the force of the wind, of the current of the water, and so on. Finally we would agree upon some point at which the ship ought to be at that time, and this point was then solemnly marked with a pencil on the chart. Then the "navigation council" as we called it, adjourned. The captain mounted again to the deck, and Kinkel and I crept back into our berths to sleep.

On the tenth day of our voyage the sky cleared at last, and the first actual observation showed that our calculations had not been so very wrong, and that three or four days would bring us to the English coast. So we headed for the port of Newcastle. Kinkel had in the meantime recovered all his bright humor, and would not permit me to remind him of his outbreaks of seasick despair. We were of good cheer, but rejoiced with our whole hearts when we saw

the first strip of land rising above the horizon. Then the wind turned toward the south and the captain declared that we would have to cruise a considerable time against it in order to reach the port of Newcastle. The navigation council therefore met once more and resolved to steer in a northerly direction toward Leith, the harbor of Edinburgh. This was done and the next evening we saw the mighty rocks that guard the entrance of the port. Then the wind suddenly died away and our sails flapped. Kinkel and I quoted for our consolation various verses from Homer, how the angry gods prevented the glorious sufferer Odysseus by the most malicious tricks, from reaching his beloved home Ithaca, but how at last, while he was asleep, he was wafted by gentle breezes to the hospitable shores of his island. And so it happened to us. After we had gone to bed in a somewhat surly state of mind, a light wind arose that carried us with the most gentle movement toward the long wished for port, and when we awoke next morning the "Little Anna" lay at anchor.

Now the good Captain Niemann learned for the first time what kind of passengers he had carried across the North Sea under the names of Kaiser and Hensel. He confessed to us that the matter had appeared to him from the beginning quite suspicious, but he expressed in the heartiest manner his joy that, even ignorantly, he had contributed his part to Kinkel's liberation. Kinkel and I were impatient to get to land. Fortunately Mr. Brockelmann had not only given us letters to his correspondent in Newcastle, but also to a merchant in Leith by the name of McLaren. These letters we wished to present at once, but the captain reminded us that the day was Sunday, on which a Scottish merchant would certainly not be found in his counting-house, and he did not know how we could find his residence. This difficulty we recognized. However, we were heartily tired of the "Little Anna" with its narrow cabin and its many smells. We resolved therefore, to make our toilet and to go ashore, in order at least to take a look at Edinburgh. We also hoped to find shelter in some hotel. It was a clear, sunny winter morning. What a delight as we ascended the main street of Leith, to feel that we had at last firm ground under our feet again and that we could look every one in the face as free men! At last — all danger past, no more pursuit, a new life ahead! It was

glorious. We felt like shouting and dancing, but bethought ourselves of the effect such conduct would have on the natives. We wandered from the harbor up into the streets of Edinburgh. These streets had on their Sunday look. All the shops were closed, not a vehicle breaking the stillness. The people walked silently to church. We soon noticed that many of the passers-by looked at us with an air of surprise and curiosity, and before long a troop of boys collected around us and pursued us with derisive laughter. We looked at one another and became aware that our appearance contrasted strangely indeed with that of the well-dressed church-goers. Kinkel had on his big bear-skin overcoat which reached down to his feet; his beard, which he had permitted to grow, looked like a rough stubble-field — and at that time a full beard was in Scotland regarded as an impossibility among respectable people. On his head he wore a cap like that of a Prussian forester. Regulation hats we did not possess. I was in a long brown overcoat with wide sleeves and a hood lined with light blue cloth, the garment which in Switzerland a tailor had evolved from my large soldier's cape. We suddenly became conscious of making very startling figures on a Sunday morning on the streets of this Scottish capital, and were no longer surprised at the astonishment of the sober church-goers and the mockery of the boys. However, there we were. We could make no change and so sauntered on without troubling ourselves about the feelings of others.

We looked up the celebrated Walter Scott monument and several of the famous edifices, and then went on and up to the castle where the first view of soldiers in the splendid Scottish Highland uniform, burst upon us. We enjoyed to our heart's content the aspect of the city and its wonderfully picturesque surroundings. In short, we found Edinburgh beautiful beyond compare. In the meantime it had become high noon, and we began to feel that the contemplation of the most magnificent view does not satisfy the stomach. The imperious desire for a solid meal moved us to descend from the castle and to look about for a hotel or at least a restaurant. But in vain. From the outside some buildings looked like public houses, but nowhere an open door. One or two we tried to enter, but without success. Now our utter ignorance of the English language became very embarrassing. Of words

of English sound we knew only two—"beefsteak" and "sherry." We addressed some of the passers-by in German and also in French, but they all responded after a long and astonished stare in an idiom entirely unintelligible to us, although we both had remarked that when we heard these Scottish people talk at a distance, their language sounded very much like German. When we pronounced our two English words, beefsteak and sherry, those whom we addressed pointed toward the harbor. Our situation became more and more precarious as the sun was setting. We were very tired from our long wanderings and hunger began to be tormenting. Nothing seemed to remain to us but to return to the "Little Anna."

So we walked back to the harbor. Unexpectedly we came upon a large house in the main street of Leith the front of which had the inscription "Black Bull Hotel," and an open door. We entered at once, and ascended a flight of stairs to the upper story. There we reached a spacious hall with several doors, one of which was ajar. We looked through it into a little parlor lighted by an open coal-fire. Without hesitation we entered, sat down in comfortable arm-chairs near the fireplace, pulled the bell-rope, and waited for further dispensations of fate. Soon there appeared in the door a man in the dress of a waiter with a napkin under his arm. When he saw the two strange figures sitting near the fireplace, he started and stood a moment mute and immovable, with staring eyes and open mouth. We could not keep from laughing and when we laughed he too smiled, but with a somewhat doubtful expression. Then we pronounced our two English words, beefsteak, sherry. The waiter stammered an unintelligible reply. He then moved back toward the door and disappeared. Soon he returned with another man, also a waiter. Both stared at us and exchanged a few words between themselves. We laughed and they smiled. Then one of them said something in English which sounded like a question. Again we spoke our words — beefsteak and sherry. Thereupon both nodded and left the room. After a little while a third man appeared who wore a double-breasted coat. He examined our appearance with a knowing look and talked to us in a friendly tone. Again we repeated our speech about beefsteak and sherry and tried to signify by gestures that we were hungry. At the same

time Kinkel had the fortunate idea of putting his hand in his pocket and taking out a few gold pieces which he showed to the landlord on his open palm. The landlord smiled still more, made a little bow and took himself away.

After a while the waiter whom we had first seen set the table in fine style. Now we sat down at the hospitable board. Thereupon the waiter lifted the silver cover from the soup-tureen he had brought in, with a mighty swing, pointed the forefinger of his other hand into the open dish, and said slowly and emphatically, seeming to give a dab to the contents of the tureen with each syllable, "ox — tail — soup!" Then he looked at us triumphantly and stepped behind Kinkel's chair. This was my first lesson in English. Judging from the similarity with German words, we could well imagine what the words "ox" and "soup" signified; but the meaning of the word "tail" became clear to us only when we saw the contents of the tureen on our plates. We found the soup delicious and thereby our English vocabulary had been enriched by a valuable substantive. The landlord had been sensible enough not to confine himself to beefsteak and sherry in the execution of the desire we expressed, but to give us a complete dinner to which after our long sea voyage and the Sunday walk in the Scottish capital, we did full justice. By all sorts of ingenious gestures we made our landlord understand that we wanted paper and ink and pens and that we would then wish to go to bed. All our requests were understood and complied with. We now added postscripts to the letters which he had written to our families during the last days of our voyage on the "Little Anna," giving news of our happy arrival on British soil. Kinkel invited his wife to meet him in Paris, and then wrote a long letter to my parents in which he said to them many kind things about me.

After this was done, the waiter conducted us into a spacious sleeping apartment with two beds, the enormous size of which astonished us. The next morning we bade farewell to our kind host, grateful to him for having tolerated in his house two such uncanny looking guests without luggage and with a vocabulary of only two English words.

Now we called at the counting house of Mr. McLaren in whom we found a very pleasant and polite gentleman speaking

German fluently. Letters from Mr. Brockelmann's had told him everything about Kinkel and myself; he therefore greeted us with much cordiality, insisted on having our luggage taken from the "Little Anna" to his residence, and upon devoting himself entirely to us so long as we might choose to remain in Edinburgh. In McLaren's counting house we took leave of the good Captain Niemann. I never saw him again, but many years afterwards I learned that he had perished on the North Sea in a heavy winter gale.

After having bought some presentable clothing and decent hats, thus acquiring an appearance similar to that of other men, we accepted Mr. McLaren's invitation to see Holyrood and to dine at his house, whereupon we took the night train for London.

There we were accredited by Brockelmann to the banking house of Hambro and Son. The chief of the house placed one of his clerks at our disposal, a young gentleman from Frankfurt, Mr. Verhuven, who during our sojourn in London was to devote his whole time to us. He was an exceedingly agreeable companion, and with him we hurried during several days from morning until night from place to place to see the great sights of London. In this way we missed the many visitors who left their cards at our hotel, the "London Coffee House." Among these we found that of Charles Dickens. His acquaintance we should have been especially proud to make, but to our great regret, we did not find him at home when we returned his visit.

In those days I received the first distinct impression of the English language — an impression, which now, after long acquaintance with it, I can hardly explain to myself.

The celebrated tragedian Macready was playing several Shakspearean parts in one of the London theaters. We saw him in "Macbeth" and "Henry VIII." Although I did not understand the spoken words, I was sufficiently conversant with those dramas to follow the dialogue; but I had hardly any enjoyment of it as the impure vowels and the many sibilants, the hissing consonants, in fact, the whole sound and cadence of the English language fell upon my ear so unmusically, so gratingly, that I thought it a language that I would never be able to learn. And indeed, this disagreeable first impression long prevented

me from taking the study of English seriously in hand.

After a few days of over-fatiguing pleasure, we started for Paris. To witness the meeting of Kinkel and his wife after so long and so painful a separation was hardly less delightful to me than it was to them. But with this delight our arrival in Paris imposed upon me also a heavy burden which consisted in sudden "fame." Although I had received in Rostock, in Edinburgh, and in London, in small circles of friends, praise of the warmest kind, I was not a little astonished and embarrassed when I learned in Paris of the sensation created by the liberation of Kinkel. While Kinkel and I had been crossing the North Sea in the cabin of the "Little Anna" holding navigation councils with Captain Niemann, it had become generally known that I, a student of the university of Bonn, had taken a somewhat important part in that affair. The details of it were of course, still unknown to the general public, but that sort of mystery is notoriously favorable to the formation of legends, and the Liberal newspapers in Germany had vied with one another in romantic stories about the adventure. The favorite and most accredited of those fables represented me like Blondel before the dungeons of Richard Coeur de Lion attracting the attention of the imprisoned friend, not indeed with the lute of a troubadour, but in my case with a barrel organ, and thus detecting the window of his cell, and then effecting his escape in a marvelous way. Another myth brought me in communication with a Prussian princess, who, in a mysterious, and to herself very perilous manner, had advanced my undertaking. Several newspapers put before their readers my biography which consisted in great part of fantastic inventions in as much as there was but little to say of my young life. I even became the subject of poetic effusions which celebrated me in all sorts of sentimental exaggeration. My parents, as they afterwards wrote me, were fairly flooded with congratulations, which in great part came from persons entirely unknown to them.

Of course, the praise I received from my parents and the gratitude expressed by Mrs. Kinkel and her children were a real and a great satisfaction to me, but the extravagances which I had to read in German papers and to hear in the constantly extending circle of our acquaintance in Paris, disquieted

me seriously. What I had done had appeared to me as nothing so extraordinary as to merit all this ado. Then there was also constantly present to my mind the thought, that without the help of a group of faithful friends and especially without Brune's bold resolution at the decisive moment all my efforts would have been in vain. Of Brune, who in those days was subject to a sharp and dangerous investigation, I could not speak without seriously compromising him. Thus I felt in submitting to praise as one who accepts credit for some things, at least, done by another, and this feeling was in a high degree painful to me. Moreover, in every company in which I showed myself, I was asked time and again, "How did you succeed in carrying out this bold stroke? tell us." Not being permitted to tell the whole truth I preferred to tell nothing. New legends were invented which if possible were still more fantastic than the old ones. This was so oppressive to me that I became very much averse to going into society, and I fear I sometimes repelled those who came to me and pressed me with questions, in an almost unfriendly manner.

To bring the narrative of this episode to a conclusion, I must add something about the further fortunes of those who co-operated with me in the Kinkel rescue. On the day after Kinkel's escape from Spandau, suspicion fell at once upon Brune. He was forthwith arrested and subjected to close examination. At first nothing could be proved against him; but then, so it was reported, they placed with him in his cell a detective whom he did not suspect and to whom in a careless way he confided his story. He was thereupon tried and condemned to three years' imprisonment. After he had served his term he removed with his family to his old home in Westphalia where with the money he had received from me, and which had not been discovered, he could comfortably live with his family, and where he enjoyed the respect of his neighbors. When in 1888 I visited Germany I was informed by a friend of Brune's that Brune was at the time a janitor in a great ironwork in Westphalia, that he was doing well, although he began to feel the infirmities of old age, and that he would like to know something about me. I answered at once, told him all about myself, and asked him for his photograph. The same friend wrote again that my letter had given Brune much pleasure, but that he

was in his old age even more stubborn than he had been before, that he had always refused to be photographed, and that he now could not be moved to do it. I desired much to see him again and had already made arrangements for the journey when to my intense regret unforeseen circumstances prevented it. In 1891 I received in America a letter from Brune's daughter in which she informed me of the death of her brave father.

My friends in Spandau had rejoiced so much at the success of our enterprise that they could not conceal their joy, and so Krüger was involved in the investigation and was brought to trial. It has been reported that he willingly confessed the reception he had accorded to me in his hotel, remarking at the same time that it was his business as a hotel keeper to open his house to all decently appearing strangers who could pay their bills; that he could not always investigate who those strangers might be, and what were their circumstances and their intentions. For instance: immediately after the revolution in Berlin on the 18th of March, 1848, a very stately looking gentleman with some friends had arrived in a carriage at the door of his inn. Those gentlemen had been in great excitement and hurry, and he had noticed several extraordinary things in their conduct. In great haste they had departed, as he had afterward heard, for England. It had not occurred to him for a single moment to deny to them as unknown people the hospitality of his house. Only later he had been informed that the most distinguished looking of these gentlemen had been His Royal Highness, the Prince of Prussia (later Emperor William I). This narrative, recounted with the quiet smile peculiar to Krüger, is said to

have put the audience present at the trial into the gayest humor which even the court could not entirely resist. Krüger was pronounced not guilty, continued to live quietly in Spandau, and died in the seventies, much esteemed and mourned by all his fellow citizens.

Poritz, Leddihn, and Hensel also were acquitted there being no conclusive proof against them. Poritz and Hensel died not many years afterwards. I saw Leddihn again in 1888 in Berlin. He had been living for several years in the capital, was a well-to-do citizen and a member of the city council. Three years afterwards the newspapers reported his death.

It is remarkable how the memory of that adventure has remained alive in various parts of Germany. Hardly a year has passed since 1850 without bringing me in newspaper articles or letters new versions of the old story, some of them extremely fantastic. When early in this century the penitentiary building in Spandau in which Kinkel had been imprisoned was taken down to make room for another structure, some citizens of Spandau sent me a photograph of it, showing the part of the building from which Kinkel escaped, Kinkel's cell, and his and my portrait, taken from a daguerreotype made in Paris in December, 1850. In January, 1903, nearly fifty-three years after our drive from Spandau to Rostock, I received a pictorial postal card signed by a member of the German Reichstag and several other gentlemen, who sent me their cordial greetings and a picture of the "White Cross Inn" near Rostock, marked "Kinkel's Corner," where we had stopped in our flight, and where the room in which we took an early breakfast, it seems, is still pointed out to guests.

*After the escape to England, and before setting out for America, Mr. Schurz had many interesting and exciting adventures in Europe which he will describe fully in the June and July numbers of the magazine. He was living in the Latin Quarter of Paris as a newspaper correspondent and student when President Louis Napoleon was preparing for his coup d'état which was to overthrow the republic. On account of his record as a German revolutionist he was seized and imprisoned with a common thief. He was in London when that city was the meeting place of important liberals from various parts of Europe. He met Mazzini, the famous Italian revolutionist; Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot and orator; and many other remarkable persons whom he describes fully. Finally Louis Napoleon's coup d'état brought about the practical collapse of the revolutionary movement in Europe. Mr. Schurz then came to America.*



## A LESSON IN LABOR

BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE WEBER-DITZLER

YOU ask me to tell you why there ain't a labor union in this town. There are two parts to the story — the union and the boss, but I guess the main part of the story was the Boss, so I'll tell the union part first.

Grievances are the legs of a labor union just as sure as I'm foreman of this room. Don't think I mean that a labor union isn't a good thing, for I've worked in places where the labor union was the only thing that gave me a chance to sleep under blankets in the winter-time. But the point I'm making is that when you try to run a labor union in this town, you're tracking mud into your own parlor and going up against the Boss; and going up against the Boss, we men found out, is a good deal like a mouse pulling the cat's whiskers.

Of course, this factory is the main thing to this town, because we employ three hundred men and women, and the mirror factory where they turn out those cheap looking-

glasses that make you look wiggly, as if you had a chill, only hires twenty-five, and the sawmill less. So when you talk about labor in this town you mean this factory. Somehow, five or six years went by after the Boss came up here and built this factory and got it running, before we got next that we ought to have a labor union. We were put wise by an organizer sent up here by the central union down in the capital city. It wasn't two days before he had all of us on edge to get together and elect officers, and inside of two weeks he had showed us all our grievances and we were wearing celluloid buttons on our vests and had hired Masonic Hall for Friday evenings so's we could have hot shot from hot authors, and plain talk from plain people. And we had it, too! What I didn't know about collective bargaining and closed shops and the piece system was the kind of knowledge that hadn't been found out!

Dave Kennedy was president. I guess you never saw Dave. He was one of those fellers with a yellow mustache and a big blue eye that likes to see his name in print, and had talked so much in forty-five years that he was a regular artist. He used to make more speeches in one year in this little town than the President of the country made all over the United States. If the Bellows Falls baseball team licked our local team, after we had hired a college pitcher and thought we had a sure thing, Dave would climb up on a barrel and explain it in words of eight syllables and when the town company came back from fighting the Spaniards at Camp Alger, although the "Committee on Welcome" purposely didn't invite Dave to the turkey supper in the town hall, you bet your life Dave fooled 'em and stood on a barrel in front of the station and sailed in, mouth and fist, to tell the soldier lads what heroes they were while the "Committee on Welcome" were up to the hall watching the ice-cream melt. Dave was a smart, bright feller with a desire to shine, and he took the union very serious and gave it his best efforts, as they say in an obituary.

All of us took the union serious, and some of the men were pretty hot about things. The Boss was prosperous, and had a spanking, bright red, new automobile and was building a new house and wore a fur-lined overcoat, and a good many of us could tell a good deal better than he that we were having hard times. We were the boys that knew what it was to have your wages trusted for a grocer's bill that six hungers made you run up, and have to tell your wife that Annie couldn't have a new dress to go to school in, and have to see her sitting up with a kerosene lamp to turn Johnnie's old overcoat into little Michael's new pants. Then there was a good deal of discussion about how the Boss made his money, because he wasn't paying the wages that they paid in the cities down the state, and I guess that we forgot that living expenses were cheaper in this town, and that we had steady jobs all the year round, but that down the state they were liable to be layed off for six or eight weeks at a clip. Then there got to be the feeling that the Boss was an old bear who was out for his own pocket and didn't care how any of us got along anyhow. He had a sort of sand-bag voice when he said "No." and we'd heard it when we asked for Saturday afternoons and higher pay for overtime, and when

we asked for a closed shop we heard it with trimmings on it.

I was on the committee that was appointed to ask the Boss for a closed shop. That was before I got to be foreman and I'd never met the Boss at short range before. He's a strange package — the kind of a man that hasn't got any ornaments dangling on his mind, and that wears baggy trousers and a slouchy felt hat on week days, without losing the appearance of being somebody. There ain't much talk to the Boss. He's like a feller I saw once in Chicago that came up to a couple of men trying to knock each other down with profanity, and when he heard about two words he chose his side and lifted the other party into the gutter with a right hook. He says: "What you want to do is biff — biff — biff — and talk afterward!" and then jumped on a street-car and waved his hand to us. Well, that's sort of like the Boss. He had a stunt to do when he set out to make this mill pay — doing a big business on small profits, and he used to waste so little time in talking or giving a feller the bounce that the men got to thinking he was a selfish old mutt, full of greed and hard words. I'm willing to admit on week days the wrinkles on his big phiz were pretty deep, and his lower jaw set out like a balcony on his face.

But on Sunday he'd walk along Main Street to church with his wife, who looked like a woman who'd face the music of being a mother with a smile, and with his daughter who looked like the boy away at college, only being a girl she was prettier; and then you'd see the Boss, fresh and red like some one who has jumped out of a cold bath, and with his hair brushed back slick over his ears like a duck's wing, and he'd take off his shiny dicer to you and say: "Good-morning, Jim, isn't this sun light glorious?" Dave Kennedy used to say it didn't cost him anything to do it and the men who didn't really know the Boss then, thought there was a heap of truth in what Dave said.

I was spokesman for the committee that asked the Boss for a closed shop, and I started in and told the Boss fourteen reasons that was suggested to us by the central union why an employer shouldn't hire non-union help. The old man listened to me through, and then moved his desk-chair back with a mean sounding squeak. "No!" says he. "There are three reasons why I won't — because there isn't any use of your labor union in this factory anyway, because if I recognized



*" 'and the third reason is just No!'"*

your union I might do something unfair to a good man who don't belong to it ; and the third reason is just No !"

"Well," says I, thinking it was up to me to show what the union amounted to. "We have two hundred men in this factory behind us. Now, do I understand that you refuse?"

"Stuff !" says he and that was all the good I got out of him.

That night we had a meeting of the union and a delegate named Cole came up from the capital to advise us. He and Dave and Terence Burns made speeches, and they all said the crisis had come and banged on the table so's the water-pitcher danced. We fought a good deal about what we had better make the issue, and the hall got so hot three times

that they had to open the windows, but finally those who pointed out that the wage scale was lower than in any other town in the state won out, and we voted fifty-seven to twenty-eight to get higher pay or strike. Then Dave said : "Gentlemen, we are now setting out together on a stormy sea in the cause of labor and humanity. We cannot fail, for we have embarked on a righteous cause, but we must stick to each other to the end," or something like that, and it made us feel kind of full and gulping, as if it was so serious we would never see our families or friends again.

The demand was made on the Old Man the next morning by the delegate who said he would act for us. Some of us stood in the packing-room outside the office door, we were so anxious to see how the trouble would

come out. The first thing I heard was the Boss.

"Who are you, anyhow?" says he. "If my men have a grievance why don't they talk it out. They know me and I know them. We are acquainted — we are! But who are you? Why should I talk to you? Why should *you* ask to have me pay higher wages?"

"I'll tell you who I am," says the delegate speaking up, snappy. "I'm Peter J. Cole, from the Central Union. I guess you've heard of me, all right, all right, and the reason I am asking you to raise the wages according to this scale we've prepared is because I'm paid with a salary of two thousand dollars per year by the different local unions to do just this thing!"

"Good-morning, Mr. Cole," said the Boss. "I wouldn't employ you at two thousand cents. You're bleeding the union with that salary of yours about seven hundred times more than you're worth to 'em."

We could hear every word, and we knew well enough that Peter J. Cole wouldn't stand for that. And he didn't. He just come back at the Boss with a regular pirate's prayer and then the chairs began turning over, and we were trying to remember just how much bigger Cole was than the Boss, when we heard the front door open and something bumping down the steps. What bumped was Cole.

Fifteen minutes later there came word through the factory that the Boss wanted to

see every man and woman in the outer office. There's quite a lot of room in there, but a good many of us had to stand outside the doors; Cole had gone up over the hill, looking mad all the way up and down the back of his coat, and we weren't in the mood for any

love-feast either. None of us looked at each other, but we were sort of quiet except for the squeaks of boots where those who were way back stood up on tiptoe to get a look at the Boss leaning up against a desk in the farthest corner. The Old Man didn't say anything for several minutes; but shifted his eyes from one to another of us until I guess he'd looked each one straight in the face.

"I haven't got much to speak about," says he at last. "It's just this — that if any person or persons, whether it's one or all of you, have any complaint to make about your employment here, you can come to me and we'll talk

it over. But when a labor union, or any of its officers, come to me I'm going to be too busy to talk or consider, because there isn't any need of a labor union in this factory, and when a labor union gets a man who never worked for me and never saw me before to do the talking, I'm going to kick him down the steps. That's all."

Some of the women up front were looking kind of scared, and leaned up against those back of them, but Dave Kennedy took a step forward, and I guess all of us moved forward with him — just one step. "The labor union wants to know," says Dave, with



" 'I guess you've heard of me all right, all right' "

his voice kind of jiggled, "whether you will grant the proposed higher scale of wages, such as are in force in the southern part of the state?"

The Boss smiled a little, and Dave stood up very stiff and straight, with his fingers trembling along the seams of his over-alls. As I said the Boss smiled and he says: "I'm not going to answer you as president of the union, but as plain Dave Kennedy, I'll tell you that I'm not going to raise your wages, Dave, because you're not earning any more than you're getting. My job is to make this business a success by keeping loaded down with orders and shaving off a small profit, by running this factory where living is cheap so labor will be cheaper, and by paying wages and shipping goods fifty-two weeks a year. If I sweetened the pay-roll there wouldn't be any excuse for running at all. That's all there is to it."

Dave wheeled around, turning his back on the Boss and facing us, and he threw one hand up in the air like an actor and says, in a firm voice, "Strike!" And somebody else says "Strike," under his breath-like that, until most of us had said "strike," backing away out of the room, leaving the Boss all alone standing in front of the desk, looking at the floor.

It was most noon and the day before had been pay-day, so we quit right there — all of us except eighteen Poles who couldn't speak English and didn't know what was doing, and four Canucks who were getting higher pay than they ever had hoped for. Everybody was excited and wanted to use the soap in the washrooms first, and talked about how it would be a fight to the bitter end, and went down the stairs jawing, and forgetting to fill up their pipes the way they generally did at noon hour. When you'd see the men crowding out the doors of the rooms pulling on their coats, and behind them the empty spaces with long rows of machines all dead and quiet except for the shafting which was still running, it seemed sort of like a scene in a play that makes you lean forward and keeps you there, even though your collar cuts into your neck. And I can remember how my Annie met me at the door, wiping her hands on her apron and asked me whether it was true the men had gone out, and I said "yes," and how she looked at me and says: "Ain't it dreadful, Jim?"

The next few days it was kind of pleasant

to be striking, because, for one thing it was the most exciting business that had ever happened in town, and stirred everybody up, even more than when a tough little youngster named Tommy Cutts came near shooting holes into the sheriff, and, being a striker, made a feller feel sort of important and anxious to see what the big dailies down the state were saying about us. And then, again, if it was a cold morning with one of those slashing winds blowing down the valley you didn't have to jump out of bed at half-past six, but could lie there and listen to the booming of the ice on the river, and think of your breakfast, and how you could sit in the sunlight at the south window in the kitchen, and fool with the kids and how, later, you could walk down into the town and watch the boys play pool in the back of the barber shop and talk about how we'd make the Boss come to terms.

The Boss used to go down to the factory every day and he had the Canucks and Poles pack up the finished goods — there weren't more than twelve cases, and cart 'em to the station while everybody who saw 'em would hoot and yell at 'em and the boys would throw handfuls of mud at the team and make it splash up against the white sides of the boxes. They hooted at the Boss, too, but he would just look kind of solemn, and go on down to the office, and you could see him dictating letters to Miss Andrews, the stenographer and it kind of made a feller feel sorry for him to see how the windows were getting all dusty, and there was no water running through the penstock, and everything was going to thunder. And then you'd think of how he had treated the union, and you'd feel a good deal hotter and grin when some other union man would let out a few curses, and say he'd like to chuck a rock through the front door.

Everybody expected the Boss would cave in pretty quick when we put him right up against it, but after five days he hadn't showed any signs of it, and it kept a feller uneasy, because there weren't going to be a pay envelope, and although the tradespeople in town were giving us what support they could, of course they couldn't run their business on nothing. After a week there was a good deal more coffee than steak on the table. Some of us were driven pretty hard. About twenty men slid out of town during the next ten days to look for jobs somewhere else, but every one of those were young fellers who

weren't married, and didn't have a house here with a vegetable patch in the back-yard, and furniture bought on the instalment plan and almost paid for.

Being a striker weren't any fun the second week when you had to toss up a nickel to see whether you'd spend it on a plug of tobacco for yourself or a pound of sugar for the house. It made me feel hot and bad-hearted to think the Boss was trying to drive us to the wall and kind of starve us back to work — it made me fill up clean full of feelings that would make me speak cross to the kids and slam the front door hard when I came in or went out, and got me to feeling sour until I knew I'd make the Boss sweat and go to the ropes before I'd ever give in. Some of the men got drunk, and maybe you'd see a feller whooping it along Main Street at noon, cursing at everybody and people cursing at him, and it seemed as if everybody who got to hating the Boss, got to hating each other, too!

We had a meeting of the union that we all remember on the fifth Wednesday, in the morning, and there wasn't so much talking but everybody looked a heap. Dave Kennedy read a letter from the central union saying how they'd found it impossible to add anything to our strike fund, but how we ought to stick it out and have courage, and another from the owner of Masonic Hall, saying how the rent due from our union for the use of the hall hadn't been paid. We took a vote, and you could tell how bulldog the men felt because two hundred of 'em were for holding out against the Boss when every man of 'em had already been up against being busted and hungry.

And then Bill Gaylor came in, looking red and out of breath. Seems to me I can see him now as he stood there in the door, and says in a kind of dull voice, but so's everybody could hear: "The factory's for sale!"

Dave caught the edges of the table. "What?" says he.

"The factory's for sale," says Bill, pushing his way up through the men — some of 'em had jumped up and were standing, and some of 'em had kind of slumped back on the settees — "there's a big white sign on the side next the railroad!"

A good many of us pushed each other for a place at the back windows where you could get a look at the tracks and the covered bridge, and I tell you I never felt so curious

as when I seen that sign smashing me between the eyes. It looked like the finish of my little home and the whole business, and I felt like a feller that gets thrown overboard in the middle of the ocean, and has his woman and kids thrown overboard, too. You could tell by the look of the others that it weren't any different with them.

"Gentlemen," says Dave. "We are up against the real thing now. Of course, we don't know what the Boss is going to do, but I suggest that we send a committee to him to find out. Then if we — we are up against the finish of this fight now — if we have to compromise —"

At that Bill Gaylor came up like the fur on a mad cat's tail. "Compromise nothing!" he yells, his eyes red with liquor or fever or something. "I'll not compromise! We can beat him out if we have to cut our own throats to do it. We can burn the factory!"

A feller next to me whose wife was sick kind of tightened his hands and leaned forward, looking into the air, and says: "Yes," and two or three others yelled: "You're right!" but the rest of us jumped up yelling: "No, no, none of that!" and three of us were appointed to go and see the Boss and report that evening. I was one of 'em.

We went straight up there and rang the bell on the big front door, and the Boss's pretty daughter opened it. "Tell him there are three of his hands that want to see him, miss," says I.

"Why," says she, "he told me to say that he can't see the use of talk since you have your minds made up."

I caught sight of two trunks in the hall that looked as if they was ready to go somewhere, and it was a jar — like the sign on the factory!

"Please, miss, tell him we want to see him — bad" says Henderson who stood back of me.

"Step in," says she, "he's in there in the library."

The Boss was sitting in an arm-chair reading a book, and he looks up and smiles. "Howdy do, Jim. Howdy do, Joe," and then he scowls and says: "I thought I'd never be bothered about this factory business any more."

"Have you shut it down for good, sir?" says I.

"Yes," says he, kind of thoughtful, "the business was a habit with me I guess, and I



*W. H. H. - 1894*

"I'VE CAUGHT THE EDGES OF THE TABLE; 'WHAT?' SAYS HE"



“‘TELL HIM THERE ARE THREE OF HIS HANDS THAT  
WANT TO SEE HIM, MISS’”

don't know but what it was a poor habit. I got so into the habit of running that business that when you fellers forced me to quit I felt for a few days like an old smoker who has run out of tobacco on a desert island. I'd thought of quitting long ago, but habit kept me going. But that's all over now — all the worry and the care and fret and fuss. The load is off my mind now!"

Well, you'd be surprised to see the way Henderson's jaw dropped till his under lip looked like a hammock, and I guess Joe and I had the pop eyes.

"Yes," says the Boss motioning for us to sit down in a kind of careless way. "There's been a clover patch waiting for me, and I never saw it till a week ago. I've run this factory now for a good many years, and I've got a nice roly-poly little income, so what's the use of my slaving away in this muddy, little one-horse town till I slam the door of this life behind me. I haven't much money to leave to my boy, and I consider that's lucky for him; and my daughter is going to marry a man who is smart enough always to make it comfortable for her. So now I've come to a breathing spell. I'm going to Europe for a good rest, and when I get back I'm going to settle down in the city where I can rub elbows with something else besides a lot of jobbers, buyers, and supply salesmen."

The Boss didn't seem to be talking to us at all, but just to himself, but I was thinking some and everything looked pretty black!

"What'll become of the men?" says I like that. "For God's sake, what'll we do — we that has got homes here and kids. What'll happen to this town?"

"I'd thought of that," says the Boss, "and you can believe me or not I'm mighty sorry for the men. An industry like that factory isn't run for the man that owns it — altogether. It's run for the laborers, too, and the town, and, in fact, if it's a good industry it's run for the good of the whole country. Yes, I've realized that all along. But I'm selfish now. I'm out for a soft snap —"

Henderson looked kind of scared, but he stopped twirling his hat and got up out of his chair.

"Excuse me," says he, "and don't understand that there are many of us feel any sympathy with it, but there are a few hot-headed ones who have suffered more than

the rest of us who say if you don't do something they'll burn the factory."

The Boss looked up kind of squinting, and then he brought his hand down on his knee with a big slap.

"Good!" says he. "I don't know whether the insurance would cover that case or not, but I don't care — I'd be glad to have the old factory out of the way. It's a darned old monument to every trouble and worry I ever had, and if it was wiped away I'd never have any temptation to come back to it!"

To hear the Boss talk that way made me feel sicker and sicker, and I could see my finish just as plain as I can see you. I was looking down on the floor and I can remember the pattern on that carpet just as well as I can remember the color of the paint on my father's house, and when I looked up the Boss had his keen blue eyes on me.

He shook his head: "Poor fellers, poor fellers," says he to himself, and then, all of a sudden, he jumped up straight, running his fingers over his hair till it was all rumpled the way it was on week days. "Say, Jim," says he, "when does your labor union have its next meeting?"

"To-night," says I, kind of excited and not knowing why.

"Jim," says he, "you fellers know me. You know I tell the truth from one to ten, and A to Z. And what I've said to you to-day is true. You go back and tell 'em what I said, and tell 'em that if they want I'll speak to 'em to-night. Tell 'em that!"

"Yes, sir," says I.

"Thanks," Henderson says, having no idea what he was thanking for, and he and Joe and I went out.

"It's all over but the shouting, I guess," says Joe on the driveway. But I was too sore and hard pressed to pass words with him.

A good many of the men knew how we came out with the Boss before the meeting that night, and I guess a lot of 'em were figuring just how hard it would hit 'em to pull up and get out of town and look for a job. A good many of 'em, like me, had grown pretty deep roots here, and it seemed as if there'd be a good deal of wilting before we could get set into a new flower bed.

It made your feet heavy to think about it, and you'd see many a husky-looking feller who would scuffle along without the heart to lift his shoes off the ground. Besides it had

clouded up to snow, and everything was dismal — awful dismal! It didn't make much difference that the papers said we'd forced the Boss into a corner — we'd got it in the neck! That's what had happened to us!

There was a sorry-looking gang that came to the meeting, but it looked like the last round, and pretty near everybody came, to be in at the wind up! We'd begun together, and I guess the men felt as if we might as well end up together. And besides there was a good deal of curiosity to know what the Boss would say if he got the chance.

Dave Kennedy told 'em all what I had reported, and asked for a show of hands to see if the union wanted to send for the Old Man. You oughter seen the hands come up — just like a field of wheat; even the fellers who looked soggy with liquor stuck up their fists. Dave grinned kind of sour and says: "Henderson — you're near the door — the Boss is down-stairs in the drug store."

It was a sight to see that hall crowded full of men, with their faces kind of glued on the doorway, and never making hardly the sound of a breath when the Boss came in and walked through 'em up to the table, but just following him with their eyes.

The Boss stood up there, straight and stiff, with his overcoat on and little specks of snow that hadn't melted all over it, and sort of give a sigh which sounded like a shout, the hall was so still.

"When I built my factory in this town," says he slowly, "I did it because living was cheaper here than in other places where they are making my class of goods, and because, for that reason it would be fair to pay lower wages than they pay farther down the state. It was my policy to make a lot of goods on small profits, and never shut down except on Sundays. It worked. It made me as much money as I ever will want to spend, it built up this town, it gave, what I believed was good, fair wages and employment to over three hundred men, it sent out an honest lot of goods. That's what goes to show that an industry is a good thing for the man who owns it, the men who work in it, the town where it is run, and the people who buy its product —"

He sort of stopped and listened as if he expected somebody to call him a liar.

"Now, you can believe it or not," says he, "but if I paid higher wages to-day it would knock out the whole foundation of the industry. Instead of being a blessing to this

town and this country, it would be a mighty bad thing. It would cut my share of the profits way down below what I ought to get for the skill I put into the business, it would tempt me to make a dishonest line of goods, it would tend to raise the wages of the factories down the state, and if they raised their wages they'd have to run on a little fine strip of profit that would break and make 'em fail in hard times, it would drive men of brains, who expect to have their brains pay dividends, out of the business. That's what it would do."

Some of the men shifted their feet, and a good many were leaning forward to listen, and the Boss went on: "There were two things made me keep on with this factory after it had made me enough money so's I could always have a nice comfortable income — one thing was the habit of making money, and it's a good deal stronger habit than liquor, and I'm just as fond of money as anybody; and the other was a kind of a sneaking feeling that it was my duty to keep on. I've been thinking of it since I stopped, and I see now that as long as an industry is a good one, there are a dozen reasons and unselfish reasons, too, why it shouldn't ever be allowed to stop. If I had stopped on my own account I would have deserved to be hanged. Just think what misery it would have caused to the men who worked for me, and who had settled with families in this town!"

Some of the men muttered, and one feller in the back of the hall said: "You've stopped, haven't yer?"

"No!" yells the Boss, so everybody jumped. "You stopped! You stopped — and that's why I'm going to have a soft snap, that's why I'm going to Europe and wash my hands of this. You fools!" says he. "If it hadn't been for you I would have stopped long ago. If you would have given me my fair profit and taken yours we'd been running to-day, and if we were running it would be because you wanted to run, not because I wanted to run! You're the ones who stopped!"

"No!" yells several of the men standing up. "We want to run," and then everybody scrambles up between the settees, yelling: "Yes! yes! We want to run!" and the feller next to me — a great big strapping six-foot-four — bellows out: "The old way! the old way!" and tears ran down his cheeks.

"Oh, you want to run? In the old way? With the old wages?" cries the Boss, with

his smile looking like the sunshine on a patch of meadow.

"With the old Boss — the old Boss!" shouts Dave, and every man of 'em takes up the yell. "With the old Boss — the old Boss!" and hands stuck up in the air with fingers stretching. And then, all of a sudden it got so quiet you'd think you were alone there, and the Boss looks around with his eyes kind of glistening like I never seen 'em before, and he says, talking kind of as if he'd just run a mile. "No more labor unions — we don't need 'em when we can — well, we don't need 'em. The factory will start running Monday."

At those words every man there sort of dropped his shoulders with the joy of it, and turned his head down a mite — just as you do when the flag goes by.

"And," says the Boss, "any man that has a family, or anybody that's sick just come to me, will you? We've got to patch up this hole that the labor union has punched in us."

The men started to yell out what they had bottled up in the way of feelings for the last week, and the Boss grabbed his hat off the table and started for the door. Then all of a sudden he stopped. The fire-bell was booming out in the tower of the town hall next door, and you could hear people hollering along the street outside.

"It's the factory!" yells a feller, and we could see the red glow out the back windows of the hall. Somebody near the door cries out: "The storage shed is what's going!" and the Boss jumps up on a chair.

"Jim!" he yells, "pick out seven men to help get the apparatus down there, the rest of you men come with me."

I'll not quickly forget that night. It was raining and freezing where it dropped, and except for the red of the blaze it was so dark that a white cat looked black. Among the three hundred of us that fought the fire back from the factory it would surprise you how many got jambed hands, and burnt ears and cuts on the head. See that middle finger? That was that night. But we were fighting for the factory, and I guess every man felt it was *his* factory; and my Annie and the Boss's daughter and a lot of the women folks come down with cans and bottles of hot coffee. The women who stayed at home, I guess, were praying when the blaze gave one of them devilish leaps and roars, but the men would yell back at it and fight it again right up to the place where a feller could smell his own hair singeing!

It was three o'clock before we had saved the main building, and I crawled home up over the hill, and my Annie met me at the door with a lamp, and put her arms around my neck and says: "My boy, my boy," like she hadn't said since a long time before we got gray hairs, and little Michael came in and tried to climb up my leg, and two clean sheets was the best thing I ever felt.

We haven't got anything against labor unions, but for this town — well, we're scared of it more than the cholera. Once — that's enough!

## WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

When I was one-and-twenty  
I heard a wise man say,  
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas  
But not your heart away;  
Give pearls away and rubies  
But keep your fancy free."  
But I was one-and twenty,  
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty  
I heard him say again,  
"The heart out of the bosom  
Was never given in vain;  
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty  
And sold for endless rue."  
And I am two-and-twenty,  
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.  
"*A Shropshire Lad*"

# THE STORY OF LIFE INSURANCE

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE ASTOR FORTUNE," ETC.

## I

### THE SURPLUS: THE BASIS OF CORRUPTION

For the last thirty-five years a constant warfare has waged in the United States between the good and the bad in life insurance. On one side have ranged honesty, economy, and fair and liberal treatment of the insured; on the other, dishonesty, extravagance, and absolute disregard of policy-holders' rights. Certain companies have treated life insurance as a great beneficent institution, organized for the purpose of protecting the weak and the dependent against adverse fortune; others have regarded it largely as a convenient contrivance for enriching the few men who happened to have usurped control.

In this thirty-five years the history of American life insurance has been one of progressive degeneration. The people have forgotten the old ideals; have persistently abandoned good life insurance and taken up with bad. They have for the larger part ignored the teachings of our great American leaders—men like Elizur Wright, of Massachusetts, the originator of nearly everything that is best in the American system; Jacob L. Greene, of Hartford; and Amzi Dodd, of New Jersey, and have sought the leadership of men who have degraded the whole institution. They have thus displaced the United States from the world leadership in life insurance which it formerly held, and have made what was one of our greatest claims to national distinction the cause of what is, in many ways, our most shameful national scandal.

To show this deterioration in quality we need not necessarily look far. The most popular companies, indeed, have largely ceased to do a life insurance business at all. If you study the literature they circulate, you will find the life insurance feature of their contracts only incidentally mentioned. They

talk little about protection of one's family, but much about savings banks, investments, guaranteed incomes, five per cent Consols, and gold bonds. They ask you to buy their policies not that thereby you may provide financial protection for your dependents, but that you may thereby reap financial advantage yourself. They appeal, not to your sense of responsibility, but to your cupidity. They preach life insurance, not as a boon to the poor and the defenceless, but to the fortunate and the rich. In a word they have grafted upon the simple life insurance idea endless investment and gambling schemes, most of which are fallacies and some of which are palpable frauds. Consequently hundreds of thousands profit little, or not at all, from the insurance feature of their contracts. In the majority of cases they ignore it entirely. The real situation was eloquently summed up at the recent New York life insurance investigation. It then appeared that at least one-third of the insured abandoned their policies, at great loss to themselves, after they have been in force for one or two years. Of those that are left two-thirds, at particular periods, surrender them, taking in exchange certain so-called "cash profits" and thus leaving their families unprovided for. In other words, out of every hundred only about twenty have entered the company for the insurance protection; or, if they have, have not yielded to the temptation of a cash reward and abandoned it.

If we wish mere life insurance unencumbered with modern improvements we must go to Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and one or two other states. There we shall find great companies limiting their activities to one single end—the insuring of lives. They do not deal in

investments, do not act as savings banks or lotteries. They collect from the insured during life certain stipulated sums, and, in the event of death, pay over to the widows certain equivalent indemnities. They collect from each member precisely the same pro rata price for the particular service rendered; and base this price upon certain well known mathematical laws which closely determine the exact cost. They treat all the insured upon a strictly "mutual basis," which, in the last analysis, means insurance at its actual cost and that actual cost to all. They furnish this article at a lower price than present quotations for the New York variety. They do it, too, without the elaborate machinery found so indispensable upon Manhattan Island. They have no subsidiary banks or trust companies; no string of office buildings stretched all over the civilized world; no alliance with captains of industry in Wall Street; no array of extravagantly salaried officers; no corruptionists in every important state capitol. They do not have enormous surpluses unjustly withheld from the policy-holders to whom they belong; do not pay in commissions for new business larger sums than that business is worth; do not write insurance in forty-five states and all foreign countries, including China, Japan, Borneo, and Malaysia; they remain quietly at home insuring only respectable heads of American families in good physical condition.

#### *No Real Dividends in Life Insurance*

Before this story is told in detail, we must have a clear conception of what life insurance, stripped of its mystifications and falsehoods, actually is. We must acquaint ourselves with the ordinary terms of the business: the premium, the reserve, the surplus. Upon no other subject is the public ignorance so profound. And yet, in itself, hardly any subject is more simple. Necessarily, first we must disabuse our minds of certain preconceptions. Life insurance, for example, is not a business. It is not an enterprise in which capital engages for the sake of profit. There are stock companies; but for the most part they pretend that they provide life insurance at its actual cost; that all so-called "profits" go to the insured. Theoretically, at least, and in many instances, actually, these great companies are trusts, in the real meaning of the term; their directors are trustees in the most sacred sense. Similarly

life insurance is not gambling. As now practised, certain lottery attachments have been added to it; at times it has been reduced almost to the par of faro and roulette. Above all, life insurance is not an investment. The word "dividend" applied to it has been the most prolific cause of evil. Properly, as will be explained later, there is no such thing. There can be no dividend, no profit — no investment — because, even under the most favorable circumstances, the expenses of management are so great. For every dollar collected by a life insurance company, it expends anywhere from eighteen to fifty cents in expenses; manifestly it cannot invest the rest so as to pay you any investment return.

#### *Life Insurance Merely Indemnity — Not Investment*

Life insurance is one thing and one thing only. In the social and economic order it performs a single and a simple service. It is the money indemnification for the destruction of a valuable human life. We insure our lives for the same reason that we insure our houses and our ships. All three things have money value; all stand momentarily in danger of destruction; and all are insured for the purpose of recouping ourselves and our dependents for their loss. This protection is something that we buy. We pay money for it; that is, it is an outgo — an expenditure; never an income. Our compensation is the great one that, when we die, our dependents will not be beggared. This is so great an advantage, it adds so wonderfully to the sum of human happiness, that we are willing to pay for it all that it costs. No one regards the insurance upon his house — one's fire insurance — as an investment — as something upon which he receives an annual income; and no more should he so regard the insurance upon his life.

With certain limitations, which will be detailed subsequently, life insurance is a science. It is scientific because it deals with one of the few certainties of human experience — that is, death itself. If a company contracts to pay a certain amount at death it knows that it will have to fulfil that promise; it knows, that is, that the insured will die. Furthermore it knows, within certain limits, when he will die. It cannot predict this in the individual case, of course. It does not know when *you* will die or when *I* will die; but, if it insures a sufficient number

of persons of your age, it knows how many of them will die each year. A mysterious law apparently regulates their taking off. It might have, for example, 100,000 men aged 30, living in London; another 100,000 aged 30, living in New York; another 100,000 aged 30, living in San Francisco. At the end of the first year, it will find that 840 out of its London group had died; 840 out of its New York group; 840 out of its San Francisco group. At the end of the second year 844 will have quietly dropped out of each of the three groups. In the tenth year 885 in each group will die; and so on, the original 100,000 being regularly and gradually diminished every twelvemonth. In the sixty-sixth year only three or four men in each of the three groups will be alive; and these, at the ripe age of 96, will pay their final tributes to nature. There may, of course, be slight variations in this program; but these will not be sufficiently marked to disturb any calculations based upon them. For all practical purposes the uniformity is so pronounced as to merit the name of a natural law. This law has been the gradual discovery of the last two centuries. It has been found out purely by observation. The records of many English parishes, the births for particular years, and the records of the deaths through succeeding years, have been carefully tabulated. Census returns of particular towns and counties have been compared with the death returns. Above all, the experience of the life insurance companies themselves has been taken as a guide.

Before this mortality law was discovered, life insurance was the favorite device of swindling rogues. It was unsafe; invariably failed; and was consequently held in the utmost disrepute. Since this law was discovered and honestly utilized life insurance has been a science. Any merchant who knew just what his expenditures would be through a long series of years, and who had the power to adjust his income so as to equal them, could not possibly fail. That is the position of the life insurance company. Any accurate mortality table, common honesty, and good executive judgment — with these as capital no life insurance company could possibly collapse. Fire, marine, and other forms of insurance are not thus scientifically based. These companies cannot figure in advance their future losses. No natural laws regulate the burning of houses or the destruction of ships.

### *Two Scientific Bases of Life Insurance — Mortality Law and Interest Rate*

The application of this mortality law to the cost of life insurance may now be illustrated in its simplest form. Let us take 1,000 men, all aged 40, who desire to insure their lives. They might take out policies in some existing company, but not necessarily — they can carry their insurance just as well themselves. So they enroll themselves into what may be called a life insurance association. They agree that \$1,000. shall be paid to the widows of all that die. The association also decides to start with a fund precisely large enough to pay all policy claims as they mature. All members will pay into this fund their pro rata share in advance. In other words, the association decides to adopt what is known as the *single premium* system. Its only problem is the practical determination of what this single payment should be. Obviously, since there are 1000 members and \$1,000. is to be paid on the death of each, the association will have to pay out ultimately \$1,000,000. By the aid of its mortality tables, it calculates in advance the payments to be made each year. It finds, according to these tables, that the limit of human life is ninety-six years; inasmuch as all members are in their fortieth year, its payments will range along a series of fifty-six years.\* In the earlier years these deaths will be comparatively few, and few payments will therefore have to be made. In twenty or thirty years, as the members become older, deaths, and consequently death payments, will become more numerous. In forty years, both will decrease — simply because there will be fewer members left to die. In the fifty-sixth year the ultimate survivor, ninety-six years old, will die, and the association will pay out its last \$1,000. to his heirs.

In all, therefore, the association will pay its \$1,000,000. out in fifty-six annual sums. To meet these obligations it will not need to have in hand, at the beginning, a sum of \$1,000,000. If all members should die the day immediately following its organization, \$1,000,000. would actually be required. But the deaths will be distributed annually through half a century. If the association

\* Actually, according to the American experience table, not one out of 1,000 starting at age 40 would be alive at age 96. If we wish perfect accuracy we should have to base our illustration upon 78,106 lives, the number living at 40 of 100,000 starting at age 10. Of this 78,106, the last three will die at age 96. The above illustrations are based upon 1,000 lives, however, for the sake of complete clearness.

started with \$1,000,000. it would be guilty of rank extravagance, because money, properly invested, earns interest. The association would need, therefore, not \$1,000,000., but a sum which, properly invested, would produce that amount precisely in the annual instalments required. Before deciding what contributions to levy upon its members, the association would have to decide upon the rate at which to invest its funds. If it assumes a high rate, it would not need so large a cash fund; if a small rate, it would need much more. In case of a high rate, that is, its interest earnings would contribute more to the annual sums required than in case its interest rates were low. But the association must exercise much conservatism. Its contracts extend through half a century. That is a long time; and the interest rate fluctuates. If the association should adopt a high rate, it might, after a few years, find itself unable to earn it. Therefore it would not realize the annual sums required to meet its death payments; in other words, it would be insolvent. It will therefore adopt an investment rate so low that it can confidently figure upon earning it through the whole fifty-six years its contracts run. In strict conservatism it may place it as low as three per cent. By the aid of the mortality table, which shows the number of deaths each year, and the adopted interest rate, which shows the amount contributed to the fund by interest earnings, the amount needed by the association, when it starts, can be mathematically determined. The first year, for example, the association must pay out \$9,000. to the widows of the nine members who die. To meet that payment the association must have, not \$9,000., but a sum which, invested at 3 per cent, for one year, will equal \$9,000. Such a sum is approximately \$8,730. In the second year the association must pay out \$9,000. to the widows of nine more deceased members. It must thus have in hand, at the start, a sum which, compounded at 3 per cent interest for two years, will aggregate \$9,000. That is, it will need only \$8,460. The amount needed to have in hand, at the beginning, to meet each year's payments, it thus fully calculates in advance. By adding these fifty-six separate results it has the total cash fund required. By dividing this result by 1,000, the original number of the association, it has each member's precise contribution to the fund.

At the beginning, therefore, it is plain why life insurance, in the usual commercial sense, is not an investment. The company puts your premiums at interest, not that it may furnish you a return in addition to the insurance, but that it may accumulate a fund out of which the policy itself is paid.

In its bare essentials this is all there is to life insurance. This great institution rests upon two solid bases; the law of human mortality and that of compound interest. Theoretically only one is indispensable; the mortality law. This enables the company to foresee, for a long period of years, its annual expenditures, and consequently to make provision for their payment. With this principle alone, however, life insurance would not be an accomplished reality, because its cost would be excessive. The interest element, by making life insurance cheap, brings it within the purview of the poorest citizen. It transforms life insurance from an unutilized theory into a most salutary fact. In dealing in both these principles, moreover, we are dealing with moral certainties. Given a certain number of lives of a certain age, nothing is more clearly demonstrated than the order in which they will die. Given a certain amount of money, invested at a certain rate of interest, nothing is more self-evident than its precise accumulation in a given number of years. If all life insurance companies thus used the same mortality tables — anticipated, in other words, the same number of annual deaths — and invested the premiums at the same rate of interest, the cost of the actual insurance would in all cases be the same.

We have explained this great life insurance principle on the basis of the *single* premium — the payment down, in a lump sum in advance, of the entire cost of the life insurance — chiefly in the interest of simplicity. As a matter of fact, few buy their life insurance this way. They make to the common fund not one large contribution, but a smaller one, each year. A considerable number pay this uniform sum throughout life. They pay, that is, what is technically known as a level premium. The majority pay an annual level premium not through life, but for a stated number of years — twenty, fifteen, ten, or perhaps five. After this premium paying period has elapsed, their policy is, in life insurance terms, *paid up*. They pay no more; all they have to do to get the full value is to

die. All these various premium systems — annual level, twenty payment, fifteen payment, ten payment, or five — are derived from the single payment, already detailed; all are simply variations of it. All premium calculations are first made upon the theory that the cost is paid in one large sum; and from this result the proper charge, if paid annually through life, or if paid annually for a limited number of years, is deduced. It is hardly worth while to describe in detail how the single premium is thus commuted into these several guises. The explanation involves many details, and the discussion of another subject — that of annuities. It is sufficient to bear in mind that, from the standpoint of the company, the single premium, the annual level premium, the limited payment premiums are all mathematical equivalents.

#### *Pay as You Go System a Failure*

Probably some members of our hypothetical association would propose the method of payment technically known as the *natural* premium. They would divide each year's losses among each year's survivors. If nine men died the first year, necessitating the payment of \$9,000. they would assess this amount among the 991 who remained. They would tax each man about \$9.08. They would likewise assess the next year's losses, another \$9,000., among the 982 members who survived; making each one's contribution for that year about \$9.16. They could make out a plausible argument for this procedure. They would say that this was plain business sense. They would point to the fact that every man paid each year the precise cost of his insurance; and they would assert that this cost would be much lower than under the level premium plan. They would also claim that no large fund would accumulate in the treasury; and that consequently the interest factor could entirely be disregarded. They would clinch their argument by calling attention to the fact that under the level premium plan, a thousand dollars' worth of insurance would cost, at its net price, \$24. a year; and under the plan they suggest, nine dollars and a few cents the first year, and a slightly increasing price each year thereafter. Indeed they could make so excellent a case that, had the association not the experience of two centuries to guide it, they would probably carry the day. Theoretically the natural

premium plan is flawless; practically it never works. It increases the cost of insurance every year; at first almost inappreciably, but later on enormously. In the first year, when the deaths are few — only nine in a thousand — it taxes each member only nine dollars and a few cents. In the thirtieth year, however, the association contains only about 490; that is, 510 have died. That year, it loses 29 members and is thus called upon to pay out \$29,000.; therefore it charges the survivors \$62. each. By this time it finds that the increasing annual premium is much larger than the discarded uniform annual premium. But its troubles have only begun. Its members are now all seventy-one years old; and they die very rapidly. The association is thus embarrassed from two standpoints. It has to pay out larger death sums each year, and each year it has fewer members upon whom to assess them. In the case of the last surviving nonagenarian the situation would be absurd. The association — an association now only theoretically because all its members are dead — would have to pay out \$1,000., but would have no members to levy upon. If it made the natural premiums payable at the beginning of each year the last survivor would have to advance the whole \$1,000. with which to pay his own death claim.

In this there is nothing actuarially unscientific or unjust. But in practice it never succeeds. It has been tried thousands of times and it is the basis of the numerous assessment and fraternal orders now dying a lingering death. All these associations prosper in the earlier years, when deaths are few and assessments consequently low. All begin to lose members as deaths and assessments increase. Men simply will not pay these largely increased premiums in the later years; consequently they retire and the assessment schemes collapse.

#### *Reserves: Advance Payments for Insurance*

The association thus finally decides that each member shall pay for his \$1,000. insurance by contributing \$24. to the common fund each year as long as he lives. It therefore collects in advance from its 1,000 members \$24,000. the first year. It promptly invests this at three per cent, thus increasing it in one year to \$24,720. It pays out this year only \$9,000. to the beneficiaries of its nine deceased members. It therefore has left in its treasury \$15,720.—the amount of all the

premiums, plus one year's interest, which has not been used. Dividing this \$15,720 fund by 991, the number of surviving members, it has a credit of about \$15. to each surviving policy-holder. That is the amount of the first year's premium, plus interest, which has not been used in paying death claims. The association collects \$24. the second year from the 991 remaining policy-holders, a total of \$23 784. It adds this to the \$15,720. in the treasury, thus obtaining a fund of \$39,504. It invests this again at 3 per cent, thus increasing the fund to \$40,689. It pays out \$9,000. as policy claims, thus decreasing the fund to \$31,689. It divides this among the 982 remaining members, crediting each with a fund of approximately \$32. It finds that that is the amount of each policy-holder's premium for two years, improved at compound interest, which has not been used in paying death claims. It finds, in other words, that it collects from every policy-holder, under the level premium plan, more money than it needs to meet its expenditures, simply because its death losses, in the earlier years, are comparatively few.

The association goes on thirty or forty years; and then develops a new situation. In its thirtieth year it has 490 surviving members. It collects from each \$24. and thus from all \$11,760., which, with three per cent interest added, equals \$12,112. But it loses by death in the thirtieth year thirty-two and must therefore pay out \$32,000. Manifestly this year's income does not suffice for the outgo. It has collected only about \$12,000.; and must pay out \$32,000.! The association, therefore, makes up the difference by drawing upon the *unused* payments of the earlier years. By this time its total unused fund — unused premiums, that is, plus compound interest — is very large, and the appropriation for this thirtieth year deficit diminishes it only slightly. The association through the remaining years will never collect enough again to meet its annual payments; every year the deficits will increase; but the accumulations from the unused premiums and interest of the first half of its existence will precisely enable it to come out whole.

The association calls these accumulations on the premium payments of the earlier years its *reserves*. It figures out the accumulation upon each policy, and calls it the *reserve* upon that particular policy. In other words it *reserves* the unused premium payments of the earlier years, when deaths

do not devour all the money paid in, and pays them out in the later, when deaths more than use up the annual payments. It must keep these *reserves* simply because it collects its contributions in uniform annual sums, in the earlier years too much, the later years too little, in deference to the majority of its members who insist upon paying that way. In another article the nature of this *reserve* will be analyzed in detail. At this point its great importance in life insurance only need be insisted upon. In fact it is the one test of solvency.

If our association honestly reserves these unused early payments it cannot possibly fail. If it steals or wastes them it must ultimately collapse. It could steal them for many years, however, without detection, because for about half its existence, it would collect more than enough money each year to pay that year's death losses. When it reached those later years, however, when each year's collections did not pay each year's losses, its dishonesty would stand revealed. Under modern conditions, our association would find it difficult to do this. It would find that every state had organized insurance departments to prevent this very thing. Every year all its policies would be inventoried and the amount of necessary reserve on each one computed. If our association did not have that precise amount in its treasury, or assets to cover it — bonds, mortgages, etc. — the receiver would be called in and the shutters go up. Its *reserves*, that is, are an insurance company's *liabilities*. The chief function of the insurance departments is to act as watchdogs of these reserves; and this, whatever their other shortcomings, they successfully do.

#### *How the Agent and the Officers are Paid : A Tax on Every Premium*

Our life insurance association thus discovers the annual price of a \$1,000. policy at age 40. It has thus determined, however, merely the *net* cost; the cost, that is, of the actual insurance. It has made no provision for the second element of cost in life insurance; that is, the expenses of company management. But it must have a chief manager of the fund — a president, several assistants, clerks, and office boys. It must have an office in which to conduct business; furniture, stationery, postage, and so on. Above all, unless all its 1,000 members join spontaneously, it must have a lively force of insinuating gentlemen to persuade

them in — that is, life insurance agents. All these things, especially the agency force, cost money. For want of a better system the association clumsily adds to every premium a certain annual sum to provide a special fund to meet these expenses. Perhaps it increases the annual premiums from \$24. to \$32. — the extra \$8., being for expenses. It calls this addition a *loading*. Its total premium, in other words, consists of two parts: the amount actually needed to meet all death claims, as indicated by a mortality table, and decreased by interest earnings at a particular rate; and the amount added to cover the cost of management.

#### *Why There Is a Surplus: Three Sources of Gain*

When the company applies these hypothetical rates to the actual business of insuring lives, however, the situation changes. It finds that the scheme does not work with quite the precision anticipated. It discovers that the deaths do not occur quite as the mortality table provides; that the interest rate earned is not always three per cent; that the expenses do not always amount to the same sum as the loadings. It finds that it has based its charges upon three separate theories — a theory concerning the yearly death-rate; a theory concerning the interest earned, and a theory concerning the expense of management. Its theory concerning the death-rate pretty closely coincides with the facts; its theory concerning the interest rate shows greater divergence; and its theory concerning the management expenses is usually woefully mistaken. If its death-rate were precisely that indicated by the tables; if it earned precisely the three per cent interest figured upon, not a penny more, not a penny less; if it spent in management expenses precisely the amounts provided in the premium loadings; the cost of insurance would manifestly be precisely what was charged. Because all these factors vary, and vary, too, from year to year, the actual cost of insurance varies, also from year to year. But, fortunately for the cause of life insurance, it varies always in one direction. The company's charges, that is, always exceed the actual cost. It almost invariably has *fewer* death losses than the mortality tables indicate; and it commonly earns *more* interest than the estimate assumes. That is to say, it pays out each year less than it has provided for; and earns, in interest, *more*

than it needs to pay all claims. A company properly conducted also uses less every year for expenses than the amount provided in the premium loadings.

#### *First Possible Saving: From Mortality*

These several gains depend, of course, upon the honesty and ability with which the company is managed. Its mortality table is that formulated by Sheppard Homans in 1865 from the actual experience of The Mutual Life. That table is based upon selected lives — lives that have been insured, and consequently assumed to have been in at least average good health. If the company's medical department is inefficient or corrupt, if it insures consumptives, paralytics, and physical degenerates, either because it knows no better or is impelled by the furious ambition of the management to do a large business, manifestly its mortality showing will be bad, perhaps even sinking below the standard of the table. But if it exercises unusual care, and takes people only in the finest physical condition, it will make a much better showing than the table; the company will not have to pay as much in death losses as it supposed; therefore it will have a considerable "saving from mortality."

#### *Second Possible Saving: From Interest*

If it invests the premiums with bad or dishonest judgment, if it buys depreciated bonds merely because its investment department has been annexed by a Wall Street banking house; if its directors constantly unload upon it, at a good profit to themselves, investments which they have themselves purchased on the quiet; if its directors receive a substantial "rake off" on every investment made; evidently it will make a bad showing on its interest earnings. But if it invests the premiums with good judgment, it will make more than the interest rate required. Its premium prices, for example, may be based upon a three per cent investment rate; three per cent, that is, is all it must earn to pay all obligations. But, by carefully making investments, it may actually earn four or five or even six. That is, it earns one, two, or three per cent more than it needs. It thus has a "saving from interest."

#### *Third Possible Saving: From Management Expenses*

Again if the company is extravagantly conducted; if it has many and ridiculously

salaries; if it pays out enormous sums in commissions to agents, and supplies them, gratis, with traveling bags and fountain pens—manifestly it will swallow all, frequently more, than these “loadings.” But, if the machine is economically managed, it will save a considerable portion of the expense charges. There will thus be a “saving from loadings.”

Every company, as has been said, shows these savings every year, though in varying degrees. Every company, that is, charges the policy-holder more than the actual insurance costs. It is not properly subject to criticism for this. It cannot foresee, in advance, precisely what that charge should be. It bases its prices upon a mortality table, which, for all practical purposes, is correct; upon an interest rate so low that it can certainly be earned; upon an expense rate which, even under the most adverse circumstances, should be sufficient. It charges this excess so as to be absolutely on the safe side—so that it may surely meet all its obligations.

Thus, inevitably, at the end of each year, the company has in its treasury a goodly sum, representing money taken from the policy-holders in excess of the real cost of the insurance. This is popularly known as its *surplus*. The surplus thus measures the difference between the theoretical and the actual cost. It is the precise amount which the policy-holders have been overcharged. “What,” say the directors, “ought we to do with it? We have paid all our policy obligations and laid by for reserve the precise amount needed for our future payments, and have this extra amount on our hands which we do not need and can never legitimately use. We do not need to keep it until next year, because there will also be a surplus left over after next year’s business. Must we spend this surplus in some foolish way? Give it to charity? Put it in our own pockets?” The puzzle is easily solved. What, according to its professions, does the company exist for? Simply to furnish life insurance to its members at its exact, mathematically ascertained cost. It finds, at the end of each year, that it has charged too much. Obviously it should return to the policy-holders the amount of that overcharge.

*“Profits” Merely the Overcharge:  
“Dividends” its Repayment*

These repayments of “surplus” are what are popularly called “dividends.” They

are the “profits” of life insurance. They are the “investment return” on your premium. Actually they are none of these things. They are simply the repayment of the excess cost of your insurance. Let us seek a homely comparison. You send a messenger-boy to buy you a quantity of cigars. Not being sure what the exact cost will be you give him a two dollar bill. He pays \$1.50, and returns with your cigars and fifty cents change. You would hardly regard that fifty cents as a “dividend” upon your purchase of cigars. Your messenger-boy has simply returned your overpayment. Your position is precisely the same when you buy a policy of life insurance. Your company does not know, at the beginning of the year, what the exact cost will be, but, to be on the safe side, charges you an excess price. At the end of the year it gives you back—or at least it should—your change, and miscalls it a “dividend.” If agreeable, instead of actually taking the fifty cents change from the messenger-boy, you might send him back to buy more cigars with it. Similarly, instead of taking your life insurance “dividend” in cash, you might let the insurance company keep it and give you the extra amount of insurance it will buy. Again, you might let the messenger-boy keep the fifty cents because you intend to send him to buy cigars a few days hence. Similarly you might let the insurance company keep the “dividend,” and apply it to buy your insurance next year; that is, to reduce the next year’s premium.

Many of our largest insurance companies differ from this messenger-boy in one important respect. He usually comes back with your fifty cents. Most insurance companies, however, in the case of a majority of their policy-holders, do not come promptly back with the annual overpayments. They hold the change.

When the people complain that the current price of life insurance is excessive, they simply mean that these overpayments are not returned—or at least not in the proportion that they are paid in. If the companies are honestly and ably managed and these overpayments are equitably returned, there could not possibly be any excess cost. Thus we have formulated a rule by which we can measure the relative prices charged by the several companies. If we take the actual premium paid each year and subtract from this each year’s “dividends,” or returned

overpayments, we shall have the actual net prices charged for the insurance.

*Insurance Cost When These Overcharges are Annually Returned*

Let this rule therefore be applied to several companies, all of unquestioned solvency. You are forty years old, in good health, and seek a \$10,000. ordinary policy of life insurance. You decide first, for example, upon the Connecticut Mutual. You are charged an annual premium of \$309.40. After a year, the company finds that it has overcharged you precisely \$38.50;\* and returns that in the guise of a "dividend." Manifestly your insurance has cost you exactly \$270.90. You pay \$309.40 the second year. After this has passed, the Connecticut Mutual finds it has overcharged you \$41.50; and sends you a check for that sum. This year your insurance has cost \$267.90 — a little less than the year before. You pay regularly for several years the same \$309.40; and every year the amount paid back at its end increases. In the twentieth year, you pay the same \$309.40; but at its end, receive back a check for \$91.50\* — thus decreasing the net insurance cost to \$217.90.

Thus each year you receive a larger "dividend;" each year, that is, the actual cost of your insurance is decreased. The explanation is, briefly, that the *reserve* on your policy, as is explained above, grows larger every year, and the interest earned on it each year therefore increases. Suppose that at the same time you took your \$10,000. policy in the Connecticut Mutual, you had taken an identical policy in the Mutual Benefit. You would pay the same initial premium, \$309.40. In this case, instead of taking your "dividend" in cash, you might advantageously buy additional insurance with it. Your "dividend," that is, would be regarded as a single premium, and the amount purchased placed to the credit of the policy. At the end of the first year, therefore, instead of \$10,000. insurance, you would have in the neighborhood of \$10,153. As in the Connecticut Mutual, your "dividends" would increase every year. In twenty years, if you used them to buy this additional insurance, your policy, originally for \$10,000., would have increased to one for about \$13,000. If you had taken out similar policies in the Northwestern Mutual of Milwaukee, the State Mutual of Massachusetts, the Massachusetts Mutual,

and a few other so-called annual dividend companies, the results would have been similarly favorable. Your policy would constantly grow larger or its actual annual cost would steadily decrease. Both results would be explained by the fact that the companies, at the end of each year returned to you the overcharge made at the beginning.

*Insurance Cost When This Overcharge Is "Deferred" or "Accumulated"*

Let us suppose, however, that, at the same time that you entered the Connecticut Mutual and the other annual-dividend, or annual-repayment companies, you took a \$10,000. policy in the Equitable. You should pay \$330.10 — more than \$20. more at the beginning, than the other companies charged. You hold the policy a year, but receive back from the company not a single penny of your overcharge! Thus far you have paid \$330.10 in the Equitable for precisely the same policy that cost you \$270.90 in the Connecticut Mutual — a difference of \$59.20. The Equitable charges you \$20. more in the first place, and then neglects to pay back the excess price. Perhaps, at the same time, you take out another \$10,000. policy in the New York Life. You pay precisely the same initial price that you paid the Equitable — that is \$330.10. A year passes; you get back no overcharge! You have also taken a \$10,000. policy in the Mutual Life. You pay \$327.60 — slightly less than in the Equitable and New York Life; and also fail to get back your overpayment. All your excess payments — all your "dividends," if you wish — are tightly locked up in the company's vault.

You note that this procedure differs from that of the "smaller companies," and you write for an explanation. The Equitable informs you that you have a "deferred dividend" policy; the Mutual that you have a "distribution" policy; the New York Life that you have an "accumulation" policy. You inquire the meaning of these somewhat doubtful expressions; and learn that, in the Equitable your "dividends" are not paid annually, but "deferred" for a certain period, usually twenty years; that, in the Mutual, they are held, also usually for twenty years and then "distributed;" and that, in the New York Life, they are "accumulated" for twenty years and then paid back. By inquiring more deeply, however, you learn that these Equitable "dividends" are not necessarily "deferred" for your benefit,

\*According to 1906 scale of dividends.

but, in the majority of cases, for the benefit of others ; that the Mutual's, after being held for twenty years, will not necessarily be "distributed" to *you*, but, it is more than likely, to some one else ; that, those of the New York Life, after being "accumulated" for twenty years, are quite likely to be paid over to Tom, Dick, or Harry. You learn that, in two contingencies, both of which are extremely likely, you will get no "dividends," no repayments, at all. If you should have hard luck, and fail to pay your premiums, for any one of the twenty years the overpayments are held in the company's treasury, you would forfeit all these "deferred," "distributed," or "accumulated dividends." If, at any time in these twenty years you should die, you would also forfeit all your overpayments. Only in case you live for twenty years, and promptly pay your annual premiums, will you get back your annual overpayments. And then you get back precisely what the company sees fit to pay you — not a penny more. If you study your contract — your policy, that is — you will learn that the company has not legally obliged itself to pay you a single dollar ! Your share of the twenty years accumulated surplus is merely what is "equitably determined by the actuaries of the company." You find that the company is not obliged to give you any accounting ; to tell you how much has been "saved" from your premiums each year ; to let you know whether they have been carefully kept, or whether they have been squandered. If you could get at the company's books, you would learn that, in fact, it keeps no actual account ; that it lumps all its annual overpayments or "dividends" in one sum, and not until the nineteenth year makes any attempt to determine how much should come to *you* and how much to *me*. If, angered by these discoveries, you attempted to haul the Equitable, the Mutual, and the New York Life to court and demand, as a policy-holder, to learn precisely what your dividend amounts to, you would find that there is a law that, in effect, prevents you from doing this very thing. In other words in taking a deferred dividend policy, you had authorized the company to keep your accumulated overpayments for twenty years ; to pay them back to you only in the event that you had not died or lapsed ; to pay back then, only such small sums as it

might choose ; and to render you no accounting whatever and to keep none !

*Poor Discriminated Against in Favor of the Rich*

This elaborate machinery, you will discover, has been admittedly evolved for the purpose of perpetrating a great injustice. The company declines to pay back these excess charges to those who die or drop their policies in order that it may pay them, instead, to those who live and persist. In other words, it does not treat all its insured upon an equal basis ; does not charge all the same price for their insurance ; does not preserve "mutuality." It discriminates, too, against its least fortunate members. Manifestly, if you die, your widow needs these dividends, or the insurance they represent, much more than if you live. The deferred dividend companies take this money from the widows of their dead members and give it to their persisting policy-holders. Again, if you lapse your policy, it is usually because you haven't the money to continue it. The deferred dividend companies take advantage of this misfortune to deprive you of certain equities. Your "dividends" go to swell the account of those who have been able to keep up their regular payments. The deferred dividend plan is thus clearly a discrimination against the unfortunate in favor of the prosperous. It overcharges most — and they the less prosperous — in order that it may undercharge a few — and they the more fortunate. Actually, as we shall see, it does not even treat its minority fairly. Far from paying back to the persistent the "dividends" of all who die and lapse, it does not always pay back their own !

Let us imagine, for a moment, a savings bank organized on this basis. It requires all depositors to leave with it stipulated sums each year. It declines to pay interest annually ; but proposes to hold all earnings in its own treasury for twenty years. It is not obliged to keep an accounting of the earnings ; in fact does keep no accounting ; and has secured the passage of a state law that prevents any depositor from demanding one. It will pay these accumulated earnings only after twenty years and then pays just what its trustees deem fair and "equitable." To depositors who have died in that twenty years it will pay no interest at all ; when they die their widows get simply the principal. To those

who fail to keep up their annual deposits, they will pay no interest. If they drop out they get simply the original sums paid in. After twenty years, however, the trustees promise to pay to all who live and have regularly made deposits, all the earnings accumulated upon the deposits of those who have died or "lapsed." In the end, however, many of the favored few would discover that they have not only not received these additional sums, but not always the entire interest upon their own deposits.

That is the gist of the much discussed "deferred dividend" policy. As will be explained, this is only the survival of a scheme which was much worse. This is what the great Henry B. Hyde called "semi-tontine" — half tontine. His pet plan, whole "Tontine," was so iniquitous that it was virtually suppressed by law.

Let us see how the idea practically works itself out. Every insurant on the deferred dividend plan belongs to one of three classes; he pays his premium for a few years and then lapses; he pays and dies; he pays and survives the deferred dividend period. Let us suppose that he belongs to the first class. He has a \$10,000. policy in the Equitable, for which he pays \$330. a year. He pays for fifteen years; then is forced by adverse circumstances or other reasons to drop his policy. He gets back \$2,784. This is his so-called surrender value; it is not a "dividend" and has absolutely no relation to one. Has any "surplus" accumulated in those fifteen years? Of course; but it is held tightly by the company. Let us suppose that he held this same policy in the Connecticut Mutual. Again he pays for fifteen years and then lapses. The Connecticut Mutual pays him a cash surrender value of \$2,650. In addition it pays some \$1,214. accumulated "dividends." That is to say, the insured is just \$1,391.\* better off for having taken his policy in a conservative company. If he had insured in the Mutual Benefit, or the Massachusetts companies, the showing would have been similarly favorable. If he had insured in the New York Life, the Mutual or any other of the New York companies, his annual overpayments would likewise not have been paid back, but diverted into the general "dividend" fund.

Let it be assumed, however, that the insured pays \$330. regularly to the Equitable for

\* Allowance is made, in arriving at this result, for the fact that the insured in the Connecticut Mutual has paid \$310.50 less in premiums than the Equitable rates.

nineteen years, and then dies. Now, if ever, he should be justly treated by his insurance company. By dying, he has realized the very contingency for which he had insured. His widow receives the face value of the policy — an even \$10,000.— nothing more. You think she is entitled to no more? But she is. Her husband, all these nineteen years, has paid greatly in excess of the cost of that \$10,000. of insurance; and she should receive that excess, either in cash or in the additional insurance it will buy. If that policy had been taken out in one of the old-fashioned companies and the insured had left his "dividends" with the company — left them voluntarily, subject to withdrawal at any time, the widow would have received nearly \$2,100. in addition to the \$10,000.— a total of \$12,100. against the \$10,000. paid by the New York companies. If, instead of taking these dividends in cash the insured had used them, year after year, in purchasing additional insurance, his widow would have received in the neighborhood of \$13,000. That is, had he insured in a company which returned his surplus annually and had died in the nineteenth year, his family would have been just \$3,000. better off. The iniquity of the system was well emphasized in the case of a well-known citizen of Milwaukee, who recently died. This policy-holder had taken out a \$50,000. contract February 10, 1894. His deferred dividend period ran for ten years. He died February 4, 1904 — just six days before the completion of his term. His beneficiaries received an even \$50,000.— and no "dividends." Had the insured lived only six days more they would have received dividends amounting to \$17,000. Had he taken an annual policy, purchased each year additional insurance with his dividends, his family would have received about \$77,000 when he died. All these advantages he lost merely by dying six days before his policy matured. On a smaller scale that episode is repeated hundreds of times every day.

### *Sixty Per Cent Get no Dividends at All*

According to the actual experience of the three big New York companies, sixty per cent of all its deferred dividend policy-holders either die or lapse before the termination of the deferred dividend period. In other words, sixty per cent of all its policy-holders do not get back the sums they are annually overcharged for their insurance. Sixty per cent have absolutely no chance

of getting out whole. If these sixty per cent should take policies in the companies which annually returned their surplus, they could peacefully die without depriving their families of the protection actually paid for in good cash; or retire from the companies without losing the large amounts they had unnecessarily paid in.

Evidently the remaining forty per cent constitute the fortunate class who *live and pay*. As a reward they are to receive not only their own overpayments, but the overpayments of all the unfortunate who have died and the poverty stricken who have lapsed. Forty per cent of the policy-holders, that is, are to get, not only their own "dividends," but the "dividends" of the sixty per cent who get none. Their deferred dividends evidently swelled from these two sources should be enormous. They were persuaded to leave their overpayments for ten, fifteen, or twenty years—usually twenty—by certain "estimates" as to profits, officially issued by the companies. They did not insure primarily to protect their families, but to get the large sums of which so many hundreds of thousands of unfortunates have been deprived. They have played the game and have won; what have been the gains? Let us see first what they were led to expect; and how these expectations were fulfilled. In 1873, for example, you took out a \$10,000. policy in the Equitable. What you got was not then described as a "deferred dividend" but a "Tontine-Savings Fund policy." You paid a premium of \$313. for twenty years—a total of \$6,260. Your agent informed you that by leaving your "dividends"—your overpayments, that is—with the company you would get, at the end of the twenty year period, a cash bonus of \$9,556. in addition to the insurance. Your "investment return"—your "savings fund"—plus the life insurance, would amount to that much. Your friends who insured in 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, and 1878 were furnished the same estimate of winnings. You paid your premiums faithfully for twenty years, and grew gray-haired so doing, constantly having ahead the large sum which was to lighten the cares of old age. In 1893, instead of getting a check for \$9,556., you got one for \$4,365.—a drop of 55 per cent. You had paid \$6,260. exclusive of interest; had expected an investment return of \$3,296. and had realized an investment deficit of \$1,895.—a total disappointment of \$5,190. However,

you were among the lucky ones. Your friend who had insured in 1874 in the expectation of getting \$9,556. got in 1894 only \$4,105.; your friend who insured in 1875, under the same hallucination, got in 1895, only \$3,795. The "dividend" dropped in 1897 to \$3,415., in 1901 to \$3,110., in 1904, to \$2,850. ! You had not earned these dividends yourself; they were not your "overpayments;" they were your overpayments plus your share of the thousands of dead and unfortunate men who had been grossly overcharged all these years.

#### *Deferred Dividends Frequently Exceeded by Annual*

All this time, the old-fashioned companies have paid their "dividends" annually; have paid back to each policy-holder each year precisely his own overpayments. They have not paid *me* the surplus that belongs to *you*; nor to *you* the surplus that belongs to *me*; they have treated us all fairly and honestly, and given us all our insurance at its actual cost. In spite of this in many cases they have paid in annual dividends to all who have insured actually more than the New York companies have paid to forty per cent. The New York companies arrange their policy-holders chiefly in three classes; those who wait ten, fifteen, and twenty years for their "dividends." Ten years' annual "dividends" in the old-fashioned companies regularly amount to more than the ten-year "dividend" in the New York companies. In fact, the showing is so much against the latter companies that they no longer publish their results. The same is true of the fifteen year periods. If you took a \$10,000. policy at forty—or almost any other age—in the Connecticut Mutual in 1890—your insurance cost—the premiums for 15 years, less the cash value at the end of 15 years—would amount to \$776.50. In the Equitable for the same period, and on the same basis of comparison, your insurance would have cost \$951.70. In spite of the fact that you ran no risk of losing your "dividends" by death or lapse in the Connecticut company, your insurance actually costs you \$175.20 less than in the New York concern, in which you daily ran such risk. If we extend the comparison to the twenty-year classes, here also occasionally, though not uniformly, the New York companies make an unfavorable showing.

Normally, of course, annual "dividends" could hardly be expected to compare favor-

ably with deferred ; because, as already explained, the latter are swelled by the forfeited "dividends" of the sixty per cent who do not survive the deferred dividend periods. In justice to the annual companies we should compare their "dividends" with the annual "dividends" paid in New York. The Equitable, the Mutual, and the New York Life, if forced to it, will issue annual policies. They pay higher commissions on the other kind ; but still they carry a considerable amount of insurance on the annual plan. Only by comparing results on these identical policies does the extravagance of the larger companies stand revealed. The "dividends" paid by the outside companies, on identically the same policies, are frequently nearly twice the amounts paid in New York.

*"Surplus" not "Strength"; Merely Signifies Excessive Cost*

In a word the biggest New York companies enormously overcharge the insured. The surpluses of which they boast so largely in part measure the extent of this overcharge. These surpluses, of course, are not properly surpluses at all. The Equitable, in its last report, claims a surplus of nearly \$81,000,000.\* Of that \$71,000,000 consists of withheld "dividends." The Equitable retains this vast sum by virtue of the deferred dividend scheme ; it is money, which, according to its own claim, it keeps in its treasury instead of distributing among those to whom it belongs — the policy-holders. It calls this surplus "strength" ; more properly we should call it "injustice." The Mutual has some \$70,000,000. similarly withheld ; the New York Life some \$47,000,000. These companies have these great surpluses simply because they do not promptly return the excess cost of insurance ; the outside companies have proportionately small surpluses because they do. When the Equitable advertises that it has a surplus of \$80,000,000. it brazenly makes public its policy of overcharging its insured. The New York Life, in boasting of its \$47,000,000. ; the Mutual, in boasting of its \$70,000,000. lay themselves open to the same charge. An insurance company with a big surplus occupies precisely the same position as a government with a big surplus. In both cases the surplus means the same thing. In a government it means that the people have been overtaxed ; in a life insurance company it means that they have been overcharged.

\*This has recently been cut down by the Superintendent of Insurance to \$67,000,000.

One great difference, there is, however. A great government is responsible for every penny of its surplus. A life insurance company is not. Its policy contracts are so written, as we have seen, that it can turn over to the insured just as much, or just as little, as it pleases. The Equitable can pay back to its policy-holders the whole \$71,000,000. deferred dividend surplus ; or not a penny. Mr. Ryan, who owns a majority of the stock of the Equitable, could dump anywhere from \$50,000,000. to \$60,000,000. into the sewer, and still be entirely able to meet all his policy obligations. In addition to this surplus, be it remembered, the Equitable has nearly \$450,000,000. in reserves ; that is the amount it must keep on hand in order to be solvent. All above that figure is surplus — unnecessary amounts collected from policy-holders. Its managers can use the whole amount in wasteful expenditure ; and yet, according to court decisions, no one can hold them to account. Moreover, they can spend the whole amount and yet not endanger the company's solvency !

*A Constant Temptation to Extravagance and Dishonesty*

And thus the story of life insurance in this country is the story of the surplus. It is this accumulation of the excess cost of the insurance, which has debauched the life insurance companies. Mr. Hyde, Mr. McCurdy, and Mr. McCall have had constantly at their disposal these enormous sums. They have been able to defer their repayment for twenty years ; and have then been obliged to pay back only such small sums as they chose. Instead of paying it back, they have dissipated enormous sums. Did they wish to increase their salaries ? There was the surplus from which such increases could be taken. Did they wish to make provision for a large number of poor relations ? They promptly set them all to feeding upon the surplus. Does Henry B. Hyde need some \$600,000. to save one of his demoralized bank accounts from solvency ? The Equitable's surplus provides the necessary amount. Do they all control certain trust companies which require large deposits with which the stock market may be played and big dividends earned ? The surplus furnishes anywhere from \$10,000,000. to \$30,000,000. for this benevolent purpose. Does Mr. Hyde need money to rent space and

furnish up safe deposit vaults for a company controlled by himself and friends? Why, take it out of the surplus of course! Is Mr. McCall moved to contribute \$150,000. to several national campaign funds? Again the surplus is drawn upon. Is a fund of some \$1,300,000. needed for the purpose of bribing legislators? The surplus will not mind a little thing like that. Are \$3,000,000. or \$4,000,000. needed to help float certain unfloatable bonds? Again there is the surplus. Above all, do the companies require large sums to pay extravagant commissions to a corrupt agency force, so that they may bring in more policy-holders who will begin piling up more surplus? Does the New York Life need \$13,000,000 for this purpose above the charges for commissions actually provided in this same new business? It is quietly "borrowed" from the surplus. And so on. The companies have no desire, however extravagant and expensive, which the long suffering surplus cannot gratify. The surplus maintains Houses of Mirth at Albany; dines the French Ambassador; conveys young Mr. Hyde and his friends all over the United States in private palace-cars; supports an endless array of bygone political hacks; pensions

"rantankerous friends from up the river," and other custodians of dangerous life insurance secrets; provides United States Senators with \$20,000. yearly retainers; keeps in steady employment a fine assortment of journalistic talent, ready to sing the praises of New York life insurance. The policy-holders slave year after year building that surplus up; the methods of Mr. Hyde, Mr. McCall, and Mr. McCurdy have contributed quite as much toward pulling it down. The actual sum standing on each company's books is the resultant of these two opposing forces.

In the last analysis, then, what is the surplus? It is what is left of the policy-holders' overpayments for "dividend" purposes, after certain extravagant and reckless managements have finished dipping into them. In fact, as will be shown subsequently, the present surplus system was created for this very purpose. Henry Baldwin Hyde, the man who devised the plan, did so largely that he might quietly make money out of his great trust. How Mr. Hyde, by the aid of his surplus, demoralized the whole life insurance business, and induced the present scandals — this is the story which will be told in subsequent articles.

*In the next article will be described the life work of Elizur Wright, the great constructive genius who first made life insurance safe and honest. His struggle for reform in Massachusetts, and against corruption in New York and elsewhere, makes a story of unusual interest and importance.*



# SEA BLOOD

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

Why did you stir, little brother,  
At middle of the night?  
*There was a knell of the great sea-bell,  
A flash of the lighthouse light.*

(From a distant tower the hour tolled clear,  
And far below in the valley shook the torch of a mountaineer.)

Why did you rise, little brother,  
So long before the dawn?  
*I heard the wail of a sinking ship,  
The cry of a sailor's horn.*

(The hills returned a panther's whine,  
And underneath the sharp, green stars creakled a frozen pine.)

What did you see, little brother,  
At dawn on the mountain bleak?  
*I saw the white of a tossing sea,  
Noiseless from peak to peak.*

(Before the sun's first fiery leap  
He saw the frightened mists of morning down the valley sweep.)

Where have you been, little brother,  
This eager afternoon?  
*I went to the heart of a naked wood,  
With the lost and ragged moon;*

*The sun in my face made a blinding mist,  
The branches gleamed like spray;  
I heard the sob of a mighty surge  
A million miles away.*

Why do you ride, little brother,  
All day in your willow swing?  
*I feel the shiver of boom and spar  
And I hear the top-sail sing;  
I shout with joy, "Land, land aboy!"  
The helmsman cries, "Hip, hip!"  
Through the soapy swale of plunging foam  
I rock with the rocking ship.*

Why do you stand, little brother,  
At sunset by the pane?  
*Beneath that fringe of dreadful firs  
I see a golden main;*

*There are no shores on either side,  
For God hath set no bond,  
But still it lies, how still it lies,  
And stretches far Beyond.*

(The silent leagues of sunset foam  
Vision the far and unknown sea of his ancestral home.)



## A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE HEATHEN BY.

MARGARET AND ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY ORSON LOWELL

WASH had now turned seventeen ; and, although he could not honestly say that Idelia Constable was the first, five minutes after he had got to speaking terms with her he realized from the depth of his nature that she would be the last.

That being so, Providence was benignantly with him in the fact that she did not attend his church, the First Avenue Episcopal. To his years there was open only one regularly prescribed and codified outlet to one's passion, and that was in walking home from the evening service with the fair and tender object of it. And if Idelia had belonged to his own church, as had *someone else* — He thought of sister Het, of Wally, his "kid brother," and the two little girls, and he flushed again with a score of ignominious memories.

Idelia went to the New Brick Methodist, and Wash was almost immediately made to understand that she was joined to it by no such loose vicariousness of bond as that which still knit him to his own. That first Sunday evening, after half an hour of uneasy waiting in the New Brick vestibule, he did succeed in separating her from the cluster of girls of which she made a part in the out-flowing congregation, and she allowed him to walk with her. But she explained to him with clearness that she had always felt that it

wasn't right for a girl who was living according to the spirit to go home with any boy who hadn't been at church himself. Her other boy friends had always called for her at home, and she was sure her mother would be quite willing to have him do so, too.

He was psychically jarred by her mention of other boy friends. Yet not less fully did the same speech recognize him as their successor, and great happiness invaded him. To hear her, too, thus openly avow that she was living according to the spirit wrought within his own impressively. It was not merely by chance, then, that Idelia's face had made him think of "The Soul's Awakening." . . . If he was no great things in that way himself, with awed solemnity he pledged himself to enter at once upon one unsparing effort to be worthy of her.

In the meantime, next Sunday evening he would most certainly call at 44 Elm Crescent. He was so decided as to that, that he neglected to ask Idelia's permission. And, probably in consequence thereof, when he did call he found that he had come too late. Mrs. Constable, taking him in with humorous but not unkindly scrutiny, said that she was very sorry but Clarence Sweetnam of their church had been there before him.



*"Although he could not honestly say that Idelia Constable was the first . . . he realized . . . that she would be the last"*

He remembered that Clarence Sweetnam, though only by his schoolyard name of "Clara." He, too, had a face like that in "The Soul's Awakening," but it had never impressed Wash in the same way as did Idelia's. . . . If you could land on that kind of Dough-bag even once and not risk putting him out of business *altogether* — !

He had learned some vital truths about girls, though, from Helma Young; and it was he who went with Idelia the Sunday following. By the end of another week the Dough-bag was little more than a memory of contemptuous conquest with him. . . . And by now, if he still outwardly went on with the grind of the Academy, he really had his existence in an astral body of soft and blissful day-dreaming. During that third week there were nights when he did not get to sleep for hours; he did not want to. He was realizing, too, always more and more, how hopelessly unworthy of Idelia he was. The feeling he had had for Helma he saw now

had been merely a fancy, a kind of child's play and the delusion of the mind.

And that third Sunday evening at the New Brick, Idelia asked him if he would mind staying with her to the after-meeting — the one the minister had spoken of in the announcements. Wash had heard something less of the announcements than he had of the sermon, but he said he would be very glad to stay. Let it be confessed, however, that he descended with her from the gallery to the body of the church with a good deal of nervousness; it would probably be one of those "experience meetings" he had heard about.

It was not "experiences" which were to be sought for. It was something which many worthy people find it even harder to give. That Sunday had begun one of the half-yearly terms in the New Brick; the Reverend George Johnston, from the Indian Field was with them, and a grand call was to be made for new subscriptions to the foreign missions in general.

Wash took one of the cards from the hymn-book rack in front of him, and while the grand call was being most eloquently delivered, he examined it. He had heard of the system, one of subscribing not in "lump" sums, but of engaging one's self to maintain a certain weekly average for the next six months. To every subscriber there was given a package of envelopes stamped with his particular number on the books, and whatever was put upon the collection-plate in those envelopes was checked in to his account by the recording treasurer. If a subscriber fell behind one week he could make it up the next, and no one but the recording treasurer be any the wiser. But, for the enlightened satisfaction of all, at the end of the church half year a detailed report was published, and those who had subscribed for golden harps and paid for harmonicas were exposed as in a kind of lesser Judgment Day.

Wash had, however, always associated this subscribing business with the elders of the flock alone. He was now to find that in the New Brick things were otherwise. Collectors having been picked out to go up and down among those elders, the minister looked benevolently over their heads and asked "young brother Sweetnam if he would be so very good as to assist them and look after the requirements of those juniors who had so modestly retired to the pews in the rear."

It was "Clara" Sweetnam to whom he had addressed himself. With a befitting burden of gravity that youth arose, possessed himself of one of the baize-lined plates, and walked slowly but directly down to that rearmost pew into which Wash had ushered Idelia.

She had already produced her little silver pencil, and she made out her card for ten cents a Sunday. "The best we girls can do seems such a trifle," she murmured, smiling with a divine resignation upon both attendant youths. "Clara" smiled sadly back at her, finished filling out his own card, and dropped it on the plate. It was for twenty cents a Sunday. Wash beheld it, and also that the plate still tarried. "You skate!" he said in his heart. "I'll put a cannon firecracker into *your* tomato-can!" And he made out his card for half a dollar.

He could see the Dough-bag still gulping when he was four pews up from him. Idelia was giving his arm little ecstatic pressures of

delight, and up and down his spine were running waves upon waves of fullest joy.

Going home, too, Idelia said that what made her feel *most* proud of him was that she had thought at first that he was the kind of boy who wouldn't really care about the heathen at all. And even now mightn't he



*"the plate still tarried"*

regret that he had been so perfectly lovely and generous?

Regret it? He felt that he had never got such value from money before and never could again! When he was left alone, to go directly back to his own abode was an impossibility. He walked down to the river, followed the dock-line, gray with trodden snow, and then on farther still, away around

by Thompson's Mills. His secret thoughts, tumultuous within him, were of how easy it would be to marry and set up housekeeping in that weekly-payment way. There had burst upon him the full inspiration of the instalment plan.

That part of it ends here.

# II

In this chapter the woe begins.

By next Sunday Idelia had got his envelopes for him — extremely neat and attractive squares of bond, about half the regular commercial size. Wash, too, was ready with his first half-dollar. On the twenty-eighth of last December the pater had more than generously raised his allowance to five dollars, payable upon the twenty-eighth of every month to follow; out of that he would never really miss this fifty cents a week.

On the way to church Idelia pointed out to him that his number, 33, was exactly what their ages, added together, came to. It was minutes almost before he could find words

with which to comment on this fact. And that night he sat in his attic den thinking long thoughts of unutterable sweetness. . . . It was true, that to put in that first fifty cents he had had to stand off his quarterly dues, a dollar twenty-five, to the Young Forest-Runners; but the Young Forest-Runners could always wait until the end of the month, and by then he would have another five.

Next Tuesday, in a Main Street window, he saw exactly the shade of four-in-hand he had been looking for ever since he had met Idelia. It cost him seventy-five, though. And when on Sunday he turned out the change pocket of his every-day vest, he had precisely forty-two cents left. He had just remembered, too, that half of his next five had been promised as his share of the deposit on the new pair-oar his camping crowd — he and Russ McGowan and Billy and Chant Harrison — had ordered for the coming summer up the river.

He was in arrears to the bowling alley, too, and had been clam enough to keep his library books out overtime.



*"he had precisely forty-two cents left"*



*"Old Gardhouse, the recording treasurer"*

But he could not stay away from Idelia. Before leaving home he slid two nickels into his envelope, and he listened tensely to the anthem as he laid that envelope on the plate. This time, when they were on their homeward way, Idelia said that he was showing himself so good about keeping up to his subscription that she was going to tell him something. All the girls in her class had set out to get one of their boy friends to contribute. She had chosen him, and he had given twice as much as any of them — he not even belonging to their church either! Wash glowed, temporarily, under the praise — though those nickels did not lie comfortably upon his inward pride. And he could not keep from a secret wish, too, that he had known before what those other boys were going to give.

The Sunday following — considering that next time he would be flush and could shove in a dollar or so at one go, probably — he put on no envelope at all. Idelia did not say anything, but he could feel that he had hurt her feelings none-the-less. He was compelled, in justice, to tell himself, though,

that she really had no great cause to complain. She had owned herself that he was whacking up twice what he'd had any need to. And, as a matter of fact, however angelically she had meant it, she couldn't very well have hit on any time in the whole year when he could less easily have spared that coin.

By next Sunday — that was the twenty-ninth of March — he had drawn his "V." But, in the meantime, to the bowling-alley arrears, the Forest-Runner dues, and the deposit on the pair-oar, there had been added Wilkins & James's bill for the new band to his foot-power scroll-saw. They had soaked him unmercifully, too. By swallowing himself he had stalled off the payment on the "pair-oar," but he had had to cash in for the other things. He made it another case of nickels that Sunday.

As for the Sunday following, there was nothing for it, he would have to let Idelia go for once. In fact if he did not feel that Idelia was the kind of girl who brought out all that was good in a man, he would say that perhaps he had been giving almost too much

of his time to her of late. . . . It always pleased the mater and pater, too, to have him turn up now and again in the home pew. He met Idelia coming out of the Library Friday afternoon, and, with a face that felt like a stove-lid on ironing day, he explained this to her.

She said it was very good indeed of him to think about such things. And, just as they were parting, she showed that she could be thoughtful also: "Wouldn't he like her to put his envelope on for him, so that he mightn't have to get behind?"

Next Sunday he made it twenty cents — in nickels again, however.

The Sunday after, he was astonished to discover, just at collection time, that he had neglected to bring any envelopes with him, Idelia, with a coquettishness chastened by a certain gravity, suggested that he let *her* keep half the package thereafter; she would see that he would *never* be without them then.

That night was the second in which he had a long period of tossing wakefulness.

He was sweating profusely, too. . . . The difference between Idelia and other girls was that what, with them, would have been "shoving in their face," came with her from the very best intentions. But why, in suffering Simon, could no girl on earth ever seem to understand money matters? . . . And what knocked and pounded him most of all — he told himself — was that things were "socking" it into him, not for any break he'd made, or fault he'd committed, but because he'd made a little shot at doing the decent and open-handed and philanthropic.

Next Sunday, April the nineteenth, he was exactly two dollars behind. But nobody could know that except the Lord and old Gardhouse, the recording treasurer. And, besides, he could easily take the whole thing up in one or two big chunks before that half-yearly report came out. In the meantime no one could say that he was not denying

himself enough; the other three boys had spoken to Schmidt for new bass rods; he had made up his mind, unalterably, to make his old one do.

On the twenty-sixth he went to his own church again. But he hankered intolerably for the New Brick. He felt that it might be better after all, to give Idelia up.

By the first Sunday in May — one of nickels again — he was two ninety behind. . . . He had had to get a new Ascot that week, too, as well as cover his entry for the Junior Bowling Finals. . . . What really "ratted" him the most, as he now saw it, was that Idelia, consciously or unconsciously, was practically putting a sort of *tax* on his affections.



*"He bit the pater for his five ahead of time"*

On May the tenth — but these particular details from the agony column have been carried far enough. There came one Saturday afternoon when, looking out of his tool-shop window, he saw young Wally showing the two little girls how to ball up the spaniel pup in the "netted hammock." They had only had to give that pup the first roll into it; it was doing the rest itself. Every time it managed, in a galvanism of desperation, to throw a somersault, the deeper it was entangled. Every time it got its tail, or an ear, or a leg through, and plainly, in its simplicity again believed that escape was

full ahead, it ended by rolling over on its neck trussed together in a misery of helplessness several degrees more complete than ever. Finally it succeeded in getting its nose out — and after that it could not even yelp. . . .

It is not for the high profession of literature to deal in puerile and trifling images, however, but rather to observe the noble movements and follow the majestic transitions of the human heart; and the way is yet to be made straight for the catastrophe, spiritual and moral, which must bring this chapter to an end.

Once more Wash had missed a Sunday at the New Brick; but, by the next, Nature had been too insidiously strong for him. He seemed to find his excuse, moreover, in the fact that upon the Monday immediately following he would draw another "five". He had not had the mental courage, though, to call for Idelia at her home. As upon the occasion of his first visit to the New Brick, he waited — this time with embittered humbleness — in the church vestibule. And *this* time Idelia did not emerge with any cluster

of girls. She came out with "Clara" Sweetnam. . . . Wash got his "V" at the breakfast table next morning, and on his way to the Academy he walked into Schmidt's and bought one of those new bass rods.

Yet he slept even more brokenly now than he had in the weeks preceding. His mother said that he had been studying altogether too hard of late. She was glad enough that it was June, and the last month of school; he was losing flesh daily. He regarded his face in his mirror, and with a care-worn pity saw how true the observation was. But when sister Het repeated it — with only the slightest change of modulation, he blazed into a rage and gave her the hottest kind of come-back.

What was stranger, too, he felt particularly hot every time his eyes fell upon that new bass rod. In the matter of the "Dough-bag," he would settle with him later. As for *Idelia* — but for her he would not have gone and *got* that rod! And if there had been any *excuse* for her treason — if for months he had not kept himself on the rocks on her account! He had never cared about their old recording treasurer. But Idelia, from



"Did sb: throw you down very, very hard, Wash?"

the very first, seemed to have regarded herself as the *recording angel*. And now, after nagging and jabbing it into him Sunday after Sunday, week in, week out — However, once and for all it was over with *this* time.

It *was* over with, too, for the June fortnight which immediately followed. Then came the final week of the Academy. And next Sunday would be the last before he and the old crowd headed for up the river. Towards the end of that week Wash was conscious of being in a psychological condition in which he had never been before. His righteous anger against Idelia had in no wise abated — but he felt within himself an absolute compulsion to see her before he went away!

Working within his soul, too, was a kind of lawless bravado. He was down to hard pan once more, but no matter for that. Since a full envelope was the price of seeing Idelia, a full envelope he should carry with him. In his upper bureau drawer amid clock wheels and broken collar buttons, lay the remains of an old coin collection. It consisted of a series of big red pennies of the forties and fifties. He took ten of them and wedged them into an envelope. He did not care; he had stood to be hammered by his conscience for four months now: he was going to try a whirl on another tack.

He arrived at Idelia's when she was just finishing supper. It was obvious that the young lady was very undecided as to whether to go with him or not. But finally she did. And at the corner of Elm Crescent her hesi-

tation was most tangibly explained. "Clara," in all the solemn dignity of his Sunday blacks, was coming down the block. At the sight of them he turned and sheered off hurriedly. Wash felt his spirit rise and swell — but it was with the exultation of the wicked. And it was with a smile, too, that he put on that hard and bulging envelope. He took pleasure from his very shamelessness in the fraud.

They went home by the shortest route. And before this new mood which her escort had brought into evidence Idelia walked in a nervous silence. He had not made her the first apology for his conduct of late. He was not even tender. If anything he seemed to

be challenging her to reproach him. She was compelled to tell herself that Washington White did not seem to be so good a boy as he was when first she met him. But it was her duty to forgive. She was at least glad, too, that he had caught up again with his subscription; and with an angelic mildness she told him so: "But, perhaps he had done it because he had heard of something?"

"Heard — heard of what?" Already he felt the abyss before him.

"Why, heard that poor old Mr. Gardhouse has been very unwell for the last week or two — and some one you know, but I'm afraid

don't care for as you should — is keeping his accounts for him!"

He had got the other boys to wait for him until Thursday, when he would be drawing his allowance. But early on Monday he did what he had never done before. He hit the



"figure out once more, exactly how much  
he was shy anyway"



*"They were the kind of girls you could bank on. They weren't working any missionary rackets"*

pater for his five ahead of time. He got it, and they pulled out Tuesday morning.

When he went around to the summer kitchen to say good-by to Het, she eyed him with a big-sisterly sympathy which tortured. "Did she throw you down very, *very* hard, Wash?" she asked.

"No!" he shouted, and flung out into the yard. Women's troubles were all of the simple sort. If they could form any idea of the sort of thing a *man* sometimes went through!

### III

He had retreated up river, but never let it be thought that he had run away from that subscription. Heaven and earth had conspired against him therein, but he was going to meet the balance of it now — and before that September report came out — if he died a hundred deaths for it. His sense of honor was with him still. Indeed, the more he had bruised it, to the greater bulk had it festeringly swollen. And now it was a sense of honor which no paying of a few miserable dollars could satisfy. Having paid them, he was going to whip time and space out of the Dough-bag. But until he *had* paid, he recognized that he was impotent.

Yet he had not run away. It was only that he must get from under the thing for long enough to recover a little nerve and strength. More than that, if there was any saving to be done, it must be done out of his hands; he no longer trusted in himself. But he did trust in those two months of tenting it. They had started with the new pair-oar, piled up with supplies from home, they had absolutely nothing to buy but bread and milk and butter and the like; and his allowance must accumulate *now* no matter if the whole Satanic host opposed it.

And when once they had pegged down their "eight-by-nine" in the old place and got things going; when again they were living on oatmeal porridge, bass, and catfish, and birds shot for snipe — which were really sand-pipers — he did begin to feel that the hope beginning to stir in him once more might at last be not without good reason.

Yet little more than Horace's knight had he succeeded in fleeing from black care. He found himself thinking of that subscription even when the "mudcats" — and whalers at that — were biting as they had never bitten before. Other years, too, after about the first day he had found the three meals of civilization something less than half enough;

and from the beginning he had added flesh at the rate of a pound a week or more. But if, this summer, he also ate five meals after the first day, he felt with a silent melancholy that his affliction of the mind absorbed any little extra nourishment he chanced to take. He felt, too, that it was only his will power that kept him any longer from lying awake at night. And, even so, there was an occasion when, bathed in perspiration, he sat up from a nightmare in which old Gardhouse had just informed his father that he was seventy-eight fifty in arrears, and if it was not paid at once it would be sued for. Before he could sleep again he had to go out into the moonlight, and with some charcoal and a shingle figure out once more, exactly how much he *was* shy, anyway. It was a horrible lot; but nevertheless he swore he would yet head off that September statement. The other boys, with the frankness of true friendship, told him that they could see all right what was the matter with him; but for the next seven weeks he'd have to take it out in writing to her.

Writing to her? . . . That gradually unsealed his eyes to something that was inexplicable. There was nothing to hinder him writing to her; but, for whatever reason, he didn't seem to want to! He had a sense of having somehow turned around in the shafts. He was no longer going the way he had been going, and he was enabled to contemplate the person who had been driving him.

And the next thing, wherever it came from, he began to think that perhaps, after all, he had *never* felt about Idelia in the way he had believed he had — in the way a man really *ought* to feel. . . .

When first he found such thoughts in his heart he had certain periods of humiliation and shame for himself. He was, then, one of those wretched change-about-who no sooner win a noble woman's affection than they tire of her. After such hours he ended by swearing to himself that he had not really altered at all; it was only worrying over that subscription which made him feel that way.

By the latter half of July, however, he had hardened a great deal more. The camp got its bread and milk and stuff from an up-shore farmer; and his two girls used to bring it down. About every other day they added in a pie or a batch of cookies or a big chunk of gingerbread or something. They were the kind of girls you could bank on. They

weren't working any missionary rackets. More than that, the younger one — the one Wash generally saw safely home again — could give points in looks to pretty nearly any "townner". . . . It wasn't that he blamed Idelia for feeling that way about missionaries *herself* — there were mighty few females who didn't get that streak some time or other. But he ~~would~~ ask anybody, had it been a square game for her to work others into fairly paying out their life blood to them? She'd gone about it deliberately, too; she'd owned to that herself; and if he had changed any, she had only herself to thank for it. . . . As a matter of fact he sometimes doubted now if he'd ever really cared for her at all.

The second of August brought a letter from her. Of course, he was glad to get it, though it was rather queer for her to go ahead and write to him *first* in that way. Nor did she say anything about his not having written. But on her second page she said that he would be pleased to hear that Clarence Sweetnam was being very nice to her while he was away; he had taken her to both church strawberry-festivals, and had asked her to go to the Episcopal garden-party. She closed by saying that she hoped he wasn't troubling too much over his subscription. . . . "Clarence said that from being on the inside you could write some stories that would make *very rich reading* about those payments by envelopes". . . .

Wash answered that letter. And he wasn't hot, either. Everything he wrote was off the ice, with the refrigerator dew still on it. "He was very glad indeed that she was having such a good time. For his part, he was having the time of his life up river. . . . As for that subscription — no matter what the circumstances were that led him into assuming obligations — she could always be quite sure of his meeting them in due course." That last sentence was one he could feel justly proud of. If it didn't frost her, nothing would.

He was not hot at all. He didn't care enough for the girl to *get* hot over her! But as for the Dough-bag — who, he saw now, had from the beginning been simply her instigator and accomplice — when he thought about *him* —

#### IV

He pulled back to town with the rest of the crowd on Wednesday, August the

twenty-sixth. He had thirty-two cents on hand; for almost a month his July allowance had been waiting for him; and on Friday he would draw his five for August. By the coming Sunday, the last of that half-yearly term, he would be in arrears just nine sixty-five. It would leave him a bankrupt for weeks afterwards, it would mean a condition of remorseless and intolerable insolvency,

ing at, too. He had grown a double dewlap — and his cheeks were podded out like those of some great chipmunk coming from a wheatfield. . . . He had the mumps. Surely fate had chosen him for her fair and shining mark!

But there was one thing which neither battle, murder, nor sudden death should defeat him in. After Sunday's supper he sent



*"He had the mumps. Surely Fate had chosen him for her fair and shining mark"*

but he was going to settle with that subscription. And having settled with it, he would be free to settle with some one else.

On Friday he had that nine sixty-five in the envelope. Already his soul was beginning triumphantly to inflate itself, when he became conscious that a most peculiar development was taking place in his lower jaws. It was as if they, too, were attempting, and very painfully, to inflate themselves. By Sunday morning he was on his back, and the little girls were quarreling as to whose turn it was to carry up his tray and get another look at him. He was well worth look-

for Wally, drew a thick and heavy envelope from beneath his pillow, and told him he wanted him to go to the New Brick Methodist that night, and put it on the collection plate.

"Gee!" gasped Wally. "What for? — How much is there in it?"

"There's nine dollars and sixty-five cents in it — that's how much."

"Hickory Smoke! But what d' yuh got to cough it up for?"

Wash was supporting his jaw with one hand, and conversation was a torment to him. "Now don't begin chinning a lot of

questions. Do what I tell you, and there'll be a dime in it for you."

"Do I have to stay for the sermon?"

"At the Methodist the sermon comes before the collection."

"Oh-h *dink* it! And Pop made me go with him to our own this morning."

"I'll give you a quarter then. But for Heaven's sake get out and on with it." Wally put his tongue into his cheek, winked cheerfully at Wash's dewlap, and made his exit.

The burden was lifted now. His mind was free. He relapsed into a long and almost blissful restfulness. He would always think of that envelope number of his — 33 — as a kind of hoodoo, but it could hoodoo him no longer. His tonsils ached enough, but he did not care for that. He had come to recognize how paltry are all physical ills compared with the worries of the mind. He could understand, indeed, with a certain secret pride, that this experience had graduated him into the estate of manhood. He now looked back on his feeling for Idelia Constable as upon one of the youthful infatuations which, in the course of things, probably all real men go through. He was not even sure that he wanted to take it out of the Dough-bag now. His mother came up and asked him if there wasn't something she could get for him. He told her "nothing at all." He felt it, too. He began to realize

with an ever-increasing glow of spiritual gratulation, that what he had gone through had made something very like a philosopher of him. . . . Russ and Chant and Billy had got none of this new light on things — but he, for all time to come —

Except for the little girls, his door was not opened again until Wally returned.

"Well," asked Wash from a soul at ease, "did you put it on?"

"Sure thing we did."

"*We?*"

"Hinky and me. We *knocked* 'em, too! We changed it for silver at the drugstore. First I poured on my handful and then Hinky come in with his —"

At the expression on that elder brother's face as he tried to get from bed, Wally began to back up upon the door. "Gee, what's *chewin'* yuh? — I tell yuh we put it all on! Yuh can ask Hinky if we didn't — and if you'd seen them all rubbin' and twist-in' —"

Wash was weak enough, but he got his legs out at last and made his rush. Wally flung the door to behind him, and fled furiously down the stairs. "Darn it," he kept yelling, "what's the matter with yuh, anyway? We put it all on, every darned nickel of it — ask Hinky —"

In that moment an attendance upon Idelia Constable and an attendance at the New Brick alike came to an end.



# ARIZONA NIGHTS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE RAWHIDE," "THE FOREST," ETC.

CYCLONE BILL'S YARN: THE MINING CAMP STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

IT was dark night. We had been cutting the herd all the afternoon, but the task was only just begun. The stray-herd belowed frantically from one of the big corrals; the cow-and-calf-herd from a second; the main-herd from a third. Already the remuda, driven in from the open plains, scattered about the thousand acres of pasture. Away from conveniences of fence and corral, men would have had to patrol all night. Now, however, every one was gathered about the camp-fire.

Probably forty cowboys were in the group, representing all types, from old John, who had been in the business forty years and had punched from the Rio Grande to the Pacific, to the Kid who would have given his chance of salvation if he could have been taken for ten years older than he was. At the moment Jed Parker was holding forth to his friend Johnny Stone in reference to another old crony who had that evening joined the round-up.

"Johnny," inquired Jed with elaborate gravity and entirely ignoring the presence of the subject of conversation, "what is that thing just beyond the fire, and where did it come from?"

Johnny Stone squinted to make sure.

"That?" he replied. "Oh, this evenin' the dogs see something run down a hole, and they dug it out, and that's what they got."

The new-comer grinned.

"The trouble with you fellows," he professed, "is that you're so plumb alkali'd you don't know the real thing when you see it."

"That's right," supplemented Windy Bill dryly. "He come from New York."

"No!" cried Jed. "You don't say so! Did he come in one box or in two?"

Under cover of the laugh, the new-comer made a raid on the dutch ovens and pails. Having filled his plate, he squatted on his heels and fell to his belated meal. He was a tall, slab-sided individual, with a lean, leathery face, a sweeping white mustache, and a grave and sardonic eye. His leather chaps were plain and worn, and his hat had been fashioned by time and wear into much individuality. I was not surprised to hear him nicknamed Cyclone Bill.

"Just ask him how he got that game foot," suggested Johnny Stone to me in an undertone, so, of course, I did not.

Later some one told me that the lameness resulted from his refusal of an urgent invitation to return across a river. Mr. Cyclone Bill happened not to be riding his own horse at the time.

The Cattleman dropped down beside me a moment later.

"I wish," said he in a low voice, "we could get that fellow talking. He is a queer one. Pretty well educated apparently. Claims to be writing a book of memoirs. Sometimes he will open up in good shape, and sometimes he will not. It does no good to ask him direct, and he is as shy as an old crow when you try to lead him up to a subject. We must just lie low and trust to Providence."

A man was playing on the mouth organ. He played excellently well, with all sorts of variations and frills. We smoked in silence. The deep rumble of the cattle filled the air with its diapason. Always the shrill coyotes raved out in the mesquite. Cyclone Bill had finished his meal, and had gone to sit by Jed Parker, his old friend. They talked together low-voiced. The evening grew, and the eastern sky silvered over the mountains in anticipation of the moon.

Cyclone Bill suddenly threw back his head and laughed.

"Reminds me of the time I went to Colorado!" he cried.

"He's off!" whispered the Cattleman.

A dead silence fell on the circle. Everybody shifted position the better to listen to the story of Cyclone Bill.

About ten year ago I got plumb sick of punchin' cows around my part of the country. She hadn't rained since Noah, and I'd forgot what water outside a pail or a trough looked like. So I scouted around inside of me to see what part of the world I'd jump to, and as I seemed to know as little of Colorado and minin' as anything else I made up the pint of bean soup I called my brains to go there. So I catches me a buyer at Benson and turns over my poor little bunch of cattle and prepared to fly. The last day I hauled up about twenty good buckets of water and threw her up against the cabin. My buyer was settin' his hoss waitin' for me to get a ready. He didn't say nothin' until we'd got down about ten mile or so.

"Mr. Hicks," says he, hesitatin' like, "I find it a good rule in this country not to overlook other folks's plays; but I'd take it mighty kind if you'd explain those actions of yours with the pails of water."

"Mr. Jones," says I, "it's very simple. I built that shack five year ago, and it's never rained since. I just wanted to settle in my mind whether or not that d — roof leaked."

So I quit Arizona, and in about a week I see my reflection in the winders of a little place called Cyanide in the Colorado mountains.

Fellows, she was a bird. They wasn't a pony in sight, nor a squar' foot of land that wasn't either street or straight up. It made me plumb lonesome for a country where you could see a long ways even if you didn't see much. And this early in the evenin' they wasn't hardly anybody in the streets at all.

I took a look at them dark, gloomy old mountains, and a sniff at a breeze that would have frozen the whiskers of hope, and I made a dive for the nearest lit winder. They was a sign over it that just said:

#### THIS IS A SALOON

I was glad they labeled her. I'd never have known it. They had a fifteen-year old kid tendin' bar, no games goin', and not a soul in the place.

"Sorry to disturb your repose, bub," says I, "but see if you can sort out any rye among them collections of sarsapariller of your's."

I took a drink, and then another to keep it company — I was beginnin' to sympathize with anythin' lonesome. Then I kind of sauntered out to the back room where the hurdy-gurdy ought to be. Sure enough there was a girl settin' on the pianner stool, another in a chair, and a nice shiny Jew drummer danglin' his feet from a table. They looked up when they see me come in, and went right on talkin'.

"Hello, girls!" says I.

At that they stopped talkin' complete.

"How's tricks?" says I.

"Who's your woolly friend?" the shiny Jew asks of the girls.

I looked at him a minute, but I see he'd been raised a pet, and then, too, I was so hungry for sassiety I was willin' to pass a bet or two.

"Don't you *admire* these cow gents?" snickers one of the girls.

"Play somethin', sister," says I to the one at the pianner.

She just grinned at me.

"Interdooce me," says the drummer in a kind of a way that made them all laugh a heap.

"Give us a tune," I begs, tryin' to be jolly, too.

"She don't know any pieces," says the Jew.

"Don't you?" I asks pretty sharp.

"No," says she.

"Well, I do," says I.

I walked up to her, jerked out my guns, and reached around both sides of her to the pianner. I run the muzzles up and down the keyboard two or three times, and then shot out half a dozen keys.

"That's the piece I know," says I.

But the other girl and the Jew drummer had punched the breeze.

The girl at the pianner just grinned, and pointed to the winder where they was some ragged glass hangin'. She was dead game.

"Say, Susie," says I, "you're all right, but your friends is tur'ble. I may be rough, and I ain't never been curried below the knees, but I'm better to tie to than them sons of guns."

"I believe it," says she.

So we had a drink at the bar, and started out to investigate the wonders of Cyanide.



“‘LOOK HERE!’ HE YELLS. ‘LISTEN TO WHAT I’M TELLIN’ YE!’”

Say, that night *was* a wonder. Susie faded after about three drinks, but I didn't seem to mind that. I hooked up to another saloon kept by a thin Dutchman. A fat Dutchman is stupid, but a thin one is all right.

In ten minutes I had more friends in Cyanide than they is fiddlers in h——. I begun to conclude Cyanide wasn't so lonesome. About four o'clock in comes a little Irishman about four foot high, with more upper lip than a muley cow, and enough red hair to make an artificial aurorer borealis. He had big red hands with freckles pasted onto them, and stiff red hairs standin' up separate and lonesome like signal stations. Also, his legs were bowed.

He gets a drink at the bar, and stands back and yells;

"God bless the Irish and let the Dutch rustle!"

Now this was none of my town, so I just stepped back of the end of the bar quick where I wouldn't stop no lead. The shoot-in' didn't begin.

"Probably Dutchy didn't take no note of what the locoed little dogie *did* say," thinks I to myself.

The Irishman bellied up to the bar again, and pounded on it with his fist.

"Look here!" he yells. "Listen to what I'm tellin' ye! God bless the Irish and let the Dutch rustle! Do ye hear me?"

"Sure, I hear ye," says Dutchy, and goes on swabbin' his bar with a towel.

At that my soul just grew sick. I asked the man next to me why Dutchy didn't kill the little fellow.

"Kill him!" says this man. "What for?"

"For insultin' of him, of course."

"Oh, he's drunk," says the man, as if that explained anythin'.

That settled it with me. I left that place, and went home, and it wasn't more than four o'clock neither. No, I don't call four o'clock late. It may be a little late for night before last, but it's just the shank of the evenin' for to-night.

Well, it took me six weeks and two days to go broke. I didn't know sic 'em about minin'; and before long I *knew* that I didn't know sic 'em. Most all day I poked around them mountains — not like ourn — too much timber to be comfortable. At night I got to droppin' in at Dutchy's. He had a couple of quiet games goin' and they was one

fellow among that lot of grubbin' prairie dogs that had heerd tell that cows had horns. He was the wisest of the bunch on the cattle business. So I stowed away my consolation, and made out to forget comparing Colorado with God's country.

About three times a week this Irishman I told you of — name O'Toole — comes bulgin' in. When he was sober he talked minin' high, wide, and handsome. When he was drunk he pounded both fists on the bar and yelled for action, tryin' to get Dutchy on the peck.

"God bless the Irish and let the Dutch rustle!" he yells about six times. "Say, do you hear?"

"Sure," says Dutchy, calm as a milk cow, "sure, I hears ye!"

I was plumb sorry for O'Toole. I'd like to have given him a run; but, of course, I couldn't take it up without makin' myself out a friend of this Dutchy party, and I couldn't stand for that. But I did tackle Dutchy about it one night when they wasn't nobody else there.

"Dutchy," says I, "what makes you let that bow-legged, cross between a bull-dog and a flamin' red sunset tromp on you so? It looks to me like you're plumb spiritless."

Dutchy stopped wipin' glasses for a minute.

"Just you hold on," says he. "I ain't ready yet. Bimeby I make him sick; also those others who laugh with him."

He had a little gray flicker in his eye; and I thinks to myself that maybe they'd get Dutchy on the peck yet.

As I said, I went broke in just six weeks and two days. And I was broke a plenty. No hold-outs anywhere. It was a heap long ways to cows; and I'd be t-totally chawed up and spit out if I was goin' to join these minin' terrapins defacin' the bosom of nature. It sure looked to me like hard work.

While I was figurin' what next, Dutchy came in. Which I was tur'ble surprised at that, but I said good mornin' and would he rest his poor feet.

"You like to make some money?" he asks.

"That depends," says I, "on how easy it is."

"It is easy," says he. "I want you to buy hosses for me."

"Hosses! Sure!" I yells, jumpin' up. "You bet you! Why, hosses is where I live! What hosses do you want?"

"All hosses," says he, calm as a faro dealer. "What?" says I. "Elucidate, my bucko. I don't take no such blanket order. Spread your cards."

"I mean just that," says he. "I want you to buy all the hosses in this camp, and in the mountains. Every one."

"Whew!" I whistles. "That's a large order. But I'm your meat."

"Come with me, then," says he. I hadn't but just got up, but I went with him to his little old poison factory. Of course, I hadn't had no breakfast; but he staked me to a Kentucky breakfast. What's a Kentucky breakfast? Why, a Kentucky breakfast is a three-pound steak, a bottle of whisky, and a setter dog. What's the dog for? Why, to eat the steak, of course.

We come to an agreement. I was to get two-fifty a head commission. So I started out. There wasn't many hosses in that country; and what there was the owners hadn't much use for unless it was to work a whim. I picked up about a hundred head quick enough, and reported to Dutchy.

"How about burros and mules?" I asks Dutchy.

"They goes," says he. "Mules same as hosses; burros four bits a head to you."

At the end of a week I had a remuda of probably two hundred animals. We kept them over the hills in some "parks" as these sots calls meadows in that country. I rode into town and told Dutchy.

"Got them all?" he asks.

"All but a cross-eyed buckskin that's mean, and the bay mare that Noah bred to."

"Get them," says he.

"The bandits want too much," I explains.

"Get them anyway," says he.

I went away and got them. It was scand'lous; such prices.

When I hit Cyanide again I ran into scenes of wild excitement. The whole passel of them was on that one street of their'n, talkin' sixteen ounces to the pound. In the middle was Dutchy, drunk as a soldier — just plain foolish drunk.

"Good Lord!" thinks I to myself, "he ain't celebratin' gettin' that bunch of buzzards, is he?"

But I found he wasn't that bad. When he caught sight of me, he fell on me drivellin'.

"Look there!" he weeps, showin' me a letter.

I was the last to come in; so I kept that letter — here she is. I'll read her.

DEAR DUTCHY: — I suppose you thought I'd flew the coop, but I haven't and this is to prove it. Pack up your outfit and hit the trail. I've made the biggest free gold strike you ever see. I'm sending you specimens. There's tons just like it, tons and tons. I got all the claims I can hold myself; but there's heaps more. I've writ to Johnny and Ed at Denver to come on. Don't give this away. Make tracks. Come in to Buck Cañon in the Whetstones and oblige

Yours truly,

HENRY SMITH.

Somebody showed me a handful of white rock with yeller streaks in it. His eyes was bulgin' until you could have hung your hat on them. That O'Toole party was walkin' around, wettin' his lips with his tongue and swearin' soft.

"God bless the Irish and let the Dutch rustle!" says he. "And the fool had to get drunk and give it away!"

The excitement was just started, but it didn't last long. The crowd got the same notion at the same time, and it just melted. Me and Dutchy was left alone.

I went home. Pretty soon a fellow named Jimmy Tack come around a little out of breath.

"Say, you know that buckskin you bought off'n me?" says he, "I want to buy him back."

"Oh, you do," says I.

"Yes," says he. "I got to leave town for a couple of days, and I got to have somethin' to pack."

"Wait and I'll see," says I.

Outsidz the door I met another fellow.

"Look here," he stops me with. "How about that bay mare I sold you? Can you call that sale off? I got to leave town for a day or two and —"

"Wait," says I. "I'll see."

By the gate was another hurryin' up.

"Oh, yes," says I when he opens his mouth. "I know all your troubles. You have to leave town for a couple of days, and you want back that buzzard you sold me. Well, wait."

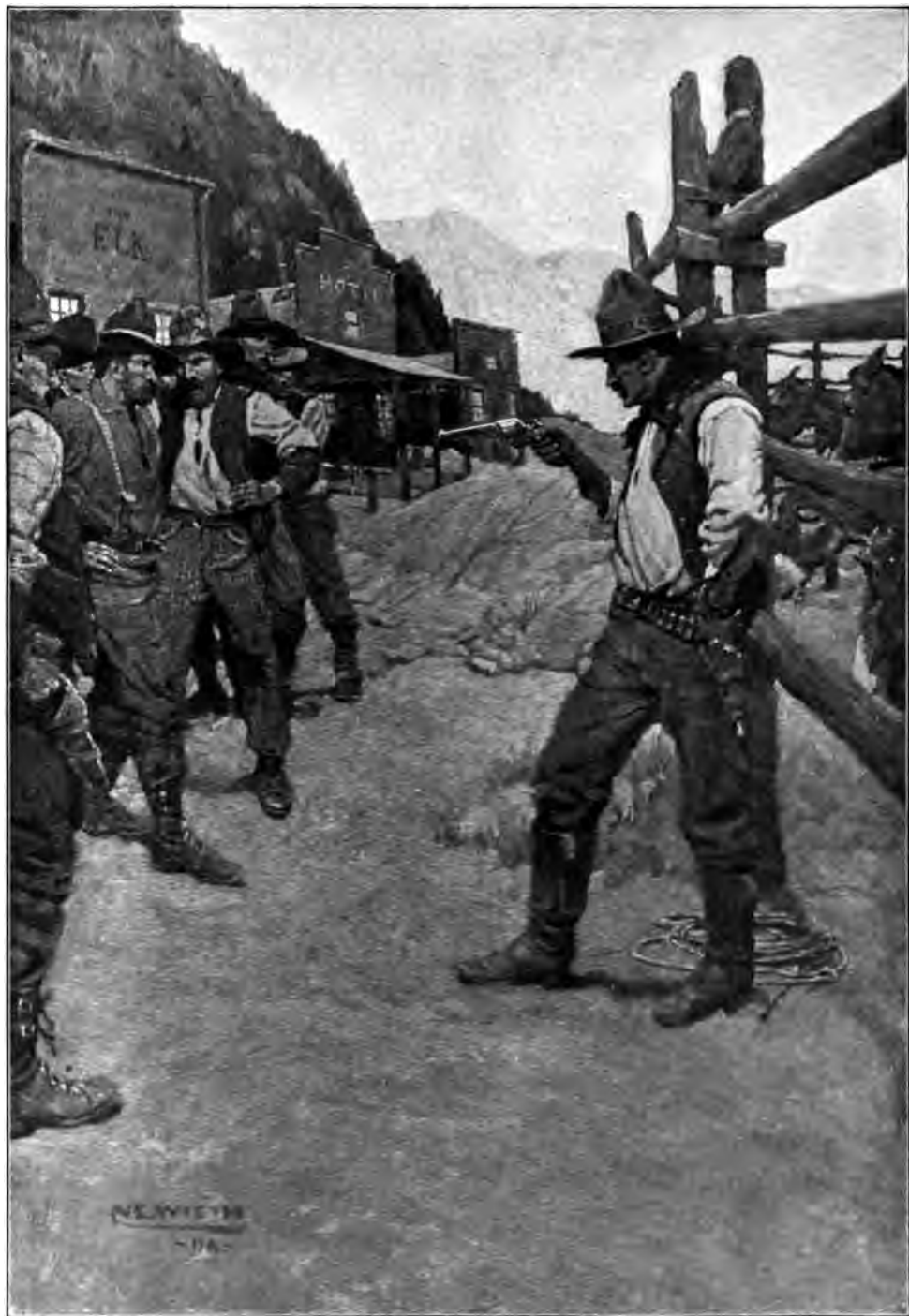
After that I had to quit the main street and dodge back of the hog ranch. They was all headed my way. I was as popular as a snake in a prohibition town.

I hit Dutchy's by the back door.

"Do you want to sell hosses?" I asks. "Every one in town wants to buy."

Dutchy looked hurt.

"I wanted to keep them for the valley market," says he, "but — How much did you give Jimmy Tack for his buckskin?"



"THEY GOT TO FIGHTIN' ON WHICH SHOULD GET THE FIRST HOSS; SO  
I BENT MY GUN ON THEM AND MADE THEM DRAW LOTS"

"Twenty," says I.

"Well, let him have it for eighty," says Dutchy; "and the others in proportion."

I lay back and breathed hard.

"Sell them all, but the one best hoss," says he — "no, the *two* best."

"Holy smoke!" says I gettin' my breath. "If you mean that, Dutchy, you lend me another gun and give me a drink."

He done so; and I went back home to where the whole camp of Cyanide was waitin'.

I got up and made them a speech and told them I'd sell them hosses all right, and to come back. Then I got an Injin boy to help, and we rustled over the remuda and held them in a blind cañon. Then I called up these miners one at a time, and made bargains with them. Roar! Well, you could hear them at Denver, they tell me, and the weather reports said, "Thunder in the mountains." But it was cash on delivery, and they all paid up. They had see that white quartz with the gold stickin' into it, and that's the same as a dose of loco to miner gents.

Why didn't I take a hoss and start first? I did think of it — for about one second. I wouldn't stay in that country then for a million dollars a minute. I was plumb sick and loathin' it, and just waitin' to make high jumps back to Arizona. So I wasn't aimin' to join this stampede, and didn't have no vivid emotions.

They got to fightin' on which should get the first hoss; so I bent my gun on them and made them draw lots. They roared some more, but done so; and as fast as each one handed over his dust or dinero he made a rush for his cabin, piled on his saddle and pack, and pulled his freight in a cloud of dust. It was sure a grand stampede and I enjoyed it to the limit.

So by sundown I was alone with the Injin. Those two hundred head brought in about twenty thousand dollars. It was heavy, but I could carry it. I was about alone in the landscape; and there were the two best hosses I had saved out for Dutchy. I was sure some tempted. But I had enough to get home on anyway; and I never yet drank behind the bar, even if I might hold up the saloon from the floor. So I grieved some inside that I was so tur'ble conscientious, shouldered the sacks, and went down to find Dutchy.

I met him headed his way, and carryin' of a sheet of paper.

"Here's your dinero," says I, dumpin' the four big sacks on the ground.

He stooped over and hefted them. Then he passed one over to me.

"What's that for?" I asks.

"For you," says he.

"My commission ain't that much." I objects.

"You've earned it," says he, "and you might have skipped with the whole wad."

"How did you know I wouldn't?" I asks.

"Well," says he, and I noted that jag of his had flew. "You see, I was behind that rock up there, and I had you covered."

I saw; and I began to feel better about bein' so tur'ble conscientious.

We walked a little ways without sayin' nothin'.

"But ain't you goin' to join the game?" I asks.

"Guess not," says he, jinglin' of his gold. "I'm satisfied."

"But if you don't get a wiggle on you, you are sure goin' to get left on those gold claims," says I.

"There ain't no gold claims," says he.

"But Henry Smith —" I cries.

"There ain't no Henry Smith," says he.

I let that soak in about six inches.

"But there's a Buck Cañon," I pleads. "Please say there's a Buck Cañon."

"Oh, yes, there's a Buck Cañon," he allows. "Nice limestone formation — make good hard water."

"Well you're a marvel," says I.

We walked on together down to Dutchy's saloon. We stopped outside.

"Now," says he, "I'm goin' to take one of those hosses and go somewheres else. Maybe you'd better do likewise on the other."

"You bet I will," says I.

He turned around and tacked up the paper he was carryin'. It was a sign. It read:

#### THE DUTCH HAS RUSTLED

"Nice sentiment," says I. "It will be appreciated when the crowd comes back from that little *pasear* into Buck Cañon. But why not tack her up where the trail hits the camp? Why on this particular door?"

"Well," said Dutchy, squintin' at the sign sideways, "you see I sold this place day before yesterday — to Mike O'Toole."

# GREAT MASTERS OF LITERATURE

BY

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

MILTON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND REPRODUCTIONS OF PAINTINGS

IN the old American mind, there are some books that neighbor the Bible in their appeal to the affections. Milton, Bunyan, and Cowper have this distinction. It is, perhaps, not over-curious to think that the honor of literature, in our earlier age, owed much to the fact that the living faith of the people was the religion of a book. And in times when, as we learn from many a pious memoir, the child in the cradle was sometimes "dedicated to God," on both sides of the water the thought might well grow up in the boy's mind unconsciously flowering, that as God had once spoken through a book, the Spirit might still use the forms of high literature as its vehicle. The idea of the inspiration of the literary life was not far off from him. Milton and Wordsworth both felt this sense of consecration, of being men set apart. The singular thing is that this is the view of posterity also toward Milton. He lives as a great and lonely figure, one of the chosen of Israel, with an almost hieratic solemnity; the blind old man who had seen heaven and its angels, the Creation and the Fall, as none other had ever beheld them, in universal vision. Even in his secular life he seems an apostle of liberty, not a statesman, or a politician, or anything merely executive and official, but the impassioned preacher of freedom because his own soul was free. But it is the "Paradise Lost" that gives him his sacred character. It is a poem on the highest levels of art, derived from ancient and foreign sources, panoplied in severe scholarship, wrought in the inspiration of classicism, academic, intellectual, austere; and yet it made, and continued to make, and still

makes such a wide popular appeal as to constitute it one of the greatest monuments of English literature, without regard to the judgment of scholars. It is not only a book; it is a part of English history, of the history of the English race. This is the marvel — and no critical problem is more difficult — what are the grounds of this broad popular appeal in a poem which appears in many ways so far from the people?

## *Called in College "the Lady of Christ's"*

Milton was born a Londoner, in that class of society which was the backbone of the movement for popular rights and independence in religion, in whose onward course, during his mature life, the throne fell and English liberties were secured. Little survives to inform us of his childhood except the head of the fair boy which is one of the treasures of English portraiture. He was well-bred in a Puritan home of means and taste, and though there is no sign of rigor in his bringing up, in that home must have been implanted in him in early days those finer elements of Puritanism which seem already instinctive in his first youth. His father who was a scrivener had some merit as a musical composer, and was in prosperous circumstances. He had masters for the boy and sent him to a public school, St. Paul's, where he made one deep and tender friendship with a half-Italian schoolmate, Charles Diodati. At sixteen, he went up to Christ's College, Cambridge, where tradition says he was called "the Lady of Christ's," his fair hair and bright cheeks and his slender youth confirming a nickname that he appears to

*This is the third of the series, the former articles being "Cervantes" and "Scott"*

have owed really to the purity of his life and manners and a virginal mind. He remained seven years at Christ's, and won the place of a first scholar, showing plain traces of that saving egotism which is the single trait that brings him humanly before the eye now: "performed the Collegiate and Academical exercises to the admiration of all, and was esteemed to be a virtuous and sober person," says old Anthony Wood, "yet not to be ignorant of his own parts." At Christ's he had written verses, Latin, and English, among them the famous ode on the morning of Christ's Nativity; and he showed from the first touches of his hand that feeling for rich words and their melodies, the sense of the moulding that beauty of language gives to thought itself, which belongs so often to the poetic precocity of great masters of expression. There was never any immaturity in his style. He wrote perfection. Yet then, of course, no one knew that he had written one of the great lyric poems of England, singular for its majesty of thought and manner in a youth of twenty-one years, and also a sonnet — that, on arriving at the age of twenty-three — which, in his works, is now one of the best remembered where all are memorable.

### *In Rustic Retirement*

He retired from the University to Horton, near Windsor, where his father had removed from London to live at ease; and there, the church, his original destination, being closed to him by the aspect of the times, without seeking another profession he obtained his father's leave to pursue literary studies undisturbed. "At my father's country residence, whither he had retired to pass his old age, I was wholly intent," says Milton, "through a period of absolute leisure, on a steady perusal of the Greek and Latin writers, but still so that I occasionally exchanged the country for the city, either for the purpose of buying books, or for that of learning anything new in Mathematics or in Music, in which I then took delight." For the six years that remained till he was thirty, he thus enjoyed a secure and quiet period, comparable to Virgil's ease, during which he perfected himself in a studious knowledge of past literature. It was an accumulative and assimilating rather than an original period; his production of English verse was hardly greater in amount than Virgil's in similar circumstances; yet in its small body

comprised all Milton's minor poems of fame, and among them are "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," the best idyllic poems in the classical Italian manner, "Lycidas," the first of English elegies in rank, and "Comus," the only English masque that the world has cared to remember. These poems are the finest flower of the literary movement that had swept up the North from Italy for more than a century, and brought to England its great burst of genius in the reigns of Elizabeth and James; the crest of the Renaissance had broken in the turbulent dramatists, but here the golden flood of humanism was still at the full, with Italian serenity, purity, and beauty; the burning noon of passion had gone by, but a finer art, a softer mood were present in Milton's genius in its youth; simple, lucid, melodious, suffused with the perfect beauty of an age of art about to die. In these country years Milton probably looked forward only to a literary career; he was a youthful, humanist poet, seeking to write as his Greek and Italian masters had done before him; perhaps such a life as Virgil's, he thought, might lie in his future.

The figure of Milton at this age is full of "sweet attractive grace." He was handsome in manly beauty, his mind set on high and serious thoughts, and with a strain of uncommon purity in his soul. He led a simple life in his father's house, plain in its habits; he wandered about the well-watered and well-wooded country, making his mind "a mansion for all lovely forms — a dwelling place for all sweet sounds and harmonies;" or in his chamber at home moved "in the still air of delightful studies;" a natural, intellectual, poetic life, free from all disturbance. One hears that "music" in which he "then took delight" as its perpetual undertone. It is reflected crystal-like in the "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," with a selective power of art, an idyllic brevity and clearness in the scenes, an evenness of unemphatic beauty, for which there is no parallel except in classical and Italian masterpieces. This poetic softness and clearness mirrors Milton's temper then; there is not a trace of the harsh traits that later came into his life, the sternness of his middle years and his aging into austerity. He was still pure poet; full of a sweet sensuousness that took delight in all beautiful things. This Platonic vein, this emotional color of beauty in his virtue sets Milton's Puritanism somewhat apart. So also his love of the drama



BLIND MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS  
FROM THE PAINTING BY MUNKACSY IN THE LENOX LIBRARY, NEW YORK

henceforward it seen a man of not, being a scholar of politics. His interest in it was first the Euripidean passages of "Samson Agonistes" at the very least while yet a student at college. He wrote the tribute to Shakspeare's passion, first printed in the Second Folio, and in connection with his friend La Motte, a musician, he tried, though with an applicability which he endeavored to preserve, the masque form of the drama, then its popularity, or at least fashionable phase, in the "Arcades" and on the great scale in the "Comus." This last was really a piece of private theatricals written for the Lord President of Wales, who had employed Lawes, and by his children in the great hall at Hampton Castle on his inauguration into his office. The substance of the poem, however, which was the praise and defense of chastity, was a very noble form of Puritan feeling in the high sense. It, too, is alive with Platonic philosophy, but this is so wrought in the poetry that it is not felt by the reader except in its results. The praise of chastity also denotes something exceptional in Milton's temperament, a personal feeling for purity which was elemental in his entire genius and which in the end became a genius for austerity. But that time was far off, beyond the barrier of twenty years of the fighting that makes all men stern. The gentler Milton of the earlier day, the youth with the passion for purity, the passion for beauty, the passion for perfection in poetry, had no premonition of all that.

#### *With Famous Men in Italy*

It was in this spirit that Milton, when thirty years old, made the journey to Italy where he remained more than a year. He met famous men, Grotius and Galileo, lingered especially at Florence, Rome, Naples, and Venice, made numerous friends among the men of letters and taste, and had the great happiness to be favored with the acquaintance and warm interest of the aged Manso, the befriender of Tasso in his sad life and the patron of Marini. It is plain that Milton not only made a good impression, as Manso says, with his "mind, form, grace, face, and morals," but he was socially attractive; notwithstanding his strength of natural reserve and what he calls "haughtiness" in his character, his familiar relations with comrades

and elder associates betray real humaneness, and the affectionateness of his single close friendship with Charles Diodati intimates perhaps the sweeter quality of nature by which he bound his Italian acquaintances. One wonders what he brought away really from the Italian beauty of scenery, the ruins, and the galleries, but it is a vain curiosity; so far as appears, his life in Italy was essentially social, he was interested in the men and their academies, and wrote Italian and Latin verses in their midst, like a dilettante youth; but the great result seems to have been the stir of his mind in response to the appreciation of his talents about him, and the forming of a solid and resolved ambition to produce a great poetic work. His own words are important: "Much latelier," he writes, "in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favored to resort, perceiving that some trifles that I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout (for the manner is that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there) met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things, which I had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniences to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps; I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labor and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die." An epic poem or a tragic drama was to be the form of this attempt, and he listed nigh a hundred subjects for choice, the chief being the British story of Arthur's Knights and the Hebrew myth of Paradise.

#### *Return to England, and Marriage*

Milton had come home because of the threatening aspect of public affairs, in the same spirit in which many of our own countrymen returned at the outbreak of the Civil War, because it is not fit that a citizen should be abroad (save in her service) when his country is in arms. But he was a private person with no opening into state-affairs; so he says very sensibly, "I betook myself to my interrupted studies, trusting the issue of public affairs to God in the first place, and to those



JOHN MILTON

FROM THE MINIATURE BY SAMUEL COOPER, WITH A FACSIMILE  
OF THE INSCRIPTION ON THE BACK OF THE MINIATURE

to whom the people had committed that charge." Up to this time Milton had depended on paternal support, and his father had been a very good Augustus to him; now he began to earn something, and from undertaking the care of his sister's two young boys, he set up gradually a little private academy of a half-friendly character for the children of families in his acquaintance. A few boys in a house big enough for himself and his books, many of which he had collected and sent from Venice, and with a garden — he always kept a garden near in his many changes of London residence — and with the schoolmaster's task for his useful employment; this was the outward look of the life which within was brooding the work that the world "would not willingly let die." Milton also signalized his entrance on everyday affairs by taking a wife; strangely enough she was of a broken-down, worldly cavalier family, which was much in debt to his father, and she was but just past seventeen. There was a brief two months of festivity in the house, after which the young bride returned to her family for a visit and would not come back to her husband till two years later — when, in the declining fortunes of both the cavalier cause and the family, a

reconciliation was arranged. Meanwhile Milton had found an entrance to the life of the public cause as a pamphleteer; he published in swift succession several of the tracts on the times by which for twenty years he was to be mainly known at home, and to become famous abroad as the chief defender of the English nation in the forum of Europe, and in the composition of which he expended his intellectual energy till the last moment of the lost cause.

#### *Entering On His Political Career*

The golden age of Milton's life had gone by; the happy home where he had been the light of the house — and how dearly he was cherished is humanly indicated by his father's having two portraits of him in boyhood and youth — was broken up; Charles Diodati, his first and only bosom-friend, was dead. Life had entered on a new scene, in which domestic unhappiness, conflict with men, the indignation and bitter edge of prose were in sharp contrast with that early felicity, peace, and poetic musing. The change was as deep as life, and in fact amounted to a substitution of intellectual for poetic force as the element of its being. Up to now Milton's thinking had been subsidiary to his art, but

henceforward it was for its own sake ; he had been a man of letters, he became a man of politics.

His interest in ideas was immense, though now it was first apparent. He had a greater intellect than commonly falls to the share even of great poets, and it was of that active sort that makes the practical idealist. The passion for perfection in art which makes the poet, and for purity in life which makes the man, are matters of the private life ; but the application of analogous ideas of perfection to the lives of other men and to the state necessarily throws the assertor of them into opposition, and in so far as he strives for their victory he finds oftenest a thorny path. Milton now entered on this career. His practical instinct working through ideas is most simply seen in the things nearest to him. It was no common school that he kept, no humdrum routine that he mumbled over to his boys ; there was a curriculum of his own devising and, noticeably, he saw to it that his boys read more books that had life in them and with a broader reach of modern power, as it then was, than other schoolboys had any chance to get, and he put speed into their acquisition of Latin ; quicker work and a wider and more contemporary round of study, and in general the Renaissance ideal of the development of personal power in manifold ways, characterized the education he strove to give. It was, no doubt, the most modern school in Europe, though its pupils were only half-a-handful. His domestic life was, like the school, a new concern ; and he no sooner realized that his young wife had deserted him after two months than he at once declared the extreme heretical doctrine of liberty of divorce and re-marriage in case of the incompatibility of the parties. It was a shocking position to take, in those days, and first brought obloquy upon him, but he stuck to his opinion, and indeed among the hundreds of the sects of those days one may still read of the Miltonists or Divorcers. The key to Milton's intellectual life lies in his Renaissance training, though the fact is obscured by the Puritanical matter of his tracts ; personal force, such as he raised to heroic proportions in *Satan* was his ideal ; personal liberty in all its forms was the thing nearest to his heart. It gave great individuality to his own life. Thus he belonged to no communion, attended no church, and had no prayers at home ; his religion must have been very sacred to him, and it suffered

no profaning hands ; he was true Puritan, full-grown, not in the sense of the sectaries of his age but in that which is for all time, the man free from all forms, who needs no intermediary with his God except the spiritual Christ.

### *Defender of the People of England*

The same proud assertion of individual dignity is the core of the great essay in behalf of a free press, the "*Areopagitica*," in which he set forth the doctrine of the public toleration of thought and speech, the right of the intellect to be heard, with undying eloquence. Liberty, in one form or another, is the watchword of all his prose ; it was then, as it continues to be, the shuttlecock between statecraft and priestcraft, but Milton saw the old Priest in the new Presbyter, and in all ways stood for independence in the individual ; by so much the more did he stand for independence in the nation, the liberty of the people to call their rulers to the bar and send the violator of their rights to the block ; with the vehement and unabated directness of Demosthenes against Philip, he too thundered against the Stuart line. The name of Cromwell only was known so far and widely abroad as that of this Defender of the People of England. It is this office that gives grandeur to his figure ; and no one, not of the race itself, has so much in the thoughts of men the sublime character of a Hebrew prophet, the rebuker of Kings, the declarer of the eternity of truth, the companion of the thoughts of God. This loftiness felt in Milton's prose is what preserves it ; if it is not studded with sentences of abstract wisdom, like Burke's, where ripeness of thought and breadth of phrase combine to make memorable political sayings, it is strewn with passages of high and sublime flow in which ideal principles flame at their whitest heat of conviction. To be the voice of England on a great occasion, such as the death of her King by the judgment of her people, was a memorable destiny ; but what makes Milton more remembered is that a hundred times liberty spoke by his lips.

He was that man, hateful to all tyrants, a Republican ; though under the powerful presence of Cromwell, "our chief of men," he swerved slightly from the line, he came home true and belonged with Vane. He was not a Democrat ; he was too much imbedded in the Renaissance for that, and valued men for their personal distinction ;

for the honor and force in them that make  
for inequality.

*Nor do I name of men the common rout  
That wandering loose about  
Grow up and perish as the summer fly,  
Head without name, no more remembered.*

That is the very trick of aristocracy in thought and action. Equality, fraternity, were not yet ripe stars. Milton's "Ready and Easy Way" which he sent forth as the last arrow when Charles II. was almost on the coast, proposed a kind of permanent Grand Council, like that of the Republic of Venice, as the ruling body of the state. Nevertheless, Milton's republicanism, though it was not the democracy of to-day, was the high tide of the principle of freedom in that age; and when the dying roll of the retreating storm was heard in that last passionate remonstrance, on the eve of the King's landing, there was to be silence till the Marseillaise.

In these years Milton's life took on that harshness of feature, which it retains in tradition, owing to his invective against the enemies of the state, his unhappiness in his children, and perhaps the color of the name of Puritan. In outward ways it was one of plain habits and personal dignity. He had given up teaching after seven years, and when in a short period the Commonwealth was established he became foreign Secretary to the Council; it was a good post, well-paid, and he held it till the Restoration, from his forty-second to his fifty-second year. He received and wrote foreign despatches and was the official intermediary for all ambassadors and envoys, and was thus brought, both at the Council Table and in the Hall, into habitual association with the heads of state and persons of distinction from abroad. His private fame and character were also such as to attract visits and attention upon his own account. In his appearance and demeanor there must have been the ripened breeding of the scholar and poet whose social art is attested by his Italian travels, together with the matured handsomeness of the man and the personal dignity of the representative of state. His wife had died and he had married again; but after a year of happy wedlock, in this instance, he lost her whose memory he made sacred in the sonnet tenderly recalling her veiled face:

*Yet to my fancied sight  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined  
So clear as in no face with more delight.*

#### *Blind and In Hiding*

He may never have seen her face, for before this he had become totally blind in his forty-fifth year. He had continued to perform the duties of his Secretaryship, being led to the Council Room; and there listening, dictating, and composing he went through the necessary business as before. Except for a few sonnets at wide intervals he had entirely discontinued poetry during these twenty years. Dr. Johnson described these sonnets as "cherry stones," and it has been well said that this "marks the lowest point imaginable in criticism of verse." They are rather stones of David's sling. That on the massacre in Piedmont is noteworthy as the first blaze of the English muse over the violated liberties of Europe, of which Byron and Shelley learned the lightning use, and Swinburne in our own day flings the Revolutionary torch. The sonnets, few as they are, would be a mighty monument for any genius; they have the quality of Michael Angelo. Just before the downfall, Milton seems to have reverted in mind to the predestination of his genius to poetry and that great hope he had indulged on returning from Italy:—"that what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above of being a Christian, might do for mine." Now the end had come; blind and in hiding, in those months of unloosed revenge, none, the Regicides excepted, was more likely than he to fall a victim; and indeed few who have escaped it came so near as Milton to being hanged. The peril of this shame to England—and such shame there has been in all literatures and nations of civility—was near, but it passed. The "blind old schoolmaster," as he is known from Dryden's lips, lived on in obscurity and humbleness, though a few friends still remembered him and showed him attention, and distinction still clung to his figure. Life, it must have seemed, was done for him. Then he turned to the unbroken meditation of that poem which for two years had employed his thoughts at times, and in three years more of lonely musing carried it to completion. A new age of literature had come in, and new men, strangers to all that had fashioned the



*In the Collection of the Right Hon. Arthur Onslow Esq. Speaker of the House of Commons. Engraved by J. Houbraken London. 1741.*

## JOHN MILTON

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY J. HOUBRAKEN AFTER A PORTRAIT  
WHICH HAS SINCE DISAPPEARED BUT WHICH IS  
KNOWN AS THE ONSLOW PORTRAIT

men of old in greatness and him the last of them; but the old age should yet lift one towering peak to heaven, before it subsided to the levels of the eighteenth century. "Paradise Lost" was this last and belated birth of the greatest English age.

### *The Conception of "Paradise Lost"*

The opposition between the earlier and the later poetry of Milton is very great, and is the more marked because of the barrenness of his middle life in verse. The liquid flow, the beauty of surface locking in mosaic sweet sights and harmonies of the natural world, the mellowness of idyllic and elegiac art, the crystal purity of the air of garden and grove as in some northern Italian night — all these and the like are the traits of his poetic youth; but in the works of his age there is something that dwarfs such qualities and makes natural the designation of the earlier verse as his minor poems. The reason of the difference is, I think, the expansion of Milton's intellectual powers which took place on his entrance into public debate, and the strength they acquired in that Herculean labor of the mind stretched to its utmost of practical force and mastery for twenty years of unremitting strain. "Paradise Lost" is a great poem of the intellect as well as of the imagination. Milton, after a period of wavering, had finally chosen the form of an epic, built on the lines of the classical tradition, with the myth of Eden for its central story; the origin and destiny of the soul and the meaning of its course in history was the real theme. The subject was well-chosen, and fulfilled the desirable though not essential condition for a work of national appeal in that it was and had long been familiar to the people: the material was at least as well known to the English, in its main outlines, as the myths of the gods, on which the Attic tragedians had wrought, had been known to the Athenians. Yet it is the decadence of interest in the subject-matter which is now most pointed to as impairing the permanent appeal of the poem. An epic which is in the third century of its victorious power need not fear any displacement. Its childhood myth of the race, its crude science, its antiquated theology, may all be granted, and it is easy to find in its necessary conventions, which belong to it as a work of limited art, something awkward and irrational, even petty and ridiculous to the mind's eye; but the attack along these lines is successful only

when conducted against details; the poem in its wholeness retains an overwhelming power. It is conceived in three movements; the first is the Titan struggle of the rebellious angels; the second is the Eden bower; the third is the creation of the world with its pendant panorama of human history. Of these three subjects the first yields the most majestic sight of that other world of Hades which the tragic imagination of man in the greatest poets has essayed to picture in all times; the second gives the most charming rendering of that Bower of Bliss, which has also been so often attempted, and the third presents the most nobly impressive story of the birth of our universe that is to be found in poetry. It is not necessary that the mind should cling to the actuality of these scenes and events any more than to the siege of Troy or the voyage of Aeneas; if they have imaginary reality — even if they have only that — it is all the truth that poetry seeks and is sufficient to interest men forever. If "Paradise Lost" be looked at in this way as only an hypothesis of the imagination, it yet remains the loftiest flight of the mind of man in that region of what is to be only spiritually conceived. It is here that it makes its long and powerful appeal to masses of readers, and remains a poem of the English nation. Critics endeavor to empty it of the content of meaning of which it is full, and to leave only the style by which alone, they will have it, the poem survives; but my own mind, I know — and in this I cannot be singular — still holds to the substance as the true poem, indifferent to the fate of the Hebrew myth, of Puritan theology, or Darwinian descent, or any other of those matters of contemporaneity which are forever tossed in men's minds. It is possible, perhaps, to trace the operation of some of the elements in the poem, which are not for an age, but for all time.

### *A Scale of Life*

One of the most salutary uses of great poetry is to give a scale of life. Wordsworth was led by the character of his genius to observe how the continual presence of grand natural features in the landscape and the habitual sight of the processes of nature's life fulfill this function for those who live in communion with them, and give to human life a setting and perspective. The reflection of the Greeks, that the dramatic representation of tragic changes of fortune in the

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lives of the great and powerful imposed on the spectators a truer estimate of their own share of trial in life, is an analogous thought. But the soul grows in knowledge of itself not only by these humbling influences of contrast with the grandeur of nature and tragic calamity; it expands through all ideas that raise its sense of power however excited, and especially that power which is lodged in its own being. "Paradise Lost" performs this service, with great efficiency and in diverse ways. In what poem is the infinity of the universe so sensibly present, merely in the physical sphere? What poem, again, so succeeds in realizing to the mind superhuman power, personal force raised to the utmost imaginable height, not only in the magnificent example of Satan, but in his angelic peers, Uriel and Gabriel, even in the young angels, Ithuriel and Zephon, whom the fiend found invincible? But the infinity which most shines in the poem is not material or personal, not in the universe or the protagonists of the battle that was fought "out of space, out of time;" it is that of man himself as a soul in which issues of eternity converge, about which play mysterious agencies of evil and good, for which in its unknown course celestial powers care; that infinity which in the soul itself is the ground of being of the Christian religion. The soul, weaving this legend of itself from its far prehistoric dawn, fashioned this wonderful dream; the scenes and events, imbedded in tradition and the life of historical ages and continuously in the human consciousness, must have deep affinities with the nature of the soul which in them has incarnated its intuitions, cast its sense of spiritual fact, pictured its beliefs; in a word, this myth embroidered on the hem of the seamless garment of truth is all the memory the soul has of its own history. The particular actuality of the links of the legend, and even the form of the elements of thought it uses, are immaterial; for the things of the spirit can only be symbolically shown. Every one, who opens the poem, finds mirrored there the soul in its infinite and eternal nature, and the mystery of its source and destiny set forth with an imaginative definiteness of vision, as nowhere else. The story is displayed with unexampled grandeur in the scenes, in the wasted gloom of hell, in the abyss of chaos, in the freshly created universe of light, upon the battle-plains of heaven; the characters are ennobled to the height of what is possible

in faculty and prowess, in form and moving not inferior to the gods, eloquent in speech, majestic in action, each great in his own resolve; every element of epic power and loveliness, that the practice of elder poets had handled, is employed — whole armies in array, individual conflict, the bower of love, the tale of creation, the panorama of history, the pit, the council, set forth in all the modes of oratory, dialogue, narrative, apostrophe, and idyl, and all in an unrivaled balance and harmony of the parts. The Hebraic solemnity and directness, the Pindaric loftiness of flight, yet so absorbed into Milton's inspiration as to be his own and personal to him, give to the poem that quality that it holds unshared with any other epic — sublimity; this is the instinctive and also the deliberate judgment of all men — it is a sublime poem. If I were to sum up in a single expression the immediate power of "Paradise Lost" over men, I should say that no poem so dilates the mind; by so doing it gives a scale to life — the scale of infinity.

*"Paradise Lost" a Universal Poem  
For All Time*

"Paradise Lost" is not a modern poem; and I have dwelt elsewhere, perhaps too exclusively, on the important ways in which it departs from modern sympathy; like all great works of imagination in literature it looks on human affairs with a reverted gaze, for such works are climaxes of past thought and passion in centuries and civilization. But neither is it a Renaissance and Reformation poem, any more than the "Divine Comedy" is a mediæval poem. The poem remains universal, not for an age but for all time, because it is a poem of the soul and its mystery, and sets forth under an intelligible formula of thought and history, and in images of becoming grandeur and splendor, that legend of the soul which has been the historical framework of spiritual piety in Christian ages and still appeals by countless tendrils of memory, custom, and aspiration to men born Christians; it fills imaginatively what is otherwise a void, peoples the lone infinite, as no other secular work has done. It is thus that, as I said, it neighbors the Bible in men's thoughts; and not only does it do this by its matter, but also by its style. The Bible is the standard of perfection in English writing, but the same influence which flows from it upon the listening mind, and is felt as the unapproached perfection of

prose speech in language and cadence by the host of the common people in congregations, also flows from Milton's verse in the region of poetry; every one, however unlearned in literature, feels that here is a standard of perfection. It is a fit and crowning excellence; but the style is no more all of Milton than it is all of Isaiah or St. John. The people cannot escape great style, as all oratory shows; neither can they escape great poetry. The power of the highest is always greatest upon the lowest; it is this which makes a national poem possible; this sent Homer with all Greek ships, Virgil with all Roman eagles, Milton with all English Bibles through the world.

*"Samson Agonistes" and the Last Days*

"Paradise Lost" is the greatest of Milton's works because his powers are there in true balance, intellect and imagination in equal fellowship, with the lesser graces of poetry (such as distinguished his early verse) not in neglect. As he grew rapidly old, his expression became bare and austere; in "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes" intellectual power seems to transcend and perhaps depress the imaginative — the balance is disturbed. They have the severity of outline and surface that belong to the peak. They were the work of the last years, when one thinks of Milton and sees him in the most human way, comes near to him as a natural creature, an old man. One youth there was who came to him now, like the boys he used to teach, and had lessons from him and talk in return for which he wrote at Milton's dictation. His daughters had left him; a third wife, whom he married late, took kindly care of him; friends visited him. He would sit outside the door in the sun, wrapped in a gray, coarse, cloth coat. The undying portrait of him is that reported by the painter, Richardson, from an aged clergyman who called on him. "He found him in a small house, he thinks but one room on a floor. In that, up one pair of stairs which was hung with a rusty green, he found John Milton sitting in an elbow-chair, black

clothes and neat enough; pale but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones. Among other discourse he expressed himself to this purpose — 'that, was he free from the pain this gave him, his blindness would be tolerable.'" This was the old age appointed for the fair youth of forty years before, in whom the beauty of the Renaissance seemed to have taken on ideal form, on the eve of the Italian journey; to this end he had brought his boyhood passion for beauty, purity, and perfection through a life of intellectual conflict to a consummation that gave him kinship with the sterner rather than the softer brothers of his art. It is commonly thought that in the tragedy of Samson he had his own fortune in mind, and doubtless he drew sympathetic inspiration from his own position in realizing that of Samson in defeat. But his spirit seems to have accepted defeat without that despair of life which in so fiery-tempered a soul, so great in faculty, might well be feared. It may be that his faith was equal to that birth of patience, which is the crown of life long lived, and the capacity for which he showed in promise in his birthday sonnet, in youth, and in thought in his sonnet on his blindness. It is at least noticeable that the last lines of Samson look to fuller life, not death, and are words of promise and submission, of growth as well as of faith:

*All is best, though we oft doubt  
What the unsearchable dispose  
Of highest wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close*

*His servants He, with new acquist  
Of true experience from this great event,  
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,  
And calm of mind, all passion spent.*

In this high mood, one hopes, Milton took farewell of the world as of the Muse; he died at almost sixty-six years of age, leaving to mankind a life that has been the inspiration of liberty, and these few rolls of immortal verse.



# MARTYRDOM A LA MODE

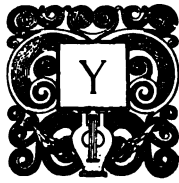
COLONEL LUMPKIN POINTS OUT THE SUPERIORITY  
OF MODERN METHODS

BY

JOHN McAULEY PALMER

AUTHOR OF "COLONEL LUMPKIN'S CAMPAIGN," "FINANCES OF THE SHARK SYSTEM" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GLACKENS



YOU may think it's a soft snap to own a state," said Colonel Lumpkin, "but I want to tell you it's a mighty ticklish business. It looks as easy as driving a flock of geese from one pasture to another. You have your governors and assemblymen and aldermen and other gooseherds carefully selected, and apparently there's nothing to do but market the eggs. But the trouble is that your geese are not real geese. They are only enchanted geese, and there's always a danger that the spell will break and then — Lord help the gooseherds."

"And what breaks the spell?" I asked.

"A magic word," replied Colonel Lumpkin. "The proper thing for ganders to say is *honk, honk, honk*. So long as they say that the egg market remains firm. But there's always danger that some under-conjured bird will begin to hiss, *think, think, think*, and if that habit spreads the geese are liable to moult their feathers. Of course, if they loose their feathers it is a plain proposition in natural history that they cease to be oviparous. Well-trained gooseherds are always on the lookout for the incipient hisser."

"What do they do with him when they catch him?" asked Judge Docket.

"That depends on circumstances," said Colonel Lumpkin. "The surest way is to wring his neck, but as that may alarm the rest of the flock it is considered safer nowadays to pen him up and fatten him for paté de foie gras."

Colonel Lumpkin paused for a moment, but we knew him well enough to see that

there was a story coming. We waited quietly and presently he resumed: "That reminds me of the school teachers' insurrection in the Westport city schools. You remember when the city got so hard up it had to shorten hours and dock the teachers' salaries in order to make ends meet. There was a good deal of kicking, of course, but most of the teachers had enough patriotism to sacrifice a third of their daily bread in the great cause of education. They were getting so little anyway that they might easily have learned how to live on a little less. But, unfortunately, one of the High School principals, a young man by the name of Graham, had an inquiring turn of mind. He called the teachers together and put this question: 'Why is it that one of the richest cities in the world is so poor that it cannot afford to educate its children?' Now, it is all right for people to state social conundrums, but when they begin to answer them, there's liable to be trouble. And Graham was not content with the conundrum. He proceeded to answer it. He explained that the railroad company and the gas company and the street car company and the electric light company and the water company and the telephone company were not paying their fair share of taxes. He pointed out that their securities were rated at 317,000,000 *dollars* on the stock-market, but that they were rated at **only** 317,000,000 *cents* on the tax rolls of the city. He suggested that if these benevolent corporations were taxed on the same basis as the owner of a four-room cottage, there would be enough revenue to give every young Westporter a liberal education, and that at the hands of full-fed pedagogues. Nor was



*"'I sent for the Mayor and the Board of Education, and informed them of my very great displeasure'"*

Mr. Graham content with a diagnosis. He proceeded to prescribe a remedy. He proposed that the teachers should *teach* the municipal situation to their pupils, and that through the children they should educate the fathers and mothers of the city.

"Of course I couldn't stand for any such *lese-majesté* as that," continued Colonel Lumpkin. "I sent for the Mayor and the Board of Education, and informed them of my very great displeasure. The following day Mr. Graham was dismissed. But the sensational newspapers saw fit to make a hero of Mr. Graham. They published his picture and the picture of his wife and the picture of his only child, a little boy with a crutch. I didn't waste much energy on sentiment in those days, but I couldn't stand that poor little cripple's picture. I couldn't look at it and I couldn't get away from it, and the incident wouldn't close. The day after Graham was dismissed the teachers got together and voted to continue his salary by mutual subscription. Graham was now free to devote himself exclusively to the discussion of social paradoxes.

"Phew!" exclaimed Colonel Lumpkin after a short pause. "That meant business. It was just a few weeks before election and the ice was a little thin that winter anyway. Some of our boys were complaining that they hadn't had a fair slice in the last lighting grab, and now here was a chance of open pigeonholes and a close election. I didn't feel equal to the responsibility. I telegraphed to Senator Shark. The Senator was just about to sail to Europe on a visit to his son-in-law, the Duke of Bar-Sinister, but he responded to duty's call and came West. The Senator's poise and self-confidence reassured me. 'Leave it to me, Tim,' he said. 'The people know that you are a plain ordinary pirate, while I have the advantage of being a philanthropist! You made a mistake in firing that young fellow,' he continued. 'Education is a necessary evil in a country like ours. Wise men do not try to suppress it, it is more scientific to regulate it.'

"That night the Senator and I went to hear one of Graham's speeches. The Senator sat in the front of one of the boxes so that

he could be seen and recognized as a patron of learning. I sat well behind him in the shadow of the velvet curtains. The young man was speaking when we came in. His audience was still. He held them with the eloquence of conviction. He was explaining one of my most brilliant financial exploits. He applied the ordinary test of veracity to one of my corporate balance sheets. Of course, that wasn't fair. The balance sheet was never intended to be looked at that way. I slipped my chair a little further back in the shadow of the curtains for the young man's eyes were radio-active, and something in them hurt. I remember one of his sentences as he finished his analysis: 'A lie is a lie even if it is told in seven figures. A fraud is a fraud even if it is underwritten by the ablest lawyer in the land.' I do not recall any other phrases of his speech. But I remember the force of his personality. He made me think of Peter the Hermit. His hearers were exalted for every sacrifice. They seemed ready to follow him even through deserts to redeem the sepulcher. I felt like enlisting myself — in the contagion of the

moment, I forgot that poor old Tim Lumpkin was the very Turk they were after. In the opposite box I could see a young woman holding in her arms a pale child with a crutch.

"There was no applause after the speech. The people kept their places until Senator Shark stepped from his box to the stage and gallantly congratulated the orator. The Senator seized both hands and shook them. The young man flushed with pleasure at this recognition of his genius, and then the crowd found its voice and cheered. The Senator also insisted on being presented to Mrs. Graham and the boy. As he placed his fatherly hand on the little cripple's head, I thought I saw a faint glow of color on the thin cheek."

"After the meeting," continued Colonel Lumpkin. "I took supper with the Senator at his club. 'What do you think of him?' I asked.

"'A bright youngster,' said Senator Shark, as he sipped his Madeira. 'He must be stopped.'

"'Of course,' I replied. 'But how are we going to do it? We can't burn him at the

*"That night the Senator and I went to hear one of Graham's speeches'"*



stake as our prototypes might have done a few centuries ago.'

"Our prototypes were bunglers,' said Senator Shark. 'Their methods were crude. It doesn't pay to burn a man's body. It leaves fragments of bone to be cherished as relics, or ashes to be scattered and sown by the winds. Experience shows that seeds of that kind have a most persistent vitality. The proper way is to burn the soul. It is a perfect gas, you know, and therefore burns without residue.' As he said this the Senator rolled me a slow saurian wink through his wine-glass that almost made me shudder.

"A few days after that it was announced that Graham had been nominated to fill the new chair of Peripatetic Pedagogics in Shark University, and that he was about to sail to Europe to study the methods of public instruction under the Empire of Charlemagne."

"So he sold out, did he!" Exclaimed Comegys in disgust.

"Not at all," said Colonel Lumpkin.

"The hook was so well covered that he couldn't see it. He didn't feel it until after he had gorged the bait. Well, he went to Germany with his wife and boy and they were happy. His genius had won recognition. They had pinched so long on a thousand a year, that seven thousand was like a new land of enchantment. It opened up the beautiful and comfortable things of the world. There were books and pictures and pleasure trips. There were little feminine luxuries and vanities only dreamed of before, and now no longer denied and forbidden. But, best of all, there was hope for the boy. There were said to be magicians in Vienna and Berlin who might even restore life to withered limbs. In the

spring the professor left his little family in Europe and returned to Westport. He got back with new enthusiasm, and we heard that he was about to resume his popular lectures on 'Education and Corruption.'

"But he didn't," continued Colonel Lumpkin after a pause. "My old friend, Dean Truffles told me about it. The Dean called on him, and opened his eyes as gently as possible — reminded him that it wouldn't

do. Not that the University Authorities would do anything to restrain free speech, but then — well there were proprieties to be considered, sensationalisms to be avoided, academic dignity, gratitude, and what not. The professor was indignant. There was no sign of weakness. No flesh pots for him. He would go back to poverty again. He insisted on writing his resignation there and then. Truffles said the situation was very embarrassing. And then the mail came. There was a letter with a foreign postmark. Truffles moved away to the window while the professor opened it.

Graham read it again and again, and then he handed it to Truffles. It was just a short note full of a woman's happiness. And there was news about the boy. He had taken a few steps without his crutch. He was stronger and there was hope, the great surgeon said that he might get well. While Truffles was reading the letter, the professor dropped the half-written resignation in the fire and left the room.

"That was a good while ago," continued Colonel Lumpkin. "I have heard him many times since — you have heard him. His eloquence is no longer radio-active, but is decorous and full of good-humor. He is in demand for after-dinner speeches. He never reminds me of Peter the Hermit now."



"Senator Shark stepped from his box to the stage and gallantly congratulated the orator"

# THE RETURN OF THE GIPSY

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW MISSIONER," "THE SPORTIN' BLOOD OF ZENITH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



ONE morning when the August sun had just risen above the peaks and was pouring a flood of glory full upon Zenith, a small mining village far up in the Rockies, two shaggy burros, answering to the respective names of "Jemmy" and "Jerry," stood amid the broken crockery and tin cans of Mrs. Nitschkan's front yard, and with the patient and indifferent stoicism of their kind allowed themselves to be laden with burdens heavy and grievous to be borne.

With a skill betokening long experience, Mrs. Nitschkan herself was busily occupied in adjusting various and cumbersome objects upon the backs fitted to bear them.

She was an unusual and striking figure, this burly mountain woman, as she stood beside the donkeys, testing straps and lightly lifting huge bundles. A pair of bright, blue eyes twinkled in a face reddened by exposure to all kinds of weather, and her frequent laughter displayed two even rows of squirrel-white teeth. In the ten years Zenith had known her, she had never altered for any occasion her peculiar, semi-masculine attire — a man's coat over a flannel shirt, soft hat thrust far back on her curly, brown hair, and, her only concession to femininity, a short skirt which fell scantily over her heavy boots.

Hard upon her heels were her five children who, as she arranged her camping outfit, were fetching and carrying with a zeal and alacrity which suggested that they expected immediately to enjoy the rewards of service.

"Here, Captola," ordered Mrs. Nitschkan cheerily, "you an' Josh had best strap that cook-stove on the off-side of Jerry to balance the tent; an' you, Celia, kin fetch a

Mommie her fishin' rods an' gun. I guess I'll load them onto Jemmy."

Gathered about the front gate, maintained upon its rusted hinges by some frayed bits of rope, were a group of Mrs. Nitschkan's most intimate companions and allies; but, if attitude and expression be taken as indications of inner emotion, these ladies were strongly evidencing a disapproval of their friend's activities.

Care sat upon each brow. Mrs. Landvetter, enormously stout, Dutch, and spotless, leaned heavily against a gate-post, and knitted busily at an interminable piece of lace. Mrs. Thomas, a pink and white giantess with an appealing manner and a baby lisp, had tilted her sun-bonnet over her eyes in token of grief. And Mrs. Evans, a tiny, bird-like creature, active, steel-hard, and indomitable, had allowed her smooth forehead to wrinkle in an harassed frown.

She it was who summoned up courage to demand the purpose of the elaborate preparations. "What does all this mean, Mis' Nitschkan?" she asked in a sharp, rasped voice.

"Jus' about what you kin see," replied her friend airily, arranging some blankets and provisions more securely upon Jerry's back.

The three women at the gate exchanged meaning glances.

"Sadie Nitschkan" — Mrs. Evans's tone was magisterial — "we want to know something, an' we want to know the truth: Are you goin' gipsyin' again?"

"I sure am." The answer was decisive, if indifferent.

"An' leave your husband an' kids to shift for theirselves, an' in the care of the entire camp — which really means us — while you go traipsin' over the hills like a wild woman?" Mrs. Evans's shrill tones ran a



*See the Collection of the Right Hon.*

FROM THE ENGR  
WHICH HA  
KNO

"'I do' know,' said the Bishop afterward, 'if Mis' Nitschkan ain't showin' a beautiful trust, leavin' her children in the hands of the Lord like that?'

"But as I told him, right to his face, too, I wisht she'd take to showin' her trust in some way that wouldn't wear her friends to the bone."

It was a fortnight before Mr. Nitschkan completed his assessment work, and returned to Zenith and his daily toil in one of the adjacent mines. He heard then for the first time, and without apparent perturbation of spirit of his wife's journey.

"Sadie gone a trampin', eh?" he remarked. "Weil, she's got good weather," squinting his eyes at the cloudless sky; "it'll hold for quite a spell yet."

And, in the meantime, the children made the most of their freedom, and daily proved themselves more predatory, impish, and lawless, than even their harshest critics had predicted.

"Something's got to be done to bring Sadie Nitschkan home," affirmed Mrs. Evans with more than her customary emphasis, at a Wednesday afternoon meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society. "Yesterday, my Rupert Hentzau come toddlin' home with his little face all painted blue on one side an' red on the other, an' with house paint, too. He said he'd been playin' Injun with them brats."

"It might have et into the brain," suggested Mrs. Thomas, with the relish of one who loved to sup upon horrors. "Gee! You ain't had it all, Mis' Evans. I've sewed buttons up an' down them Nitschkans' backs till I'm dizzy. Captola come to my house yesterday without a button on her, jus' stuck as full of pins as a porcupine."

"My vood pile is mos' all gone," grieved Mrs. Landvetter, "und dey haf broke two of my vindow panes. Ven I catch dose devils, I gif each of dem a dollar's vort of vippings."

"It's five weeks since she left," said Mrs. Evans dispiritedly; "an' old man Johnson seen her a week or two ago, an' he says she's shot a bear an' was talkin' of pushin' on still further — never said a word about comin' home. She's somewhere up in North Park now, an' there's no hope of gettin' her back before the snow flies."

The women instinctively paused in their sewing to gaze out resentfully upon the September splendor of the narrow plateau and its enclosing mountains. The hills swam in

purple hazes; the aspens fluttered their ~~and~~ ing gold through the scarlet of the maples and the dark green of the pines. Begrudgingly the group thought of Mrs. Nitschkan enjoying to the full her wild freedom, rising from her bed on the earth to inhale great "draughts of space," alive to the tips of her fingers, fooling with dangers and embracing rough discomforts for the robust love of them, instinct with the gay, fresh sentiment of the road, tossing the light coin of her jovial greetings to the passers-by.

It was a fleeting vision, but sufficient to arouse in each feminine breast the scorn of the housed and tended beast for the forager of the woods, a scorn eternally mingled with an unsubdued and primitive envy.

Mrs. Landvetter broke the silence with a sharp click of her needles. "Vell, dere mus' be some vay of vorking it to get her back," hopefully.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Evans who had been unwontedly silent. "There's always a way out of everything, an' I've thought of a way out of this; but it's got to be worked cautious."

"How vould it do to send vord to her dat Jack's kind o' took mit some odder girl?" advanced Mrs. Landvetter. "Hein?"

"What'd she care?" Mrs. Thomas's tone was infinitely scornful. "She ain't like the rest of us self-sacrificing, submissive women that wins a man's heart through our weakness and dependence an' then gets ignored an' neglected or worse; that is, if we don't look sharp an' ain't ready to hand 'em out as good as they give. Now Mis' Nitschkan, she'll traipse off gipsyin' without sayin' by your leave to anybody. She'll do a day's work in the mines or shoot deer to beat any of 'em! She'll stick a pipe 'twixt her teeth an' win the boys' money from 'em night after night; an' what do they say? 'Oh, Mis' Nitschkan, she's a good feller!' Whereas, if 'twas us, they'd say, 'Disgrustin'! Disgraceful!' Why, even Dan Mayhew! He was holdin' forth las' night like a fool man loves to, an' like any other fool woman, I was hangin' on his words like they was law an' gospel."

"'A woman's place,' he says, loud an' argumentative, 'is stayin' at home an' mindin' the house an' kids.'"

"What about Mis' Nitschkan?" I asked real mild an' innocent.

"'Oh, she's different,' he answers, 'An' she's all right, too, you bet.' My Lord!



FROM THE ENGRA  
EVIDENTLY

Sometimes, I think there ain't no justice in the world."

"Oh, I've heard that same talk from Sile," affirmed Mrs. Evans. "The other night I says: 'Course, Mis' Nitschkan's one of my best friends; but she certainly is a figure of fun in them man's clothes.'

"'Oh, they suit her,' Sile answers. 'An' I guess they suit Jack, too,' he says, real spiteful. 'After he's married, a man ain't hankerin' to see so much ribbon an' lace fix-in's when he knows he's got to pay fer 'em no matter how the ore's runnin'.'"

"Ain't they the low dogs now!" murmured Mrs. Thomas. "How'd ever us poor women get even with 'em if we didn't have a skillet or a pan handy now an' then?"

"Well, every one of our kids is gettin' demoralized by those Nitschkan Injuns, an' what we got to do is to get her here an' to g-t her here to stay; an' us girls got to manage it." Mrs. Evans's tone was final.

Apparently the manner in which this delicate and difficult matter was to be managed was speedily decided upon and a definite plan of campaign mapped out, for a few evenings later as the dusk was falling, the little band of women knocked at the kitchen door of the Nitschkan cabin.

"Come in," said a gruff voice, and they entered to find Mr. Nitschkan, heavy and bearded, sitting alone. His chair was tilted back against the rough, log walls; a pipe was in his mouth, and he was, to outward seeming, absorbed in meditations from which he had no desire to be aroused. A hastily cleared table, whereon a smoky lamp was dimly burning indicated that Celia and Captola had swiftly disposed of the supper things after that cursory method known as a lick and a promise, and, as their shouts without betokened, had joined the boys.

The ladies greeted Mr. Nitschkan pleasantly; but without changing his position, he viewed them with a glance of apprehensive suspicion from under his lowered eyelids, merely growling a responsive "how-do" without removing his pipe from his mouth.

It suited his visitors, however, to ignore his lack of cordiality and the unrelenting hostility of his glance.

"Well, Jack," said Mrs. Thomas, with an ingratiating smile, "us girls got to thinkin' you'd be feelin' kind o' lonesome with Mis' Nitschkan gone so long, so we thought it would be real neighborly to look in on you, without waitin' for an invitation", she

laughed softly at her joke as she threw aside her cape.

"Yes," added Mrs. Evans genially. "Yes, indeed, an' knowin' Celia an' Captola was young an' inexperienced, we brought a little somep'n along to help you out in your lunch pail. Mis' Landvetter, jus' kindly lay the things out on the table."

Mrs. Landvetter began to unpack a large basket and spread the various articles it contained in a delectable array, tabulating them as she proceeded — "Two of Mis' Thomas's best cakes, gold und silver, und chocolate. You see Marthy remembered your taste, Jack, und half a dozen of Mis' Effens's saucer pies, all kinds; und six of mein meat turn-ofers, und plummy duff, und a loaf of salt risin', und a loaf of plain bread."

A look of surprise and of pleased anticipation dispelled the gloom of Mr. Nitschkan's face. The suspicion vanished from his eyes. He brought his chair to its legs with a thud, removed his pipe and cheerfully knocked out its ashes on the edge of the stove.

"That certain is neighborly," he said, his glance fixed appreciatively upon the varied and appetizing exhibit upon the table. "I wouldn't hardly have expected it of you;" again distrust wavered in his eyes. "Here, Mis' Evans, that chair might give down, take this one. Celia an' Captola ain't no shakes, I can tell you that," grumblingly.

"What do you hear from Mis' Nitschkan, Jack?" asked Mrs. Evans with casual interest, feeling that the moment had arrived when she might open the lead to which her trained lieutenants would tactfully play up.

"I don't hear nothin'," responded Mr. Nitschkan in a matter-of-fact tone, feeling in his coat pocket for some loose tobacco, and prodding it into the bowl of his pipe with his thumb.

"My, Jack! The backs of your hands is all split!" cried Mrs. Thomas with sudden solicitude.

"I know it;" he looked at them ruefully; "but I couldn't find a thing in this house to rub 'em with."

"My patience, an' me with a box of Rocky Mountain salve in my pocket!" exclaimed the tiny Mrs. Evans, lifting her trim, calico skirt, and drawing a tin box from a huge pocket in her stuff petticoat. "Here, let me rub some on. A man certain does need a woman to look after him. Has Sadie sent any word when she'll be back?"

"Sadie! Oh, she'll come when she gets ready," he replied with philosophical indifference.

Mrs. Evans elevated her eyebrows and shook her head two or three times. "Well, course we think the world an' all of Sadie, Jack; but jus' between ourselves, this ain't no way to act. This camp ain't what it was ten years ago. Folks is got to act more formal every day, an' when a wife leaves her man for months at a time an' goes traipsin' over the mountains, they will talk."

Nitschkan was conscious of a dull perplexity, a growing distrust of his own customary and hitherto unquestioned standards. "Oh, that's all right," he answered with a bluff assumption of ease. "Sadie, she's kind o' different. She can't be penned up all year in four walls; she's got to get out an' get a breath of air or she'd give right out;" he was repeating a formula long impressed upon his mind.

"I do' know if it is all right," Mrs. Thomas was gravely questioning. "Maybe a home-keepin' body like me's all wrong; but how Sadie Nitschkan kin go off a gipsyin' leavin' you here all alone with those dev — wild kids to look after is more'n I kin understand. The house is goin' to wrack an' ruin; nothin' to eat 'cept'n what two half-grown girls cooks fer you, an' your poor hands all bust open to the bone on the backs of 'em. How kin she do it?" There was the moisture of tears in Mrs. Thomas's blue eyes.

There was a moment's silence while Mr. Nitschkan, holding his pipe with loose fingers, abstractedly rubbed the bowl of it in the palm of his other hand. His head was bent upon his chest, and his ruminative gaze was fixed upon a knothole in the floor with the resentful expression of one who has suddenly discovered a grievance.

"Vell, vell, vell! Ve didn't come here to make you feel bad," cried Mrs. Landvetter cheerily, laying aside her knitting. "Now it aindt sociable to sit here all de efening mit out a drop of anyting. Here, girls, you get busy. Get dat jar of cream out of de basket, Mis' Thomas, und you, Effens, you vas a master hand at makin' de coffee. Now, Jack," bustling about, "vich vill you haf — a slice of pie or a piece of cake?"

"Oh, give him both," exclaimed Mrs. Thomas with unctuous generosity. "Here," cutting a huge piece first of the cake and then of the pie, "here, I'll put your plate down, an' Mis' Evans'll pour your coffee.

Now you sit right up to table," patting his shoulder with a maternal and protecting hand.

Mr. Nitschkan, with something of the sensations of the Porter of Bagdad when he awoke to find himself in the palace of the Princess of China, now completely threw off the surly suspicion of the early evening, and allowed himself to expand in this grateful and comforting atmosphere of feminine consideration and sympathy.

"My Lord! It does a man good to get his teeth into vittles like these," he said, when he had finished the last bite of pie and sat gazing with glistening eyes at the remaining half on the pie plate.

"Aw, take the rest, Jack," urged Mrs. Thomas. "It'll do you good. Like enough you ain't had much to stay you lately."

He took a deep draught of coffee and wiped his mouth meditatively on the back of his sleeve. Then an impulse of gallantry stirred within him, a desire to express his gratitude for the neighborly offices of his wife's friends. "I hope Landvetter and Evans 'preciate their blessings," he said.

Mrs. Landvetter rattled her knitting needles together and drew a deep, rasping breath which was almost a groan; Mrs. Evans tossed her head and lifted her eyebrows with the slight, scornful smile of the *femme incomprise*.

"They ain't like you, Jack," gently explained Mrs. Thomas, "with a heart as big as a bushel basket and pleased to death with any little thing that's done fer you."

"That's so," affirmed Mr. Nitschkan emphatically, unable to withstand the heady wine of Mrs. Thomas's glance. "I always was that way — ready to 'preciate, and — and — well, jus' all heart; but," with a heavy sigh, "when a man's wife leaves him two an' three months at a time with a lot of kids wild as Injuns hellin' around — what's he goin' to do?"

He sat, his head on his hand, stabbing the table with his knife. Not having hitherto regarded himself as an injured being, he was enjoying to the full the passion of self-pity into which his visitors' commiseration had swept him.

The ladies sighed in unison.

"Now, I'll tell you, Jack," Mrs. Evans felt that the moment had come for forcing him to take action. "This ain't right fer Sadie, an' it ain't right fer the kids an' it ain't right fer you."



“ALLOWED HIMSELF TO EXPAND IN THIS GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING  
ATMOSPHERE OF FEMININE CONSIDERATION AND SYMPATHY”

"Praise Gawd, it ain't!" interrupted Mrs. Thomas fervently.

Mrs. Evans silenced her with a glance. "Now, Jack, you got to see, what all the rest of us sees so plain, that Sadie's got to be made to come back, an' they's only one way to do it. Scare her good by pertendin' that you're terrible mad at her, an' that you ain't goin' to take her back at all unless she comes home at once. Now Dan Mayhew's goin' up to the Park to-morrow, an' he'll take a letter for you if you ask him."

Mr. Nitschkan scratched his head. "What shall I say?" he murmured helplessly.

"Jus' say," continued his mentor, pursuing her advantage, "that you'll have no more to do with her; that she sha'n't come in the house nor see the kids nor anything, if she don't come the minute she gets that letter. Otherwise, she can spend the rest of her life gipsyin' if she's a mind to."

"If this dratted weather wouldn't jus' hold out!" fretted Mrs. Thomas. "Any other year, the snow would be flyin' before this time; but there ain't no justice in the world, even the weather's got to turn in an' accommodate Mis' Nitschkan. An' when she does come," with growing petulance, "she'll santer in sayin' she's had the time of her life, an' it's a pity us girls ain't her taste fer country life, then we wouldn't be gruntin' an' groanin' all the time — an' us wore to frazzles with her Injun kids! She's snapped her fingers good an' strong in your face, Jack Nitschkan, an' you bet, she'll probable go off fer six months next year."

"Well, what kin I do?" growled Nitschkan, in shamefaced irritation.

"You can be a man, that's what," said Mrs. Evans, with ringing significance, "an' you can let Sadie Nitschkan know that you're master in your own house. You can make it so hot fer her that she'll give up any thought of gipsyin' for some years to come."

Nitschkan fidgetted uneasily. "Might as well talk sense," he muttered gruffly. "It ain't so easy to make it hot fer her."

Mrs. Evans arose and throwing her cape about her fastened it with impatient fingers. "Sadie Nitschkan has got to be disciplined," she said firmly. "Brace up, Jack, an' show some spirit, an' we'll think up some way to help you manage it. Come, girls! So long, Jack."

"So long, girls, an' thank ye. Here, I'll see you to the gate."

After gallantly assisting his visitors to pick their way through broken crockery and entangling wires, Mr. Nitschkan closed the gate thoughtfully behind them, called the children in, peremptorily sent them to bed; and then sought diligently and with final success, among pots and pans, for pen, ink, and paper. Spreading these before him on the kitchen table, he sat far into the night, with tongue in cheek and pen gripped tightly in his unaccustomed fingers, composing the letter which was to bring his wife to a sense of her neglected duties.

"I kalkilate this'll fetch her in about a week, givin' Dan time to see her an' her time to get here," he said when he had finished, viewing the work of his hand and brain with immense satisfaction.

But a week passed, two, three, and Mrs. Nitschkan had not returned, nor sent word back by any camper when she intended to do so. It was a bitter moment to Mr. Nitschkan when he had to confess to his wife's companions that his imperative commands, his threats, had been light-heartedly and carelessly ignored.

Another week, rounding the month, and then one day it was announced by a party of returning campers that Mrs. Nitschkan was on her way home.

The next morning, carolling blithely, she arrived at her own gate. Bob, with nimble fingers untied the rope which held in place that frail portal, and his mother, leading the burros, passed through. No welcoming shouts of children greeted her; but the smoke curling whitely from the chimney and the unshuttered windows proclaimed the house inhabited. Otherwise, there was no sign of life.

Within the kitchen, however, was a hastily assembled council composed of Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Thomas, and Mrs. Landvetter. They sat about the stove whereon hissed a coffee-pot, while Mr. Nitschkan strode restlessly about the room. Mrs. Evans, who in common with the other women, appeared slightly paler than usual with a somewhat strained expression about the eyes, was just about to pour herself a cup of coffee, when there came a thunderous knock upon the door, causing her hand to shake so violently that she spilled half the contents of the pot on the floor.

"Now, Jack," she cautioned, as Mr. Nitschkan stood irresolute, "remember you got to be firm. Give her a good fright, an'

make her promise there sha'n't be no more gipsyin' in hers 'fore you let her in."

"At least till the kids is old enough to go with her," added Mrs. Thomas *sotto voce*.

Nitschkan approached the window and pulling down the small, upper sash, leaned his elbows upon it and thrust out his bearded face.

"Hello, Jack," called his wife cheerily, "the door's stuck. Pull it open fer me, will you?"

"The door ain't stuck, Sadie," remarked Mr. Nitschkan with solemn severity, "it's locked, an' it's locked a-purpose."

"Locked a-purpose!" echoed Sadie, pausing in her efforts to enter, and peering at him as if she doubted the evidence of her senses. "Well it had better get unlocked mighty quick then, 'fore I sail in. That's all I got to say."

"Be firm, Jack, you're a-doin' splendid," encouraged Mrs. Evans.

"It'll stay locked," repeated Mr. Nitschkan slowly and impressively, "until you promise me that onc' an' fer all you're done with this gipsyin' that's made you the talk of the camp."

Mrs. Nitschkan turned suddenly and gazed at her lord and master with shrewd and twinkling eyes.

"Who's in there with you, Jack?" she asked quickly. "Effie Evans an' Marthy Thomas, I'll bet my head."

Nitschkan ignored the question, and scowled darkly at the blue ridges of the mountains behind him.

His wife laughed uproariously. "Oh, Effie, Effie Evans," she called breezily through the keyhole. "Wait til you want help in some little game, an' then see where you're at! Is old, fat pillow of a Landletter in there, too? Course! I kin smell the coffee. An' dear little Marthy!" she lisped affectedly. "Here, Bob, boy!" turning to her son, "get the ax offen Jemmy an' Mommie'll break the door."

Mr. Nitschkan turned apprehensively to the council about the stove.

"Tell her," commanded Mrs. Evans, with a pale smile of triumph, "that if she does, it'll be the winter's talk in the camp, how you turned her out. Stand pat now, Jack, an' you got her."

"Folks won't be a talkin' of nothin' else all winter, Sadie, if you break that door in," admonished her husband, returning to the window. "They'll say I turned you off."

"That's true enough," acquiesced Sadie, pausing in her operations. This sweet reasonableness on her part caused the ladies about the stove to exchange alarmed glances. "Well, Bob," with what was apparently a sigh of capitulation. "I guess there ain't nothin' fer you an' me to do but camp in the yard. Get to work an' we'll unload the burros."

"Come away from that window, Jack, an' don't take no notice of her," adjured Mrs. Evans, who had watched with growing uneasiness Nitschkan's increasing interest in the unpacking going on without.

But he was deaf to her admonitions. "Lord! she's got a good bear skin, an' some mighty nice lookin' venison."

"Ain't that jus' like a man, an' after all we've done fer him, too!" Mrs. Thomas sunk her voice to a disgusted whisper. "We jus' got to get him away from there."

"Jack, remember what you been through," she pleaded, her hand upon his arm.

"I sure got to show her I'm master here," he said firmly, but as though repeating a lesson which had lost its first, fresh significance. "That's what I got to do."

"You bet you have, Jack," urged the ladies.

"Oh, Jack, Jack," called Sadie's voice outside, "I seen the Weeks boys in North Park an' they told me how they'd got even at last with that Thompson tribe. It would make a kiote laugh to hear tell of it."

A slow grin overspread Mr. Nitschkan's face. "Did you hear that?" he asked the council. "The Weeks's have got even at last with them Thompsons. Gosh! I'd like to know how!"

"Say, Jack, come to the window an' see this mess of trout. Bob, boy, build Mommie a fire, an' she'll get some of 'em ready now. Here!" The rollicking, contagious laughter echoed without as she held up a fish for her husband's inspection. The sunlight fell upon its speckled sides and as Sadie drew out the sedge grass with which it was stuffed, Nitschkan sighed audibly.

"Nice, fresh trout, an' Sadie kin fry 'em to a turn," he muttered wistfully.

"Now, Jack, you want to be firm," reminded Mrs. Thomas. "You don't want to be led away from your duty by no such vanities as trout an' venison."

Deaf to her words, he edged nearer the window. "She's got something in a hankercher," in a tense whisper.

Seductively near drew Mrs. Nitschkan. "Jack, Jack," holding up some objects tied in a red bandana handkerchief. "Oh, Jack!" she teased. "You'd give them pop eyes of yours to know what I got in here. Look" — untying the knots of the handkerchief and holding up three or four gleaming nuggets in her hand — "what do you think of this? Free gold, Jack, free gold! An' this nice little piece of peacock!"

was "no surrender" written on every line of the firm, little face of Mrs. Evans as she stood with folded arms facing her friend.

Mrs. Landvetter, glancing up from the depths of her rocking chair, went on with her knitting; Mrs. Thomas, on the contrary, bustled about with a busy show of occupation.

"I'll pour you a steamin' cup of coffee this minute, Sadie. Mis' Landvetter, will you pass me the cream jug," she babbled, and



*"I calkilate this'll fetch her in about a week"*

Mr. Nitschkan breathed hard. "Who passed 'em along to you, Sadie?" he asked, with an attempt at carelessness.

"Ol' Mr. Rock give 'em to me," she laughed. "I staked out a nice little claim or so, Jack, an' posted my notice all right, you bet."

"Hand 'em up, Sadie, to let me see," Nitschkan stretched out itching fingers, "or wait — wait till I unbar the door."

He tore at the lock. "Come on in, Sadie," as the door swung back. "The — the girls" — becoming aware of his advisers in the background — "the girls is here to welcome you." Then he fled.

Cornered, routed, but defiant, the council stood. The Guard might die; but there

then encountering Mrs. Nitschkan's glance, sank down upon a stool and began to weep.

The mountain woman stood in the doorway, her head lowered, her right arm with its tightened fist swinging back and forth by her side. All the easy good nature had vanished from her face.

"Where's my kids, Effie Evans?" her voice was hoarse.

"They're to my house, Sadie Nitschkan," laconically, coolly.

"What fer?" like the shot of a pistol.

"To keep 'em out of the way while we got Jack to scare you a spell."

The pathos of a betrayed trust was in Mrs. Nitschkan's eyes. "I'm a goin' to drive you



“‘I’M A GOIN’ TO DRIVE YOU ALL OUTEN HERE IN  
ABOUT A MINUTE’”

all outen here in about a minute,” slowly rolling up her sleeve, “with some marks on you that you didn’t have when you come; but first, I’m goin’ to know what you done it fer. You an’ me, Effie Evans, has hung together fer ten years. Your wits an’ my fists has made us leaders of society in Zenith, an’ up to a minute ago I’d a done up anybody that’d say you wasn’t a white woman.”

The tiny beads of sweat were standing out on Mrs. Evans’s brow; but her eyes never wavered from the other woman’s face.

“I couldn’t stand your kids, Sadie Nitschkan, two months an’ more of ‘em has drove me wild.”

“My kids!” with infinite surprise. “Why, they’s no better behaved young ones anywheres.”

Mrs. Thomas suddenly ceased her convulsive sobbing. “Supposin’, Sadie Nitschkan,” she cried. “Supposin’ you had to look after Mis’ Evans’s, or Mis’ Landvetter’s kids fer two or three months?”

A faint smile twinkled in Mrs. Nitschkan’s eyes. “Oh, Marthy,” she mocked, “ask me somep’n easy. Why, I’d ‘a’ broke their heads, that’s what I’d ‘a’ done. But say, my children wasn’t that bad? Speak up, Landvetter; they wasn’t as bad as the Thomas or Evans kids now, was they?”

“Dey vas vorse,” affirmed Mrs. Landvetter. “Ten t’ousand times vorse as de Thomases or Effenses. Mein vas goot.”

Mrs. Nitschkan fell against the door, the tears trickling down her cheeks, her laughter ringing through the cabin. “It’s all right, girls,” buoyantly, boisterously, and accepting the olive branch of a cup of tea which Mrs. Thomas made haste to offer. “We’ll let bygones be bygones.”

Then with the elaborate courtesy usual from the victorious general to his defeated opponents: “You girls must ‘a’ done slick work to get Jack to act like he done; but where you slipped up, women dear, was in miscalculatin’ the heart of man.”

## “SO KIND YOU ARE”

BY

WITTER BYNNER

You have an eye more warmly brown  
Than Autumn days away from town,  
But will not let me speak my mind,  
So kind you are and so unkind.

You have a voice with all the moods  
Of twilights and of solitudes,  
But light to leave me as the wind,  
So kind you are and so unkind.

You have, wherever I may be,  
A trick of persecuting me,  
Though out of sight, not out of mind,  
So kind you are and so unkind.

The way would seem not half so soon  
To reach your heart as reach the moon,  
Yet it’s a way I’ll surely find,—  
So kind you are and so unkind.

# AN ACTRESS—ON GUARD

BY

CLARA MORRIS

AUTHOR OF "LIFE ON THE STAGE," "LIFE OF A STAR" (JUST PUBLISHED), ETC.



WHEN a young actress struggling for the highest place attains it, when she has made a great and sudden success in a part, and the play is settling into its stride for a long run, people suppose her position is settled and secure for years to come. They imagine her triumphant, free from care or anxiety of any kind, sinking to rest, wrapped, as it were, in clouds of glory, only to arise to delicate feeding and deep draughts from cups of praise; for, you see, she has made a great hit. The struggle is past and she has nothing now to fear, they think. And right here I should like to carol a few light notes of incredulity — *tra-la-la!* Because in one case, at least, it was all so different; and I know, oh yes I know, quite well — for see now, there were two special nights, and on one, at eight o'clock, a girl, wide-eyed, poorly dressed, just out of the great West, and absolutely without one friend in it, faced New York City in chill terror. The next night, at eight o'clock, the same girl faced pleased recognition in a myriad of beaming eyes, a forest of outstretched hands, and a sea-like roar of welcome, that shook her to the heart. I know, because I was that girl.

Well, that was success, unadulterated, amazing success; and for a little time I rested upon it content, happy, and very grateful — but not dazzled, not caught up in golden clouds, not overpowered as by a miracle. And I noticed the odd looks that were turned upon me after curtain calls, overheard comments as to the "easiness" with which I took this success, and as to my awful lack of appreciation, cold bloodedness, etc. And while they wondered at me, so I wondered at them; for in my verdant young ignorance this was my true thought: Why do they make such a to-do over this? I acted

in Cleveland and in Cincinnati, and did my best, and people cried and gave me calls; and here I have a good part, and do my best, and the people forgive the burr in my speech, and cry, and applaud. What's the difference? I see nothing so wonderful! Oh, dear heaven! oh, loyal and woolly little Westerner! yet that was my true thought.

Then one day one high in the journalistic world sent me an enormous number of papers from far and wide, from Canada to Florida, from east to west, and lo! each and every one of them had reprinted, at a column's length, each of the New York papers' expressed opinion of the Western actress's debut in the metropolis. Many had editorial comment as well, and then, indeed, my calm was shaken. A great awe crept over me. Well I knew I was of no interest to all the readers these papers represented. It was New York, the great, the powerful, the nerve-center of this whole broad land, and New York's opinion that interested the entire country. Had the metropolis giped at me, contemptuous laughter at my ludicrous presumption would have run north, south, and west like the crackling of thorns in the fire. My knees trembled at the thought. My simple trust in my own honest best was gone. All my careful study in trying to make one scene seem the logical outcome of another seemed wasted. I had suddenly been lifted high into popularity by the whim of the first city in the land, powerful, brilliant, changeable. Ah, there was the rub — *changeable!* I had sprung up in a single night. What had happened once might easily happen again. I knew no more of security. From that moment I began to peer into the future, watching for the woman there just out of sight, who waited for my shoes; and I straightway resolved never to be dragged down from the high place that had been given me, but at the first sign of frown or weariness to

descend at once, without tear or remonstrance, showing only gratitude for what had been. And there and then began that interminable chain of prayers with which I wearied heaven, that I might be prepared; that when my successor came I might feel no resentment, no bitterness, no rancor. And to show how near this came to being a fixed idea with me — as for the first time in my life I had weeks without rehearsals — I at once took up certain studies, under teachers, that when my place was taken by another, widened and varied interests might lessen the chance of heartbreak. Having then got around to the view-point of the ladies of the company, I tried to show them my new appreciation of the marvel of my success, here in their city, and they seemed much gratified. One evening, as we waited in the green-room, the conversation turned upon the many prominent actors and actresses New York had — to use the green-room vocabulary — “sat down upon.” Some one named Eliza Logan, who had been held as one of the greatest actresses of her time, but her disastrous appearance here, at her husband’s theater, was said to have broken her heart.

“Ah, but she was so ugly to look at!” said one of the older ladies. “Something very near genius, but, Lord, how ugly!”

“Well,” I said, “there was Miss Julia Dean,” and was roughly interrupted by the one person in the company who was systematically unkind to me with: “You know nothing of Julia Dean!”

“Of course I do not know her personally,” I answered, “but through Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Ellsler, and Mr. Owens I have heard of her delicate, fair beauty.”

“She was the loveliest woman on the face of God’s earth!” came in aggressive second interruption.

And then a calm, slow voice from the far end of the room was saying: “It’s your careful moderation of speech, old man, that always appeals to my Bostonian training. A tender reticence in these days —” and the rest was drowned in general laughter.

“But could she act, your beautiful Julia Dean?” called out the deer-eyed Dietz.

And in chorus came: “No!” — “No!” — “A little!” — “Not a bit!” My “oh, yes, she could!” tumbling out the last of all, I went on: “Of course, her beauty counted highest in her success elsewhere, and the goodness that people say seemed to emanate from her like perfume from a

flower. And she could act, too, with grace and dignity and sweetness such parts as *Julia* and *Parthenia* and the younger Shaksperian heroines! But,” I sighed. (“But?” came back the chorus with every head ashake.) “But it’s queer,” I continued, “Miss Logan had genius, and she was rejected. Miss Dean had beauty, and she, too, was rejected. It’s hard to guess what New York wanted!”

“Oh, no; that’s easy!” cried my foe, and with a bitter sneer added, “She was waiting for *you*, my dear!”

I laughed quickly to hide my hurt, and answered: “Ah, yes! I see. You mean that, having neither beauty nor genius, I stand between the two, a living fountain of regretful tears, and as such arouse the attention even of New York?”

As every one knew mine had been a success of tears, a shout of laughter broke forth that was like balm to my hurt. The thrust had been meant to wound, and I want to say for myself that if, as people used laughingly to declare, I, like some others, went through life with a rapier of mockery ever in hand, at least I never failed to keep the saving button of good nature firmly attached, and made no thrust with a naked point.

The season was getting on to its last quarter. I was still safe, but one day, as I swept the horizon with the great glass of anticipation, I believed my rival had come into view.

She hailed from England, and I closed my eyes as I thought how great must be her ability and value to be thus sent for across the ocean. I heard that she was blond — artificial or natural deponent saith not — and verily I bowed my head, for unseen blonds are always fascinating.

Now, my prayers had gone steadily on all this time, and though their sincerity was beyond doubt there had been a somewhat marked compactness and brevity about them until the golden-haired dramatic wonder had set sail to conquer New York and thrust her rosy toes into my shoes, when they suffered a sudden expansion of explanations, of entreaties, of promises, of iterations, that might well have won for me a thump on the head from an ærolite; and while I was still desperately preparing for the worst, she came.

The bills were up. Mr. Daly read advance notices, and summoned the French prompter. A French prompter for an English-speaking

company was one of Mr. Daly's unappreciated pests, for if any actor "stuck for the word" he stayed stuck till the curtain fell, or the tea or coffee, or I edied, or something; because the French prompter couldn't follow the M., or if he did he couldn't pronounce the needed word. Well, he summoned the prompter, and charged him to be careful about ringing the curtain correctly, as he, Mr. Daly, would be over at the other theater.

I turned cold, my hair seemed to loo on my feet, the actors' eyes went through me like skewers, and then the awful night was half over! Our house was large, but I had to goad my self along to keep up to the standard demanded—and then Mr. Daly came back. His lips were drawn down contemptuously. Mrs. Gilbert met him, and seemingly questioned him. He waved his hand as if dismissing something, and giving a short laugh came on to me.

I said faintly: "You are back early?"

"Not early enough, though!" he snapped.

"You were disappointed?" I asked surprisedly.

He gave me a quick, sharp glance. "Damnably!" he answered briefly. "She's a sort of dramatic bolster—a smother-voiced shapeless characterless!"

"But—but," I almost whispered, "she is blond."

"Well, good Lord! you can't make an actress out of a wisp of hair, can you?" I smiled a little. I knew tears were rising to my eyes, and I turned away. But he took me by the chin and turning my face back to him, looked at me a moment, then with a mocking laugh he said: "You are a sharp young piece, but—" He ran his little finger up and down my nose—"but this seems all right—not disjointed yet, eh?" I seemed to be whirling round and round. I caught for a moment at the managerial arm, and held tight, and he said quite gently and kindly: "What a little fool you are! There's your cue!" And for the time I was safe! Yet never did I cease my silent watch for the unknown, beautiful, and gifted woman who was coming, slowly or swiftly I knew not, but surely coming, to say to me: "Your shoes, please. I am the new choice of the city." And I should answer: "With pleasure," even if I choked blue-black in the face over the gracious falsehood.

The second season was drawing to a close. I had played many parts and still held my place with the public, which especially after

the burning of our home theater, had been so good, so very good to me, that I could have knelt down and bumped my forehead at its feet, after the Oriental fashion, in expression of my gratitude. We were rehearsing a new play. My fears were almost in a doze; only now and then I swept the distant horizon for a sign, and contentedly putting down my glass one day, lo! I ran straight against her on our own stage—the creature in whom we all saw my probable successor.

That future happenings may be better understood I must explain here that, in one way from first to last, I was ever the cause of travail of spirit, of anxiety, distress, and anger to Mr. Daly; and though I was sorry from my very heart, I could in no wise help him or myself for not being foreign born, nor foreign trained. I could only act at night, within the magic fiery circle of foot and border lights; and to his orders, to his entreaties that I should act a scene at rehearsal, with those guying brother-and-sister fiends of mine sitting about, "laying for me," I could only beg, explain, and finally declare: "You must either trust me or dismiss me, sir. I can die, but I can't act in daylight!"

After his delight in the mad scene of "Article 47," which had never once been rehearsed in full, he vowed he would always trust to the faint indications of the rehearsed scene. But, alas, as soon as a new part was in hand his fears returned, his anger rose, my tears fell, and the old battle was on again.

"Madeline Morel" called for a long cast. Every gentleman in the company with, I think, one exception was in it, and all the ladies as well, and among us a funny thing happened. Mrs. Gilbert had a mere scrap of a part—a peasant woman—and when the time came she played it with such a wealth of detail and such skill that it loomed up a real character study. Still the part was a scrap, and Mrs. Gilbert—did not like it. Miss Fanny Morant, whom both Mr. Wallack and Mr. Daly considered the best player of great ladies then on the stage, had a very important French, grande-dame, mother part, but she—did not like it. Miss Fanny Davenport had a part that might have been written for her to star in: French actress, gorgeous costumes, no morals to speak of, but a dazzling wit and a good heart. Heavens! you could fairly hear the applause as you read it, and she cried loudly she—did not like it. Miss Sara Jewett had a part, a stainless,

lovely, convent-bred girl, striving to aid the stricken heroine, and she — did not like it. And I, the subdued, the silent, I read over the part of Madeline. Her character was not sharply drawn, was wobbly, uncertain, illogical. Well, open confession is ever good for the soul, and, by gracious, *I said I didn't like my part either*. A long-faced, dark-browed group we were, when, creeping like a snail, the generally quick-moving, dapper Jimmy Lewis came in, paler than ever, his small face puckered as if frost-bitten. I asked :

"What's the matter, Jimmy? Sick?"

He glared at me, held out a roll of MS. and said: "Sick? No! It's that blasted part! *I don't like it!*"

There was a lightning-like exchange of glances and then a wave of hysterical laughter surged through the room that drowned dead every complaint of every part, and we presently resorted to the stage to begin work, as pleasant-faced a crowd of actresses as any stage-manager could wish to meet; while Lewis, the non-comprehending, blinked helplessly, muttering: "Well, I'm hanged, if the whole gang hasn't gone crazy!"

One part required a special engagement. The character was that of a very young girl, the only daughter of a noble house; pretty, spoiled, spirited, as well as spirituelle, and desperately in love with her *fiancé*. We had young people that were handsome, but they were too settled, too stolid, not in the least *mignonne*, and, although this part only lasted through one act, it was really very important. A young lady had been engaged, but she could not be present at the first rehearsal, so Mr. Daly proceeded to read her part. That was not an uncommon thing to do, and had he confined himself to reading alone all had been well. But no, he must needs act the girlish passion, the pettish changeableness, and so placed the company upon the rack.

Mr. Crisp and I looked on in wicked joy, for we had been the last victims of his passion for arranging and directing love scenes. Never shall I forget that last moment when we on the stage made love to Mr. Daly's shouted orders from the front of the house. Poor Crisp — a very good lover by the way — perspiring and red and mad, held me: "Oh, hold her closer!" cried Mr. Daly disgustedly. "Relax, Miss Morris, relax!"

"If I relax another bit," I groaned, "I shall go down flat on the floor! I can't relax any more and stand on my feet!"

"I don't want you to stand on your feet," came roaring back. "He should support you completely. Take her around the waist, man, and draw her to you, and — for heaven's sake, Crisp, what are you scratching her back like that for?"

It was the end. I dropped flat on the stage in helpless laughter, while Crisp dashed off into a dark place where he said — I have been told — many very reprehensible things, while the company held on to the scenery and laughed.

And now, oh now! here was this tall, gaunt, brown-mustached man, crowned with a shocking bad hat, casting his long arms about the shrinking shoulders of handsome George Clarke — *matinée* god and good fellow — who simply writhed under Mr. Daly's command to put more warmth into his work; and while we strove to keep our glee from breaking forth in sound, just when Clarke's ears were red enough to light matches, and Mr. Daly was doing his cooing, coquettish best, there broke upon the air a high and crackling laugh. We were aghast! Mr. Daly threw up his head angrily: "What was that? Who did that?" he demanded looking about.

At a little distance, tall and stately, stood the gentle and reserved Charles Fisher, with wide, amazingly innocent blue eyes fixed upon him, as he answered composedly: "I did it, sir — I — that is 'er, there are certain incongruities between the words, and 'er your appearance, that are, well 'er, that are infernally funny, sir."

We waited for the bolt — it never fell. There was a slight twitching of the managerial lips, but dignity carried him to the end of the act. Clarke tried to walk aside, but our chief fiend, that crowned king-player of pranks, Louis James, was at his side in a flash, gravely and courteously commending Clarke's last effort, assuring him that the love scene with Daly was both tender and chaste.

The next day the newcomer was there, and before rehearsal was over I was conscious of danger, while every one else was startled and amazed, for, you see, this young girl was about eighteen and looked even younger; a mere slip of a girl with a graceful, wand-like figure. Her *mignonne* face, with delicately modeled features, was lighted up with long-lashed hazel eyes. She had wavy, yellow-brown hair, and a dimple did the rest. A charming little empty-headed child she

seemed, who chattered the whole morning through about the beauty of the wonderful wedding-gown she was to wear, and her hopes of being prettier than her bridesmaids, etc.

And then her act came on and we began to sit up and take notice. Instead of merely reading her part with bright understanding, she indulged in little airs, graces, and affectations; in tripping, mincing, and posing; and once when Mr. Daly said: "no, no, Miss V—! that is a trifle too knowing," she swiftly and cheerfully exclaimed, "oh, do you think so? Well, perhaps a bit of the baby-stare manner?"—and instantly lowered her head slightly, arched her brows, and lifting rounded eyes, stared with the pretty blankness of a very young calf or a baby that has just emptied a bottle.

A man behind me exclaimed: "What nerve!" and the Boston-bred one standing alone near the bare wall took his hat off and bowed deeply and gravely. But when the love scene came, and she began to warm to her work; to bill and coo and gurgle; to cast her slender self about in lovely poses; to clasp her hands and roll her eyes; then it was that, figuratively speaking, Mr. Daly prostrated himself, with his brow in the dust, before the creature found at last, who could act at rehearsal, and let a man know what he was to expect at night. He was plainly enraptured. People looked curiously my way, and I smiled my self-defensive, try-to-look-pleasant smile until my face ached from the strain.

Soon George Clarke—the champion lover of that day—began to find his occupation pretty nearly gone, this little maid insisting upon doing most of the love-making herself, wreathing her arms about his neck, clinging to his shoulder, or, as he viciously put it, "sagging" from his shoulder; but the thing that most aggravated that manly actor was a little trick she had of throwing her arms about him bodily just above the elbows, thus holding him a helpless and, he felt, a ludicrous prisoner. And one day, Mr. Daly called out, "Embrace her, George! What's the matter that you stand there like a post? Embrace her!" "Well, I will," answered Clarke, with unflinching gentleness but with murder in his eye. "I will if the lady lets go of my arms long enough to give me a chance," adding in a lower tone to the too, too ardent one: "Say, you'll make this a sort of 'catch-as-catch-can' scene for me if you don't stop

clipping my arms like that." And when the act ended he came off shooting his cuffs, and straightening his coat and tie, and, turning his back to one of the gentlemen, with a petulant laugh asked: "Say, is that girl all off me yet? Just give me a brush-off to make sure." Ah, such are the trials of leading men!

As time went on we all saw Mr. Daly's growing interest and delight, and we all wondered what Miss V— would not do when under the triple inspiration of lights, of music, and of audience. I took into account her Dresden-china beauty, her extreme youth, her remarkable *aplomb*, and loosened the latches of my shoes, while quite unconsciously I fell into the habit of taking mental farewell of many things. So we all waited the new favorite, and only the Boston man, ever silent, smiled grimly and sometimes laughed with his face to the wall. And so, heavy of heart, I dressed for the first performance. The new-found little pearl of promise did not appear till late in the evening. Every one was on edge, at his or her best. The play moved steadily on in a rising crescendo of passion and grief. Clarke's love scene with me (I being sweetheart No. 1) had been beautifully tender and sincere. Louis James was at his smiling, polished best, showing all the implacable cruelty of the reformed rake, and our unequal but desperate struggle tightened spectators' nerves almost to the breaking point; and, so prepared, the great farewell speech swept the house like a tornado. Always chary of allowing his people individual "calls," Mr. Daly shouted at last against the increasing applause "All right—take it, and be hanged to them!" And as I advanced, holding grateful hands out to the first spray as it were of that Niagara of applause, my heart contracted with the violence of physical pain. Something whispered maliciously, "Make the most of it—it may be the last. This time to-morrow night they may be waiting impatiently to greet with joyful cries the dainty loveliness, the youthful charm, and brilliant acting of the yet unseen—the newcomer." In spite of all honest preparation tears must have rushed into my eyes, because I saw all the smiling crowd dimly as through a fog or mist, and in answer to some faint remonstrance from within I said: "But she will have no need of power of invective, of devouring rage. Her manager will select plays fitted to her powers, when once he hears the mighty city's choice."

One moment I closed my eyes and swayed helplessly, for the draught of renunciation was very bitter in the swallowing, whatever sweetness might follow later on. And then in a sort of woful gratitude, with pallid smiles I bowed myself away, and some one remarked in a low voice, "She's nigh to breakin' down," and another asked, "Overwork?" but the first made answer, "Naw, guess she's scared over that Cathedral scene, because —" and no more I heard, nor should have heard, had they shouted, for I was staring at a slender, graceful figure, whose trailing white satin glory and crown of orange blossoms alone told me who she was.

The lovely Sara Jewett passing by exclaimed, "Did you ever see such a mask of make-up?"

Ah, that was it! A cruel, extinguishing mask of unnecessarily heavy pastes, powders, paints, pomades! The delicate modeling of her small features was lost beneath it. In very truth the too intense white, red, and black suggested at a distance a baby clown's face.

"My dear! my dear!" expostulated Miss Morant, "you have time in plenty. Run back and change your make-up. Your smooth child's face requires but a mere dust of powder and a touch of rouge. Run, make the change and be your fresh young self again!"

But she replied quite positively, "Oh, I couldn't think of such a thing! I'm made up by the French method, which is absolutely correct, as I suppose you know?"

"No," answered the stately Morant, "I had *not* known, but I'm ever pleased to sit at the feet of youth and — *learn!*"

Most people would have curled up at that tone, that manner; but Miss V — simply turned on the baby stare and curled not at all. They were ringing up. I saw Mr. Daly hurrying to his lair in the first entrance. How many times I had seen him there to await my difficult scenes, his eyes anxious, his face palely rigid, and his long fingers clutching desperately at the lapel of his coat. Now he watched with eyes alight, and with a smiling face, and apparently he did not know there was a lapel on his coat — such was the comfort he derived from one who could act by daylight.

The crowd of bridesmaids, mincing and preening about the bride like a flock of

pigeons, was charming. Then, then the smile on Mr. Daly's face began to fade; he looked puzzled. And no wonder, for there seemed to be no *elan*, no glow. *Aplomb* so exaggerated as this might easily pass for *indifference*! Mr. Daly leaned forward and whispered sharply, "Wake up!" and, yes, he grabbed at the lapel of his coat. For the love episode was on and what *was* the matter? There were the graceful poses, the twining and embracing, the tender protestations, all exactly as they were rehearsed — and no more. Yes, that was it — *no more*! She had done her very best, let herself all out by day, and, with nothing in reserve, seemed mechanical at night.

The scene was lightly applauded. Mr. Daly pulled his hat down to the tops of his ears, and suddenly the scales fell from my eyes. And instead of the radiant, all-gifted rival, who was to push me from my stool, I saw a very pretty, over-confident young girl — that was all. A great relief swept over me. A sudden new strength thrilled me. Afraid of the next act? Nonsense! I was afraid of nothing now — I was reprieved. I would show my gratitude.

It was a great night, a glorious one, and after all the noise was over, Mr. Daly said: "Good girl! you never did better in your life." And I treasured the words, for if he praised but seldom he was always sincere. With unspeakable extravagance I sent for a cab, that I might get safely home all my many floral monstrosities and a few bunches of long-stemmed, unskewered roses. And as the horse seemed to be walking in his sleep, I leaned back and thought these true thoughts: "Oh, I am safe now, and shall be for some time. This play is sure of a run. The unknown can't materialize before the first of next season. I have suffered two false alarms, but that must not prevent me from watching out for the real one." For though I was happy, very happy, and found a new success ineffably sweet, back of it all was that woman out there, waiting just beyond sight in the near future, who precisely as I had risen in a single night, might in a single night supersede me; "so let me be prepared dear Lord!" And that was the considerable alloy I found in the joy of being a successful leading lady.



## IDELLA AND THE WHITE PLAGUE

BY

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN

"SAKES alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Sparrow, dropping the letter in her lap and holding up both hands. "Well, I never did!"

Mr. Sparrow, reclining in the rocking-chair with the burst cane seat, his stockinged feet resting on the wooden chair without a back, started, opened his eyes, and gazed at his wife. Lycurgus Sparrow and Editha Sparrow and Edwin and Ulysses and Marguerite and Marcellus Sparrow, scattered here and there about the room, on the floor and the broken-down couch, raised their eyes from school-books and rag dolls, and looked at their mother. Even little Shadrach, the smallest Sparrow in the flock, seemed interested.

"I never did in this world!" repeated Mrs. Sparrow with unction.

"Never did what?" snapped her husband. "Land of love! Hain't you got any thought for my nerves? Here I be a-settin'

and sufferin', tryin' to fergit I've got any stomach or lungs, and you turn loose and holler like a loon. I'm all of a palsy. You never did *what*?"

"I never heard tell of such a thing in my born days, and you'll say so too, Washy, when I tell you. What do you s'pose Idella's been and gone and done?"

"Hain't lost her job, has she?" asked Mr. Sparrow, anxiously, sitting upright in the rocker, but holding on to the arms in order not to "bear down" too hard on the broken seat.

"No, not exactly lost it. But she's gone and -- Oh, you'll never guess!"

"Well, I ain't got to guess, have I? 'Tain't a conundrum. I never see such a woman! Out with it! *What's she done?*"

"She's gone and --" Mrs. Sparrow paused to give the announcement due

weight; "she's gone — and — got — married."

Mr. Sparrow's stockinged feet struck the floor with a slap as their owner sprang up. "Married?" he repeated in a shriek.

His wife shut her lips and nodded solemnly.

"Married!" groaned Mr. Sparrow, and fell heavily back into the rocker. The remnant of cane ripped across and he sank floorward, doubled up like a jackknife. Then, apparently unconscious of his uncomfortable position, he stared out between his knees and again muttered "Married!" in a dismal whisper.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Sparrow, "she's married without sayin' a word to us. If that ain't jest like Idella — independence all over. Here, Lycurgus! why don't you and Edwin help your father out of that chair? Want him to break his back?"

The two boys sprang to the assistance of their entrapped parent, and each, seizing an arm, pulled and tugged until they separated him from the framework of the rocker. The thanks they received were not effusive.

"Leggo o' me!" shouted Mr. Sparrow, shoving them to one side. "Tryin' to haul me in ha'f, ain't ye? Look here, Betsy! Who'd that girl marry? Has he got any money?"

"She don't say, Washy. She jest writes that she married him, and his name's William Burke, and she met him last winter at a dance of the Carpenter's Union. She —"

"A carpenter! A *carpenter*! And now she's got him to look after. That's it! Work and slave and worry yourself into the graveyard bringing up children and soon's they git big enough to earn somethin', off they go and marry another man."

"But, pa," broke in Editha, aged eight, "Idella couldn't marry you 'cause you've got marmar."

"Be still, you sassbox you! Makin' fun of your sick father and your ma upholdin' you in it. What's goin' to become of us without the money that that girl's been sendin'? What's goin' to become of me — *me*, all but gone with consumption (cough) and most crazy with narvous dyspepsy? Oh —"

Betsy Sparrow hastened to interrupt and ward off the attack of "nerves" that she knew from experience was at hand.

"It's all right, Washy," she cried. "That part's all right; better'n ever, most likely. Seems her husband has got a job buildin' the big hotel at East Wellmouth, and him and

her are comin' down here to board with us. Idella says they'll pay good board and she'll help me with the house and washin' and things. We'll have more money 'stead of less; don't you see?"

"Humph!" grunted her husband, pushing a child or two out of the way and sitting down on the lounge; "that sounds lovely — on paper. Well, go ahead and read us the letter."

Betsy read it. It was a long letter, full of good humor and cheery optimism. But then, Idella had always been hopeful and happy, even when, by virtue of rank as the eldest of Washington and Betsy Sparrow's troupe of children, she had given up school at fourteen to stay at home and mend and cook and sweep and tend baby while her mother went out washing. To be obliged to live in Wellmouthport the year around is, of itself, enough to sour the most saintly disposition; but to live in Washington Sparrow's rattletrap shanty in the woods, with little money and scant food, and with the added discomfort of Mr. Sparrow's society thrown in — that Idella had done this for years and hadn't lost faith in the world is the best possible key to her character. To give up these duties and take service as maid-of-all-work with Dr Saunders and his family, first at their summer home at East Wellmouth, and then at the city mansion in Brookline, was in comparison like sitting down to rest.

Idella's disposition and willingness to work were inherited from her mother. Washington Sparrow was an invalid and knew it. In fact he knew it better than any one else. When he and Betsy were first married he went fishing occasionally and did odd jobs around town. Then his wife made the mistake of going out washing to add to the family income, and "Washy" began to develop symptoms. He developed in succession those of rheumatism, pleurisy, phthisis, and lumbago. At last his diseases narrowed down to two, nervous dyspepsia and slow consumption. These were satisfyingly chronic and debilitating. All day long he slept or smoked or sat by the fire, and his only function not impaired was appetite. The town physicians had long given him up. Dr. Bailey scoffingly prescribed a club, and old Dr. Penrose suggested Paris green: The children told their teachers that papa was too sick to work, and Betsy informed her washing clientele that Mr. Sparrow was "dreadful poorly." She believed it,

too, poor, self-sacrificing soul, and scrubbed and delved from morning till night to keep things going.

Mrs. Sparrow read the long letter through, stopping occasionally to comment.

"Jest listen to this," she cried exultingly. "'I guess my comin' home will make things easier for you, ma. We'll have you playin' lady in the rockin' chair yit.' Ain't that jest like Idella? She allers used to say that. She don't fergit her poor old mother."

"Huh!" grunted Mr. Sparrow, with sarcasm; "how 'bout her poor old father?"



*"Take it away!" shouted the invalid.*

Ain't no bouquets for him, is there? No, I'll bet there hain't."

"Oh, she ain't forgot you nuther, Washy. Here's what she says: 'Tell pa that my livin' in a doctor's family has learned me a lot about diseases. I b'lieve I can cure him.'"

"Yes, she'll cure me a whole lot. No, sir! I've got my never-git-over and I know it (cough). Well, the sooner the quicker. I'll be at rest pretty soon and everybody'll be glad. Don't rag out in no mournin' for me. Don't put no hot-house wreaths on my grave. I know how you all feel and all I ask is to git through. *I'm* resigned. Git off my feet, you everlastin' young ones! Think I'm a sofy?"

The attack of nerves developed. Mr. Sparrow felt that he and his troubles were in

danger of being overshadowed by the news of his daughter's marriage, and that it was time to come to the front. He stormed and stamped and coughed and groaned and whimpered. The children fled, the younger ones to bed and the others to prepare them for it. After a while the invalid fell asleep on the lounge. Mrs. Sparrow sat by the table mending and darning. She took up the letter and read it through again. Idella was coming back. Perhaps there was balm in Gilead after all.

And two days later Idella came. The depot wagon reeled and bumped through the sandy ruts and up to the little one-hinged front gate. It was a Saturday and the children were all at home. The allowance of washing for that day being "taken in" Mrs. Sparrow was at home also. They were all at the door to welcome the arrival, all but the afflicted Washington. He stayed by the cook-stove in solitary dignity.

Idella jumped from the wheel and ran in at the gate. "My sakes, ma," she cried, grabbing Mrs. Sparrow about the neck and kissing her; "if it don't seem good to see you. And Lycurgus (smack), and Editha (smack), and Ed and 'Lys and Nap and Margie (a smack for each), and there's the baby! My! how you have *grown*!"

The children blushed and grinned and stared admiringly at Idella's jacket. A real store-coat, and new, not cut down and turned and made over a half-dozen times. And the gay hat with the red ribbons was new likewise.

"If it ain't fine to see you all again," cried Idella. "Seems if the cars never would get here. Oh, and Bill must see you too! Bill, come here, will you?"

Mr. Burke was big and square-shouldered and sturdy. He came obediently at his wife's first call. It was easy to see *who* was "boss" in that family. Mrs. Sparrow wondered and envied.

They went into the house, Bill bearing the trunk as if it was no heavier than a carpet-bag. Mr. Sparrow, by the stove, did not deign to turn.

"And there's pa!" exclaimed Idella, running over and embracing him. "Why, pa! how well you look!"

"Well!" repeated the invalid indignantly. "maybe I *look* well, but I tell you —"

"This is my husband," interrupted Idella briskly. "Bill, shake hands with pa."



*"The procession moved across the yard and into the rickety woodsbed"*

Mr. Burke extended a hand of proportionate size to the rest of him, and mashed his father-in-law's flabby fingers within it. He growled that he was pleased to be "acquainted" to Mr. Sparrow.

"How's the cough, pa?" asked Idella.

Her father gave a tombstone sample of the cough before replying. Then he observed resignedly that it wasn't no better and he cal'lated it never would be.

"Oh, yes it will," affirmed his daughter. "Dr. Saunders has learned me a whole lot of things. You'll see. Bill, open that trunk, will you please; I want the folks to have the presents we brought 'em."

The word "presents" caused even the invalid to brace up and take an interest in life. There was something for every one; nothing expensive, of course, but all wonderful in that family.

"And now, ma," said Idella, "jest let me change my duds and I'll pitch in and help git the dinner. I hope we're goin' to have herrin's. I ain't had a herrin' sense I left Wellmouth."

That was the beginning. Before the next week had passed it was evident that there was a new manager in the Sparrow household and the name of that manager was Idella. She took charge of affairs at once and began to make improvements. The children all went to school regularly, the eldest

included. On Tuesday Mr. Burke began his labors at the new hotel, leaving early in the morning and returning at six o'clock. In a fortnight Idella announced that her mother was to go out washing no more. She might "take in" the laundry work if she wished, but then it would be done at home and she, herself, could help. Mrs. Sparrow protested, but Idella calmly went ahead, saw all the regular customers and arranged with them. In a month Betsy actually realized that she had time, daylight time, to "set in the rockin'-chair" and do the mending. Idella cooked and scrubbed and dressed the children. She and her husband paid board, so there was more money on hand than ever before. It was wonderful, but it was true.

At first the invalid viewed all these changes with suspicion, but when he found that the food was better, that he wasn't asked to do anything and that, more important than all, his ailments were appreciated and understood, he became reconciled and told his wife that he could pass off in peace now because he knew that she and the children would be provided for.

But one evening, early in November, his dreams were shattered. They were seated in the kitchen, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, Bill and Idella. Lycurgus and Editha were doing sums in the front room. The rest of the children were in bed.

"Pa," said Idella suddenly, "I don't s'pose you feel well enough to go to work?"

Her father, seated with his feet on the hearth of the cook stove, took his pipe from his mouth and turned an agitated face toward his daughter. He started to speak and then, recollecting, coughed long and with dreadful hollowness.

"I asked," continued Idella, "'cause Bill says they need more hands to cut down trees and lug lumber over to the hotel, and he could git a job for you any time you wanted it."

"Cut down trees!" shouted the sufferer. "And lug lumber! What you talkin' 'bout? How long do you cal'late I'd last doin' that? I'm slippin' into the grave fast enough as 'tis, jest settin' here hackin' and all tore to pieces with dyspepsy. Do you want to kill me all to once?"

His spasm of coughing this time was heart-rending to witness.

"No," said Idella, "I told Bill you wa'n't fit to work. But, pa, I think somethin' ought to be done to cure you and so I'm goin' to try."

"Cure! Humph! I'm past curin', darter. Don't you worry 'bout me. Doctors give me up long spell ago. No, all's left for me is to linger around and die slow. I'll be glad when it's over and so'll everybody else."

"Doctors gave you up! What doctors? These one-hoss ones down here? I've been livin' for a year with a *reel* doctor and *he* didn't give folks up jest 'cause they had consumption. No, sir! he cured 'em, and I've got his receipt."

"It ain't no use —" began Washy, but Idella went calmly on.

"Your case is kind of mixed up, pa, I'm free to say," she continued, "'count of your consumption bein' complicated with nervous dyspepsy. The cures for the two is so different. But I've made up my mind to start in on your lungs and kind of work 'round to your stomach, as you might say. Bill, where's the receipt for consumption?"

Mr. Burke, a grim smile hovering about his lips, took a folded paper from his pocket and handed it to his wife.

"Consumption," said Idella, looking at the paper, "ain't cured by medicine no more. Not by the real doctors it ain't. Fresh air night and day is what's necessary and you don't git it here by the stove. You ought to live outdoor. Yes, and sleep there, too."

"*Sleep outdoor?* What kind of talk is that? Be you crazy or —"

Idella held up a hand. "Don't screech so, pa," she said. "You'll wake the children. Bill, where's that magazine?"

Her husband produced a dog's-eared copy of a popular periodical and Idella turned its pages. "Here," she said. "Here's a piece about curin' the White Plague; that means consumption. Let me read you a little of it."

Mr. Sparrow declared that he didn't want to hear no such foolishness, but his daughter laboriously spelt out extracts from the article, which specified the dangers of dark rooms and confined atmospheres, and described Adirondack sanatoriums and open air sleeping-rooms.

"See, pa," she said, holding the magazine before her parent's eyes. "See that picture. That's a tent where two consumption folks lived and slept for over two years. 'Twas thirty below zero there sometimes, too, but it cured 'em. And see this one. 'Twas forty-five below where that shanty was, but —"

"Take it away!" shouted the invalid. "If you expect me to b'lieve such lies as them you're —"

"They ain't lies. Dr. Saunders had lots of patients with consumption and he cured 'em the same way. And I'm goin' to cure you or die myself a-tryin'. Our woodshed out back here is jest the place for you. It's full of cracks and the windows are broken, so there'll be plenty of air stirrin'. Bill took the lounge out there a little while ago; didn't you, Bill?"

"I *thought* I missed that lounge!" exclaimed Mrs. Sparrow, who had been listening open-mouthed.

"Yes, it's there. There's plenty of bed-clothes, so you'll sleep warm. You can wear your own clothes and Bill's old overcoat and set in the sun daytimes. We'll fetch you your meals. You mustn't come in the house at all. If you live that way all winter, why —"

"All *winter*!" The alarmed Washington leaped to his feet. "The gal's gone loony! She want's to kill me so's I'll be out of the way. I don't stir one step. You hear me? Not one step."

"Some of Dr. Saunders's patients talked that way first along," observed Idella, "but they had to do what he ordered. Bill, take pa out to the shed. I'll carry the lamp."

Mr. Burke rose, squared his mighty shoulders, and advanced toward his father-in-law. He looked as if he rather enjoyed the situation.

"Betsy," shrieked Mr. Sparrow, dodging into a corner, "be you in this? Do you want to see me murdered?"

Mrs. Sparrow was troubled. She had implicit confidence in her daughter, but she sympathized with her husband's infirmities.

"Idella," she protested, "seems to me I wouldn't — Remember them nervous attacks he's subject to."

"Nerves," declared Idella, "come from the stomach. I'll 'tend to them later. We must cure his lungs first. Bill, fetch him along."

Mr. Burke's hand settled firmly on the back of the invalid's neck. "Trot along, dad," he commanded. Mr. Sparrow fought and hung back. The other hand descended and seized him by the waistband. He moved toward the door, "walking Spanish" like a small boy in the school-yard.

Idella opened the door. "Nobody can say," she remarked with emphasis, "that I let my father die of consumption without tryin' to cure him. Come on, pa."

"Remember, Washy, it's all for your good," faltered Betsy, wringing her hands. The procession moved across the yard and into the rickety woodshed. Idella placed the lamp in a sheltered corner on the floor.

"Bill'll stay till you git to bed, pa," she said. "Good-night."

The woodshed door shut. The agitated sufferer looked at the bare walls, the heap of cord-wood sawed and split by Lycurgus, and the lounge.

"Git undressed," commanded Mr. Burke. "Hurry up."

"I'll freeze to death," protested Washy.

"No, you won't, not yet. Anyway, freezin's a quick death, so they say, and I've heard you hankerin' to die quick ever sense I got here. Git to bed; see?"

Mr. Sparrow threw off his outer garments and shiveringly encamped on the lounge. Mr. Burke took up the lamp and looked at him.

"Good-night," observed the carpenter. Then he added: "There's one thing more I ought to say. To-morrer I'll be away to work, but you're not to come into the house. You'll stay outside same as Idella tells you. If you come in or try any funny business, why—" he meditatively opened and closed a fist like a ham — "Well, you don't die of consumption anyhow."

He withdrew. Mr. Sparrow

was alone. The fresh-air cure had begun.

Next day the invalid, wrapped in Mr. Burke's trailing ulster, spent a lively series of hours chasing the patch of sunshine as it moved around the exterior of his dwelling. His meals were brought to him by Idella. Betsy had evidently received orders not to interfere. Through the window he could see the fire in the cook-stove and the luxurious rocker that had been his throne. He begged and pleaded to come in, had spasms of coughing and attacks of nerves, but his daughter was adamant. "It's all for your good, pa," was her one reply. Washington was strongly tempted to enter by force, but the thought of his son-in-law's fist and the gentle hint with which it had been displayed



"Git right out and don't show your nose in here agin. You've got consumption, and it's catchin'. Git!"

prevented his yielding to the temptation. He slept in the shed that night.

The following afternoon he had an idea. After dinner, eaten on the back steps, he watched his chance and hurried off, through the woods, on a mile walk to the billiard-room in the village. There he found a roaring fire and a comfortable chair; also some free lunch which served for supper. When he reached the shed at ten o'clock that evening, he figured that he had found a way to outwit his guardians.

But Mr. Burke made a pilgrimage to the village the next morning on his way to work, and when Washington opened the billiard-room door that afternoon he was received with a roar from the proprietor.

"Git out of here!" shouted the latter. "Git right out and don't show your nose in here agin. You've got consumption, and it's catchin'. Git!"

The discomforted Mr. Sparrow "got" and tried the store. There he met the same reception. After loafing about the wharf till twilight he returned home to a picnic meal and the lounge.

He stood it for a week, and then announced that he felt enough better to risk a day inside. But Idella didn't see it in that light.

"I'm glad your lungs feel better, pa," she said. "I cal'lated they would. But, of course, you must stay outside this winter anyhow. Now, I guess it's time to start in on the dyspepsy line." She produced the sheet of paper that had been the beginning of her father's troubles. "For dyspepsy, pa," she said, "and partic'lar for nervous dyspepsy, which is the wust kind, you have to diet and take exercise. We'll begin on the dietin'. 'In severe cases patient should take nothin' but hot milk.' Well, we've got plenty of milk; that's lucky."

Washy sprang from the wash-bench where he had been sunning himself. "Do you have

the face to tell me," he screamed, "that I can't have nothin' to eat but *milk*? Why that's —"

"That's doctor's orders, pa. I'm goin' by doctor's orders; and see what they've done for you already."

"I can't live on milk! I hain't a baby. I hate the stuff! I don't b'lieve no doctor'd ever—"

"Well, we'll call Dr. Bailey and see what he says. I'll bet he'll back me up."

Mr. Sparrow didn't take the bet. He knew Dr. Bailey, and the latter's opinion of his case.

"Aw, Idella, please—" he pleaded.

"For your own good, pa," said Idella. "I'll fetch you the hot milk."

She did, a quart of it. He drank it because there was

nothing else. For a week he lived on milk and fresh air. He tried every neighbor, and they were few, within two miles, but they had been posted and refused to feed him. Also they told him it was all for his good. He could not smoke because his daughter said tobacco was the worst thing possible for both his ailments. As for the prescribed exercise, he got that running about to keep warm.

"Aw, Idella," he pleaded, one Sunday morning when the sky was overcast and the cold wind gave promise of a northeast snow-storm. "Aw, Idella, won't you let me have somethin' hearty? Only a hunk of bread, say? I've drowned my insides with milk till I feel like a churn. I *can't* keep on drinkin' the stuff; it goes agin me even to smell it. The bare sight of a cow makes me seasick."

But it was no use. "All for his good," his daughter said. These words had become to him almost as unpalatable as the milk.

The northeaster developed. By night the woodshed shook and rattled like a hencoop. The snow streaked in through the cracks and sifted over his nose whenever he brought it



"Oh joy! he found a nail loose behind a cellar window"

above the blankets for air. Also he was tremendously hungry.

At midnight he arose, desperate, and shook himself into all the garments on hand, including the ulster. Then he opened the shed door and went out. The thought of Bill and the fist pursued him like a Nemesis, but he didn't care. He was going to be warmed and fed even if pounded to death afterwards.

He crept about the house, trying every door and window. He had tried them on previous nocturnal excursions but had always found them locked. This time he was more thorough, and at last — oh joy! he found a nail loose behind a cellar window. He worked it back and forth, while the snow drifted over his back. Finally the nail gave way and fell inside with a jingle. He waited, breathless, but there was no sound from within. Then he squeezed himself through the window.

He tiptoed up the creaking cellar stairs and into the warm kitchen. The storm was making a terrific racket around the house and that was a Providence for him. He held his hands over the stove for a moment and then tiptoed to the pantry.

He knew where the matches were kept and took some. They were of the "eight-day" variety and noiseless. He lit one and by its light saw, on the pantry shelves, cold ham and bread and ginger cake and mince-pie.

Also there was milk, but he didn't look at that.

Mr. Burke was the first of the family to finish dressing next morning. He came downstairs, lamp in hand, and opened the door leading into the kitchen. Then he stopped, stared, and went back after Idella. He led her to the door and pointed.

There, in the rocking-chair before the cook-stove, sprawled Washington Sparrow, fast asleep. His feet were on the hearth, a fragment of pie crust was on the floor by his hand, his countenance was turned upward toward the ceiling and on it was an expression of perfect peace and comfort.

As the Burkes stood and stared, Mrs. Sparrow came from her room and joined them.

"My soul and body!" she exclaimed.

Washy heard her and awoke. At first he merely opened his eyes and blinked at the ceiling. Then he sat upright and turned around. His jaw fell.

"Well, pa," said Idella, sharply, "what sort of doin's is this? What do you mean?"

Mr. Sparrow looked at his daughter. He essayed to speak. Then his glance fell upon his son-in-law's fist and remained fixed. He said nothing.

"The idea!" cried Idella. "After all I've done to cure you. Roastin' in this

*"There, in the rocking-chair before the cook-stove, sprawled Washington Sparrow, fast asleep"*



red-hot kitchen and eatin' — Is that mince-pie crust by your hand?"

Lycurgus had appeared and gone away again. Now he came back.

"Ma," he said, "he's et every blessed thing in the butt'ry."

"I — I —" faltered the invalid wildly. "I — I didn't mean to, but I was starved and froze and —"

"Mince-pie!" exclaimed Idella. "Well! Now we're in a nice mess, and all to do over again."

"I'm all right now, anyway," protested Mr. Sparrow. "I ain't coughin' none and the grub don't distress me a mite. Not ha'f so much as that dratted milk."

"All to do over again!" repeated Idella. "And I don't know as we'll ever cure you now. Git outdoor this minute. And you mustn't eat a thing, even milk, for three or four days. Open the outside door, Bill."

Bill opened the door. A howling gust of wind-driven snow swept in. Mr. Sparrow felt its freezing breath and shivered.

"I'm all *right*, I tell ye!" he shouted. "I feel fine. I'm cured. Better'n I ever was, dunno's I ain't."

"Are you sure, pa?"

"Course I'm sure. Don't I know? I'm all cured."

"Well, that's a mercy!" said Idella. "I knew 'twas the right receipt, but I didn't think 'twould work so quick. Bill, pa's cured. He'll go with you to take the job at the hotel this very day."

Washington's facial barometer sank to "cloudy." He choked and hesitated.

"Course you mustn't go if you ain't surely cured, pa," said his daughter. "Maybe you'd better try the shed and milk for a month or so longer."

The snow danced along the kitchen floor. It reminded Mr. Sparrow of the previous evening in the woodshed. "I'll go," he said, "but I'll work kind of easy fust along, so's —"

"Oh, no! You must work reel hard, so's to git the exercise, else you'll have a relapse. You'll see that pa works the way he'd ought to, for his sake, won't you, Bill?"

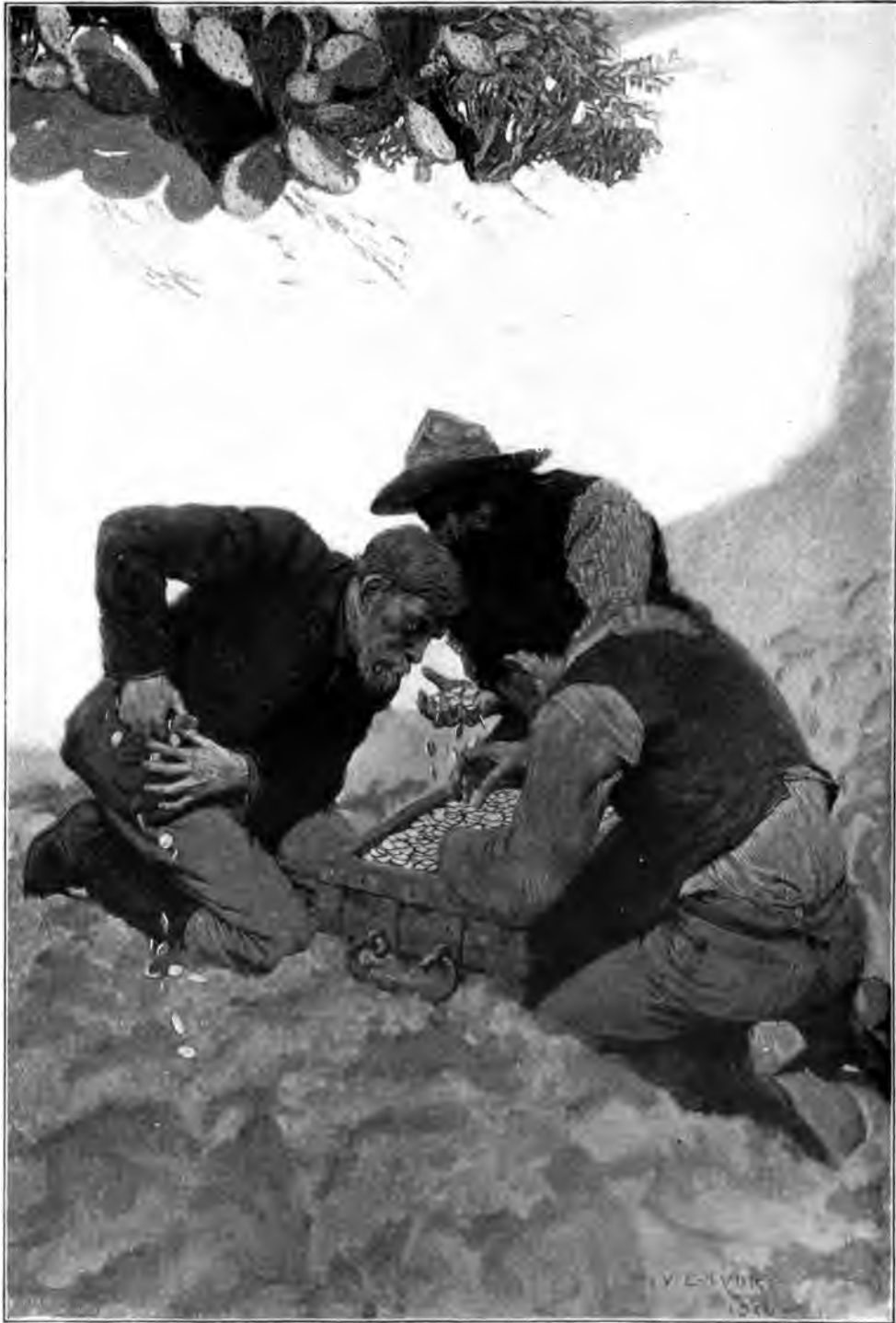
Mr. Burke nodded. "He'll work," he said sententiously.

The news of the wonderful cure spread quickly. Dr. Bailey laughingly congratulated Idella upon it.

"Yes," said that young lady, "I cal'late he's cured, at least for a spell. Anyhow, the 'Everybody Works but Father' song don't fit our fam'ly no more."







"IT WAS FULL TO THE BRIM OF GOLD COINS, THROWN IN LOOSE"

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## BURIED TREASURE

THE OLD-TIMER'S YARN

BY

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AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE RAWHIDE," "THE FOREST," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

WE jogged homewards, our cutting ponies, tired with the quick, sharp work, shuffling knee deep in a dusk that seemed to disengage itself and rise upwards from the surface of the desert. Everybody was hungry and tired. At the chuck wagon we threw off our saddles and turned the mounts into the remuda. Some of the wisest of us, remembering the thunder-clouds, stacked our gear under the veranda roof of the dilapidated and abandoned adobe structure that had once been a ranch house of importance.

Supper was ready. We seized the tin battery, filled the plates with the meat, bread, and canned corn, and squatted on our heels. The food was good, and we ate hugely in silence. When we could hold no more we lit pipes. Then we had leisure to notice that the storm-cloud was mounting in a portentous silence to the zenith, quenching the brilliant desert stars.

As soon as we had come to a definite conclusion that it was going to rain, we deserted the camp-fire and went rustling for our blankets. At the end of ten minutes every bed was safe within the doors of the abandoned adobe ranch house, each owner recumbent on the floor claim he had pre-empted, and every man hoping fervently that he had guessed right as to the location of leaks.

Ordinarily we had depended on the light of camp-fires, so now artificial illumination lacked. Each man was indicated by the alternately glowing and waning lozenge of his cigarette fire. Occasionally some one struck a match, revealing for a moment high-lights on bronzed countenances and the silhouette of a shading hand. Voices spoke disembodied. As the conversation developed, we gradually recognized the membership of our own roomful. I had forgotten to state that the ranch house included four chambers. Outside the rain roared with Arizona ferocity. Inside men congratulated themselves, or swore as leaks developed and localized.

Naturally we talked first of stampedes. Cows and bears are the two great cattle-country topics. Then we had a mouth-organ solo or two, which naturally led on to songs. My turn came. I struck up the first verse of a sailor chantey as possessing at least the interest of novelty.

*Oh once we were a-sailing, a-sailing were we;  
Blow high, blow low, what care we;  
And we were a-sailing to see what we could see,  
Down on the coast of the High Barbaree.*

I had just gone so far when I was brought up short by a tremendous oath behind me. At the same instant a match flared. I turned to face a stranger holding the little light

above his head and peering with fiery intensity over the group sprawled about the floor.

He was evidently just in from the storm. His dripping hat lay at his feet. A shock of straight, close-clipped vigorous hair stood up gray above his seamed forehead. Bushy iron-gray eyebrows drawn close together thatched a pair of burning, unquenchable eyes. A square, deep jaw, lightly stubbled with gray, was clamped so tight that the cheek muscles above it stood out in knots and welts.

Then the match turned his thick square fingers, and he dropped it into the darkness that ascended to swallow it.

"Who was singing that song?" he cried harshly. Nobody answered.

"Who was that singing?" he demanded again.

By this time I had recovered from my first astonishment.

"I was singing," said I.

Another match was instantly lit and thrust into my very face. I underwent the fierce scrutiny of an instant, then the taper was thrown away half consumed.

"Where did you learn it?" the stranger asked in an altered voice.

"I don't remember," I replied, "It is a common enough deep-sea chantey."

A heavy pause fell. Finally the stranger sighed.

"Quite like," he said, "I never heard but one man sing it."

"Who in h—— are you?" some one demanded out of the darkness.

Before replying the new-comer lit a third match, searching for a place to sit down. As he bent forward, his strong harsh face once more came clearly into view.

"He's Colorado Rogers," the Cattleman answered for him, "I know him."

"Well," insisted the first voice, "what in h—— does Colorado Rogers mean by bustin' in on our song *fiesta* that way?"

"Tell them, Rogers," advised the Cattleman, "tell them — just as you told it down on the Gila ten years ago next month."

"What?" inquired Rogers, "Who are you?"

"You don't know me," replied the Cattleman, "but I was with Buck Johnson's outfit then. Give us the yarn."

"Well," agreed Rogers, "pass over the 'makings' and I will."

He rolled and lit a cigarette, while I reveled in the memory of his rich, great voice. It was of the sort made to declaim against the

sea or the rush of rivers or, as here, the fall of waters and the thunder — full, from the chest, with the caressing throat vibration that gives color to the most ordinary statements. After ten words we sank back oblivious to the storm, forgetful of the leaky roof and the dirty floor, lost in the story told us by the Old-Timer.

### *I — The Sailor with One Hand*

I came from Texas, like the bulk of you punchers, but a good while before the most of you were born. That was forty-odd years ago — and I've been on the Colorado River ever since. That's why they call me Colorado Rogers.

At the time I speak of I was hanging out at Yuma.

We had every sort of people with us off and on, and as I was lookout at a popular game I saw them all. One evening I was on my way home about two o'clock of a moonlit night, when on the edge of the shadow I stumbled over a body lying part across the footway. At the same instant I heard the rip of steel through cloth and felt a sharp stab in my left leg. For a minute I thought some drunk had used his knife on me, and I mighty near derringered him as he lay. But somehow I didn't, and looking closer I saw the man was unconscious. Then I scouted to see what had cut me; and found that the fellow had lost a hand. In place of it he wore a sharp steel hook. This I had tangled up with and gotten well pricked.

I dragged him out into the light. He was a slim-built young fellow, with straight black hair, long and lank and oily, a lean face, and big hooked nose. He had on only a thin shirt, a pair of rough wool pants, and the raw-hide homemade *zapalos* the Mexicans wore then instead of boots. Across his forehead ran a long gash, cutting his left eyebrow square in two.

There was no doubt of his being alive, for he was breathing hard, like a man does when he gets hit over the head. It didn't sound good. When a man breathes that way he's mostly all gone.

Well it was really none of my business, as you might say. Men got batted over the head often enough in those days. But for some reason I picked him up and carried him to my 'dobe shack, and laid him out, and washed his cut with sour wine. That brought him to. He sat up as though he'd been touched with a hot poker, stared around

wild-eyed, and cut loose with that song you were singing.

It fair made my hair rise to hear him, with the big, still, solemn desert outside, and the quiet moonlight, and the shadows, and him sitting up straight and gaunt, his eyes blazing each side his big eagle nose, and his snaky hair hanging over the raw cut across his head. However, I made out to get him bandaged up and in shape; and pretty soon he sort of went to sleep.

Well, he was clean out of his head for nigh two weeks. Most of the time he lay flat on his back staring at the pole roof, his eyes burning and looking like they saw each one something a different distance off, the way crazy eyes do. That was when he was best. Then again he'd sing that Barbaree song until I'd go out and look at the old Colorado going by just to be sure I hadn't died and gone below. Or else he'd just talk. That was the worst performance of all. It was like listening to one end of a telephone, though we didn't know what telephones were in those days. He began when he was a kid, and he gave his side of conversations, pausing for replies. I could mighty near furnish the replies sometimes. It was queer lingo — about ships and ships' officers and gales and calms and fights and pearls and whales and islands and birds and skies. But it was all little stuff. I used to listen by the hour, but I never made out anything really important as to who the man was, or where he'd come from, or what he'd done.

At the end of the second week I came in at noon as per usual to fix him up with grub. I didn't pay any attention to him, for he was quiet. As I was bending over the fire, he spoke. Usually I didn't bother with his talk, for it didn't mean anything, but something in his voice made me turn. He was lying on his side, those black eyes of his blazing at me, but now both of them saw the same distance.

"Where are my clothes?" he asked very intense.

"You ain't in any shape to want clothes," said I. "Lie still."

I hadn't any more than got the words out of my mouth before he was atop me. His method was a winner. He had me by the throat with his hand, and I felt the point of the hook pricking the back of my neck. One little squeeze — Talk about your deadly weapons!

But he'd been too sick and too long abed. He turned dizzy and keeled over, and I

dumped him back on the bunk. Then I put my six-shooter on.

In a minute or so he came to.

"Now you're a nice, sweet proposition," said I, as soon as I was sure he could understand me. "Here I pick you up on the street and save your worthless carcass, and the first chance you get you try to crawl my hump. Explain."

"Where's my clothes?" he demanded again very fierce.

"For heaven's sake," I yelled at him, "what's the matter with you and your old clothes? There ain't enough of them to dust a fiddle with, anyway. What do you think I'd want with them? They're safe enough."

"Let me have them," he begged.

Just to satisfy him I passed over his old duds.

"I've been robbed," he cried.

"Well," said I, "what did you expect would happen to you lying around Yuma after midnight with a hole in your head?"

"Where's my coat?" he asked.

"You had no coat when I picked you up," I replied.

He looked at me mighty suspicious, but didn't say anything more — wouldn't even answer when I spoke to him. After he'd eaten a fair meal, he fell asleep. When I came back that evening, the bunk was empty and he had gone.

I didn't see him again for two days. Then I caught sight of him quite a ways off. He nodded at me very sour; and dodged around the corner of the store.

"Guess he suspicions I stole that old coat of his," thinks I; and afterwards I found that my suspicions had been correct.

However, he didn't stay long in that frame of mind. It was along towards evening, and I was walking on the banks looking down over the muddy old Colorado, as I always liked to do. The sun had just set, and the mountains had turned hard and stiff, as they do after the glow; and the sky above them was a thousand million miles deep of pale green-gold light. A pair of Greasers were ahead of me, but I could see only their outlines, and they didn't seem to interfere any with the scenery. Suddenly a black figure seemed to rise up out of the ground; the Mexican man went down as though he'd been jerked with a string; and the woman screeched.

I ran up pulling my gun. The Mex was flat on his face, his arms stretched out. On



"ANDERSON HAD HOISTED THE SAIL, HAD CUT LOOSE FROM THE ANCHOR,  
AND WAS SAILING AWAY"



"WHEN THE LAST COIN WENT, SCHWARTZ WOULD GIVE OUT"

the middle of his back knelt my one-armed friend. And that sharp hook was caught neatly under the point of the Mexican's jaw. You bet he lay still.

I really think I was just in time to save the man's life. According to my belief another minute would have buried the hook in the Mexican's neck. Anyway, I thrust the muzzle of my Colt's into the sailor's face.

"What's this?" I asked.

The sailor looked up at me without changing his position. He was not the least bit afraid.

"This man has my coat," he explained.

"Where'd you get the coat?" I asked the Mex.

"I ween heem at monte off Antonio Curvez," said he. "Maybe," growled the sailor.

He still held the hook under the man's jaw, but with the other hand he ran rapidly under and over the Mexican's left shoulder. In the half light I could see his face change. The gleam died from his eye; the snarl left his lips. Without further delay he arose to his feet.

"Get up and give it here," he demanded.

The Mexican was only too glad to get off so easy. I don't know whether he'd really won the coat at monte, or not. In any case he flew *muy pronto*, leaving me and my friend together.

The man with the hook felt the left shoulder of the coat again, looked up, met my eye, muttered something intended to be pleasant, and walked away.

This was in December.

The last day of February I was sitting in my shack smoking a pipe after supper, when my one-armed friend opened the door a foot, slipped in, and shut it immediately. By the time he looked toward me I knew where my six-shooter was.

"That's all right," said I, "but you better stay right there."

I intended to take no more chances with that hook.

He stood there looking straight at me without winking or offering to move.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"I want to make up to you for your trouble," said he. "I've got a good thing, and I want to let you in on it."

"What kind of a good thing?" I asked.

"Treasure," said he.

"H'm," said I.

I examined him closely. He looked all right enough, neither drunk nor loco.

"Sit down," said I — "over there; the other side the table." He did so. "Now fire away," said I.

He told me his name was Solomon Anderson, but that he was generally known as Handy Solomon, on account of his hook; that he had always followed the sea; that lately he had coasted the west shores of Mexico; that at Guyamas he had fallen in with Spanish friends, in company with whom he had visited the mines in the Sierra Madre; that on this expedition the party had been attacked by Yaquis and wiped out, he alone surviving; that his blanket-mate before expiring had told him of gold buried in a cove of Lower California by the man's grandfather; that the man had given him a chart showing the location of the treasure; that he had sewn this chart in the shoulder of his coat, whence his suspicion of me and his being so loco about getting it back.

"And it's a big thing," said Handy Solomon to me, "for they's not only gold, but altar jewels and diamonds. It will make us rich, and a dozen like us, and you can kiss the Book on that."

"That may all be true," said I, "but why do you tell me? Why don't you get your treasure without the need of dividing it?"

"Why mate," he answered, "it's just plain gratitude. Didn't you save my life, and nuss me, and take care of me when I was nigh killed?"

"Look here, Anderson, or Handy Solomon, or whatever you please to call yourself," I rejoined to this, "if you're going to do business with me — and I do not understand yet just what it is you want of me — you'll have to talk straight. It's all very well to say gratitude, but that don't go with me. You've been around here three months, and barring a half-dozen civil words and twice as many of the other kind, I've failed to see any indications of your gratitude before. It's a quality with a h — of a hang-fire to it."

He looked at me sideways, spat, and looked at me sideways again. Then he burst into a laugh.

"The devil's a preacher, if you ain't lost your pin-feathers," said he. "Well, it's this, then: I got to have a boat to get there; and she must be stocked. And I got to have help with the treasure, if it's like this fellow said it was. And the Yaquis and cannibals from Tiburon is through the country. It's money I got to have, and it's

money I haven't got, and can't get unless I let somebody in as pardner."

"Why me?" I asked.

"Why not?" he retorted, "I ain't see anybody I like better."

We talked the matter over at length. I had to force him to each point, for suspicion was strong in him. I stood out for a larger party. He strongly opposed this as depreciating the shares, but I had no intention of going alone into what was then considered a wild and dangerous country. Finally we compromised. A third of the treasure was to go to him; a third to me; and the rest was to be divided among the men whom I should select. This scheme did not appeal to him.

"How do I know you plays fair?" he complained, "They'll be four of you to one of me; and I don't like it, and you can kiss the Book on that."

"If you don't like it, leave it," said I, "and get out, and be d ---- to you."

Finally he agreed; but he refused me a look at the chart, saying that he had left it in a safe place. I believe in reality he wanted to be surer of me, and for that I can hardly blame him.

### II *The Murder On the Beach*

I had a chum named Billy Simpson, and I **rung** him in for friendship. Then there was a solemn, tall Texas young fellow, strong as a bull, straight and tough, brought up fighting Injuns. He never said much, but I knew he'd be right there when the gong struck. For fourth man I picked out a German named Schwartz. He and Simpson had just come back from the mines together. I took him because he was a friend of Billy's, and besides was young and strong, and was the only man in town excepting the sailor, Anderson, who knew anything about running a boat. I forgot to say that the Texas fellow was named Denton.

We worked the open boat we got, up to Yuma partly with oars and partly by sails. Then we loaded her with grub for a month. In addition we put in picks and shovels; and a small cask of water. Handy Solomon said that would be enough, as there was water marked down on his chart. We told the gang that we were going trading.

At the end of the week we started, and were out four days. There wasn't much room, what with the supplies and the baggage for the five of us. We had to curl up

most anywheres to sleep. And it **certainly** seemed to me that we were in lots of **danger**. The waves were much bigger than **she was**, and splashed on us considerable; but Schwartz and Anderson didn't seem to **mind**. They laughed at us. Anderson sang **that** song of his; and Schwartz told us of the **placers** he had worked. He and Simpson **had** made a pretty good clean-up, just enough to make them want to get rich. The first day out Simpson showed us a belt with about an hundred ounces of dust. This he got tired of wearing, so he kept it in a **compass-box**, which was empty.

At the end of the four days we turned in at a deep bay and came to anchor. The country was the usual proposition — very light-brown, brittle-looking mountains, about two thousand feet high; lots of sage and cactus; a pebbly beach; and not a sign of anything fresh and green.

But Denton and I were mighty glad to see any sort of land. Besides, our keg of water was pretty low; and it was getting about time to discover the spring the chart spoke of. So we piled our camp stuff in the small boat, and rowed ashore.

Anderson led the way confidently enough up a dry arroyo whose sides were clay and conglomerate. But though we followed it to the end, we could find no indications that it was anything more than a wash for rain floods.

"That's main queer," muttered Anderson, and returned to the beach.

There he spread out the chart — the first look at it we'd had — and set to studying it. Two crosses were marked on the land part — one labeled "*oro*," and the other "*agua*."

"Now there's the high cliff," says Anderson, following it out, "and there's the round hill with the boulder — and if them bearings don't point due for that ravine, the devil's a preacher."

We tried it again, with the same result. A second inspection of the map brought us no light on the question. We talked it over, and looked at it from all points, but we couldn't dodge the truth: the chart was wrong.

Then we explored several of the nearest gullies, but without finding anything but loose stones baked hot in the sun.

By now it was getting towards sundown, so we built us a fire of *mesquite* on the beach, made us supper, and boiled a pot of beans.

We talked it over. The water was about gone.

"That's what we've got to find first," said Simpson, "no question of it. It's God knows how far to the next water, and we don't know how long it will take us to get there in that little boat. If we run our water entirely out before we start, we're going to be in trouble. We'll have a good look tomorrow; and if we don't find her, we'll run down to Mollyhay\* and get a few extra casks."

"Perhaps that map is wrong about the treasure too," suggested Denton.

"I thought of that," said Handy Solomon, "but then, thinks I to myself, this old rip probably don't make no long stay here — just dodges in and out like, between tides, to bury his loot. He would need no water at the time; but he might when he came back, so he marked the water on his map. But he wasn't noways particular *and* exact, being in a hurry. But you can kiss the Book to it that he didn't make no such mistakes about the swag."

"I believe you're right," said I.

When we came to turn in, Anderson suggested that he should sleep aboard the boat. But Billy Simpson, in mind perhaps of the hundred ounces in the compass-box, insisted that he'd just as soon as not. After a little objection Handy Solomon gave in; but I thought he seemed sour about it. We built a good fire, and in about ten seconds were asleep.

Now usually I sleep like a log, and did this time until about midnight. Then all at once I came broad awake and sitting up in my blankets. Nothing had happened — I wasn't even dreaming — but there I was as alert and clear as though it were broad noon.

By the light of the fire I saw Handy Solomon sitting, and at his side our five rifles gathered.

I must have made some noise, for he turned quietly toward me, saw I was awake, and nodded.

After a minute Anderson threw on another stick of wood, yawned and stood up.

"It's wet," said he, "I've been fixing the guns."

He showed me how he was inserting a little patch of felt between the hammer and the nipple — a scheme of his own for keeping damp from the powder. Then he rolled

up in his blanket. At the time it all seemed quite natural — I suppose my mind wasn't fully awake, for all my head felt so clear. Afterwards I realized what a ridiculous bluff he was making: for of course the cap already on the nipple was plenty to keep out the damp. I fully believe he intended to kill us as we lay. Only my sudden awakening spoiled his plan.

I had absolutely no idea of this at the time, however. Not the slightest suspicion entered my head. In view of that fact, I have since believed in guardian angels. For my next move, which at the time seemed to me absolutely aimless, was to change my blankets from one side of the fire to the other. And that brought me alongside the five rifles.

Owing to this fact, I am now convinced, we awoke safe at daylight, cooked breakfast, and laid the plan for the day. Anderson directed us. I was to climb over the ridge before us and search in the ravine on the other side. Schwartz was to explore up the beach to the left, and Denton to the right. Anderson said he would wait for Billy Simpson, who had overslept in the darkness of the cubby-hole, and who was now paddling ashore. The two of them would push inland to the west until a high hill would give them a chance to look around for greenery.

We started at once, before the sun would be hot. The hill I had to climb was steep and covered with *chollas*, so I didn't get along very fast. When I was about half way to the top, I heard a shot from the beach. I looked back. Anderson was in the small boat, rowing rapidly out to the vessel. Denton was running up the beach from one direction, and Schwartz from the other. I slid and slipped down the bluff, getting pretty well stuck up with the *cholla* spines.

At the beach we found Billy Simpson lying on his face, shot through the back. We turned him over, but he was apparently dead. Anderson had hoisted the sail, had cut loose from the anchor, and was sailing away.

Denton stood up straight and tall looking. Then he pulled his belt in a hole, grabbed my arm, and started to run up the long curve of the beach. Behind us came Schwartz. We ran near a mile, and then fell among some tules in an inlet at the farther point.

\*Mulege — I retain the Old-Timer's pronunciation.

"What is it?" I gasped.

"Our only chance — to get him —" said Denton, "He's got to go around this point — big wind — perhaps his mast will bust — then he'll come ashore —" He opened and shut his big brown hands.

So there we two fools lay, like panthers in the tules, taking our only one-in-a-million chance to lay hands on Anderson. Any sailor could have told us that the mast wouldn't break, but we had winded Schwartz a quarter of a mile back. And so we waited, our eyes fixed on the boat's sail, grudging her every inch, just burning to fix things to suit us a little better. And naturally she made the point in what I now know was only a fresh breeze, squared away, and dropped down before the wind toward Guyamas.

We walked back slowly to our camp, swallowing the copper taste of too hard a run. Schwartz we picked up from a boulder just recovering. We were all of us crazy mad. Schwartz half wept and blamed and cussed. Denton glowered away in silence. I ground my feet into the sand in a helpless sort of anger, not only at the man himself, but also at the whole way things had turned out. I don't believe the least notion of our predicament had come to any of us. All we knew yet was that we had been done up; and we were hostile about it.

But at camp we found something to occupy us for the moment. Poor Billy was not dead, as we had supposed, but very weak and sick and a hole square through him. When we returned he was conscious, but that was about all. His eyes were shut and he was moaning. I tore open his shirt to stanch the blood. He felt my hand and opened his eyes. They were glazed, and I don't think he saw me.

"Water, water!" he cried.

At that we others saw all at once where we stood. I remember I rose to my feet, and found myself staring straight into Tom Denton's eyes. We looked at each other that way for I guess it was a full minute. Then Tom shook his head.

"Water, water!" begged poor Billy.

Tom leaned over him.

"My God, Billy, there ain't any water!" said he.

### *III — Pirate Gold*

We could do nothing for him except shelter him from the sun, and wet his forehead with sea-water; nor could we think clearly

for ourselves as long as the spark of life lingered in him. His chest rose and fell regularly, but with long pauses between. When the sun was overhead, he suddenly opened his eyes.

"Fellows," said he, "it's beautiful over there; the grass is so green and the water so cool; I am tired of marching, and I reckon I'll cross over and camp."

Then he died. We scooped out a shallow hole above tide-mark, and laid him in it, and piled over him stones from the wash.

Then we went back to the beach very solemn, to talk it over.

"Now, boys," said I, "there seems to me just one thing to do; and that is to pike out for water as fast as we can."

"Where?" asked Denton.

"Well," I argued, "I don't believe there's any water about this bay. Maybe there was when that chart was made. It was a long time ago. And anyway, the old pirate was a sailor, and no plainsman, and maybe he mistook rain-water for a spring. We've looked around this end of the bay. The chances are we'd use up two or three days exploring around the other, and then wouldn't be as well off as we are right now."

"Which way?" asked Denton again, mighty brief.

"Well," said I, "there's one thing I've always noticed in case of folks held up by the desert; they generally go wandering about here and there looking for water until they die not far from where they got lost. And usually they've covered a heap of actual distance."

"That's so," agreed Denton.

"Now I've always figured that it would be a good deal better to start right out for some particular place, even if it's ten thousand miles away. A man is just as likely to strike water going in a straight line as he is going in a circle; and then, besides, he's getting somewhere."

"Correct," said Denton.

"So," I finished, "I reckon we'd better follow the coast south and try to get to Mollyhay."

We took stock of what we had to depend on. The total assets proved to be just three pairs of legs. A pot of coffee had been on the fire, but that villain had kicked it over when he left.

So without any further delay we set up the ridge I had started to cross that morning. Schwartz lagged, sulky as a muley

cow, but we managed to keep him with us. At the top of the ridge we took our bearings for the next deep bay. Already we had made up our minds to stick to the sea-coast, both on account of the lower country over which to travel, and the off chance of falling in with a fishing vessel. Schwartz muttered something about its being too far even to the next bay, and wanted to sit down on a rock. Denton didn't say anything; but he jerked Schwartz up by the collar so fiercely that the German gave it over and came along.

We dropped down into the gully, stumbled over the boulder wash, and began to toil in the ankle-deep sand of a little sage-brush flat this side of the next ascent. Schwartz followed steadily enough now, but had fallen forty or fifty feet behind. This was a nuisance, as we had to keep turning to see if he still kept up. Suddenly he seemed to disappear.

Denton and I hurried back to find him on his hands and knees behind a sage-brush, clawing away at the sand like mad.

"Can't be water on this flat," said Denton, "he must have gone crazy."

"What's the matter, Schwartz?" I asked.

For answer he moved a little to one side, showing beneath his knee one corner of a wooden box sticking above the sand.

At this we dropped beside him, and in five minutes had uncovered the whole of the chest. It was not very large, and was locked. A rock from the wash fixed that, however. We threw back the lid.

It was full to the brim of gold coins, thrown in loose.

"The treasure!" I cried.

There it was, sure enough, or some of it. We looked the chest through, but found nothing but the gold coins. The altar ornaments and jewels were lacking.

"Probably buried in another box or so," said Denton.

Schwartz wanted to dig around a little.

"No good," said I, "We've got our work cut out for us as it is."

Denton backed me up. We were both old hands at the business, had each in our time suffered the black thirst; and the memory of it outweighed any desire for treasure.

But Schwartz was money-mad. Left to himself he would have staid on that sand flat to perish as certainly as had poor Billy. We had fairly to force him away, and then succeeded only because we let him fill all his pockets to bulging with the coins. As we

moved up the next rise, he kept looking back and uttering little moans against the crime of leaving it.

Luckily for us it was winter. We shouldn't have lasted six hours at this time of year. As it was, the sun was hot against the shale and the little stones of those cursed hills. We plodded along until late afternoon, toiling up one hill and down, on only to repeat immediately. Towards sundown we made the second bay where we plunged into the sea, clothes and all, and were greatly refreshed. I suppose a man absorbs a good deal that way. Anyhow, it always seemed to help.

We were now pretty hungry, and as we walked along the shore, we began to look for turtles or shell-fish or anything else that might come handy. There was nothing. Schwartz wanted to stop for a night's rest; but Denton and I knew better than that.

"Look here, Schwartz," said Denton, "you don't realize you're entered against time in this race — and that you're a d — fool to carry all that weight in your clothes."

So we dragged along all night.

It was weird enough, I can tell you. The moon shone cold and white over that dead, dry country. Hot whiffs rose from the baked stones and hillsides. Shadows lay under the stones like animals crouching. When we came to the edge of a silvery hill, we dropped off into pitchy blackness. There we stumbled over boulders for a minute or so, and began to climb the steep shale on the other side. This was fearful work. The top seemed always miles away. By morning we didn't seem to have made much of anywhere. The same old hollow-looking mountains with the sharp edges stuck up in about the same old places.

We had got over being very hungry, and though we were pretty dry, we didn't really suffer yet from thirst. About this time Denton ran across some fish-hook cactus, which we cut up and chewed. They have a sticky wet sort of inside, which doesn't quench your thirst any, but helps to keep you from drying up and blowing away.

All day we plugged along as per usual.

We kept a sharp lookout for anything to eat, but there was nothing but lizards and horned toads. Later we'd have been glad of them, but by that time we'd got out of their district. Night came. Just at sundown we took another wallow in the surf, and

chewed some more fish-hook cactus. When the moon came up, we went on.

I'm not going to tell you how dead beat we got. We were pretty tough and strong for all of us had been used to hard living, but after the third day without anything to eat and no water to drink, it came to be pretty hard going. It got to the point where we had to have some *reason* for getting out besides just keeping alive. A man would sometimes rather die than keep alive, anyway, if it came only to that. But I know I made up my mind I was going to get out so I could smash up that Anderson; and I reckon Denton had the same idea. Schwartz didn't say anything; but he pumped on ahead of us, his back bent over, and his clothes sagging and bulging with the gold he carried.

We used to travel all night, because it was cool; and rest an hour or two at noon. That is all the rest we did get. I don't know how fast we went; I'd got beyond that. We must have crawled along mighty slow, though, after our first strength gave out. The way I used to do was to collect myself with an effort, look around for my bearings, pick out a landmark a little distance off, and forget everything but it. Then I'd plod along, knowing nothing but the sand and shale and slope under my feet until I'd reached that landmark. Then I'd clear my mind and pick out another.

But I couldn't shut out the figure of Schwartz that way. He used to walk along just ahead of my shoulder. The weight of the gold in his clothes bent his shoulders over.

As we went on, the country gradually got to be more mountainous; and as we were steadily growing weaker, it did seem things were piling up on us. The next day we ran out of the fish-hook cactus; and, being on a high promontory, were out of touch with the sea. For the first time my tongue began to swell a little. The cactus had kept me from that before. Denton must have been in the same fix, for he looked at me and raised one eyebrow kind of humorous.

Schwartz was having a good deal of difficulty to navigate. I will say for him that he had done well; but now I could see that his strength was going on him in spite of himself. He knew it, all right; for when we rested that day, he took all the gold coins and spread them in a row, and counted them, and put them back in his pocket, and then all of a sudden snatched out two handfuls and threw them as far as he could.

"Too heavy," he muttered; but that was all he could bring himself to throw away.

All that night we wandered high in the air I guess we tried to keep a general direction, but I don't know. Anyway, along late, but before moonrise — she was now on the wane — I came to to find myself looking over the edge of a twenty-foot drop. Right below me I made out a faint glimmer of white earth in the starlight. Somehow it reminded me of a little trail I used to know under a big rock back in Texas.

"Here's a trail," I thought, more than half loco, "I'll follow it!"

At least that's what half of me thought. The other half was sensible, and knew better, but it seemed to be kind of standing to one side, a little scornful, watching the performance. So I slid and slipped down to the strip of white earth; and sure enough it was a trail. At that the loco half of me gave the sensible part the laugh. I followed the path twenty feet and came to a dark hollow under the rock, and in it a round pool of water about a foot across. They say a man kills himself drinking too much after starving for water. That may be; but it didn't kill me, and I sucked up all I could hold. Perhaps the fish-hook cactus had helped. Well, sirs, it was surprising how that drink brought me around. A minute before I'd been on the edge of going plumb loco; and here I was as clear-headed as a lawyer.

I hunted up Denton and Schwartz. They drank themselves full, too. Then we rested. It was mighty hard to leave that spring —

Oh, we had to do it. We'd have starved sure there. The trail was a game trail, but that did us no good, for we had no weapons.

The good effects of the water lasted us about a day. Then we began to see things again. Off and on I could see water plain as could be in every hollow; and game of all kinds standing around and looking at me. I knew these were all fakes. By making an effort I could swing things around to where they belonged. I used to do that every once in a while just to be sure we weren't doubling back, and to look out for real water. But most of the time it didn't seem to be worth while. I just let all these visions riot around and have a good time inside me or outside me, whichever it was. I knew I could get rid of them any minute. Most of the time, if I was in any doubt, it was easier to throw a stone to see if the animals were real or not. The real ones ran away.

We began to see bands of wild horses in the uplands. One day both Denton and I plainly saw one with saddle marks on him. If only one of us had seen him, it wouldn't have counted much, but we both made him out. This encouraged us wonderfully, though I don't see why it should have. We had topped the high country too, and had started down the other side of the mountains that ran out on the promontory. Denton and I were still navigating without any thought of giving up; but Schwartz was getting in bad shape. I'd hate to pack twenty pounds over that country even with rest, food, and water. He was toting it on nothing. We told him so; and he came to see it; but he never could persuade himself to get rid of the gold all at once. Instead he threw away the pieces one by one. Each sacrifice seemed to nerve him up for another heat. I can shut my eyes and see it now — the wide glaring yellow country, the pasteboard mountains, we three dragging along, and the fierce sunshine flashing from the doubloons as one by one they went spinning through the air.

#### *IV — The Chewed Sugar-Cane*

It was five days to the next water. But they were worse than the eight days before. We were lucky, however, for at the spring we discovered in a deep wash near the coast, was the dried-up skull of a horse. It had been there a long time; but a few shreds of dried flesh still clung to it. It was the only thing that could be described as food that had passed our lips since breakfast thirteen days before. In that time we had crossed the mountain chain, and had come again to the sea. The Lord was good to us. He sent us the water, and the horse's skull, and the smooth hard beach, without breaks or the necessity of climbing hills. And we needed it, oh, I promise you, we needed it!

Schwartz still threw away his gold coins; and once, in one of my rare intervals of looking about me, I saw Denton picking them up. This surprised me mildly; but I was too tired to be very curious. Only now, when I saw Schwartz's arm sweep out in what had become a mechanical movement, I always took pains to look; and always I saw Denton search for the coin. Sometimes he found it, and sometimes he did not.

Schwartz threw away a gold piece as another man would take a stimulant. Gradually, without really thinking about it, I came to see this; and then went on to sabe

why Denton picked up the coins; and a great admiration for Denton's cleverness seeped through me like water through the sand. He was saving the coins to keep Schwartz going. When the last coin went, Schwartz would give out. It all sounds queer now; but it seemed all right then — and it *was* all right, too.

As for me, the figures of my companions, and the yellow sand under my feet, and a consciousness of the blue and white sea to my left are all I remember, except when we had to pull ourselves together for the purpose of cutting the fish-hook cactus. I kept going; and I knew I had a good reason for doing so, but it seemed too much of an effort to recall what that reason was.

So we walked on the beach, losing entire track of time. And after a long interval I came to myself to see Schwartz lying on the sand, and Denton standing over him.

"He's give out," croaked Denton.

His voice sounded as if it was miles away, which surprised me; but when I answered, mine sounded miles away, too, which surprised me still more.

Denton pulled out a handful of gold coins.

"This will buy him some more walk," said he gravely, "but not much."

I nodded. It seemed all right, this new, strange purchasing power of gold — it *was* all right, by God, and as real as buying bricks —

"I'll go on," said Denton, "and send back help. You come after."

"To Mollyhay," said I.

This far I reckon we'd hung onto ourselves because it was serious. Now I began to laugh. So did Denton. We laughed and laughed.

*A damn long way*

*To Mollyhay,*

said I. Then we laughed some more, until the tears ran down our cheeks, and we had to hold our poor weak sides. Pretty soon we fetched up with a gasp.

*A damn long way*

*To Mollyhay,*

whispered Denton; and then off we went in to more shrieks. And when we would sober down a little, one or the other of us would say it again.

*A damn long way*

*To Mollyhay,*

and then we'd laugh some more. It must have been a sweet sight!

At last I realized that we ought to pull ourselves together; so I snubbed up short,

and Denton did the same ; and we set to laying plans. But every minute or so one of us would catch on some word, and then we'd trail off into rhymes and laughter and repetition.

"Keep him going as long as you can," said Denton.

"Yes."

"And be sure to stick to the beach."

That far it was all right and clear-headed. But the word 'beach' let us out.

*I'm a peach  
Upon the beach,*

sings I, and there we were both off again until one or the other managed to grope his way back to common sense again. And sometimes we crow-hopped solemnly around and around the prostrate Schwartz like a pair of Injins.

But somehow we got our plan laid at last, slipped the coins into Schwartz's pocket, and said good-by.

*Old socks, good-by,  
You bet I'll try,*

yelled Denton, and laughing fit to kill, danced off up the beach and out into a sort of gray mist that shut off everything beyond a certain distance from me now.

So I kicked Schwartz, he felt in his pocket, threw a gold piece away, and bought a little more walk.

My entire vision was fifty feet or so across. Beyond that was the gray mist. Inside my circle I could see the sand quite plainly and Denton's footprints. If I moved a little to the left, the wash of the waters would lap under the edge of that gray curtain. If I moved to the right, I came to cliffs. The nearer I drew to them, the farther up I could see ; but I could never see to the top.

One day, without any apparent reason, I moved at right angles across the beach. Directly before me lay a piece of sugar-cane ; and one end of it had been chewed.

Do you know what that meant ? Animals don't cut sugar-cane and bring it to the beach and chew one end. A new strength ran through me, and actually the gray mist thinned and lifted for a moment until I could make out dimly the line of cliffs and the tumbling sea.

I was not a bit hungry, but I chewed on the sugar-cane, and made Schwartz do the same. When we went on, I kept close to the cliff, even though the walking was somewhat heavier.

I remember after that its getting dark and then light again, so the night must have

passed, but whether we rested or walked I do not know. Probably we did not get very far, though certainly we staggered ahead after sun-up, for I remember my shadow.

About midday, I suppose, I made out a dim trail leading up a break in the cliffs. Plenty of such trails we had seen before. They were generally made by peccaries in search of cast-up fish — I hope they had better luck than we.

But in the middle of this, as though for a sign, lay another piece of chewed sugar-cane.

#### *V—The Calabash Stew*

I had agreed with Denton to stick to the beach ; but Schwartz could not last much longer, and I had not the slightest idea how far it might prove to be to Mollyhay. So I turned up the trail.

We climbed a mountain ten thousand feet high. I mean that ; and I know, for I've climbed them that high, and I know just how it feels, and how many times you have to rest, and how long it takes, and how much it knocks out of you. Those are the things that count in measuring height, and so I tell you we climbed that far. Actually I suppose the hill was a couple of hundred feet, if not less. But on account of the gray mist I mentioned, I could not see the top, and the illusion was complete.

We reached the summit late in the afternoon, for the sun was square in our eyes. But instead of blinding me, it seemed to clear my sight, so that I saw below me a little mud hut with smoke rising behind it, and a small patch of cultivated ground.

I'll pass over how I felt about it : they haven't made the words —

Well, we stumbled down the trail and in to the hut. At first I thought it was empty, but after a minute I saw a very old man crouched in a corner. As I looked at him he raised his bleared eyes to me, his head swinging slowly from side to side as though with a kind of palsy. He could not see me, that was evident, nor hear me, but some instinct not yet decayed turned him toward a new presence in the room. In my wild desire for water I found room to think that here was a man even worse off than myself.

A vessel of water was in the corner. I drank it. It was more than I could hold, but I drank even after I was filled, and the waste ran from the corners of my mouth. I had forgotten Schwartz. The excess made me a little sick, but I held down what I had



*"Stumbled down the trail and into the but"*

swallowed, and I really believed it soaked into my system as it does into the desert earth after a drought.

In a moment or so I took the vessel and filled it and gave it to Schwartz. Then it seemed to me that my responsibility had ended. A sudden great dreamy lassitude came over me. I knew I needed food, but I had no wish for it and no ambition to search it out. The man in the corner mumbled at me with his toothless gums. I remember wondering if we were all to starve there peacefully together — Schwartz and his remaining gold coins, the man far gone in years, and myself. I did not greatly care.

After a while the light was blotted out. There followed a slight pause. Then I knew that some one had flown to my side, and was kneeling beside me and saying liquid, pitying things in Mexican. I swallowed something hot and strong. In a moment I came back from wherever I was drifting, to look up at a Mexican girl about twenty years old.

She was no great matter in looks, but she seemed like an angel to me then. And she had sense. No questions, no nothing. Just

business. The only thing she asked of me was if I understood Spanish.

Then she told me that her brother would be back soon, that they were very poor, that she was sorry she had no meat to offer me, that they were *very* poor, that all they had was *calabash* — a sort of squash. All this time she was hustling things together. Next thing I knew I had a big bowl of *calabash* stew between my knees.

Now strangely enough I had no great interest in that *calabash* stew. I tasted it, sat and thought a while, and tasted it again. By and by I had emptied the bowl. It was getting dark. I was very sleepy. A man came in, but I was too drowsy to pay any attention to him. I heard the sound of voices. Then I was picked up bodily and carried to an out-building and laid on a pile of skins. I felt the weight of a blanket thrown over me —

I awoke in the night. Mind you, I had practically had no rest at all for a matter of more than two weeks; yet I woke in a few hours. And, remember, even in eating the *calabash* stew I had felt no hunger in spite of my long fast. But now I found myself

ravenous. You boys do not know what hunger is. It *burts*. And all the rest of that night I lay awake chewing on the rawhide of a pack-saddle that hung near me.

Next morning the young Mexican and his sister came to us early bringing more *calabash* stew. I fell on it like a wild animal, and just wallowed in it so eager was I to eat. They stood and watched me — and I suppose Schwartz, too, though I had now lost interest in any one but myself — glancing at each other in pity from time to time.

When I had finished, the man told me that they had decided to kill a beef so we could have meat. They were very poor, but God had brought us to them —

I appreciated this afterward. At the time I merely caught at the word 'meat.' It seemed to me I could have eaten the animal entire, hide, hoofs, and tallow. As a matter of fact, it was mighty lucky they didn't have any meat. If they had, we'd probably have killed ourselves with it. I suppose the *calabash* was about the best thing for us under the circumstances.

The Mexican went out to hunt up his horse. I called the girl back.

"How far is it to Mollyhay?" I asked her.

"A league," said she.

So we had been near our journey's end after all, and Denton was probably all right.

The Mexican went away horseback. The girl fed us *calabash*. We waited.

About one o'clock a group of horsemen rode over the hill. When they came near enough I recognized Denton at their head. That man was of tempered steel —

They had followed back along the beach, caught our trail where we had turned off, and so discovered us. Denton had fortunately found kind and intelligent people.

We said good-by to the Mexican girl. I made Schwartz give her one of his gold pieces.

We mounted and rode off, very wobbly.

We lived three weeks in Mollyhay. It took us that long to get fed up. The lady I stayed with made a dish of kid meat and stuffed olives —

Why, an hour after filling myself up to the muzzle I'd be hungry again, and scouting round to houses looking for more to eat!

There were lots of fishing boats in the harbor, and we hired one and a man to run it for next to nothing a week. We laid a course north, and in six days anchored in our bay.

I tell you, it looked queer. There were the charred sticks of the fire, and the coffee-

pot lying on its side. We took off our hats at poor Billy's grave a minute; and then climbed over the *cholla*-covered hill carrying our picks and shovels and the canvas sacks to take the treasure away in.

There was no trouble in reaching the sandy flat. But when we got there, we found it torn up from one end to the other. A few scattered timbers, and three empty chests with the covers pried off alone remained. Handy Solomon had been there before us.

We went back to our boat sick at heart. Nobody said a word. We went aboard and made our Greaser boatman head for Yuma. It took us a week to get there. We were all of us glum, but Denton was the worst of the lot. Even after we'd got back to town and fallen into our old ways of life, he couldn't seem to get over it. He seemed plumb possessed of gloom, and moped around like a chicken with the pip. This surprised me; for I didn't think the loss of money would hit him so hard. It didn't hit any of us very hard in those days.

One evening I took him aside, and fed him a drink, and expostulated with him.

"Oh, b—, Rogers," he burst out, "I don't care about the loot. But, suffering cats, think how that fellow sized us up for a lot of pattern-made fools; and how right he was about it. Why all he did was to sail out of sight around the next corner. He knew we'd start across country; and we did. All we had to do was to lay low, and save our legs. He was bound to come back. And we might have nailed him when he landed."

"That's about all there was to it," concluded Colorado Rogers after a pause, "— except that I've been looking for him ever since; and when I heard you singing that song, I naturally thought I'd landed."

"And you never saw him again?" asked Windy Bill.

"Well," chuckled Rogers, "I did about ten year later. It was in Tucson. I was in the back of a store, when the door in front opened, and this man came in. He stopped at the little cigar-case by the door. In about one jump I was on his neck. I jerked him over backwards before he knew what had struck him, threw him on his face, got my hands in his back-hair, and began to jump his features against the hard floor. Then all at once I noted that this man had two arms; so of course he was the wrong fellow. 'Oh, excuse me' said I, and ran out the back door."



DANVILLE, VIRGINIA, A TOWN UNMADE AND REMADE BY A RAILROAD

## THE WAY OF A RAILROAD WITH A TOWN

STORY OF THE STRUGGLE OF DANVILLE, VIRGINIA,  
WITH THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND A MAP

AT Danville, Virginia, the railroad has ceased to be a nebulous public problem, important but distant, and has become the vital concern of every citizen.

Last spring two different delegations of citizens appeared before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate to explain what was the matter with the town. The first asserted with earnestness, and showed by statistics, that everything was wrong in Danville, that the railroads had ruined the town, and that stringent new laws were necessary to control them; the second with equal ardor asserted that the

town was all right, that the railroad "had done a great deal for Danville," and that legislation giving the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to change rates would be injurious, if not disastrous. These two radically opposing views were typical of the positions taken by delegations from every part of the United States: one side fighting the railroads, the other supporting them. And the impression left upon the ordinary listener was usually one of doubt and confusion as to what, after all, had been the real effect of the railroads upon the town or the industry they resented. The railroad operated

*This is number VI of Mr. Baker's Series, "T"*



THE DECLINE OF DANVILLE

*"On many streets of the town loom old tobacco warehouses and factories built of brick . . . many now vacant and out of repair; some in total ruin . . . some used part of the year for storage"*

It was with the keenest curiosity, then, that I visited Danville to discern, if I could, what really lay behind the arguments of the opposing delegations, and what, after all, had been the influence of railroads, good or bad, upon the town. If we can understand a city like Danville, which differs from other American towns only in the variety and extent of its railroad experiences, we shall go far toward understanding, broadly, the meaning of the railroad problem in this country.

#### *Notable Signs of Decay and Growth*

I feel sure that no city could give a first impression more suggestive, or convey outwardly a clearer intimation of its inward conditions. Here, upon a really surprising scale, were evidences of both decay and growth. On many streets of the town loom old warehouses and factories built of brick, scores of them, many now vacant and out of repair; some in total ruin, burned and never rebuilt; some used part of the year for storage. Huge and grim, they present a curious picture of decay. On the other hand, almost side by side with them, bright new tobacco houses have arisen, much fewer in number but equally as large as the old — for Danville is, and has been for years, the greatest leaf tobacco market in the world: tobacco being the peculiar product of the red-hill farms which surround the city on every side.

Decay is also evident in vacant or partly vacant stores in the business part of the town, and in the lack of such prosperous jobbing houses as one ordinarily expects to find in a city of twenty thousand people. A number of wholesale merchants continue to survive but few of them are successful. On the other hand, nothing could exhale a



#### THE PROSPERITY OF DANVILLE

*Cotton and flour mills and furniture factories thrive in Danville upon the favor of the railroad, while unfavorable rates have nearly ruined its jobbing industry, injured its tobacco business, stunted its growth and increased its taxation*

more vaunting air of well-being than the cotton mills along the Dan River — all bright and new, prosperity beaming from every one of their thousands of windows. Within a few years Danville has come to be one of the most important cotton-milling centers in the South. Other manufacturing concerns, flour mills, a busy furniture factory, a knit-goods enterprise, also give an impression of growth and welfare.

#### *Two Parties in Danville*

A further acquaintance soon reveals the fact that the people of the town are divided into two opposing parties. The first includes a very large portion of the population — ninety-five per cent at least — and is led by the city government, the Business Men's Association, and by prominent citizens like Judge A. M. Aiken, of the corporation court, and Eugene Withers, a lawyer and former

member of the legislature. This party is anti-railroad and anti-trust. It asserts that the Southern Railway has injured the growth and checked the prosperity of Danville. The other party is small in numbers, but it represents much of the wealth of the town. It is headed by James I. Pritchett, a wealthy miller, doing a business of \$900,000 a year; by R. A. Schoolfield, the president and controlling spirit of the cotton mills; by W. P. Boatwright, a prosperous furniture manufacturer; by James R. Jopling, president of the First National Bank; and two or three others. This party of wealth and power stands with the railroad.

Now, it is common enough in every town to find a few rich men and many not so rich, but it is uncommon for the two interests to be so clearly conscious of their relative positions and to discuss so frankly the causes which they believe have operated



JUDGE A. M. AIKEN

*For twenty years on the bench at Danville, a leader in the fight on railroad monopoly*

in producing such remarkable contrasts of decline and prosperity. In many communities the visitor discovers an unrest which sometimes relieves itself with unreasoning attacks upon what is vaguely known as the "trust evil" or the "money power;" but in few towns will he find the people, as in Danville, calculating with exact figures, facts, even maps and diagrams, the causes which lie behind their business failures and successes. And that is what makes the conditions there so interesting.

Few sections of the South recovered from the prostration of the Civil War more rapidly than southern Virginia, for the reason, chiefly, that its principal crop — tobacco — was abundant and brought ready cash. Danville, Lynchburg, and to some extent Richmond, were the energetic centers of the industry. Danville, especially, owing to its excellent location, attracted able men, and gave promise of becoming a large city. The town then had two railroads, one reaching to Richmond, where the water shipping facilities of the James River connected it with the outside world, and the

other, built during the war by the Confederate government, running into North Carolina. Its nearest and only threatening rival was Lynchburg, sixty-six miles to the northwest. Both towns had good water powers, both had tobacco markets, and both did a thriving business upon practically even terms.

#### *How Danville Helped Build Railroads*

Shrewd men in Danville, as everywhere else, recognized transportation facilities as the key of industry and the chief cause of city growth. In every part of the country during the 70's and 80's the people were mortgaging their cities and counties to help private railroad builders. When the Virginia Midland road was projected, to run from Washington City to Danville,\* the citizens, eager for this new outlet into Northern markets, contributed no less than \$400,000. in cash (\$100,000. by the city, \$300,000. by Pittsylvania county), to the projectors of the enterprise. When the road was completed in 1874, Danville immediately felt its vivifying effects. The town grew rapidly both in population and in wealth.

If such was the effect of railroads, said Danville, why not have more of them? The reasoning seemed good, and when the Danville & Western was projected in the 80's to run to the coal-fields, (where it never arrived) the city cheerfully presented the private builders with \$110,000. in cash. In these years of free competition the town outstripped its rival to the north and became a thriving commercial center.

By this time the country was reaching the era of combinations, consolidations, and trusts. Short railroad lines were being connected under single ownerships. Great trunk lines took form. And one day in 1886, Danville awakened to the discovery that its two competing railroads — its only outlet to the markets of the world — had been swallowed up in the system afterwards known as the Southern Railway, which now spreads a network of lines from Washington to the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi River.

#### *In the Grasp of Monopoly*

Danville thus found itself in 1887 at the mercy of a railroad monopoly; the competition which had been the life of its trade had wholly disappeared.

\*See map

What was the remedy? Danville did just what scores of other monopolized cities were doing at the same time. It reached out eagerly in search of new competing lines. Promoters suggested a railroad to Norfolk on the sea and Danville was so anxious to have it built that another contribution of \$150,000. was raised by the town — *more than enough to build outright all that part of the new railroad which ran through Pittsylvania county.*

The private promoters, having got all the money they could out of the people, finally completed the line — as had a job of railroad building as they dared to do — and in the early 90's it was opened for business. But this new competition was not long to be enjoyed. When the Atlantic and Danville began to be a real competitor of the Southern, J. Pierpont Morgan and his associates acquired the company under a long term lease, and it became, and is now, a part of the Southern system. Since that time every railroad facility of Danville has been absolutely controlled by the Southern Railway.

When monopoly closed down upon them, the first instinct of the people of Danville was to encourage new railroads. Their experience in the past had been bitter. They had contributed (with the county) over \$700,000. to the building of competing lines. The railroad companies in each case had given stock to cover the amount of money raised, and then they had failed, or reorganized — as they intended to do beforehand — and not one cent of the money voted by Danville, or by Pittsylvania county has ever been returned, or ever will be. And Danville is still paying interest on \$290,000. of the money borrowed to encourage railroad competition which it does not now have. Nearly a quarter of the entire debt under which the city to-day struggles, is made up of these old railroad loans. "We are paying for our dead dog," is the way one of the citizens put it to me.

These facts may seem extraordinary and unusual, but they are not. Such has been the common experience of cities and counties in every part of the United States. The people of the United States have indeed contributed enough in cash, in bonuses, and in lands (by millions of acres), to build a large proportion of the railroads of the United States. All this money and land has been given to private individuals — the



EUGENE WITHERS

*Prominent Attorney of Danville and former member of the Virginia legislature, who with Judge Aiken has borne the brunt of the fight*

owners of the railroads — and these private individuals now not only regard the railroads as their private property but deny the right of the people to a voice in the control of the vast systems thus built up.

But hope springs eternal! Danville knew of no way of obtaining relief from railroad monopoly but by securing more competition, and in spite of its former bitter experiences, it was willing in 1901, by popular vote of the people, to promise \$250,000. more in cash, to help build another competing railroad — a project called the Mount Rogers & Eastern Railroad, which, however, from causes unknown, died before it was born.

### *Results of Railroad Domination*

Let us examine now what railroad monopoly has done in producing the curious contrasts of decline and prosperity in Danville. Fortunately we have all the facts fully set out in hearings and court cases.

A brief study of Danville rates shows two remarkable things :

First: Rates on practically all goods shipped into Danville have either not decreased or have actually been raised since the Southern Railway obtained monopolistic power over the city.

Second: Rates on practically all goods shipped out of Danville, with one significant exception, have been made most favorable by the Southern Railway.

only fifty-four cents a hundredweight — or twelve cents *less* for sixty-six miles *more*.

Why? Lynchburg has railroad competition, while Danville has not. Danville is at the sole mercy of the Southern Railway; while Lynchburg has not only the Southern Railway, but the Norfolk & Western, and the Chesapeake & Ohio, any one of which might have transported the shoes.



BUYING TOBACCO IN A DANVILLE WAREHOUSE

*One of the centers of the tobacco trust, Danville is the greatest market for leaf tobacco in the world*

The reasons for this apparent greediness with reference to one sort of freight, and this apparent generosity regarding another sort, when explained, will make clear many of the fundamental whys and wherefores of the railroad problem.

I can best lead up to these reasons by showing the results of monopoly in the matter of incoming freights — which include all the food and clothing of the town, the lumber used in its houses, the coal burned as fuel, and so on.

A shoe merchant in Danville buys a stock in New York. It is shipped by sea to Norfolk (see map) and by rail to Danville. He pays sixty-six cents a hundred pounds. In the same car may be an exactly similar shipment for a Lynchburg merchant. The railroad company hauls the car sixty-six miles further, and then charges the Lynchburg man

#### *Surprising Examples of Freight Rates*

Take a more remarkable illustration — sugar from New Orleans. Shipped by the Southern, sugar destined for Lynchburg goes through Danville, but Danville must pay forty-three cents a hundredweight while Lynchburg, sixty-six miles *further*, pays only thirty-two cents.

Pork from Chicago to Lynchburg, one thousand miles, pays twenty-seven cents, while to Danville it pays forty cents. If the Danville merchant shipped to Lynchburg on a rival railroad, hoping thus to get competition, he would still use the Southern from Lynchburg to Danville, for which service of sixty-six miles he pays thirteen cents, or nearly half the charge for the thousand miles from Chicago.

In short, railroad rates from every direction to Danville, and on almost every sort

of merchandise — the only exception I could find among thousands of commodities being barreled apples — are from thirty-three per cent to one hundred per cent higher than they are to Lynchburg, and that in spite of the fact that many, if not most of the shipments for Lynchburg pass *through* Danville.

What is the effect of this? Danville has studied its own conditions thoroughly, and has figures to show how the rates affect its prosperity. On flour, for example, a staple of life: Rates on flour from Cincinnati to Lynchburg are twelve cents per hundred-weight, to Danville twenty-four cents, just twice as much, the distance by the Southern Railway being shorter to Danville than to Lynchburg. This means, of course, that every loaf of bread bears twice the railroad tax at Danville that it does at Lynchburg.

Fertilizer, a necessity of the tobacco farmer, is shipped from Chicago to Danville at \$5.80 a ton, whereas, if it went on sixty-six miles further to Lynchburg, the rate would be only \$4.40. In other words, farmers trading in Danville would pay \$1.40 more a ton than those trading in Lynchburg — or else the difference would come out of the Danville merchant.

Coal, another necessity of life, pays seventy cents more freight on every ton (from the Pocahontas fields), to Danville than to Lynchburg — or about forty-five per cent. It needs no argument to show that this adjustment not only increases the price of living for ordinary citizens but it discourages manufacturers who would use coal for steam purposes. In testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission, Danville witnesses gave several specific instances in which manufacturers proposed locating in Danville, but when they learned freight-rate conditions they went elsewhere. I asked the price of anthracite coal for domestic use at Danville: it was \$9.00 a ton, while bituminous coal was \$6.75 and Pocahontas coal \$7.00 and Danville is only a comparatively short distance from the West Virginia coal-fields.

Greenhow Maury, a dealer, gave me an example of freight rates on a specific shipment of salt, another staple, from Akron, Ohio. Coming to Lynchburg it would have paid sixteen cents, to Danville twenty-three cents, or nearly fifty per cent more. Mr. Maury shipped fifteen carloads to a wholesale merchant at Danville. The freight bill was

\$420. more at Danville than it would have been at Lynchburg.

### *Story of Two Kitchen Stoves*

W. R. Guerrant, a hardware merchant, showed me freight bills on two steel kitchen stoves weighing eight hundred pounds. The rate from Cincinnati to Lynchburg, five hundred miles was \$1.76 while from Lynchburg to Danville, sixty-six miles, the rate was \$1.84. In other words the Lynchburg merchant would have paid only \$1.76 on his two stoves while the Danville merchant paid \$3.60. How much chance would a Danville merchant have in competing for trade with a Lynchburg merchant?

Horses shipped from the West by the Southern can be put down at Richmond, one hundred and forty-one miles *further* than Danville, at much less freight. There have been instances in which Danville dealers actually had their shipments billed to Richmond, and when the horses reached Danville, they took them off — secretly of course — and let the cars go on empty to Richmond.

Of course Danville has also experienced many of the lesser impositions of monopoly. Shippers have had trouble in getting cars when ordered, they have had long delays in receiving freight, and they have also suffered exasperating passenger train arrangements and poor service in other ways. With no danger of any competitor getting the business the railroad could do as it liked.

As a result of high and discriminating freight rates the wholesale business of Danville, once thriving and prosperous, has been injured and the retail business has also suffered. Jobbers in other Virginia cities have taken away practically all of Danville's trade, even selling to merchants in smaller villages almost in the environs of Danville. Every commodity in Danville is higher in cost than in other cities, therefore no farmer or any one else trades in Danville if he can avoid it. And every citizen pays the tax of monopoly upon every pound of sugar, loaf of bread, ton of coal, every hat, every foot of lumber.

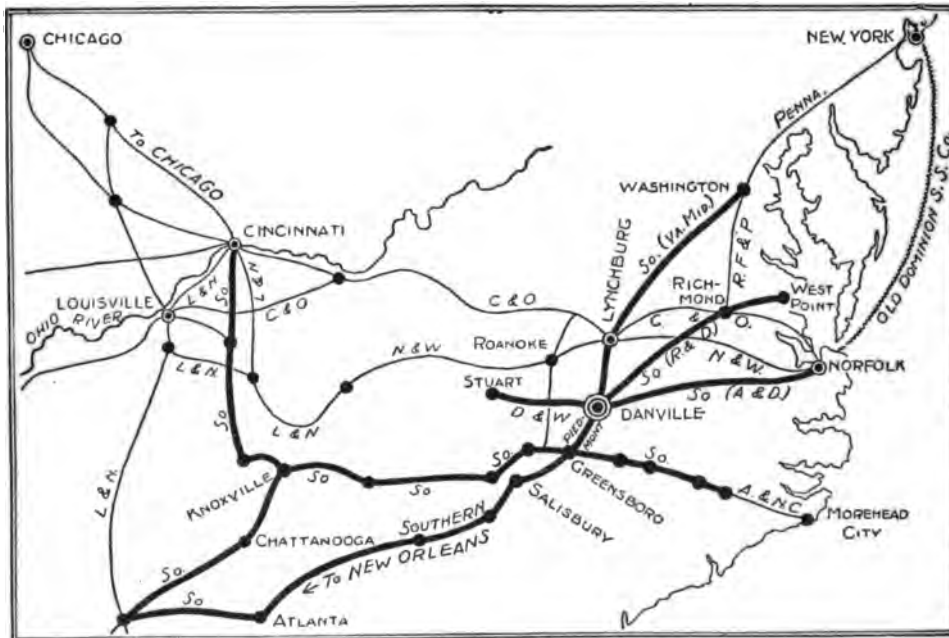
After a careful investigation the Interstate Commerce Commission said in its report:

Danville began twenty years ago with a population of 3,000 people, and rapidly developed to substantially its present size; but in recent years and at the present time it finds further development seriously impaired, if not absolutely checked,

by this rate discrimination. Its wholesale merchants are deprived of most of their profitable territory by competition with Lynchburg and Richmond. Every new industry which considers the advisability of locating there is confronted with the fact that it must pay in freight rates a sum from Danville over and above what must be paid from Lynchburg large enough to afford a handsome profit upon many enterprises. Every inhabitant and every property owner of Danville is to an extent injured by this discrimination.

All this accounts for the vacant or partially vacant stores, it also accounts for the

road seeks to build up industries on its own line: it also favors the big shipper who can assure so many carloads every year. Cotton mills, for example, would not be built at Danville unless the railroad first made favorable rates. And we find that Mr. Schoolfield has built up huge mills because he can ship his cotton at rates which permit him to compete with other cotton mills in the South. Mr. Pritchett is given a milling-in-transit rate on wheat — in other words, he is allowed



*Danville has no railroad except the Southern. Lynchburg, its chief business rival, has three railroads, the Southern, the Chesapeake & Ohio, and the Norfolk & Western. At the close of the war Danville had the R. & D. (Richmond & Danville), and Piedmont Railroads. In 1874 the Virginia Midland Railroad to Washington was opened for business: in the 80's the D. & W. (Danville & Western), was built and in the 90's the A. & D. (Atlantic & Danville), was completed. All of these competing lines have been consolidated in the Southern Railway.*

rise of the anti-railroad party among the people, and the fact that the city government, the Business Men's Association, and many prominent citizens are waging a hard fight for new laws to control railroad rates.

#### *Where the Railroads Smiled*

So much for the rates on incoming freight as fixed by the monopoly — they have tended to kill the town. What about outgoing freights? The chief outgoing freights are cotton goods, furniture, flour, and tobacco. Let us consider these separately. A rail-

road to stop wheat in Danville, grind it in his mill, and send the flour on at the remainder of the rate. If he had not that rate he could not thrive; but he does thrive; he is highly prosperous. And both of these gentlemen chiefly use for their power, not the coal which bears such high freight rates, but the water of the Dan River, upon which no railroad has a monopoly. Mr. Boatwright gets good rates on his furniture; so he is prosperous. Here is a curious fact: furniture can be shipped from Mr. Boatwright's factory at Danville, to Northern cities, much cheaper than it

can be shipped from the North to the retail merchants at Danville. In other words, by the favor of the railroad, Mr. Boatwright is enabled to get his furniture out of Danville at a low rate so that he can compete with other manufacturers; but furniture shipped in and bought by the people of Danville (who can't escape) must pay the high rates.

### *Why Tobacco Rates Are High*

The significant exception to this rule for outgoing freights is tobacco. On tobacco, Danville is discriminated against as compared with Lynchburg or Richmond exactly as it is on its incoming freights. For example, the Southern Railway takes tobacco from Richmond to Louisville, Kentucky, for twenty-four cents a hundred pounds, while the charge from Danville, one hundred and forty-one miles nearer Louisville, is forty cents, *or nearly seventy per cent more for one hundred and forty-one miles less distance*, and the cars carrying the tobacco go through Danville on their way West. Of course the Southern makes this rate to meet the rate of the Chesapeake and Ohio, which has the short line from Richmond to Louisville. Of these strange tobacco rates the Interstate Commerce Commission says:

It appears from the testimony that it has been possible to ship tobacco from Danville to Richmond, store it for a time at Richmond, and send it along to market upon the same rate that it could have been shipped from Danville itself in the first instance, although the first carriage from Danville to Richmond was by the Southern and the final shipment from Richmond may have passed back through Danville over the same line.

Why is this? Because tobacco is grown by farmers around Danville who *must* ship from Danville. The farmer cannot move his farm and in his necessity he is at the mercy of the railroad monopoly.

It is plain, now, why the rich men of Danville — the manufacturers and to some extent the bankers — stand with the railroads. It is purely selfish: They get favoring rates and they stand by the monopoly. If they did not, a very little change in a rate, might destroy their business. And the friendlier they are, the more favors they are likely to get. Mr. Pritchett said to the Senate Committee:

"In my past experience of twenty odd years in business I have found the officials of that road (the Southern) always willing to listen to our troubles and in a great many instances to take care of us."

Mr. Pritchett not only gets favorable rates, but he is a director of one branch of the Southern Railway.

Thus the two committees went to Washington last spring. The committee of citizens went at its own expense, to complain of the oppression of the monopoly. The committee of rich manufacturers and bankers was called together by a director of one of the branches of the Southern Railway, and the members traveled on passes.

In other words, the Southern Railway monopoly has taken its high profit where it had the power — from the people, the workers, the farmers of Danville who *can't escape*, and it has given good rates to the rich manufacturers *who could escape*, if necessary.

What has been the result of this condition upon Danville?

The citizens of Danville show by accurate figures that while Lynchburg has grown rapidly the population of Danville (not counting suburbs admitted), has increased comparatively little since the railroad monopoly fastened upon the town. Another barometer of prosperity is the valuation of real estate: Up to 1887 — the year of monopoly — the increase in value was rapid. In 1885 it was \$5,511,097. In 1890 it had decreased to \$5,170,928. In 1900 it had increased to \$6,828,760., but this was caused largely by the addition of over \$1,000,000. of cotton-mill property which had been exempt for ten years from any taxation whatever. In 1904 the taxable values had decreased again to \$6,521,005.

### *High Freight Rates: High Taxes*

At the same time that values decreased the tax rate has gone up steadily — for the city must still, in addition to many other expenses, pay interest on its contributions toward the building of the various branches of the Southern Railway. This table will show how the tax rate has gone up since railroad monopoly came:

Tax rate from 1884 to 1890,	\$1.12½	for \$100.
" " " 1891 to 1896,	1.37½	" "
" " " 1897 to 1901,	1.35	" "
" " " 1902 to 1906,	1.40	" "

"We hear the argument of the railroads," says Eugene Withers, one of the spokesmen of the citizens' committee, "that governmental rate-fixing will confiscate railroad

property : but we don't hear anything at all about how the railroads now confiscate the people's property."

While I am on the subject of taxation it is interesting to consider how the Southern Railway is bearing its public burden. The city has contributed \$360,000. in cash to building various railroads now owned by the Southern; the total assessment of all railroad property in Danville is only \$151,801. *In other words the Southern Railway is to-day paying taxes on less than half as much value as the city has contributed to it in cash.* And while Danville still pays interest on \$290,000. of its bonds voted to help build the railroad, the railroad pays taxes on an assessment of only \$151,801.

#### *Tobacco Trust Works Hand in Hand With Railroad*

It is proper here to consider one other influence which has worked with the railroad to change the destinies of Danville; for the railroad, despite its discriminating rates, has not been the only agency in the making-over of the town. As I have said before, the chief product of all the country round about Danville is tobacco. Now the tobacco trade of the world is practically controlled by the American Tobacco Company — the "Tobacco Trust." The trust is so powerful that it not only controls the price to be paid the farmer, but dominates the price of the manufactured product to the consumer. As a result the Dukes and Brady and Dolan and Ryan, (the same Ryan who bought the controlling stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Society), of the trust, have grown enormously wealthy. Since the trust entered Danville it has driven out nearly all the independent leaf dealers; many of their factories stand vacant or in ruin. In this work the trust has undoubtedly been assisted by the Southern Railway, for the freight rates on tobacco, as I have already shown, are highly discriminating against Danville. A few years ago there were twenty-seven tobacco manufacturers in Danville; now there are four. These results have been accomplished by the usual methods of the trust — by purchasing or crushing rivals, by railroad favoritism, by the use of machinery, and other devices of superior economy.

What has been the result upon the producing farmers?

Tobacco is practically the only cash crop of the Danville neighborhood. It has been

bringing, during the past six years from seven to ten cents a pound. Now, it costs from eight to more than nine cents a pound to grow tobacco. In other words, the farmer has been putting in his work and selling his only cash crop practically at cost. He has barely paid himself for his labor and fertilizers and in many cases has had to let his land deteriorate by over-cropping. And yet, after wide inquiries among many people, I arrived at the conclusion that the farmers generally were better off now than they were even in the earlier days of the trust. Why? Not because of their tobacco crop, but in spite of it. Formerly the farmers raised practically nothing but tobacco, sold the crop for cash, and purchased in the towns all the necessities of life. But of recent years they have begun to diversify their products, to raise cattle, hogs, wheat, and corn, so that they now more nearly feed themselves. Moreover, they have nearly rid themselves of the old, wasteful negro labor — not from desire, but from necessity. It is not uncommon now to see the white farmer and all his children working in the fields, while the little negroes of the neighborhood are going to school.

#### *Tobacco Farmers Try to Form a Trust*

It is by economy and hard work then, that the tobacco farmer is getting ahead. In the week that I visited Danville, the farmers, who have an organization known as the Bright Tobacco Growers' Association, held a great meeting in Danville and discussed plans for retaining their crop and marketing it by the co-operative system, hoping thus to force better prices from the trust.

In other words, the farmers are trying to form a growers' monopoly to meet the manufacturers' trust. If they succeed both trusts will get more profits — and the consumer will have to pay the bills. Two trusts thus leagued together will be far more dangerous than one. But it is not likely to succeed. Such a device is merely an attempt to fight the tobacco trust in its own field, the field of finance, of which the Ryans and the Dukes are past masters. The trust has more money than the farmers, and it could, if necessary, cease to buy in the Danville market, until the farmers were forced to sell.

It will thus be seen that the tobacco growers, who really form the backbone of the prosperity of all that region, are in no enviable

position. The tobacco trust keeps the price just high enough to tease the grower into continued production, but not high enough to yield him any appreciable profit beyond the bare payment for his labor. On the other hand the railroad trust, by charging the high rates of monopoly on every commodity the farmer consumes: flour, meat, lumber, coal, hardware, also takes great profits out of him. One of these growers said to me:

"They get us going and coming."

In the same week that the farmers held their great meeting at Danville to discuss means for shaking off the oppression of the trusts, the local paper published a brief resume of the report of the American Tobacco Company for 1905. A tobacco man handed the clipping to me with the remark:

"That explains it."

This report showed that the *net earnings* of the trust, which so squeezes the Danville farmer, were \$25,212,285. for the year 1905 — a single year — an increase of nearly \$3,000,000. over 1904. And no trust has watered its stock more notoriously than the tobacco trust. It is to-day earning dividends on enormous amounts of paper securities.

In exactly the same way the Southern Railway has been highly profitable, despite immense issues of watered stock.

#### *Who Are Really Prosperous in Danville?*

It will thus be seen that every moneyed interest concerned in the Danville situation — the railroad owners, the tobacco trust, and the favored manufacturers — have been highly prosperous, while the producer and the consumer — in other words the people who do the actual work — have had to bear heavy burdens of excessive freight rates and of prices manipulated by the trusts, to say nothing of constantly increasing taxation.

The manufacturers at Danville assert that the enterprises of Danville are larger than ever before, that more money is invested there, that the profits are greater, that more freight is being shipped every year, and that the banks do a more extensive business. This is probably true to the last word. The same view was presented by the manufacturers at Washington last spring, and to one unfamiliar with actual conditions it looks like a rosy picture.

But what is the true standard of growth and prosperity in a town? Does it lie in the total cash invested, in the bank clearings, or

in the great wealth of a few manufacturers or bankers? Or, does it lie in the contentment and prosperity of the whole people? Is the town a better place to live in? Does it measure success by the production of good men or of yards of cotton cloth?

#### *Freight Rates and Quality of Citizenship*

I was greatly struck with the words of Judge Aiken upon this very point. Perhaps no man in Pittsylvania county has a wider acquaintance with conditions and men.

"The long continuance of this condition has affected our citizenship," he said. "I have been on the bench for twenty years, and I can perceive it in the selection of juries."

Looked at from the money point of view, the cotton mills of Danville are a wonderful success: they pay big profits to their owners. But these cotton mills also employ men and women at low wages and work them long hours. Children by hundreds swarm in the mills, getting no opportunity for education, their physical and moral and intellectual vitality stunted and sapped before they come of age. Yet these children are the future citizens who will help govern the country; and this is the training which society permits them to obtain. At the company's new mill, which is just outside the city of Danville, there exists not only the familiar abuses of child and woman labor, through long hours at low pay, but the employees live in company houses, and trade at the company's truck store. After paying rent to the company and grocery bills at the company's store, these workmen rarely see much cash.

We may now begin to see why the great proportion of people in Danville, led by the city government, are anti-railroad and anti-trust, and why they sent a committee to Washington to protest and demand laws to control railroad monopoly. On the other hand we can see why the few rich men, who are growing richer every year, went to Washington and supported the railroad monopoly, and declared that Danville was more prosperous than ever before. And it is more prosperous — for six, or twenty, or perhaps even one hundred men, but for the remainder of the population it is far less prosperous.

When the news came to Danville that six manufacturers and bankers had gone to Washington to support the railroads, the people were so much stirred that they called

a great mass-meeting at the court-house — one of the most remarkable gatherings in the history of the town. So bitter was the feeling aroused, that it was only the council of cooler heads that prevented severe denunciations of abuse. Here was the town trying to escape from the burden of railroad monopoly; and here were six citizens of the town, who, because they received favoring rates, and were personally prosperous, were willing to prevent their neighbors from obtaining any relief. One of the speakers at the meeting, Mr. Withers, thus expressed it:

"It is not a question between the two committees. If certain businesses are satisfied with the rates given them by the Southern Railway, why should they interfere with those who are not satisfied with the rates?"

One of the first things a visitor at Danville is prompted to ask is, "Why don't you complain to the Interstate Commerce Commission? Why don't you carry your grievances into the courts?"

That is exactly what Danville has done: few other American cities have conducted a longer or a more persistent fight. No part of the Danville story, indeed, is more important or significant than this.

There are three stages in the popular struggle against monopolies and trusts. First comes the attempt to introduce more competition, or to prevent monopoly by law. The whole country has for years been in this stage of development. Laws have been passed — the Sherman anti-trust act is a good type — to prevent combinations. They have been unfruitful. Sometimes they have changed the form of a trust, but the essence of the monopoly — ownership by a few friendly interests — remains. The Northern Securities Company, for example, a trust owning the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, and the Burlington railroads, was thus broken up, but the three roads remained as before in the hands of J. J. Hill and they are no more competitors to-day than they were when the Northern Securities Company was in existence. In the efforts to stimulate competition the state of Kansas sought, with futility of course, to meet the Standard Oil monopoly by organizing an independent State refinery. It is as Commissioner Prouty says: "You can't make railroads compete when they don't want to and don't have to." Many

of the people of the United States are still laboring under the delusion that competition may be forced and that trusts may be "busted."

The second stage accepts the trust or the monopoly as inevitable — indeed, as a good thing in so far as it cheapens production and simplifies administration. In other words, instead of seeking to *prevent monopoly* the people advocate the *control of monopoly*. That is the exact meaning of the present demand for railroad legislation. In its essence it is this: Let the railroads combine, but control them by giving the government power to fix the rates.

In the third stage the people assume the impossibility of governmental control of trusts and monopolies and demand outright governmental ownership. Chicago is now at this stage in connection with its street car service: and many people, seeing the difficulties involved in regulating the railroads, are now demanding complete governmental ownership.

Danville excellently illustrates this development from stage to stage. Perceiving the utter impossibility of securing by private effort further competition for the Southern Railway, the town turned with hope to the government. Here was the Interstate Commerce Commission provided for just such emergencies; its avowed purpose was to work justice between the railroads and the people. One of the early cases brought before the Commission after its establishment in 1887 was a Danville case, but it was not until 1899 that the entire town took up the fight in earnest. Hearings were held at both Danville and Washington and the situation of the town in regard to rates was clearly set forth. Mr. Prouty wrote the decision of the commission, thirty-four printed pages. It was a complete victory for Danville. The decision said:

#### *Interstate Commerce Commission Decides in Danville's Favor*

... The Southern Railway, by virtue of the fact that it has obtained possession of and now controls the avenues of communication by rail between the city of Danville and the outside world, has no right to deprive that community of the competitive advantages which the enterprise of its citizens in one way or another has secured, and upon the strength of which business conditions have grown up; it must recognize the geographical position and the commercial importance of Danville.

Finding the rates at Danville discriminatory as compared with Lynchburg the commission gave the railroad two and one-half months to make the necessary adjustments—all of which brought the greatest joy to the city.

But did the Southern Railway obey? It did not. It waited as long as possible, then obtained a rehearing of the case, at which the officials presented a mass of testimony to show why rates were so much higher at Danville than at other Virginia cities and what great losses the railroad would suffer if they reduced the Danville rates in accordance with the opinion of the Commission. They asserted, in short, that the low rates at Lynchburg were caused by competition while the rates at Danville were not, in themselves, unreasonably high.

Again Mr. Prouty wrote the decision of the Commission—a singularly vigorous and able document. Again the position of the city of Danville was sustained. After showing that Danville was paying not less than \$50,000 a year more than would be paid if as low rates were accorded to it as to Lynchburg, Mr. Prouty said :

It is idle to suppose that Danville can long continue the active competitor of Lynchburg under these circumstances. Enterprises already established there may continue for a time; special conditions like its water power may give to it permanently special lines of business, but, as a whole, Danville must cease to be a competitor of Lynchburg.

Of the claim of the Southern that it was not earning dividends on its \$120,000,000 common stock, the decision said :

This common stock was issued as a part of a reorganization scheme under which the Southern Railway Company came into existence. It does not appear that the persons to whom this stock was originally issued ever paid one dollar in actual value for it. It simply appears that the stock is outstanding. This is not enough. Something more is needed when a claim of this kind is set up than the mere fact of the existence and amount of capitalization. It does not rest in the whim of a reorganization committee in Wall Street to impose a perpetual tax upon that whole southern country.

#### *Mr. Prouty on the Railroads and the People*

And finally, Commissioner Prouty laid down certain broad, fundamental principles

regarding the relationship of the railroads to the people :

The Southern Railway is of great benefit to the territory which it serves, and the money invested in that enterprise is entitled to the most careful protection; but the property of the citizens of Danville is just as sacred as are the securities of that company. . . .

This is not a question of revenue altogether. It is a question, to an extent, of right and wrong. The beggar upon the street has no right to steal merely because he is hungry; nor has the Southern Railway a right to do an unlawful act simply because it needs revenue. The state of its revenues has a bearing upon the lawfulness of the act, but is not conclusive.

Railway managers are prone to assume that, in the adjustment of their rates, only the interest of their own properties must be considered. Mr. Culp was asked what weight he gave to the interest of the city of Danville, to its proximity to Lynchburg, to the fact that it was a competitor of Lynchburg, and his reply in effect was, none. This is neither just nor lawful. Railways are public servants and subject to public control. In the exercise of that control the public has enacted that they shall not unduly discriminate in favor of one locality against another, and that they shall not charge more for the short than for the long haul under similar circumstances and conditions. The Supreme Court has declared that in determining what are similar circumstances and conditions, and what is undue discrimination, reference must be had to the interest of all parties, not merely the railway. After considering all the circumstances and conditions in the present case we have sustained the complaint of the city of Danville, and have indicated in a general way those changes in rates which should be made.

Danville, having been twice victorious before the Commission, now expected relief. It waited for changes in its rates. None was made. Indeed, through changes in classification about that time, rates were actually increased on many commodities. The Southern Railway paid no attention whatever to the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Danville continued to pay the high freight rates. The next year, 1901, the Commission went into the courts to enforce its order. A railroad is perfectly at home in the courts; it has trained, high-grade legal talent and plenty of money, and the more delay the better, because in a few months time a town like Danville would pay in extortionate rates more than enough to cover any amount of litigation. The case dragged, therefore, until August, 1902, when the federal court decided in favor of the Southern Railway and overturned the decision of the Commission. The case was then carried to the Circuit Court of Appeals where nearly a year more of time

was consumed, and the railroad again won the case. At this point the Interstate Commerce Commission stopped fighting and the rates are unchanged to-day at Danville.

### *What Is the Railroad Position?*

Now, I do not wish to infer that the Southern Railway has adjusted the Danville rates out of spite. The Southern Railway is on its part and in its way a victim of competency conditions, and it was the setting forth of these conditions which won the case in the federal courts. Rates at Lynchburg are forced down by competition and are therefore beyond the control of the Southern Railway, acting alone. In order to make up for low rates at towns where competition exists the Southern Railway exacts high rates at towns where it has a monopoly. In other words, Danville must be made to help pay Lynchburg's freight. Considering only the dividends of the railroad this sort of an adjustment may be necessary, and the courts may sustain it; but does that make it right or just either to Lynchburg or to Danville? Are towns created for the profit of highway owners, or are highways built to serve the towns? The railroad asserts that it is powerless to adjust present conditions so as to do justice between such towns as Danville and Lynchburg, but when it is proposed to create a government tribunal with power to secure that justice, the railroad fights the proposition, as it is fighting it now in Congress.

The long struggle before the Commission and in the courts has cost Danville not only money, but the free services of several of its ablest lawyers — to no purpose. It is therefore not wise to suggest in Danville that there is law enough ("if it is enforced"), or that the Interstate Commerce Commission has enough power, or that the courts may be relied upon to give justice under the present laws. It is for this reason that the citizens' committee appeared at Washington demanding rate legislation. If new laws are not passed, giving such towns as Danville an ordinary opportunity to secure ordinary justice, then it is not impossible that Danville and other localities similarly situated will be found demanding the final remedy — governmental ownership.

Having failed in getting relief either through their own private efforts or from the

Interstate Commerce Commission and the courts, what remained to the citizens of Danville?

Well, politics.

### *Taking the Problem Into Politics*

Railroad men have urged that industrial questions should be kept out of politics and have pictured the danger of "political meddling" with the railroads. But when the American is shut off from relief from what he regards as evils in every other way, he turns, finally, to his last and greatest weapon, the ballot. So he has turned in Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Texas, and many other states, where the railroad problem is being decided by vote.

In Virginia, conditions are somewhat different, at least upon the surface. All over the South the negro question has served to obscure new issues and prevent new party alignments. The result has been that most of the contests have centered within the Democratic party and few really vital issues have been discussed.

Last fall there was a state election in Virginia. I asked many different men what were the issues involved: every one of them hesitated, evidently puzzled, and the answer in each case finally narrowed down to this, as one citizen put it:

"Why, the candidates cussed and discussed each other. It was a personal fight between Governor Montague and Senator Martin."

Thus in the face of great problems affecting the very life of every citizen the people did not insist upon knowing in detail how the candidates stood upon the railroad and trust questions, but allowed them to go into office after a campaign of meaningless personalities.

But the people of Virginia have, in reality, been in advance of the politicians. When a convention was called in 1901 to revise the State Constitution, the real sentiment of the state was found to be so thoroughly aroused that in spite of the opposition of railroads and other corporations, clauses were placed in the new constitution providing for a corporation commission with full power to regulate the railroad rates. Changes were also made in the system of taxation by which the railroads bear more nearly their just share of the burden, and the giving of railroad passes to public officials was forbidden.

In securing such new provisions in the Constitution, the story of the experiences of Danville, presented in the form of petitions, and in a very able speech by Mr. Withers, played no small part in settling the minds of the convention: so that, in one way, after all, the fight of Danville has had its effect.

Provisions in the new Constitution have helped within the state of Virginia, but inasmuch as the great bulk of railroad business is interstate, such conditions as those at Danville remain practically unchanged.

Evidences now indicate that the negro problem has been settled, so far as the franchise is concerned, and that an era of new vitality has dawned in Virginia politics. The time is coming when the people will insist upon knowing, not only the personal qualities of its governors and congressmen, and especially its United States Senators, but it will also find out definitely and exactly who these men propose to represent — the railroads and the trusts, or the people. If Senator Martin, of Virginia, for example, is not right upon the railroad questions from the point of view of Danville, isn't it largely the fault of Danville? Until the people in each state follow up their senators and find out what they stand for, and then hold them to their positions, they will get little progressive legislation in Congress. When Minnesota elected Senator Clapp — who had for years been a railroad attorney — they not only asked him what he stood for, but got his promise in writing that he would support a rate regulation law.

Of course the railroad has great influence within Danville, as in other towns. Several of the branch lines of the Southern Railway still maintain a corporate existence. They must have Virginia directors — merely nominal officers, of course, without power. Eight or ten of these directorships are scattered among the citizens of Danville, presumably where they will do the most good. Each director gets an annual pass. Here, at the start, is a nucleus of a railroad party in Danville. The head of the cotton mill company is one of these directors, the head of the flour mill company is another; both were members of the committee which went to Washington to tell the Senate that

railroad conditions in Danville were all right, and that no more legislation was needed.

### *Conclusions From the Danville Case*

I have thus endeavored to give a clear idea of what conditions are in Danville. A few points in conclusion, should be emphasized.

Is it right that the Southern Railway, having a monopoly, should charge high rates at Danville to make up for the low competitive rates at Lynchburg? Should Danville help to pay Lynchburg's freight rates? The Southern Railway admits making a profit on its Lynchburg business, even at the low competitive rates: why, then, should Danville be required to pay from thirty to one hundred per cent more profit?

Is it right that the very life of a town in Virginia should be in the hands of private individuals in New York city or elsewhere, who have no sympathy with Danville, and are working, not for justice, but for private profit?

Railroads are public highways which all people have a right to use upon equal terms. Is it right for the Southern Railway, upon any excuse whatever, to deny the people of Danville this equality upon the public highway?

Is it right that the Southern Railway, having deprived Danville of competition, should now plead its own wrong in defense of high rates at Danville and low rates at Lynchburg? If the beggar on the streets has no right to steal money because he is a beggar, has the Southern Railway a right to do a wrong merely because it needs revenue?

Is it right that a railroad which objects so strongly to the confiscation of its property, should be allowed to depreciate the value of property in towns where it has a monopoly?

The railroad says that such adjustments as those between Lynchburg and Danville are fixed by competitive conditions beyond its control. If the railroad cannot itself cure such injustice, why should not the governmental commission be empowered to do it?

Is it right, finally, that there should be no power in this country strong enough to prevent railroad injustice and railroad discriminations like those existing in Danville?

# TIMED TO AN AFRICAN CHANT

BY

ROSALIE M. JONAS

Piny woods, piny woods,  
Oo!  
Black lak night-time,  
Oo!  
Red sun sottin' thoo,  
Win' er moanin' —  
Oo! — oo!

Creepin' on, creepin' on,  
Oo!  
What dat hidin'?  
Oo!  
Da, by dat da Bayou!  
Crawlin', crouchin',  
Oo!

In de dawk, in de dawk,  
Oo!  
I done knows him!  
Oo!  
Nigger — but white face too  
Mine an' his'n,  
Oo!

"Whar yer gwine? Whar yer gwine?"  
Oo!  
I done call him,  
Oo!  
"Come outen dat bamboo —  
Mammy callin',"  
Oo!

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! ma Gawd! Oh! ma Gawd!  
Oo!  
I done *trap* him!  
Oo!  
Dat white-cap "false-face" crew,  
Dey done cotch him,  
Oo!

Hyar dey come! Hyar dey come!  
Oo!  
Shoutin'! Stompin'!  
Oo!  
Christ! what dey gwine do  
Wid *Rope* an' *To'ches*?  
Oo!

Ropin' him! Ropin' him!  
Oo!  
Pilin' kin'lins,  
Oo!  
Hell-fire burnin' blue  
Light dem "false-face,"  
Oo!

Dat er one! Dat er one!  
Oo!  
Ain't I knows hit?  
Oo!  
Gwine ter burn *him* — *you*?  
He own *Fader*!  
Oo!

Fader's son! Fader's son!  
Oo!  
Gawd done mark him,  
Oo!  
Nigger — but white face too —  
Sin lak Fader,  
Oo!

\* \* \* \* \*

Piny woods, piny woods,  
Oo!  
Fire dyin'  
Oo!  
Moans er moanin' thoo, —  
Dead man's moanin' —  
Oo! — oo!



# Robin Goodfellow -- His Friends

by  
Rudyard Kipling

Illustrated by André Castaigne



## II On the Great Wall 4



*When I left home for Lalage's sake  
By the Legions' Road to Rimini  
She swore her heart was mine to take  
With me and my shield to Rimini —  
(Till the Eagles flew from Rimini.)  
And I've tramped Britain and I've tramped Gaul  
And the Pontic shore where the snowflakes fall  
As white as the neck of Lalage —  
As cold as the heart of Lalage!  
And I've lost Britain and I've lost Gaul  
(the voice seemed very cheerful about it,)  
And I've lost Rome, and worst of all  
I've lost Lalage!*

**T**HEY were standing by the gate to Far Wood when they heard this song. Without a word they hurried to their private gap and wriggled through the fence almost atop of a jay that was feeding from Puck's hand.

"Gently!" said Puck. "What are you looking for?"

"Parnesius of course," Dan answered. "We've only just remembered yesterday. It isn't fair."

Puck chuckled as he rose. "I'm sorry, but children who spend the afternoon with me and a Roman Centurion need a little settling dose of magic before they go to tea with their governess — Ohe, Parnesius!" he called.

"Here, Faun," came the answer from Volaterrae. They could see the shimmer of bronze armour in the beech crotch, and the friendly flash of the great shield uplifted.

"I have driven out the Britons," Parnesius laughed like a boy. "I occupy their

high forts. But Rome is merciful! You may come up!" and up they all three scrambled.

"What was the song you were singing just now?" said Una, as soon as she had settled herself.

"That? Oh, *Rimini*. It's one of the tunes that are always being born somewhere in the Empire. They run like a pestilence for six months or a year, till another one pleases the Legions, and then they march to that."

"Tell them about the marching, Parnesius. Few people nowadays walk from end to end of the country," said Puck.

"The greater their loss. I know nothing better than the long march when your feet are hardened. You begin after mists have risen, and you end, perhaps, an hour after sundown."

"And what do you have to eat?" Dan asked promptly.

"Fat bacon, beans, and bread, and whatever wine happens to be in the rest-houses. But soldiers are born grumblers. Their very first day out, my men complained of our water-ground British corn. They said it wasn't so filling as the rough stuff that is ground in the ox-mills. However, they had to fetch and eat it."

"Fetch it? Where from?" said Una.

"From that newly-invented water-mill below the Forge."

"That's Forge Mill — *our* Mill!" Una looked at Puck.

"Yes, yours," Puck put in. "How old did you think it was?"

"I don't know."

"It was pretty old a thousand years back," Puck said.

"It was new in my day," said Parnesius. "The men looked at the flour in their helmets as though it had been a nest of adders. They were only trying my patience. But I addressed them, and we became friends. To tell the truth, they taught me the Roman step. You see, I'd only served with quick-marching auxiliaries. A Legion's pace is altogether different. It is a long, slow stride that never varies. 'Rome's Race — Rome's Pace' as the proverb says. Twenty-four miles in eight hours, neither more nor less. Head and spear up, shield on your back, cuirass-collar open one hand's-breadth, and that's how you march through Britain."

"And did you meet any adventures?" said Dan.

"There are no adventures south the Wall," said Parnesius. "The worst thing that happened me was having to appear before a magistrate near Lindum, where a wandering philosopher had jeered at our Eagles. I was able to show that the old man had deliberately blocked the road, and the magistrate told him, out of his own Book, I believe, that, whatever his Gods were, he should pay proper respect to Rome."

"What did you do?" said Dan.

"Went on. Why should I care for such things, my business being to reach my station? It took me twenty-six days.

"Of course, the farther north you go, the emptier are the roads. At last you fetch clear of the forests, and climb bare hills, where wolves howl in the ruins of our cities that have been. No more pretty girls: no more jolly magistrates who knew your Father when he was young, and invite you to stay with them: no news at the temples and way stations except bad news of wild beasts. That's where you meet hunters, and trappers for the Circuses prodding along chained bears and muzzled wolves. Your pony shies at them, and your men laugh!

"The houses change from open villas to shut forts with watch-towers of gray stone, and great stone-walled sheepfolds, guarded by armed Britons of the North Shore. In the naked hills beyond the naked houses, where the shadows of the clouds play like cavalry charging, you see puffs of black smoke from the mines. The hard road goes on and on — and the wind sings through your helmet-plume — past altars to Legions and Generals forgotten, and broken statues of Gods and Heroes, and thousands of graves where the mountain-foxes and hares peep at you. Red hot in summer, freezing in winter is that big, purple heather country of broken stone.

"Just when you think you are at the world's end, you see a smoke from east to west as far as the eye can turn, and then, under it, also as far as the eye can stretch, houses and temples, shops and theaters, barracks and granaries, trickling along like dice behind — always behind — one long, low rising and falling, and hiding and showing line of towers. And that is the Wall!"

"Ah!" said the children together.

"You may well," said Parnesius. "Old men who have followed the Eagles since boyhood, say nothing in the Empire is more wonderful than first sight of the Wall!"

"Is it just a Wall? Like the one 'round our garden?" said Dan.

"No; no! It is *the* Wall. Along the top are towers with guard-houses, small towers between. Even on the narrowest part of it three men with shields can walk abreast, from guard-house to guard-house. A little curtain wall, no higher than a man's neck, runs along the top of the thick wall, so that from a distance, you see the heads of the sentries sliding back and forth like beads. Thirty feet high is the Wall, and on the Picts' side, the north, is a ditch, strewn with blades of old swords and spear-heads set in wood, and tires of wheels joined by chains. The Little People come there to steal iron for their arrowheads.

"But the Wall itself is not more wonderful than the town behind it. Long ago there were great ramparts and ditches on the south side, and no one was allowed to build there. Now the ramparts are partly pulled down and built over, from end to end of the Wall; making a thin town eighty miles long. Think of it! One roaring, rioting, cock-fighting, wolf-baiting, horse-racing town, from Ituna on the West to Segedunum on the cold eastern beach! On one side, heather woods and ruins where Picts hide; and on the other, a vast town — long like a snake, and wicked like a snake — a snake basking beside a warm wall.

"My cohort, I was told, lay at Hunno, where the Great North Road runs through the Wall into the Province of Valentia." Parnesius laughed scornfully. "The Province of Valentia! We followed the road therefore, into Hunno town, and stood astonished. The place was a fair — a fair of peoples from every corner of the Empire. Some were racing horses; some sat in wine-shops; some watched dogs baiting bears, and many gathered in a ditch to see cocks fight. A boy not much older than myself, but I could see he was a Centurion, reined up before me and asked what I wanted.

"My station," I said, and showed him my shield." Parnesius held up his broad shield with its three X's like letters on a beer-cask.

"'Lucky omen!' said the boy. 'Your cohort's the next tower to us, but they're all at the cock-fight. This is a happy place. Come and wet the Eagles.' He meant 'have a drink.'

"When I've handed over my men," I said. I was angry and ashamed.

"Oh, you'll soon outgrow that sort of nonsense," he answered. 'But don't let me interfere with your hopes. Go on to the Statue of Roma Dea. You can't miss it. The Main Road into Valentia,' and he laughed and rode off.

"I could see the statue not a quarter of a mile away, and there I went. At some time or other the Great North Road ran under it into Valentia, but the far end had been blocked up, because of the Picts, and on the plaster a man had scratched 'Finish!' It was like marching into a cave. We grounded spears together, my little thirty, and it echoed in the barrel of the arch, but none came. There was a door at one side painted with our number. We prowled in and I found a cook asleep, and ordered him to give us food. Then I climbed to the top of the Wall, and looked out over the Pict country and I thought," said Parnesius. "The bricked-up arch with 'Finish,' on the plaster was what shook me. I was not much more than a boy!"

"What a shame!" said Una. "But did you feel happy after you'd had a good —" Dan stopped her with a nudge.

"Happy?" said Parnesius. "When the men of the cohort I was to command came back unhelmeted from the cock-fight, their birds under their arms, and asked me who I was? No, I was not happy, but I made my cohort unhappy too. . . . I wrote my Mother I was happy, but, Oh, my friends" — he stretched arms over bare knees — "I would not wish my worst enemy to suffer as I suffered through my first months on the Wall. Remember this: among the officers, was scarcely one, except myself (and I thought I had lost the favor of Maximus our General), scarcely one who had not done something of wrong or folly. Either he had killed a man, or taken money, or insulted the magistrates, or blasphemed the Gods, and so had been sent to the Wall as a hiding-place from shame or fear. And the men were as the officers. Remember also, that the Wall was manned by every breed and race in the Empire. No two towers spoke the same tongue, or worshiped the same Gods. In one thing only we were all equal. No matter what arms we used before we came to the Wall, *on* the Wall we were archers, like the Scythians. The Pict cannot run away from the arrow, or crawl under it. He is a bowman himself. He knows. . . ."

"I suppose you were fighting Picts all the time," said Dan.

"Picts seldom fight. I never saw a fighting Pict for half a year. The tame Picts told us they had all gone north."

"What is a tame Pict?" said Dan.

"A Pict — there were many such — who speaks a few words of our tongue, and slips across the Wall to sell ponies and wolf-hounds. Without a horse and a dog *and* a friend, a man would perish. The Gods gave me all three: and there is no gift like friendship. Remember this" — Parnesius turned to Dan — "when you become a young man. Your fate will turn on the first true friend you make."

"He means," said Puck grinning, "that if you make yourself a decent chap when you're young, you'll make rather decent friends when you grow up. If you're a beast, you'll have beastly friends. Listen to the Pious Parnesius on Friendship!"

"I am not pious," Parnesius answered, "but I know what goodness means, and my friend, though he was without hope, was ten thousand times better than I. Stop laughing, Faun!"

"Oh, Youth — Eternal and All Believing!" cried Puck as he rocked on the branch above. "Tell them about Pertinax."

"He was that friend the Gods sent me — the boy who spoke to me when I first came. Little older than myself, commanding the Augusta Victoria Cohort on the tower next to us and the Numidians. In virtue he was my superior."

"Then why was he on the Wall?" Una asked quickly. "They'd all done something bad. You said so yourself."

"He was the nephew (his father had died) of a very great man in Gaul who was not always kind to his Mother. When Pertinax grew up, he discovered this, and so his uncle shipped him off by trickery and force, to the Wall. We came to know each other at a ceremony in our temple — in the dark. It was the Bull Killing," he explained to Puck.

"I see," said Puck, and turned to the children. "That's something you wouldn't quite understand. Parnesius means he met Pertinax in church."

"Yes — in the cave we first met, and we were both raised to the Degree of Gryphons together." Parnesius lifted his hand towards his neck for an instant. "He had been on the Wall two years, and knew the Picts well. He showed me first how to take heather."

"What's that?" said both at once.

"Going out into the Pict country with a tame Pict. You are quite safe so long as you are his guest, and wear a sprig of heather where it can be seen. If you went alone, you would surely be killed if you were not smothered first in the bogs. Only the Picts know their way about those black and hidden bogs. Old Allo, the one-eyed, withered little man from whom we bought our ponies, was our special friend. At first we went to escape from the terrible town, and to talk together about our homes. Then he showed us how to hunt wolves and the great red deer with horns like Jewish candlesticks. The Roman-born officers rather looked down on us for doing this, but we preferred the heather to their amusements. Believe me," Parnesius turned again to Dan — "a boy is safe from all things that really hurt when he is astride a pony or after a deer. Do you remember, O Faun," he turned to Puck, "the little altar I built to the Sylvan Pan by the pine forest beyond the brook?"

"What? The stone with the line from Xenophon?" said Puck in quite a new voice.

"No. What do I know of Xenophon? That was Pertinax — after he had shot his first mountain-hare with an arrow — by chance! Mine I made of round pebbles in memory of my first bear. It took me one happy day to build." Parnesius turned to the children again.

"And that was how we lived on the Wall for two years — a little scuffling with the Picts, and a great deal of hunting with old Allo in the Pict country. He called us his children sometimes, and we were fond of him and his barbarians, though we never let them paint us Pict fashion. The marks endure till you die."

"How's it done?" said Dan. "Anything like tattooing?"

"Their priests prick the skin till the blood runs, and rub in colored earths and juices. Allo was painted blue, green, and red from his forehead to his ankles. He said it was part of his religion. He told us about his religion (Pertinax was always interested in such things), and as we came to know him well, he told us what was happening in Britain behind the Wall. By the Light of the Sun!" said Parnesius earnestly, "there was not much that those little people did not know! He told me when Maximus crossed over to Gaul, after he had made himself Emperor of Britain, and what troops and

what emigrants he had taken with him. We did not get the news on the Wall till fifteen days later. Wonderful! And I tell you another strange thing!"

He joined his hands across his knees, and leaned his head on the curve of the shield behind him.

"Late in the summer when the first frosts begin, and the Picts kill their bees, we three rode out after wolf with some new hounds. Rutilianus, our General, had given us ten days' leave, and we had pushed beyond the Second Wall — beyond the Province of Valentia — into the great wastes where there are not even any of Rome's old ruins. We killed a she-wolf before noon, and while Allo was skinning her, he looked up and said to me: 'When you are Captain of the Wall, my child, you won't be able to do this any more!'

"I might as well have been made Prefect of Lower Gaul, so I laughed and said: 'Wait till I am Captain.' 'No, don't wait,' said Allo. 'Take my advice, and go home — both of you.' 'We have no homes,' said Pertinax. 'You know that as well as we do. We're finished men — thumbs down against both of us. Only men without hope would risk their lives on your ponies.' The old man laughed one of those short Pict laughs — like a fox barking on a frosty night. 'I'm fond of you two,' he said. 'Besides, I've taught you what little you know about hunting. Take my advice and go home.'

"'We can't,' I said. 'I'm out of favor with my General, for one thing, and for another, Pertinax has an uncle.'

"'I don't know about his uncle,' said Allo, 'but the trouble with you, Parnesius, is that your General thinks well of you.'

"'Roma Dea!' said Pertinax, sitting up. 'What can you guess what Maximus thinks, you old horse-coper?'

"Just then (you know how near the brutes creep when one is eating), a great dog-wolf jumped up behind us, and away our rested hounds tore after him, with us at their tails. He ran us far out of any country we'd ever heard of, straight as an arrow till sunset, towards the sunset. We came at last to long capes stretching into winding waters, and on a gray beach below us we saw ships drawn up — forty-seven we counted. Not Roman galleys, but the raven-winged ships from the North where Rome does not rule. Men moved in the ships, and the sun flashed on their helmets — winged helmets of the red-haired men from the North where Rome

does not rule. We watched and we counted, and we wondered, for though we had heard rumors concerning these Winged Hats as the Picts called them, never before had we looked upon them.

"'Come away! Come away!' said Allo. 'The Heather won't protect you here. We shall all be killed!' His legs trembled like his voice. Back we went — back across the heather under the moon, till it was nearly morning, and our poor beasts stumbled on some ruins near the Valentian Wall.

"When we woke, very stiff and cold, Allo was mixing the meal and water. One does not light fires in the Pict country except near a village. The little men are always signaling to each other with smokes, and a strange smoke brings them out buzzing like bees. They can sting, too.

"'What we saw last night was a trading-station,' said Allo. 'Nothing but a trading-station.'

"'I do not like lies on an empty stomach,' said Pertinax. 'I suppose (he had eyes like an eagle), I suppose *that* is a trading-station also. He pointed to the smoke far off on a hill top, ascending in what we call the Picts' Call, thus: — Puff — double-puff: double-puff — puff. They make it by raising and dropping a wet hide on a wetted fire.

"'No,' said Allo, pushing the platter back into the bag. 'That is for you and me. Come along.'

"We came. When one takes heather, one must obey one's Pict — but that wretched smoke was twenty miles distant, well over on the east coast, and the day was as hot as a bath.

"'Whatever happens,' said Allo, while our ponies grunted along, 'I want you to remember me.'

"'I shall not forget,' said Pertinax. 'You have cheated me out of my breakfast.'

"'What is a handful of crushed oats to a Roman?' he said. Then he laughed his laugh that was not a laugh. 'What would *you* do if *you* were a handful of oats being crushed between the upper and lower stones of a mill?'

"'I'm Pertinax, not a riddle-guesser,' said Pertinax.

"'You're a fool,' said Allo. 'Your Gods and my Gods are threatened by strange Gods and all you can do is to laugh.'

"'Threatened men live long,' I said.

"'I pray the Gods that may be true,' he said. 'But I ask you again not to forget me.'

"We climbed the last hot hill, and looked out on the eastern sea, three or four miles off. There was a small sailing galley of the North Gaul pattern at anchor; her landing-plank down, and her sail half up; and below us, alone in a hollow, holding his pony, sat Maximus, Emperor of Britain. He was dressed like a hunter, and he leaned on his little stick, but I knew that back as far as I could see it, and I told Pertinax so.

"'You're madder than Allo!' he said. 'It is the sun!'

"Maximus never stirred till we stood before him. Then he looked me up and down, and said: 'Hungry again? It seems to be my destiny to feed you whenever we meet. I have food here. Allo can cook it.'

"'No,' said Allo. 'A prince in his own land does not wait on wandering Emperors. I will feed my two children without asking your leave.' He began to blow up the ashes.

"'I was wrong,' said Pertinax. 'We are all mad. Speak up, O Madman, called Emperor!'

"Maximus smiled his terrible tight-lipped smile, but two years on the Wall do not make a man afraid of mere looks. So I was not afraid.

"'I meant you, Parnesius, to live and die a Centurion of the Wall,' said Maximus. 'But it seems from these,' he fumbled in his breast, 'you can think as well as draw.' He pulled out a roll of letters I had written to my people, full of drawings of Picts, and bears, and men I had met on the Wall. Mother and my sister always liked my pictures.

"He handed me one that I had called 'Maximus's soldiers.' It showed a row of fat wineskins, and our old Doctor of the Hun—no hospital snuffing at them. Each time Maximus had taken troops out of Britain to help him to conquer Gaul, he used to send us more wine—to keep us quiet, I suppose. On the Wall, we always called a wineskin a 'Maximus.' Oh, yes, and I had drawn them all in Imperial helmets.

"'Not long since,' he went on, 'men's names were sent up to Caesar for smaller jokes than this.'

"'True, Caesar,' said Pertinax, 'but you forget that was before I, your friend's friend, became such a good spear-thrower.'

"He did not actually point his hunting-spear at Maximus, but balanced it on his palm—so!

"'I was speaking of time past,' said Maximus, never fluttering an eyelid. 'Nowadays

one is only too pleased to find boys who can think for themselves, *and* their friends.' He nodded at Pertinax. 'Your father lent me the letters, Parnesius, so you run no risk from me.'

"'None whatever,' said Pertinax, and rubbed the spear-point on his sleeve.

"'I was forced to reduce the garrison in Britain, because we need troops in Gaul. Now I come to take troops from the Wall itself,' said he.

"'I wish you joy of us,' said Pertinax. 'We're the last sweepings of the Empire—the men without hope. Myself, I'd sooner trust condemned criminals.'

"'You think so?' he said quite seriously. 'But it will only be till I win Gaul. One must always risk one's life, or one's soul, or one's peace—or something.'

"Allo passed round the fire with the sizzling deer's meat. He served us two first.

"'Ah,' said Maximus, waiting his turn, 'I perceive you are in your own country. Well, you deserve it. They tell me you have quite a following among the Picts, Parnesius.'

"'I have hunted with them,' I said. 'Maybe I have a few friends among the heather.'

"'He is the only armored man of you all who understands us,' said Allo, and he began a long speech about our virtues, and how we had saved one of his grandchildren from a wolf the year before."

"Had you?" said Una.

"Yes, but that was neither here nor there. The little green man orated like a Cicero. He made us out to be magnificent fellows. Maximus never took his eyes off our faces.

"'Enough,' he said. 'I have heard Allo on you. I wish to hear you on the Picts.'

"I told him as much as I knew, and Pertinax helped me out. There is never harm in a Pict if you but take the trouble to find out what he wants. Their real grievance against us came from our burning their heather. The whole garrison of the Wall moved out twice a year, and solemnly burned the heather for ten miles north. Rutilianus our General on the Wall, called it clearing the country. The Picts of course scampered away, and all we did was to destroy their bee-bloom in the summer, and to ruin their sheep-food in the spring.

"'True, quite true,' said Allo. 'How can we make our holy heather-wine if you burn our bee-pasture?'



“‘A VAST TOWN—LONG LIKE A SNAKE, AND WICKED LIKE A SNAKE—  
A SNAKE BASKING BESIDE A WARM WALL’”

"We talked long, Maximus asking keen questions that showed he knew much and had thought more about the Picts. He said presently to me:— 'If I gave you the old Province of Valentia, could you keep the Picts contented till I win Gaul? Stand away, so that you cannot see Allo's face, and speak your own thoughts.'

" 'No,' I said. 'You cannot restore that Province. The Picts have been free too long.'

" 'Leave them their village-councils, and let them furnish their own soldiers,' he said. 'You, I am sure, would hold the reins very lightly.'

" 'Even then, no,' I said. 'At least not now. They have been too oppressed by us to trust anything with a Roman name for years and years.'

" 'I heard old Allo behind me mutter: 'Good child!'

" 'Then what do you recommend,' said Maximus, 'to tide over till I win Gaul?'

" 'Leave the Picts alone,' I said. 'Stop the heather-burning at once, and—they are improvident little animals—send them a shipload or two of corn now and then.'

" 'Their own men must distribute it—not some cheating Greek accountant,' said Pertinax.

" 'Yes, and allow them to come to our hospitals when they are sick,' I said.

" 'Surely they would die first,' said Maximus.

" 'Not if Parnesius brought them in,' said Allo. 'I could show you twenty wolf-bitten, bear-clawed Picts within twenty miles of here. But Parnesius must stay with them in hospital. Else they would go mad with the fear.'

" 'I see,' said Maximus. 'Like everything else in the world it is one man's work. You are that one man.'

" 'Pertinax and I are one,' I said.

" 'Now Allo, you know that I mean your people no harm. Leave us to talk together,' said Maximus.

" 'No need,' said Allo. 'I am the corn between the upper and lower millstone. I must know what the lower millstone means to do. These boys have spoken the truth as far as they know it. I, a Prince, will tell you the rest. I am troubled about the Men of the North.' He squatted like a hare in the heather, and looked over his shoulder.

" 'I also,' said Maximus, 'or I should not be here.'

" 'Listen,' said Allo. 'Long and long ago, the Winged Hats (he meant the Northmen), came to our beaches and said: "Rome falls! Push her down!" We fought you, and were beaten. After that we said to the Winged Hats:—"You are liars! Make our men alive that Rome killed, and we will believe you." They went away ashamed. Now they come back bold, and they tell the old tale, which we begin to believe—that Rome falls!'

" 'Give me three year's peace on the Wall,' said Maximus, 'and I will show you and the ravens how they lie!'

" 'Ah, I wish it too. I wish to save what is left of the corn from the millstones. But you shoot us Picts when we come to borrow a little iron from the Iron Ditch; you burn our heather which is all our crop; you trouble us with your great catapults. Then you hide behind the Wall, and scorch us with thrown fire. How can I keep my young men from listening to the Winged Hats—in winter, when we are hungry. My young men will say:—"Rome can neither fight nor rule. The Winged Hats will help us to push down the Wall. Let us show them the secret roads across the bogs." Do I want that? No!' He spat like an adder. 'I would keep the secrets of my people though I were burned alive. My two children here have spoken the truth. Leave us Picts alone. Comfort us, and cherish us, and feed us from far off—with the hand behind your back. Parnesius understands us. Let him have rule on the Wall, and I will hold my young men quiet for—' he ticked it off on his fingers—'one year easily; the next year not so easily; the third year, perhaps! See, I give you three years. If then, you do not show us that Rome is strong and terrible, the Winged Hats, I tell you, will sweep down the Wall from either sea till they meet in the middle, and you will go. I shall not grieve over *that*, but well I know, tribe never helps tribe except for one price. We Picts will go, too. The Winged Hats will grind us to this!' He threw a handful of dust in the air.

" 'Oh, Roma Dea!' said Maximus. 'It is always one man's work—always and everywhere.'

" 'And one man's life,' said Allo. 'You are Emperor, but not a God. You may die.'

" 'I have thought of that, Allo,' said Maximus. 'Very good. If this wind hold, I shall be at the east end of the Wall by morning. To-morrow, then, I shall see you two when I inspect.'



“WE CAME TO KNOW EACH OTHER AT A CEREMONY IN OUR TEMPLE—  
IN THE DARK. IT WAS THE BULL KILLING”

"‘One instant Caesar,’ said Pertinax. ‘All men have their price. I am not bought yet.’

"‘Do *you* also begin to bargain so early?’ said Maximus. ‘Well?’

"‘Give me justice against my Uncle Icenus the Duumvir of Divio in Gaul.’

"‘Only a life? I thought it would be money or an office. Certainly you shall have it. Write his name on these tablets—on the red side—the other is for the living!’

"‘He is no use to the dead,’ said Pertinax. ‘My Mother is a widow. I am far off. I am not sure he pays her all her dowry.’

"‘No matter. My arm is reasonably long. We will look through his accounts in due time. Now, farewell till to-morrow, O Captains of the Wall!’

"‘We saw him grow small across the heather as he walked to the galley. There were Picts, scores, each side of him, hidden behind stones. He looked never left nor right. He sailed away southerly, full spread before the evening breeze, and when we had watched him out to sea, we were silent. We understood Earth bred few men like to this man.

"‘Presently Allo brought the ponies, and held them for us to mount—a thing he had never done before.

"‘‘Wait a while,’ said Pertinax, and he made a little altar of cut turf, and strewed heather-bloom atop, and laid upon it a letter from a girl in Gaul.

"‘‘What do you do, O my friend,’ I said.

"‘‘I sacrifice to my dead youth,’ he answered, and when the flames had consumed the letter, he ground them out with his heel. Then we rode back to that Wall of which we were Captains.”

Parnesius stopped. The children sat still, not even asking if that were all the tale. Puck beckoned, and pointed the way out of the wood. “Sorry,” he whispered, “but you must go now.”

"‘We haven’t made him angry, have we?’” said Una. “He looks so far off, and thinky.”

"‘Bless your heart, no. Wait till to-morrow. It won’t be long. Remember, you’ve been playing *Lays of Ancient Rome*.”

And as soon as they had tiptoed out of Far Wood that was all they remembered.

THE THIRD STORY OF THIS SERIES, "THE WINGED HATS," WILL BE PUBLISHED  
IN THE JULY NUMBER





ELIZUR WRIGHT IN 1844. FROM A DAGUERRETYPE

*In that year Wright visited England. Impressed with the injustices of the English system he resolved to lay the foundations of honest life-insurance in the United States*

# THE STORY OF LIFE-INSURANCE

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE ASTOR FORTUNE," ETC.

II

## THE PIONEER

American life-insurance really had its beginning at an English breakfast table. John Kenyon, the well-known poet and entertainer, was the host. Robert Browning, Samuel Rogers, Elizabeth Barrett, Miss Mitford, and Barry Cornwall were among the more notable guests. Less conspicuous was a dark-eyed, dark-haired American who had arrived only a few days before from Boston in the somewhat humble guise of a book agent, but whose previous labors for liberty and philanthropy, to say nothing of his

fine bearing and brilliant wit, were a sufficient passport into the most distinguished circles.

Barry Cornwall and Elizur Wright, the American book agent, sat side by side and soon found many topics in common. Wright gave entertainingly his impressions of London, and described with enthusiasm his recent visit to the Sun Life-Insurance office and his talk with Joshua Milne, the author of the Carlisle table of mortality. His trip to London, Wright explained, was partly

to investigate English life-insurance conditions in the interest of the Massachusetts companies, and he had already learned a great deal about the subject that was new to him.

"Life-insurance!" interrupted Cornwall. "Why it's the greatest humbug in Christendom!"

#### *English Policy-holders Sold Out at the Royal Exchange*

To prove his statement Cornwall invited Wright to visit the Royal Exchange the succeeding Thursday afternoon. They found in progress an auction upon life-insurance policies. The bidders were chiefly Hebrew speculators. The victims, for the most part, were old men, who had put practically all their savings into their life-insurance, and who now found themselves unable to continue their payments. They could get nothing back from the companies for what they had paid in. The great modern principle of surrender values was as yet unrecognized. The insured, in the event of lapse, were thus compelled to dispose of their policies to sharpers for such cash sums as they would bring. The purchasers, of course, by continuing the payments, received the face of the policies at death. They gambled, that is, upon the chance that their victims would die early. Wright was informed that these auctions took place every Thursday afternoon. He saw them regularly advertised in the newspapers. He found that a considerable part of the speculative public made fortunes in this way, and he discovered one venturesome individual who had thus picked up forty-two policies. He was also told that the custom frequently incited to crime.

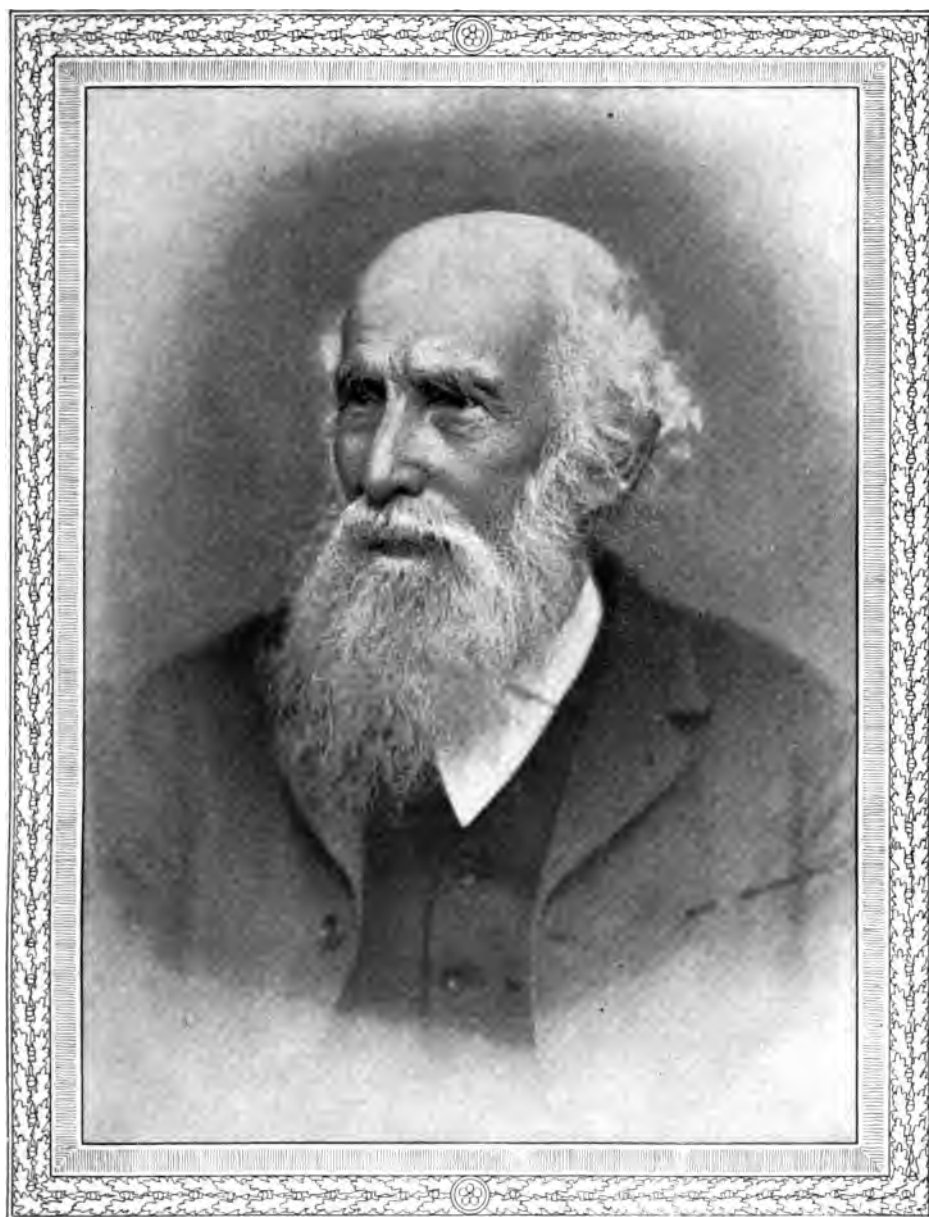
Wright declared that he had attended many slave auctions at home, but that they seemed little worse to him than this British custom. He learned, however, that it was only typical of the general injustice on which the whole British life-insurance system rested. His London visit took place in 1844, and the business by that time had largely fallen into the hands of swindlers. The chancery courts were constantly clogged with defunct companies. In twenty-five years nearly three hundred offices had been chartered; in the same period nearly two hundred and fifty had failed. Amalgamations, embezzlements, reinsurances — these were the order of the day. A few years

after Wright's visit, seventy-eight life-insurance schemes scandalously wound up. Needy aristocrats constantly sold their names for this purpose; the favorite device of the bankrupt nobility, indeed, was the organization of life companies. They fitted up elaborate offices; issued high sounding prospectuses; impressed defunct schoolmasters and clergymen in as canvassers; and for a brief time did a flourishing business. They paid what were then enormous commissions — thirty-five and forty per cent; regularly abstracted fifty per cent of the premiums in "expenses;" and thus soon, in spite of frequently large receipts, found themselves unable to pay their policy claims. At the time of Wright's visit, the public conscience was aroused. Dickens had recently satirized the business in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and Parliament had held a futile investigation.

Wright recalled that similar tendencies had manifested themselves at home. They had not reached the same proportions in America, however, probably because there the life-insurance business had not yet passed its infant stage. In its undeveloped condition Wright thus saw a great opportunity. He took upon himself a solemn vow. He determined to exert all his powers to save his own country from the humiliation which he had witnessed in England. He had sufficiently studied life-insurance to know that it was basically sound; and that, properly practised, it could be made one of the greatest safeguards of the economic system. For more than forty years, until his death in 1885, Wright devoted his whole life to this end.

#### *Early Training as an Abolitionist*

If any single man was created for the purpose of elevating and preserving life-insurance, Elizur Wright was that man. He united in one personality all the essential intellectual and moral qualities. He had a great mathematical brain; untiring energy; a keen love of justice; a strong instinct for battle. He had already manifested his crusading temper in many unpopular causes. He was of homespun Connecticut stock; and, a boy six years old, had been taken by his parents through "mud, stump, and beech-roots," to their new wilderness home in Ohio. His mental qualities had manifested themselves at an early age; as a child he had shocked his pious father by pressing



WRIGHT AT THE CLOSE OF HIS GREAT TASK

*"He gave American life-insurance a standing unattained up to that time by that of any other country; . . . made the failure of a life-insurance company mathematically impossible . . . the Equitable, the New York Life, and the Mutual have stood the awful test of the last twelve months and why? Simply because Elihu Wright, fifty years ago, 'lobbied for the widow and orphan.' . . . Thanks to Wright, life-insurance scandals to-day affect other things than the companies' solvency"*

arguments against the Shorter Catechism. At the age of seventeen he became a student at Yale, earning his education by ringing the bell, waiting on commons, and tutoring his classmates. Here his chief relaxations were Webster's conics and Playfair's geometry; and here, too, his unceasing zeal for certain unfashionable theories made him unpopular. He preached temperance and succeeded in having wines abolished from the I'hi Beta Kappa banquets, and, worse than all, regarded slavery as the great national sin. Yale College in those days was full of Southern students, and upon them Wright frequently exercised his dialectics. His intellectual capacity, especially in mathematics, so impressed the teaching force, that after graduation he was invited to return to New Haven as a tutor; but after a year or two teaching, he became Professor of Mathematics at the Western Reserve College, which his father had helped to found. Here, too, his constant and open advocacy of the anti-slavery cause made him detested. He early joined forces with Garrison; wrote frequently in the *Liberator*; and became the close friend and correspondent of Arthur and Lewis Tappan, Beriah Green, and the other early abolitionists. After a few years he abandoned his professorship for anti-slavery journalism and came to New York as editor of the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* and Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Wright also frequently appeared in the courts in defense of runaway slaves; and was constantly threatened with personal violence. At one time an organized attempt was made by Southerners to kidnap him; a pilot-boat, which was to take him to South Carolina, haunted New York harbor for nearly a month. At another time his house in Brooklyn was threatened by a mob. The Mayor called on Wright and begged him to leave town in order to prevent a riot. Wright refused to budge. "If you can't protect me," he said, "I'll protect myself." Whereupon he placed a huge ax against the door and awaited his foes. Only by stopping the ferries from running was a serious disturbance avoided.

#### *A Man With All the Qualities of a Successful Reformer*

As it turned out, these were precisely the qualities needed in his battle with life-insurance dishonesty. The fight for the policyholder called for the same sympathies. the

same watchful zeal, the same sacrifice of expediency to conviction as the fight for the slave. In life-insurance, as in the slavery agitation, Wright was always the radical. To this moral fervor, however, he added indispensable talents; he had a capacious brain and marked mathematical genius. In him moral enthusiasm and actuarial science blended. As soon as he returned from Europe, he mingled his anti-slavery crusade with his struggle for life-insurance reform. When not calculating life tables he was assisting in the escape of runaway slaves. He was one of the "mob" arrested for assisting the flight of the fugitive Shadrach. In order to preach more effectively his causes he decided to found a daily newspaper. He scraped together enough money to buy a quantity of paper, carried it over to the printer on his own back, and told that astonished person to begin the first issue. Thus appeared the *Chronotype*, which many old Bostonians still remember with intellectual relish. Among other things Wright made the journal a live newspaper, scoring several "beats" worthy of Bennett himself. In this he actively began to discuss life-insurance. He found that the Mutual Benefit of New Jersey, recently organized, offered to insure by taking three-quarters of the premium in notes; and called it to account. He succeeded in persuading the officers of their mistake; had the satisfaction of being thanked by them for his criticism, and of seeing the Mutual Benefit develop into one of our greatest and best managed American companies. Wright called other companies to account for similar practices. He now went deeply into life-insurance mathematics. He decided, on his own hook, to prepare a series of actuarial tables — something then unknown in America. He worked for a year at his calculations; his own boys and girls set the type. It was published in 1853; a revised edition was issued in 1871 and is still considerably used. He eked out his living by translating La Fontaine's Fables — his translation still being preserved in all the bibliographies. All these years, however, Wright lived in the utmost poverty. He foolishly sold his *Chronotype*, and was retained as editor at a salary of ten dollars a week. At this time, too, he had a family of twelve children! His appearance on Boston Common, followed by his brood, was one of the sights of the times.

*The Cause of England's Scandalous Record*

By this time, however, Elizur Wright had formulated his ideas as to needed reforms in life-insurance. He had carefully studied its scandalous history in England, and had emphatically put his finger on the cause. He found it in the endless opportunity offered by the system itself. "I became persuaded," he said, "that life-insurance was the most available, convenient, and permanent nidus for rogues that civilization had ever presented." No institution based upon general benevolence, indeed, so contains within itself the possibilities of fraud. Theoretically devised to ameliorate human suffering its very structure is a constant temptation to the vicious. Ostensibly the life-insurance company merely collects certain sums from its members, invests them at compound interest, and pays them back as contracts mature. But there are two factors which differentiate it from other financial institutions. The first is the long period its policies run. The company makes definite contracts for an indefinite time. It agrees to pay stipulated sums; but to pay them only at death. And the average life policy becomes a claim thirty years after the first payment is made. Again the company receives much larger amounts than the actual insurance cost. This peculiarity results from the fact, described in the previous article, that men will not pay for their insurance as they go. They will not pay its actual cost this year, its actual cost next, and so on — on the natural premium plan, that is — but insist on paying the same amount each year — or a level premium. Consequently the companies attempt to average up the yearly cost, and thus charge a greatly excessive price the early years, and a price much below cost in the latter. They thus force the insured, during the first half of the premium paying period to advance a considerable amount on the insurance cost of the latter half. These advance payments, with accumulated interest, are the company's reserves. The Mutual Life, for example, collects each year about \$60,000,000. from its policy-holders; but pays in death losses only about \$20,000,000. Its \$40,000,000. balance, after deducting expenses and other larger disbursements, is really the advance payment of the insurance cost of succeeding years; and this it reserves against the day

when its payment will be required. For such future payments the Mutual Life has already heaped up some \$440,000,000.; and, even though it should cease writing new policies to-day, this sum, so great is the accumulation from compound interest, will in a few years increase to \$1,000,000,000.

In Wright's time, these reserve premiums were a constant temptation to plunder. The life companies assessed their premiums on the level payment, or part-advance payment, system; but were not legally held responsible for the great sums so accumulated. Being unrestrained by law, their officers could squander and steal these reserves and still maintain an outward show of solvency. They could, that is, for a considerable time, pay all their maturing claims. If they got in "new blood" and new cash they even more successfully concealed their crimes. In England, Wright found the life managers engaged in an unseemly scramble for these reserves. In the United States the New York and the Mutual Life drew upon their reserves to pay dividends. Recently Emory McClintock, the Mutual's actuary, declared that these dividends, if paid now, would be a signal for the sheriff.\*

*Wright's Great Fight for the Legal Reserve*

Wright, apparently alone of all men in his generation, saw where this would end. He also pointed out the obvious remedy. He showed that the amounts deducted from each premium for reserve purposes were matters of precise mathematical calculation. Given a certain number of policies, of certain ages and fixed premiums, he could readily figure the total amount which must be laid aside each year. Very well, then why not pass a law requiring all companies to maintain these reserves? Why not place the enforcement of this law in the hands of an insurance commission, which should make this annual calculation? Wright preached this reform with his usual enthusiasm. He was generally ridiculed and opposed. He was told that his scheme was impossible because of the enormous labor involved. Wright appeared before the Massachusetts legislature year after year, only to be jeered at and insulted. But he was one of those cranks who could not be browbeaten nor

\*Testimony before the Armstrong Investigating Com. Vol. III, page 2293.

laughed down. He was engaged in what he regarded as a sacred task : "lobbying for the widow and orphan." And, almost by accident, his bill slipped through. He had been especially annoying all through the session of 1858. As usual, his gaunt figure and his remarkable mathematical discussions provoked only mirth. In those days, however, legislative courtesy prevailed almost as generally as now. It so happened that one member, who had been converted by Wright, had asked no favors that year. His friends finally rallied him about it. "Well Fabens," they said, "you have asked nothing; what can we do for you?" Quick as a flash he answered: "Pass Wright's bill." In a moment the thing was done. Wright, who, as usual, was prowling around the state-house in the interest of his favorite measure, quickly heard the news. He took the bill, rushed it over to the House, and, in the last few minutes of the session, that body hurried it through. Then Wright took it up to Governor Banks, and refused to leave his presence until the measure was signed.

In this haphazard fashion was American life-insurance placed upon a solid basis. This was the beginning of the great modern life-insurance principle of the legal reserve. Wright's old abolitionist persistence, in the face of constant discouragement, redeemed the whole system in this country, popularized life-insurance, and made it one of the great safeguards of society; and saved millions of dollars to the beneficiaries of life-insurance policies. No improbably he rescued from ultimate disaster such large companies as the Mutual and the New York Life, but, more than that, he gave American life-insurance a standing unattained up to that time by that of any other country. He thus forced through a measure which has since been adopted by practically every state and territory. Wright made the failure of a life-insurance company mathematically impossible. No company which has observed the Massachusetts legal reserve law has ever gone to the wall. The financial stability of the three great New York companies, in spite of recent disclosures, has caused general amazement. The greatest banks, in the face of such assaults, would almost inevitably have landed in the receiver's hands. But the Equitable, the New York Life, and the Mutual have stood the awful tests of the last twelve months — and why?

Simply because Elizur Wright, fifty years ago, "lobbied for the widow and orphan" in the Massachusetts legislature and thus made the life companies so strong that even the recent dishonest managements have not unsettled them. Thanks to Wright, life-insurance scandals to-day affect other things than the companies' solvency.

Greatly to Wright's surprise, he was himself selected as the first commissioner under this law. He had no right to anticipate the appointment, as he had no political qualifications. Governor Banks selected him, however, because he could find no one else to take the job. He picked out one or two political favorites, but they all refused. They could not undertake the monumental task involved, especially at the salary provided — \$1,500. a year. They all declared that there was only one man in Massachusetts who could enforce the law and that that was Elizur Wright.

#### *An Old Man at an Overwhelming Task*

The generation which has known the administrations of such insurance commissioners as our recent officials in New York, may profitably study that of Elizur Wright. Here was an insurance commissioner who took his task seriously; who actually scrutinized life-insurance management; who had a wide conception of official duty. In a little dingy room he labored for eight years over a mass of figures that would have driven other men insane. He became an official interrogation point. He did not good-naturedly take the company's statements at their face value; but aroused their ire by endlessly asking questions. There were thousands of things that he wished to know; most of them consisting of that precise information which the companies were reluctant to give. How much money do you take in each year? How much do you pay out? What are your assets? In what form do you keep them? Are your investments safe? What dividends do you return? What salaries do you pay to your officers? What commissions to your agents? How about this item? How about that? He went to extremes to protect the individual policy-holder. He prepared an amazing volume which he called his "Life Insurance Registry." In this he kept a record of every policy issued by every company doing business in Massachusetts. He had its number, the amount of

premiums paid, and the necessary reserve which should stand to its credit. He also showed whether the companies had made this reservation, whether, in other words, they could pay the policy should it fall due. He invited all policy-holders to visit him for advice on this point. He thus entertained an endless procession; high and low constantly visited him. His attitude was paternal; almost patriarchal. He was already an old man, with a flowing white beard and white hair and a high bald head. As each policy-holder came before him, he consulted his bulky Registry and told him whether he was being cheated, how much he would lose by dropping his policy, and what the company was morally bound to pay on surrender. The amount of labor which went into these calculations is almost inconceivable. It was estimated that the work Wright did during his commissioner-ship would have taken the average man eighty-two years. In one year he made 250,000 mathematical calculations. To facilitate this work he invented his famous Arithmeter, a calculating machine which is still extensively used.

*An Insurance Commissioner Who Was a Human Interrogation Point*

Wright, however, unlike many of his successors did more than merely determine questions of solvency. Superintendent Hendricks has recently declared that his duties did not comprise general investigations of management; that its honesty or dishonesty did not primarily concern his department. If corruption were pointed out to him then he would properly take action; but he could not be expected to discover such things himself; he must be "told." For many years our life-insurance superintendents have examined the Mutual, the Equitable, and the New York Life, and have found nothing wrong. Mr. Hendricks, only three years ago, gave a clean bill of health to the Equitable. The great originator of state supervision did not so understand his task. He did not wait to have the evils pointed out; he thrust in his own probe and did not hesitate to publish what he found. He examined minutely each new company, as it applied for admission into Massachusetts; and informed the public, in his official reports, whether it were good or bad. He did not quite like the investments of the John Hancock, and said so. He did not take kindly to the

Equitable, organized in 1859. "Its surplus," he said, after making certain important deductions, "seems to belong to the stockholders." He found certain companies treating their retiring policy-holders unfairly, and mentioned them by name. He found others using too much money in current expenses, and published the facts broadcast. He went for the Massachusetts companies as vehemently as the rest. He found much stock jobbery in them. He discovered that, in certain companies, the stockholders had purchased their stock by "borrowing" the money from the company's surplus without interest; an old dodge of which there are many modern instances. By a refinement of rascality, they had lifted considerable sums out of the treasury, and then required the companies to pay them dividends on it. The one remedy, Wright declared, was to retire the stock altogether — to "mutualize;" and this the companies did. He found that other concerns solicited business on the promise of big dividends, and then refused to pay them. He made public all these facts in his annual reports. Of course the companies did not like this treatment. They called Wright's frankness, brutality. They accused him of furnishing ammunition to the agents of rival companies. "Rose-water is good," Wright replied to one especially bitter onslaught, "but it never built pyramids or machine-shops. Before the temple is complete, we must have something besides frankincense." Meanwhile he discussed all life-insurance principles and problems as they have not been discussed before or since. His reports, written in beautiful and forcible English, are the greatest textbooks extant on the subject. They became, in Wright's own lifetime, rare books; and have since been issued, so great has been the demand, in a special edition.

*Dishonest Companies Driven Out of Massachusetts*

Wright, in his eight years' administration, drove fourteen dishonest companies out of Massachusetts. How he handled them is shown in his treatment of the American Mutual, of New Haven, and the International, of London. His official honesty was especially tested in the case of the American Mutual. Its president was Prof. Benjamin Silliman, the great scientist of Yale, who had been Wright's beloved instructor in Natural Philosophy. Its active manager

was one Benjamin Noyes — "Ben Noyes" he was popularly known — Silliman's son-in-law. Noyes is a picturesque figure in the life-insurance history of this country. Before Wright began his work his company did a flourishing business in Massachusetts. Wright applied his usual mathematical test and was far from satisfied. He found that Noyes was spending fifty cents out of every dollar he took in in "expenses;" that he had seriously impaired his reserves; and that his filed statements were absolutely false. Noyes daily committed the old sin of the English companies; he did not reserve the advance premiums of the early years but used them in all sorts of extravagance. He insured everybody who offered, irrespective of their physical condition or employment — in the mad chase for "new blood;" and annually contested half his claims. Wright therefore boldly threw his company out of Massachusetts. He boldly advised the American public to have nothing to do with it. He thus saved money for thousands of possible victims. In a few years the American Mutual went down, a riddled hulk; and the adventurous Benjamin Noyes wound up his career in state's prison.

At about the same time Wright directed his attention to the International of London. This was one of the most flourishing of the English life companies. It had several noblemen among its trustees; had, as its actuary, a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society. Its directors, like many of their modern successors, knew and cared little about the company; and left its management to the executive officers. Wright soon found that they were running things chiefly in their own interest. Thomas Lamie Murray was the "founder" of the Society. He managed the company as a private graft. He organized it on the stock basis; but had only a small amount of this paid in. He had so phrased the charter that it fixed him in his place as chairman for life. He could not be removed even by the vote of the shareholders. In addition to his salary he had an agreement by which he received annually five per cent of the "net profits" — this emolument also to be enjoyed by his heirs and assigns for twenty-eight years after his death. Instead of reserving his advance premiums Murray used them constantly in schemes of his own. He invested them in mines and cheap stocks; lent them to his personal friends and

to his trustees. He used them to pay excessive agents' commissions and traveling expenses — how modern this all sounds! He did a fine business, however, and, just before the inquisitive Wright came into office, congratulated his directors, in an official meeting, on the success of the American branch. Then Wright began to ply him with questions. Would the International please inform the Massachusetts Department concerning its *reserves*? Had it laid by a sufficient sum to meet the obligations of the future? Mr. Murray at first refused to answer. "Very well," said Wright; "then withdraw your agents from Massachusetts." Finally a report was sent in. Wright found it a fine looking statement; but it did not meet his dreary mathematical test. He found that the International had a deficit of nearly \$1,000,000. He riddled the statement in his official report, and was especially severe upon the distinguished mathematicians that had countenanced it. "I find," he said, "that there are parties connected with the parent office in London who have endeavored to deceive the people of Massachusetts, making them believe that the company has been earning large profits while it has really been squandering sacred funds. Its assets are only forty-seven cents on the dollar and we should naturally think that no one could have known this better than a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society who had labored four months over the figures." This report produced perhaps the most celebrated discussion in the history of American life-insurance. The International called to its assistance the most distinguished actuaries in England, and Professor Pierce of Harvard, who twisted figures in every possible way to prove Wright wrong. Again time justified Wright's action; again he kept the money of thousands of American policy-holders out of a mismanaged company. In about ten years the International found itself unable to pay its claims, because it had not kept proper reserves, and failed under scandalous conditions.

#### *Wright's Fight in Behalf of Lapsing • Policy-holders*

Wright soon discovered that his legal reserve law did not in itself reform the life-insurance business.\* It made life-insurance safe and solvent; it did not make it just. It prevented companies from cheating their members out of their policy claims; it did not

compel them to treat the insured fairly. Solvency, however, remarked Wright, was not the only issue in life-insurance; there was a question of equity as well. He found that the greatest abuses existed in the treatment of lapsing members. A few companies paid certain surrender values on lapse; but, in the main, a system of wholesale forfeiture prevailed. Most policies stipulated the payment of premiums at certain dates, "twelve o'clock noon," on pain of absolute forfeiture. Policies were abandoned then, as they are now, in large numbers. In 1861 Wright found that six thousand two hundred and thirty-six policies had been terminated; and only six hundred and thirteen by death; the remaining five thousand six hundred and twenty-three, insuring \$13,677,000., were dropped for non-payment of premium. Many of these were abandoned because of poverty. In other cases the reasons for insuring had passed. Hundreds were also dropped through inadvertence. Members forgot the day of payment; and would wake up, a week or so after, and find that the savings of years had been swept away. Stories are told of sea captains, who, detained on their voyages, returned to port to find their insurance suddenly wiped out. Illness, sudden insanity might also interfere with prompt payment.

The companies, of course, could not justify this on any sound life-insurance grounds. In all lapses the amount which they should return was pretty clearly indicated. It must be, of course, the larger part of the *reserve*. This reserve, as already explained, is the amount accumulated to meet future claims upon the policy; it provides, that is, for future contingencies. Manifestly, if a policy lapses, there can be no future contingencies to provide for; and clearly the accumulation should be returned. This principle is now generally recognized. If you lapse now, you get a considerable part of your reserve; if you borrow money from the company, that money is taken from your reserve. Before Elizur Wright pointed out this simple equity, few companies observed it. They all held large sums in their treasuries withheld from lapsing policy-holders. Wright found that many companies encouraged the lapsing habit. In this way they obtained great sums which they used in wasteful expenditure. A peculiarity of the business, he pointed out, was that a company always enormously profited from its own bad reputation.

Policy-holders were thus frightened into dropping out. Many unsound companies thus kept themselves from insolvency. They appropriated large parts of the premiums, as they came in, and then recouped themselves by lapses. Many, like the Mutual Life of New York, paid all their working expenses in this way. In one year the New York Life made \$375,000. on lapses — in those days a large sum. The Mutual reaped a great harvest in the Civil War, when nearly all its Southern policy-holders withdrew. In some cases swindlers obtained control of companies, and then spread the most damaging reports concerning their solvency. They sent agents broadcast to frighten policy-holders out, occasionally paying small sums on surrender. Then they themselves appropriated the money standing to the credit of the policies — that is, the reserves.

#### *Passage of the Non-Forfeiture Law* ✓

As far as the Massachusetts companies were concerned, Wright stopped all that. His law had clearly pointed out the nature of the reserve; and, as an essential corollary, he proposed another measure vesting its ownership in the insured. Thus, in 1861, Wright forced through the legislature, again in the face of united corporate opposition, his world-famous non-forfeiture law. This prevented the companies from appropriating themselves, the reserves of their retiring members. Wright, at this time, did not compel them to pay the reserve back in cash; under his law, the companies, in case of lapse, applied it to continue the policies in force for the exact period the cash reserve would buy. The companies pressed the only valid argument ever brought against the surrender value system; that it encouraged adverse selection against the company; that under it, only the healthy members would retire; that those anticipating early death would certainly remain; and that thus, by increasing the average of mortality, it might weaken the company as a whole. Wright always recognized the justice of this argument, as long as it was not pushed to extremes; and so, in his first bill, he allowed the companies to retain twenty per cent of the reserve as compensation for the loss of the member. Afterwards he regarded this *surrender charge* as excessive; and in other ways did not accept his own measure as ideal. It marked however, an epoch in life-insurance. After 1861 no Massachusetts company could cheat

its retiring members. Though the law applied only to Massachusetts it had a most wholesome influence on life-insurance practice. The Massachusetts companies became so popular, because of their non-forfeiture features, that the system, more or less modified, was generally adopted. From Wright's little dingy room in Boston his non-forfeiture reform spread to the four corners of the earth. England, whose companies had for generations robbed their retiring members, adopted the American system.

Wright next took up the subject which, more than any other, has disturbed the life-insurance business for the last twenty years, — that of the surplus. As explained in a former article, life-insurance premiums are purposely made redundant. The companies figure on a certain amount for death claims, expenses, and reserves; and then, to be on the safe side, always charge an excess price. This excess, when returned, is popularly known as the "surplus" or "profits" or "dividends." Wright found practically all companies returning their surplus, or making their dividends, once in every five years. They had borrowed this idea, as well as numerous others, from England. Wright soon announced the proper method; nearly fifty years ago he took a bold stand for the annual dividend system. He declared that it was a fault, rather than a source of pride, that a company had large accumulations above the amount required for its reserves. This simply signified that it overcharged its insured; that it withheld from policy-holders money which was rightfully their due. "If the surplus should not be divided," he declared, "but continue accumulating till those who are the first contributors to it, and for that reason probably are most largely interested, have dropped away by death, or by the lapse or surrender of their policies, a wrong will be done which, though not so frightful as bankruptcy, may be as extensive in its transfer of property from the hands of owners into those of strangers." At the beginning of Wright's administration few companies paid their dividends in cash; but in the form of additional insurance. If the policy were lapsed, all these paid-for additions were also forfeited. In this great reform, too, Wright's opinions ultimately prevailed. In 1866 the Mutual Life began to pay annual cash dividends. The other companies were forced by competition to follow suit.

Wright was Commissioner from 1858 to 1867. In those nine years he had entirely transformed the life-insurance business. He developed the idea of state supervision, an idea now generally adopted. He made American life-insurance companies the best in the world. England readily admitted the superiority of our system. In 1863 Gladstone devoted several days to denouncing the practices of the English offices. "Their proceedings," he said, "are worse than wholesale robbery, and there are many persons who have never seen the inside of a jail and yet who had better be there than many a rogue that has been convicted ten times over in the old Bailey. For needy aristocrats to make stool-pigeons of themselves is the regular game." At that time the American companies, thanks to Wright's patient supervision, were our greatest national exemplars of honesty and justice. They devoted themselves to a simple end — the insuring of lives. Ninety per cent of all their policies were on the ordinary life plan. They had not discovered that life-insurance was an "investment." They knew nothing about gold bonds. They distributed their surplus — paid their "dividends" — annually; they had no "deferred," no "accumulation" system; no tontines. They had no trust company annexes; did not use their funds generally in Wall Street; and did not make themselves adjuncts to great political parties. They furnished insurance, too, at much lower rates than the present quotations. They conducted business on a reasonable margin of expense. They paid only ten per cent of the first premium to agents; now they pay anywhere from twenty-five to one hundred. They had no elaborate office buildings scattered all over the world; when the New York Life, in 1867, proposed to erect a modest structure on Broadway, several influential persons called upon the insurance department to suppress it on the ground of extravagance. American companies insured only Americans; they did not look for business in China and Japan.

#### *Driven Out of Office; But a Reformer Still*

Like all reformers, Wright paid the penalty of his zeal. He asked too many questions; demanded from the companies too many papers. He was too hard on the sharpers. His crowning sin was his exposure of the receivership proceedings of the Eagle Insurance Company. He found

the receivers milking this dry; and in his usual blunt fashion, published the facts. His enemies combined against him; "Ben" Noyes, whose company he had driven out of Massachusetts, worked night and day to unseat him. Wright, being no politician, knew nothing of all this; and while he busily pored over his figures, the politicians at the state-house deftly legislated him out of office.

Though thus summarily removed from an influential position, Wright, by no means gave up the battle for honest life-insurance. He was now sixty-four years old; but he had the fiercest struggle of his life before him. New York now began to get the lead as the headquarters of life-insurance; had begun to develop the dishonest practises which, in their full flower, have recently been revealed. Henry B. Hyde had started his great Tontine scheme; William H. Beers had followed suit in the New York Life; and the Winston régime had gained the upper hand in the Mutual. These forces combined to undo practically everything that Wright had done. He had built up life-insurance on the basis of honest state supervision; they did all they could, by corrupting the departments, to undo it. He had rid life-insurance in part of its greatest evil — that of forfeitures; they proceeded to recast the whole life-insurance system with forfeitures as its keystone. He had induced a period of management economy; they instituted the present extravagance. He had made life-insurance an institution run entirely in the interest of the insured; they reduced it to a machine run, as Wright himself phrased it, "chiefly in the interest of the runners." Against all these innovations, of course, Wright took a firm stand. From his home at Medford, he almost daily, for twenty-five years, inveighed against what he called the "New York life-insurance ring." Almost alone, he foresaw many things that Mr. Charles E. Hughes has recently laid bare; he even exposed many of the particular abuses which, in the last few months, have so astounded the public. His strictures on the Mutual and the Equitable read almost as though written yesterday.

### *Wright's Long Battle With the Mutual Life*

And it is not until we study his twenty-five years' campaign that we realize how long seated are the present evils; how

frequently they, and even the very men recently in control, have been exposed; how really short-lived the public memory is; and how great the danger is that, because of this national forgetfulness, the present upheaval may not end in lasting reform. Especially instructive, from this standpoint, is Elizur Wright's long battle with the Mutual Life. About 1869 he discovered the corrupting influences at work. Frederick S. Winston had organized a palace revolution and seated himself in control. Winston was a bankrupt dry-goods merchant. For several years he drew no stated stipend from the Mutual Life, but received irregular "advances." His creditors had hauled him up in supplementary proceedings; and he evidently adopted this arrangement to keep his salary from them.\* Winston was a man of commanding energy; of despotic and choleric temper; short, stout, dignified — the very type of high-toned financier always inevitably associated with the Mutual Life. He was a trustee in five or six churches, connected with the American Bible Society, and deeply interested in foreign missions. Robert H. McCurdy had been closely associated with him for many years; and naturally when the latter's son, Richard A., was graduated from Harvard, a place was readily found for him in the Mutual Life. Wright soon discovered that Winston and McCurdy were managing the Mutual in the most high-handed fashion. They ignored their trustees, except a favored inside ring, to whom special favors were granted, precisely as the great life-insurance managements do now. "Dummy directors" was already a phrase in current use. They had already fully developed the present system of proxy control. The Mutual Life, and all the other mutual companies, had been organized as pure democracies. They had no shareholders, the theory being that the policyholders would elect, by a general plebiscite, the trustees and equally participate in all the benefits of the business. Winston and McCurdy, declared Elizur Wright, had transformed their company into a pure autocracy. They held proxies enough, he said, to insure their own election, in "the face of any opposition, short of the miraculous." In fact they had twenty thousand or thirty thousand ready to vote at the slightest indication of revolt. They jocularly called these proxies

\*Ebenezer Dale against Frederick S. Winston, Supreme Court of the State of New York. A. B. Tappan. Referee. Oct. 1865.

their "children of Israel," because they were too numerous to count. They publicly announced their purpose of selecting only those trustees "who were friendly to themselves," and rode rough-shod over any independent policy-holders movement. Back in 1869 several New York members attempted to unseat them. This election resembled a Sixth ward primary. As a measure of intimidation, the Mutual compelled all policy-holders to write their names on the back of their ballots. The leader of the opposition was violently assailed by an administration "watcher," who threatened, in so many words, to "smash his face." In the end, after a few timid policy-holders had deposited their votes, McCurdy came up and dumped several hundred proxies into the box; and so, easily carried the day. That was the last time the policy-holders ever tried to control the Mutual.\*

Under Winston many present day abuses — nepotism, legislative corruption, improper use of policy-holders' funds, and illiberal treatment of the insured — first got their start. The executive officers carefully safeguarded their own interests. They all received the most liberal salaries and, at the end of each year, voted themselves additional "bonuses." In three years, they thus added \$189,000. to their regular compensation. In order to conceal this transaction, they charged these amounts as *dividends to policy-holders*.† Winston had quartered upon the Mutual's agency force numerous relatives. He had one son as Medical Examiner, another as cashier, another as clerk. He had appointed his son-in-law, one Harvey B. Merrill, to the Mutual's most lucrative general-agency. Merrill had his headquarters at Detroit, and received a percentage on every policy written in the state of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Winston himself admitted, on the witness-stand, that while enjoying these perquisites, Merrill spent a considerable part of his time in Europe.†† The gross income of his agency amounted to more

than \$100,000.\* a year. In 1865 President Winston's son, Frederick M. died. He had taken out policies to the extent of \$12,000., but, several years before his death, had surrendered them for their cash values. The Insurance Committee revived these policies and paid the \$12,000. to young Winston's widow.† Judge Alexander Bradford, a Mutual trustee — one of the inner ring — had held for several years a \$10,000. policy but had surrendered it. When Bradford was on his deathbed, the Mutual restored it.†† Winston also extended improper favors to a few inside trustees. He deposited money in banks in which certain trustees were interested. He also lent money to others under suspicious circumstances. He thus advanced \$30,000. to Seymour L. Husted, on the pretence of purchasing United States bonds. When Husted paid it back Winston, in order to conceal the transaction from the trustees, compelled a clerk to falsify the accounts.§ He lent \$18,000. to certain state commissioners, and carried it on the books as "cash on hand." He farmed out the business of examining titles on mortgage real estate loans to favored trustees. Under his régime also the use of Mutual money for legislative purposes began. In an investigation into the Mutual Life, held in 1870, President Winston admitted that he had given a well-known lawyer \$6,000., for work at Albany in connection with certain proposed legislation.|| This appeared in the Mutual's books as "taxes." "This lawyer earned the money," added Winston. The Mutual also admitted paying \$3,500. to George W. Miller, Superintendent of Insurance, to further a bill intended to crush out smaller rivals. These items may seem small compared with recent lavish expenditures for similar purposes; but there is the germ of present-day Houses of Mirth and Andrew Hamiltons.

In the great scandal which shook the Mutual to its foundation thirty-five years ago and resulted in the deposition of Sheppard

\*From this amount, of course, must be deducted the commissions paid to sub-agents.

† Report of the Committee on Grievances relative to the petition of Stephen English (1873 New York Assembly Document 155): "The charge that surrendered and forfeited policies in the life of President Winston's son had been revived, *after his death*, was proved to be true." Page 3.

†† Ibid: page 3. "The illegal purchase, at a higher rate than its surrender value, of a policy on the life of a trustee; its subsequent restoration when he was actually moribund and its payment as a death claim, was proved."

‡ Examination of witnesses before George W. Miller, Superintendent of Insurance in relation to certain charges against the trustees and officers of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. (1870). Pages 82-83.

§ Ibid: page 237.

\* Testimony of the Committee on Grievances relative to the petition of Stephen English (1873 New York Assembly Document 169, page 108).

† For corroboration of this charge, see Report of the Committee relative to the petition of Stephen English. (New York Assembly Document No. 155, 1873): "The distribution of a bonus of over \$189,000. among the officers of the Company, in addition to their ample salaries, and its concealment from the policy-holders by charging for the greater portion of it to *dividend account*, were proved to be true."

†† Examination of witnesses before George W. Miller, 1870. Page 242.

Homans as actuary, Elizur Wright himself had played a part. In 1869 Homans refused to audit President Winston's financial statement. He declared that it contained gross inaccuracies. He pointed to an item of \$2,500. charged up as rent for the Boston office, which had really been paid to Henry B. Hyde, President of the Equitable, for legislative purposes at Albany. He also declared that President Winston proposed to deprive his policy-holders of a large amount of *post-mortem* dividends. The Mutual was then on the annual dividend system. In case a member died his beneficiary received, with the full claim, the amount of the next succeeding dividend. Winston, without consulting the trustees, declared that these should no longer be paid. Homans, the actuary, insisted that they should. A fine row resulted. Winston acted in his usual arbitrary fashion. He told Homans that if he didn't certify to the statement, he would get another actuary who would; and, in fact, finally compelled Homans' assistant to put his name to it. The trustees were finally aroused, however, and referred the question to Elizur Wright and two other experts. Wright declared that the dividends must be paid. Winston still refused, and dismissed Homans for insubordination. Afterwards, Homans frequently declared, the Mutual had to appropriate \$2,000,000. to rectify this mistake.

#### *Wright Establishes the Cash Surrender System*

Wright made Winston's existence unbearable for fifteen years. He exposed injustices of the insurance system he stood for. He riddled his annual reports showing, year after year, how the financial statements were twisted. He thus exposed the Mutual's famous trick of increasing its annual income by counting a large part of its receipts *twice*. He showed that it counted as money actually received, a large part of that which it applied in reversionary dividends. For example, you paid the Mutual a premium of \$100.; at the end of the year you received a dividend of \$30. which was used to purchase reversionary insurance; the Mutual would count it as \$130. cash received. In ten years, Wright showed, it had swelled its income \$43,000,000. by this ingenious process. Its purpose was to conceal the extravagances of management. All companies figure the expenses by comparing expenditures with premium

income; if the income were thus falsely increased, the Mutual could spend millions of dollars and no one be the wiser. For twelve years they thus claimed an expense rate of eleven per cent; actually, said Wright, it was twenty-one. In 1873, he declared, it thus increased its income to the extent of \$6,000,000. The extravagances he particularized were practically those which the recent investigation has disclosed. He declared that the Mutual staff divided each year at least \$150,000. of superfluous salary. Again and again he called attention to the wastefulness of the agency department. This then, as now, was a portentous scandal. Wright also showed that the Mutual spent enormous sums for advertising. It subsidized, by advertisements, not far from thirty life-insurance papers; and had also largely muzzled the daily press. Much indignation has been aroused by recent revelations of the Mutual's publicity bureau; its collection of journalistic leeches; of "Dollar-a-line" Smith, whose business it was to secure favorable notices of the Mutual and its officers. Elizur Wright exposed all that thirty years ago. He frequently found it impossible to get his own communications in the papers because of the Mutual's influence. Attacks upon him frequently appeared in the New York papers, sometimes printed as extracts from other journals. Wright learned that these had been paid for at the now familiar rate of a dollar a line!

Wright's greatest struggle with the Mutual was in his attempt to establish a system of cash surrender values. He began this agitation in 1869, and kept at it for nearly eleven years. He always had the utmost solicitude for those compelled to lapse their policies. He soon became dissatisfied with his 1861 non-forfeiture law. It granted only extended insurance; Wright insisted that the companies must, if required, pay cash. He clearly demonstrated the reasonableness of this. He took the position that the reserve on each policy — the advanced payment, the unearned premium — belonged exclusively to the insured. He was entitled, Wright declared, to do whatever he wished with it. If he wished to borrow it, the company must lend; if he wished to leave the company and take the larger part of it with him, he could do so. In 1871 he introduced his cash surrender law in the Massachusetts legislature. He got it through the House, but Judge McCurdy came up in the interest of the Mutual and killed it in

the Senate. The Mutual fought it because it made enormous profits on lapses. It treated its retiring policy-holders with the utmost illiberality. It had no fixed rule; if one wished to surrender his policy, he got just what the company saw fit to give; if he lapsed, nothing at all. Under no condition, did the Mutual ever pay more than fifty per cent. Wright showed that the Mutual had lapsed more than fifty per cent of all the policies issued; and that it thus mulcted policy-holders of \$1,000,000. a year. In 1876 he attempted to get in the Massachusetts legislature in order to fight for cash surrender values, but failed. Ultimately, however, he won his great fight. In 1880 Massachusetts passed Wright's cash surrender bill. All companies have adopted his ideas; cash values and loans are now written in nearly every policy issued. The New York companies make more noise over their cash surrender features than any others—entirely

forgetful of the viciousness with which they opposed them for years. The Mutual, which, in Wright's time, gave only a small part of the reserve on surrender, now loudly boasts that it gives more.

Wright's denunciations of the Equitable now have all the sanctity of prophecy. He had a certain admiration for Henry B. Hyde as a pushing life-insurance man, but abhorred his practices. He denounced the Tontine scheme—of which the modern successor is the deferred dividend—when first started, and increased his vehemence as its full meaning appeared. In 1882, three years before he died, he said: "Some day there will be a terrible crash in the Equitable. Its disruption is only a matter of a few years." It took twenty years for that crash to arrive; the disruption, as we all know, was avoided only by the sensational transfer of stock control. In this, as in everything else, has time justified Elizur Wright.

*The next article will describe the early life of Henry B. Hyde and the establishment of the Equitable Society. In this and succeeding chapters, Hyde's career, and his influence upon the history of American life-insurance, will be given in detail.*

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## THE SEA WITCH

BY

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

Endlessly fell her chestnut flowers,  
Faint snow throughout the honeyed dark.  
The myrtle spread his boughs to drink  
Deep draughts of salt from the sea's brink,  
And like a moon-dial swung her tower's  
Straight shadow o'er her warded park.

From her calm coasts the galleons fled,  
The fisher steered him further west.  
No port was hailed, no keel came home  
Across that pale enchanted foam,  
But by her roof the thrushes fed  
And wandering swallows found their rest.

The shadows touched her tenderly,  
The red beam lingered on her dress.  
The white gull and the osprey knew  
Her tower across the leagues of blue.  
The wild swan when he sought the sea  
Was laggard through her loveliness.



# UNCLE SAMMIE

BY

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE

AUTHOR OF "BRINER'S WHEAT," "THE CHUMP," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. DALTON STEVENS

UNCLE SAMMIE approached Decoration Day with great anxiety of mind. He limped around his prune orchard, laboring with his rebellious and diseased old legs, murmuring about Bill's grave, and in an immeasurable trepidation lest ill-health should shackle him at last. The war, the war: that was still the whole life, and soul, and being of Uncle Sammie. He had talked the Civil War, and laughed it, and wept it, for more than forty years. Even California, to which he came at the end of the historic struggle, and which has revolutionized the lives of many thousands, had failed to pale in any measure whatever the picture of those vivid years in his mind. His comrades even jestingly nicknamed him The War. His genial and sandy face was now haggard, but had an etherealized look, because he was always recollecting something grand and historical. He used to stop in the middle of a meal and make large mention of Gettysburg. Now, in his seventieth year, he was little more than a tottering incarnation of memory.

"You see," he was accustomed to say with a tragic and husky humor as though the thing of which he spoke had some

extraordinary significance, "I've got a kind of a balky leg."

This was his favorite mention of himself. The balkiness of the member was no trivial thing to him, was not even a personal matter. It was no less than a national phenomenon, a result of the war as inevitable and as worthy of sedate attention as was the huge expansion of the United States, a historical fact, an epitome of the Misery of Battles.

On the night before Decoration Day, to his horror, the leg seemed holding unusual tyranny over him. The first hour after supper in the homely but attractive sitting-room of his small ranch-house at the edge of the town was an hour of despair. Then the leg seeming partially to cease its pangs, a look of profound relief and hope came over Uncle Sammie's visage. Aunt Harriet knitted yonder, with one pained eye on him; and here the old fellow sat by his big grate fire watching the leg as if he expected strange performances from it. Now he pulled off his slippers, slid far down in his heavy rocker, and toasted his cramped and aged feet with an indescribable satisfaction.

"Ah — ah —" he ejaculated, long and comfortably. "M-m-m." Though to any

one else the night was warm, to feel his feet toasting was extraordinarily fine to him.

"Harriet," he said, turning his head round. "I'm going to be able to do it." Then he added with a kind of patriotic reverence, "My leg, my leg is limbering up!"

"O, Sammie, you old foolish," she replied, angry with emotion and trouble.

"Now Harriet, now you looky here." His expression of longing was lofty, wide-minded, yet intolerant. "You know, very well do you know, how I've decorated Bill's grave every single, solitary year. Every time I've marched in line. They've always been able to say, 'Sammie is on hand with flowers for Bill.' Why, Harriet, you ought to be ashamed. You know what Bill did for me at Gettysburg. At Gettysburg didn't Bill put — ?" He had raised his hand, but suddenly finished, dropping it. "Shoot," he said, turning to the fire, pulling his sandy beard and swallowing, "you've heard it a million times."

"You'll catch your death," she said with some suffering show of fierceness. "If your're leg holds out it'll be your everlasting lung, or your old heart, or the plagued pleurisy, or somethin'."

She never mentioned the stroke he had had in his head. He knew nothing about that.

"Always, always looking on the dark side," he answered, reproachful. Then his countenance was illuminated with a smile. "Cheer up! Why, looky here; look at me, how gay I *can* be whenever I've a mind to." He got out of his rocker with a military air, and was for executing a shuffle with the leg, at which she stared, pale from awe. "Ha, ha! Harriet, I'm a game old bird yet. Gad, I've got the snap of California in my blood; I've got the western sun running up and down inside o' me! I'm a regular — Whew! Ouch! Limber up, old knee. Ah, hm! There you are, trim as a barkentine. I'm a regular cockalorum, Harriet!"

Apparently cockalorums were stiff but animated old fellows, with infinite courage, considerable dash, a little halt of limb, and crooked in the spine.

"O, go along," said Aunt Harriet, pleased, anxious, scolding. "You foolish old thing, you go along to bed."

So he took a lamp, grew sad, had a solemn mien, yawned, and proceeded in his stockings to the door.

"Never missed it yet," he said. "Laid

flowers on his grave year in and year out. Why, he'd turn over in his — It agitates me, just the thought of it agitates me, Harriet. Besides, I'm as good as the best — although," here he turned with a new idea, "there's none of 'em so confounded frisky any more. That's the fact." He pondered, then went on, gazed back with excitement, proceeded, and disappeared repeating: "No, sir, there's none of 'em so confounded frisky any more!"

Aunt Harriet, with her customary air of being overwhelmed in difficulties, wiped her eye. Hearing him hesitate without, she called:

"You'll catch cold. Go along — standing there in your socks!"

The soft thuds of his feet were heard on some narrow backstairs that led to a little room under the low roof. A rose hung down from the eaves into the window.

"Hm-m. Ah-h," she heard him say from time to time, putting his leg to bed.

A distant cannon fired by some enthusiast only less decrepit than he awoke him very early in the morning, and by nine o'clock he was ready to sally forth into the town. There never was a happier man, though hours of seemingly bad-humored admonition and much anxious fussing on the part of Aunt Harriet had contributed to his readiness.

"O, I wish you'd stay at home!" she broke out at last with the pallid glare of a life-long love.

"Now, Harriet, be cheerful. Always looking — Why, I feel like a boy. You ought to be ashamed of yourself — poor old Bill. If I couldn't march with the boys and lay these roses — Ouch! There, it's getting in prime trim. Old leg" — he addressed it with a stately profundity of manner — "you're doing yourself proud, you are. Here goes. Won't they be a little bit surprised, Harriet, down around the court-house, eh, to see old Sammie, whom they call The War, heaving up over the horizon, leg and all? A little — bit — surprised! They'll say, 'There comes The War!' Good-by. This afternoon we'll listen to Buskirk's speech together in the court-house yard! Here we are, safe out o' port, and the gate shut. Safe on the high seas, Harriet — now go along!" Proceeding grandly, he turned round his head, and became disgruntled and mandatory. "Go along now, about your business."

She went with a slow step toward the house, and stared queerly at the faded paint

on it, and at some dead vines, and the path in the grass, and the prune trees. A plow stuck in a furrow just where he had been plowing when he was stricken three months before, and carried in.

A shower in the night had sweetened things, the sun was shining, and a large open square in the center of the town was green with trees around a court-house. Little girls were passing hither and thither with flowers in baskets. The town had a bright-eyed look. Sons and daughters, widows and grandchildren of veterans waved surprised welcome at Uncle Sammie from buggies out of which enormous bouquets of California blossoms protruded. Carpenters were erecting a platform whose yellow skeleton, women of the Relief Corps already began to decorate with bunting, and among the trees was an empty congregation of chairs.

Away in the distance somebody with reverberant acclaim hailed the sight of the old man coming down the street.

"The War! Well, well, if there ain't The War!"

This trumpet announcement came from a tall old judge and attracted a general attention. Countenances here and there changed.

"I — thought — you — was — laid — up!" cried out a grocer, advancing among his goods with astonishment, his hand outstretched.

A garrulous group swarmed up from every

side. Many had frayed, blue coats and dingy brass-buttons. Confederates yonder approached with approving, conservative, sympathetic, yet distant gaze.

"A little — bit — surprised!" vibrated the old man's voice, like a tightly strung instrument, as he steered down upon them, his thin and strained face lit with triumph.

"You thought The War was done for, gentlemen? Maybe you thought, gentlemen, that The War was dead! No, sir; I'm still captain o' my leg. Good morning, Albert. How're you, Fred? Jim Jenkins, let me shake your crooked paw — whyn't you straighten out your fingers? John, you've shaved off your — Gad, the town is looking polite. Judge, you're getting thin in the whiskers; it beats all how you do hang on! How's your bones? Want a little lubricating? Boys, are you all greased up?"

His laugh was somewhat solemn. The judge took a ceremonious attitude; they all stood round in a circle and bent their varied and aged eyes on what Uncle Sammie carried in his hand. There was a moment of deep silence, and some glanced at others with a certain uneasiness.

"Them's lovely roses, Sammie," the judge said at length significantly, as though he were the spokesman of a universal fear or warning.

Sammie gazed away at the northern sky.

"For Bill," he said, with a kind of epic simpleness.



"'I'm as good as the best — although . . . there's none of 'em so confounded jriskey any more'"

Some rubbed the frayed edges of their blue coats, as though they were embarrassed.

"But, see here, Sammie, you ain't a-going to try to march?" one ventured, and hobbled to a wall in order to lean on it. Over yonder Confederates walked by, sympathetic and distant.

Sammie swept the company with a look of exaltation, seemed about to speak, and made never a reply.

He went on toward a hall. They came

very well. The faces of all had the misty expression of the past, recollections of sublime tragedies, and hints of the grave.

"Here's Sammie! Here's The War! Why, boys, ha, ha! if there he ain't!"

He was excited, exhilarated, toddling, feeble.

"Gee-mun-ee! What roses! Why, Sammie, you ain't a-going —?"

"Looky here!" he ejaculated angrily. "Did you fellows think I was going to desert?"



"'The War! Well, well, if there ain't the War!'"

after, and the street was full of their like. He looked excessively resentful, turned his head, and called, joking at them queerly:

"What you hobble so for? Hobbling along like a gang o' cripples! Whyn't you fellows march straight, like me?"

He shook his arm and walked like a captain.

Round the stairs to the G. A. R. hall the old soldiers were gathering, all the sidewalks were dotted with them, the stairs creaked under their slightly unsteady tread, here and yonder they stood in groups leaning on canes or half reclining against the walls; fat old soldiers, lean ones, some jolly, some sad and cadaverous, some prosperous, some failures, some on crutches, a few carrying their years

Old Milt, you still talking politics? Well, can't I hold out as long as you? Boys, when we pull up and camp in heaven, dinged if we won't find old Milt on a corner of the golding streets talking politics with a cherubim!"

They hilariously slapped one another's backs, and laughed, and bent double with dry cacklings. Sammie was the glowing center of a crowd.

"Straighten out your old backbones!" he cried. "What's the matter with yuh?"

They all looked at the flowers. They had flowers themselves. Some Confederates, with the same kind of countenances as theirs, fraternized with all these. Sammie held out his blossoms.

"Boys — for Bill," he said.

They all looked at the gutter, or the sky, or the wall. Sammie then said huskily: "Bill he planted this rosebush in my yard himself."

They looked at their own inartistic bouquets. Some were chewing, and spit.

"Tell us about that time at Gettysburg, and how Bill he — " one of them began, and spat very far.

"You see, it was like this," Uncle Sammie said, his eyes a bit damp and shining. He stood at the foot of the stairs and spoke in an oratorical manner, to many auditors. "You see Bill was impetuous. You couldn't hold him down. You recollect what a warm-hearted fellow Bill was. When the order came to march to the front — "

They were gazing at him with moveless countenances; they thrust out old, stiff legs and stood attentive. They had a stolid and listening air.

"Aw, shoot," said Uncle Sammie, in sudden disgust, and moved a little off; "you've heard it a million times."

"The band is getting ready," they said. "Let's go up-stairs."

"No, boys," Sammie answered, propping himself up, weak and cheerful against the baluster. "I'd like mighty well to see the inside o' that hall again, but I feel I'll kind o' have to save up my leg for Bill."

"You're looking a little pale, Sammie."

"O, go along. I won't begin to get pale for fifteen years yet. Talk about a young, frisky thing like me getting — Hay, hum. Boys, I'll just rest here. Is the band coming?"

The band was beginning to play on the street.

"Pale," sniffed Uncle Sammie, mopping his brow and sitting down on the bottom step unsteadily.

"Sammie, we really don't think, now," said some, with apologetic anxiety, "that you ought to march; it's a long way and the sun is getting hot."

They stared at him, frightened, with their mouths open, but he just raised his eyes to the level of their brass-buttons which shone rather dully.

"Now, looky here, boys," he began to complain with a gentle bitterness, seeing them as through a veil, "if you don't quit that kind of childish talk you'll make me real provoked."

Many soldiers came down the steps and passed him, while more were gathering from all points of the compass. Flowers were everywhere; the procession formed, headed by the band playing hymns.

The old blue-coated men fell in line by scores. Many seemed weary even before they got a start, but they had an appearance of placid proprietorship in a national event. The rickety ones looked as though they marched to their last resting places, having no intention to return. Uncle Sammie took his place between two comrades of Gettysburg. His face was grim. Away they went.

In the court-house yard, round all the corners, in all the windows, and on the lawns, people stood looking; some women wiped their eyes. The town had been cheered, yet it now got a sad air, beholding its decrepit saviors marching to the grave.

Going beyond the last houses among trees, they emerged on a hot, dusty, country road. The band now indulged in a slow and rumbling funeral march. Sammie's comrades, looking at him, saw that he was as pale as death. He clutched the roses, breathing hard.

"Sammie, you'd better drop out," they said. "Why, see here, it ain't worth hurting yourself for."

He turned on them with scorn, but his humor flickered across his countenance.

"Ain't it?" he said.

After a while he mumbled:

"Don't bother me, don't bother me. I'm busy — with my leg."

They were aware that the real trouble had been in his head; they looked at each other.

The march continued past orchards and grain fields and rows of mammoth eucalyptus trees, which a breeze made to bow down their heads in a reverent manner, as though they detected the passing of some august presence.

The day was growing very hot; all along the line a few old veterans dropped out and sat on the bank of earth beside the way. The column straggled, the faces of the marchers taking on a haunted and melancholy look. The landscape was beautiful, and yonder on a distant hill rising against the sky the cemetery lifted white stones to the sun.

"Sammie!" they cried. "See here! You mustn't go no further. Why, it ain't

worth killing yourself for. What's the matter with you?"

"Ain't it?" the old man muttered.

His eyes had a glazed appearance, his set face was fierce and haggard; he staggered a little.

"Bill's not going to be able to say, 'Sammie, why didn't you decorate my grave to-day?'"

The march continued, his iron determination making him steadier. They went down a hollow and over a wooden bridge, the band playing "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night." The breeze imparted to wide fields of sunlit grain a traveling undulation like that of water.

The road ascended toward the cemetery, which looked cheerful; and away behind the column the towers of the distant town floated on the universal greenness.

At a turn a lane bent abruptly upward to a gate.

"Sammie! Why, my God, boys, we'll have to make him stop. Sammie, you old reckless man. You've got to drop out. You'll kill yourself!"

He turned defiant, hollow eyes on them, and expelled his answer out of a hoarse throat:

"He wasn't afraid of killing himself for me, was he? I'll put 'em on his grave — if I have to crawl! Take your hands off me!"

He trod on wildly up the lane. Ahead of him the notes of the band implored, "Watchman Tell Us of the Night."

They turned in at the gate. To their left the slope, with its graves, sod-beds, and marble, rose to the sky-line. Far to the right the town could be seen. The blue-coated column went on over long grass that straggled on a path.

"Sammie, you've got to sit down!"

"I'll put 'em — on his — if I —" He fought gutterally with his words. He gasped and staggered ahead a little. "If I — bust!"

He was just within the gate. His comrades rushed at him. He swerved and fell, and when they stooped to pick him up he was trying to crawl.

"Is this it?" he shouted. "Boys! Is this — Bill's grave? There — there! Whyn't you answer? That's it — ain't it? — Boys!" His cry was terrible.

"Yes!" they kept yelling at him, for he seemed deaf, though he was a long way from Bill's grave. They could hardly loosen

his convulsive clutch from the roses. Stretching out his hand, which thorns had made bleed, he was groping and pounding with the bouquet on the ground. "Yes! That's his grave, Sammie!"

He had his ghastly face lifted to them, and suddenly seemed to hear. His muscles all relaxed, the flowers fell, and he shut his eyes.

An hour later they came bringing him home in a carriage. At the gate he opened his eyes, and Aunt Harriet, having run out in agitation, fell upon him in a spasm of weeping.

"Sammie — Sammie — you — old — fool!"

The awful cry measured her love. When they prepared to carry him in he was muttering to her:

"They played a trick on me. I didn't decorate — Bill's grave. I recollect. You see I've got — Gettysburg. 'Sgettysburg — A kind of a — balky leg. Never mind — soon I'll be — where I can decorate — Bill."

Half way between the gate and the dead vines he died.

A committee composed of two Southern veterans and two Northern veterans came and waited on Aunt Harriet. The Confederates were sympathetic, having lost the distant look. All four were old fellows, and hobbled in, two in gray, two in blue. They sat down embarrassed.

"We're going to put up a tombstone. You see, we called him," they said diffidently, afraid it might sound foolish, "The War. We wanted to know if you'd mind if we made mention of that, just on his tombstone, you know."

They looked sheepish; they had a fear lest they might seem to have fallen into sentiment. Aunt Harriet, sitting with her head in her hands, was comforted by them.

It rained when they buried him. A great crowd was on the hill in the rain near Bill's grave. All the Confederates in gray stood beside all the members of the G. A. R. in blue.

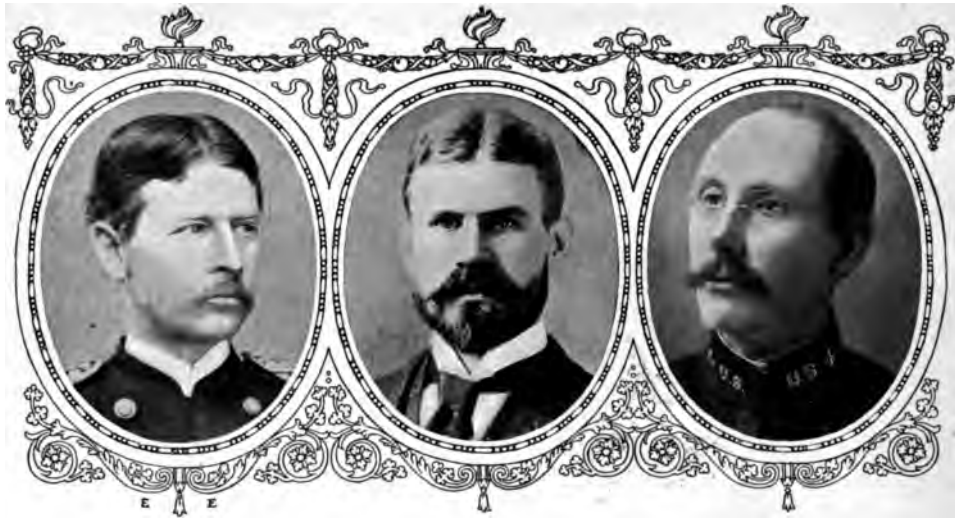
"We'll all be like him — perty quick," they said.

A band played, and everybody looked at the white board which the undertaker placed at Sammie's head. It bore temporarily the inscription that the stone would permanently bear. Under his name and the dates the rain beat against the words:

"The War is Dead."



“HE SWERVED AND FELL, AND WHEN THEY STOOPED TO PICK HIM UP HE  
WAS TRYING TO CRAWL”



THE THREE MEN WHO RISKED THEIR LIVES TO TEST A THEORY

MAJOR WALTER REED  
*Surgeon U. S. Army*

JESSE M. LAZEAR  
*Acting Ass't Surgeon U. S. Army*

1ST LIEUT. JAMES CARROLL  
*Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army*

## YELLOW FEVER: A PROBLEM SOLVED

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS AGAINST  
THE MOSQUITO

BY

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF "TUBERCULOSIS: THE REAL RACE SUICIDE," "TYPHOID: AN UNNECESSARY EVIL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ALL the world of science now knows that yellow fever is transmitted by the bite of a single species of mosquito and by that agency alone. Patient and perilous experiments have established the responsibility of the little gnat to which is given the name of *stegomyia*, proving it to be the deadliest of all creatures of prey. It kills more human beings every year than the dreaded cobra; more, probably, than all the wild animals of the world put together. Yet so little understood and so difficult to combat has been this tiny man-slayer that those of our cities which are subject to its ravages have lain supine before its onslaught, up to last year. Then came the yellow fever outbreak in

New Orleans, and the first great American victory over an epidemic.

Eight years before, the mosquito-plague had infected the great, busy, joyous metropolis of the South. Ignorant of the real processes of the infection, New Orleans had fought it blindly, frantically, in an agony of panic, and when at last the frost put an end to the helpless city's plight, she lay spent and prostrate. The yellow fever of 1905 came with a more formidable and unexpected suddenness than that of 1897. It sprang into life like a secret and armed uprising in the midst of the city, full-fledged and terrible. But there arose against it the trained fighting line of scientific knowledge. Accepting, with a

fine courage of faith that most important preventive discovery since vaccination, the mosquito dogma, the Crescent City marshaled her defenses. This time there was no panic, no mob-rule of terrified thousands, no mad rushing from stunned inertia to wildly impractical action; but instead the enlistment of the whole city in an army of sanitation. Every citizen became a soldier of the public health. And when, long before the plague-killing frost came, the battle was over, New Orleans had triumphed not only in the most brilliant hygienic victory ever achieved in America, but in a principle for which the whole nation owes her a debt of gratitude.

### *The Mosquitoes Found Guilty*

For the foundation of her defenses New Orleans must acknowledge her debt to three young U. S. Army surgeons. Reed, Carroll, and Lazear established near Havana in 1900 an experiment station to test on human subjects the mosquito theory suggested by

Finlay and earlier observers. Two adjoining houses were selected, presenting precisely the same conditions of hygiene, sanitation, and temperature, and in these squads of volunteers were domiciled. In one was put the soiled sheets, pillows, and blankets from the hospital at Havana in which yellow fever patients had slept and died. This dwelling was carefully screened to prevent the entrance of mosquitoes. In the foul bedding the volunteers slept for two months. Not one case of yellow fever developed among them. The other house was kept as clean as sanitary science could make it. Everything used by the men who volunteered for this part of the work, was sterilized. Into the room were introduced specimens of the *stegomyia* mosquito\* which had bitten

\*Only the *stegomyia* species transmits yellow fever and this through the bite of the female. The male is not a blood-sucker. Other mosquitoes do not afford the proper conditions for the development of the disease within their own bodies, and without such development, transmission to the human animal is impossible. The *anopheles*, which carries malaria as the *stegomyia* carries yellow fever, and the familiar and savage *culex* are not allies of "Yellow Jack." The *stegomyia* is as common on and near the southern coast as is the familiar winged nuisance in the northern and western towns.



STAGNANT GUTTERS: A CHANCE FOR MOSQUITO BREEDING

*Street in French Quarter, before this year's "cleaning up"*



TYPICAL INTERIOR IN THE FRENCH QUARTER

*Here the mosquitoes flourished and spread fever*

yellow fever patients. Of the occupants of this room, fifty per cent developed yellow fever. Finally, men who had lived unaffected for twenty days amidst the foul surroundings of the first establishment, allowed themselves to be bitten by the infected mosquitoes, and seventy per cent of them took the disease. No low order of courage was required in those who submitted to either test, since, on the one hand, the fever was universally regarded at that time as a mysteriously airborne disease, while on the other, the physicians frankly told those who submitted themselves to the mosquitoes that they would probably take the infection.

#### *To Prove the Theory Cost the Lives of Heroes*

On the old military principle of leadership, that an officer must not ask his men to go where he himself would not venture, the three surgeons put their own persons to the ordeal. Lazear died, a martyr to humanity, and is remembered by one where the lesser heroes of our Cuban battle fields are acclaimed by thousands. Carroll barely escaped with his life, and Reed shrinking from no peril which his companions braved, came

through unscathed by virtue of some natural immunity, only to die of another illness in the following year. At the price of martyrdom for several men (for some of the volunteers died), of patience and peril and suffering for the others, it was proved in the utmost detail that only through the bite of an infected mosquito does yellow fever attack the human subject; that the fever-bearing insect itself becomes infected only by biting a patient in the first five days of the disease; and that not until twelve days thereafter can the insect transmit the infection. Reduced to its practical terms, this means that yellow fever can exist only where the *stegomyia* breeds; that it can spread from city to city only by transportation of the infected mosquito (practically a negligible consideration) or of human beings in the early stages of the disease going to places where the *stegomyia* is awaiting them; and finally that the infected community which can kill off its mosquitoes can stamp out the infection. Scientifically sure as the dogma is, it puts a heavy strain upon popular credulity by the apparent intricacy of its exact processes. And upon this theory, unknown probably to one in fifty of its populace, New

Orleans was asked to stake the lives of its citizens, its immediate commercial prosperity, and the utmost concerted effort of its people. Perhaps there are others of our great cities which, in similar extremity, would so splendidly and unitedly have rallied to the standard. The test of a great epidemic has not come to them; but this is sure, that half of the spirit shown by the Southern city would, if directed in New York or Chicago against the ever-present plague of tuberculosis, or in Philadelphia or Pittsburgh against their besetting sin of typhoid, go far toward conquering these evils. We have no parallel, so far as I know, in our annals of hygiene, to last year's Battle of New Orleans.

How the fever came, or when, no man will ever surely know. From Havana, some think, but the weight of evidence indicates the infected port of Belize, whence come the United Fruit Company's vessels, bearing fruit, passengers, and sometimes mosquitoes. Perhaps it is too much to expect of a corporation that it should give information in the interests of the public health as against its own traffic. Corporations have not, usually, that quality of good citizenship. Yet I am inclined to believe that this year, should yellow fever prevail at one of its ports, the United Fruit Company would make the fact known to the quarantine authorities, regardless of the immediate effect upon its trade. There has been a considerable change of business sentiment in New Orleans since the bitter lesson of last summer. However, some two hundred refugees from Belize landed in New Orleans, late in May. Subsequent study of the passenger lists showed a number of Italian names. Whose the first case no man has ever known. But that there came to the Italian quarter of New Orleans (which is almost coterminous with the famous "French Quarter") late in May a yellow fever patient; that the mosquitoes which breed in the water barrels and swarm in the houses of the Quarter sucked the infection from the feverous veins to spread it to other men, ten or twelve days later when the disease had developed in themselves; that these men, bitten by still other mosquitoes radiated the infection in various circles; and that this ever widening process continued insidiously until the epidemic had the unsuspecting city in its grip — all this can be mapped out from the form and distribution of the infection when, full-grown it suddenly sprang, nearly two

months after the first case, into the light of public notice.

*Concealment — the Ally of Disease — the First Resort of the Stricken*

To understand how the public could have been ignorant of threatening conditions for so long, one must appreciate first the commercial significance to New Orleans of yellow fever. Yellow fever means quarantine which stops traffic at the places of lading. It means a city shut in upon itself; commercial strangulation. It means railroad



THE REV. BEVERLY WARNER

*Rector of a fashionable church, he took charge of the district organizations, won the hearts of the ward heeler, and fought all summer, screening cisterns and smoking out the Stegomyia in the battle to keep the fever below Canal Street*

yards piled with freight; steamship docks choked with accumulated shipments; perishable goods rotting on the piers and in the yards. It is more destructive than a great fire such as that from which Baltimore has just risen; it is as disastrous as panic, for it is panic's very self. Businesses shut off, railroads paralyzed, steamships fast at their piers, a bottomless market, commerce which is rightfully her own diverted to other ports, doors closed, employees discharged, universal distrust and dismay, terror, hunger, and want — all this New Orleans sees written luridly across the yellow flag of pestilence; all this

she suffered in the epidemic of '97 from which she had only just rallied. Is it hard to see why the newspapers withheld yellow fever news as long as possible? Is it not in accord with the simple instinct of self-preservation that the powerful financial interests should unite to suppress the dreaded tidings so long as there is a chance of pulling through? Is it not something less unworthy than cowardice for a physician to hesitate long before reporting a diagnosis that means disaster to his city? Twice, at least, since the epidemic of 1897 New Orleans has successfully suppressed the fact that there was yellow fever in the city, and has checked the disease before it became epidemic. This time it tried once too often. The first disastrous error, the one discreditable phase of the fight is this failure to have come out squarely and face the issue. For this, Dr. Edmond Souchon, President of the State Board of Health, and Dr. Quitman Kohnke, City Health officer, are blamed. Probably the City Health officer ought to have suspected earlier than he admits any suspicion that some extraordinary element of disease was present in the French Quarter. Certainly the President of the State Board was, by the honor of his profession, bound to

report promptly the suspicious cases which, instead, he withheld from the information of the other states. Vacillating, he telephoned to Gov. Blanchard for advice when he should have been telegraphing warnings to the health officers of neighboring states. The Governor advised him to "go slow." It was bad counsel, but it was natural. Yellow Jack, once under way, does not "go slow," however, and the few days' delay destroyed Dr. Souchon's usefulness as a public official. He resigned. Great pressure was brought to bear upon Dr. Kohnke to resign also, but he has resisted it. An experienced and able sanitarian, he had fought hard for years to safeguard New Orleans from infection — and unavailing. Twice his ordinance compelling owners of mosquito-breeding cisterns to screen them against the spread of the insects was laughed out of the City Council. No man laughed at it when it was last presented — after the epidemic came! Too late the councilmen realized that the little expenditure for wire netting would have saved the city millions upon millions of dollars. It was the effort to save the city's commerce, by less direct and worthy methods, that betrayed Dr. Kohnke into the error of letting the fever go unreported last summer.

THE FRENCH MARKET WHERE THE FEVER PROBABLY STARTED



That he knew of its presence as early as the middle of July is fairly shown by his acceptance of a special fund of \$20,000. raised by the financial interests at a private meeting. Financiers do not secretly present large sums of money to city health officials for bacteriological experiments, nor to combat pink-eye or the mumps. A banker who was at the fund-raising conference tells me that the money was turned over to Dr. Kohnke without any express condition of silence on his part, but with the understanding that "he was expected to stamp out the yellow fever and keep quiet about it." Natural enough. Concealment seemed to the financiers the proper and necessary course. They knew no better then. But Dr. Kohnke knew better, as an experienced sanitarian. By his complicity in withholding the truth about the infection he has lost the confidence of the people of New Orleans, including even the very financial interests which he faithfully if mistakenly tried to serve. Yet, if I were a citizen of New Orleans, as a matter of public safety I would rather see Quitman Kohnke in charge of the City's Health than any man likely to be substituted for him by the council. While he may not admit it, he has had his lesson. There is small danger of his making the same mistake again.

#### *The Awakening of a City to Truth and Duty*

Brief, indeed, was the respite. Hope of concealment was foregone on July 23d. There were then one hundred probable cases under investigation, and reports of deaths a month back; the infection was known to be in its third stage; alarm among the secretive Italians was widespread; visiting health officers from other states were confirming their suspicions; and the State Board formally announced that the pestilence was present in New Orleans. To the community at large, it came with thunderbolt emphasis.

The city rang with the wildest rumors. Monstrous exaggerations grew as they spread. The exodus of the terrified began. Men and women hastily gathered their belongings and flocked to the trains before quarantine should pen them in. Panic was in the balance. In that hour of supreme test the city proved herself. To the grisly voice of impending disaster, as to a trumpet call, all that was best in the citizenship of New Orleans, rallied to her from near and far, in courage and

indomitable hope. Midsummer is not a particularly pleasant season in the low-lying city. Many persons who are able, get away for July and August. Now they hurried back to the stricken town; business and professional men, physicians, clergymen, cotton-growers, bankers, ready to volunteer.

#### *Volunteers to the Army of Health*

Money was needed. Charles A. Janvier one of the leading bankers, cancelled his



HOUSE CISTERNS

*Showing methods of screening against Mosquitoes*

tickets to Europe and started in to raise a fund of \$100,000.; no small sum in the face of a panic. It was pledged at the call. The state contributed a like sum and the city council appropriated \$50,000. Men were needed. In every ward a protective organization sprang into being. Meetings were called and money was raised, each ward providing as a "district" the sinews of war for its own defense. The tone of the newspapers was admirable; no "scare heads," no superlative adjectives; no attempt to make capital of the imminent peril. The very gravity of the situation inspired local journalism with a fine sense of its responsibility. The *Times-Democrat* struck the key-note of the coming struggle in its call to the people of New Orleans: "to prove our energy and civic spirit before the world." The mayor issued a proclamation declaring



#### FEVER-PROOFING

*A fumigating squad finishing the work of mosquito-killing in an infected house*

the situation to be "serious but not dangerous" and calling on the citizens to protect all open water against the mosquitoes. "Kill the mosquitoes" was the battle-cry, and there began the greatest hunt for the smallest game ever undertaken by any community since the Pied Piper fluted the rats out of Hamelin town. The *stegomyia* was, of course, the chief quarry, but all species were put under the ban. "Let the innocent suffer with the guilty" said a speaker at one of the meetings of education. "We know the other mosquitoes don't carry yellow fever, but they're better dead anyhow. Kill them all, and you'll get the right ones as well as the wrong." It was a truly Herodian plan of slaughter.

Among those who hastened back from their vacations to proffer such help as they might give, was the Rev. Beverly Warner, rector of the fashionable Trinity Church. A ward heeler whom I met afterward in one of the slums advanced the theory for my consideration that "the Lord made Warner to order for the job." Certainly it was the right man in the right place when the clergyman accepted the general control of the district organizations. These bodies had charge

of all the city "above Canal Street," in the effort to confine the infection to the district below Canal Street. At the first meeting of the representatives from the various localities Dr. Warner found himself facing a crowd of the typical "district leaders" of ward politics. Some of his friends had horrid misgivings.

"Those ward heelers," said they, "will take all the money you give them, use just enough of it to make a showing and to give fat jobs to their followers, and pocket the rest."

Had the new superintendent proceeded on this theory, undoubtedly the pessimistic prophecy would have been widely fulfilled. But he is one of those clergymen, none too common in any church, whose faith in God is paralleled by a faith, almost as strong, in his fellow-men. After it was all over he said to a friend of his that he guessed that at the start the ward leaders had more misgivings about him than he had about them. From the first he assumed that they were single-minded in their loyalty to the city. There was money for the fight, he told them, and it would be handed over to them as they needed it. At the same time the war was likely to

be a long and costly one, and they must get all the volunteers possible for the labor and use the money for the necessary supplies. These included oil to kill the mosquito "wrigglers" in the water; netting to cover water-tanks and barrels, so that the insect having developed from the "wiggler" could not get out; and sulphur to smother the *stegomyia* in the houses. Immediately there sprang up a spirit of emulation among the leaders, each striving to keep down the expense in his own district. The outcome splendidly justified Dr. Warner's confidence in his fellow-workers, for, at the close of the campaign, every district turned back to him a surplus.

#### *A City's Great Hunt for Mosquitoes*

The task to which the organizations set themselves was a peculiarly difficult one. Few cities in this country — probably no other large city — offer such favorable terms to the mosquito as New Orleans. Nearly every house has its private breeding ground for the little pests. This is because the local water company supplies, at an exorbitant price, a liquid so dirty that it is unfit to drink and unpleasant even to bathe in. Therefore the better class of houses have large cisterns and the poorer class water-barrels in which the roof-drainage is stored for family use. Nothing more convenient and comfortable for the mosquito could be devised; more particularly for the *stegomyia*, as she is a house-haunter, and also exhibits a preference for clear water over muddy. Here, then, right at hand, was a device which to her instinct must have seemed providential, a plentiful supply of suitable water within a wing-flap of the house. Pretty nearly every cistern, water-barrel, tub, and other receptacle for storing water in New Orleans was found, when the investigation was on, to harbor the larvae of the *stegomyia*.

The first move of the district workers was to inspect all premises and note all conditions favorable to the development of the insects. Then arrangements were made either to spread oil over the surface of the water, so that the "wrigglers" coming up, should be destroyed, or to protect the water by netting. This last method was used for the cisterns. Before it was half done the supply of wire netting was gone. "Use cheese-cloth temporarily" came the order from headquarters. Thereafter many quarters of the city presented a most eerie appearance,

especially at night, each house being haunted by a huge, shrouded ghost, towering beside it.

#### *How a Clergyman Behaved in Battle*

By the first of August every district, outside of the infected region which was in charge of the federal authorities, was able to announce itself approximately protected. Then came one of those dire events that seem like the direct interposition of a demoniac agency. The weather allied itself to the epidemic. A terrific night-storm of wind and rain fell upon the city. It tore loose the cheese-cloth and the lighter netting. It overflowed the water-receptacles, carrying off the safeguarding surface oil. It formed thousands of little pools where the *stegomyia* might drop her eggs. It not only undid the work of toilsome days and nights, but it established new conditions of difficulty. That next gloomy morning, when the working leaders crawled down to general headquarters, sick at heart, bedraggled, weary with the desperate, hopeless battle of the night, they found above the office door a bright, new placard bearing a motto for the hour of disaster.

<p>WEAR A SMILE UPON YOUR FACE AND A FLOWER IN YOUR BUTTON-HOLE</p>
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It was like a trumpet-call to the fighting men. In it was embodied the unconquerable spirit of New Orleans under fire. The workers passed beneath the sign, and within found Dr. Warner with a smile on his face and a flower in his button-hole. None of the atmosphere of defeat was there. It had been a knock-down blow, but the fighter was on his feet again, cool, resourceful, and with unabated courage. That day, the very essence of inspiration went out from headquarters. The call to the work was sounded in every quarter of the city; in banks, in office-buildings, on the floor of the exchanges, in the wholesale districts, in the crowded stores, in clubs, in church meetings, in restaurants and saloons, the summons came to every able man to help rebuild the defenses of the city. That day and the next day and for days thereafter, coatless and hatless lawyers and clerks, merchants, doctors, bar-keepers, book-keepers, ministers, and bankers, perching perilously on roof-slopes and cistern

tops, hammered alternately their unpractised fingers and the nails that made sound the netting-fortifications of the beleaguered town. And in the evenings they betook themselves weary, sore, and enthusiastic to meetings in churches, in halls, in theaters, in schools, in assembly rooms, in every place possible for gatherings, and listened to lectures devoted entirely to the mosquito and the destruction thereof. A genuine revival spirit possessed the people, arousing such an enthusiasm in the cause of public health as the skilled exhorter produces by his emotional appeals to religious exaltation; with this difference, that the hygienic revival proceeded from the people themselves, with no factitious or artificial stimulus. The preachers of the common defense even penetrated factories and workshops and got from the employers half-hour recesses in which to give the hands instruction on the mosquito. Never was a city so thoroughly and exhaustively enlightened in any department of science, as New Orleans in this particular branch of entomology. To-day the newsboys in the streets can distinguish the dangerous mosquito at sight, and I have heard a crowd of men in the Boston Club discussing the points of difference between the *stegomyia* and the *anopheles* as casually as if they were talking politics.

#### *Volunteers in Desperation Appeal to Regulars*

Meantime, in the infected district matters were growing steadily worse. The city and state health authorities working together had obviously lost control of the situation below Canal Street. Early in August the leading men of New Orleans realized that the fight was going against them. Some of the older citizens remembered with sinking hearts the terrible slaughter of 1878 with its death-list of more than 4,000 victims, which, from all indications might well be equalled or even exceeded. The community was facing a great disaster; and the means at its disposal for the battle in the infected district, if not inefficient, were at best insufficient. The district organizations, conscientious, and unremitting as had been their work, had been unable to prevent an occasional appearance of the disease in the region above Canal Street. Slowly the volunteer army was being beaten back. The time had come to forget local pride and states rights sentiment, and call on the regulars of the Army

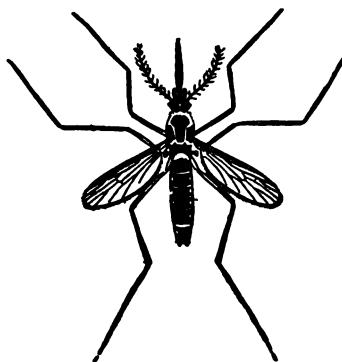
of Public Health. An appeal was sent to President Roosevelt, who instantly ordered the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service to take charge of the situation. Surgeon J. H. White, a veteran of many epidemics, was put in command at New Orleans. To him, as staff-officers, in a sense, were sent the seasoned men of the service: Richardson, Blue, Steger, Berry, and others. Formally, the control of the situation was turned over to Surgeon White on Aug. 8th; the campaign of the new staff was actually started actively on Aug. 12th. It was now literally a fight for life — for the life of the city. The fever had a long start. It was widely disseminated before its existence had been known, and still more widely before its existence was acknowledged and the city warned. So it was reasonably certain, when the federal authorities assumed control, that there were infected mosquitoes in every part of the French Quarter, that there were probably more than one hundred cases in the stage where mosquitoes biting them would become contaminated, and that there were an unreckonable number of people who, having the disease, had not yet developed it.

Another difficulty was found in the nature of the people among whom the disease had its stronghold. Partly because these aliens are held in suspicion, partly because they do not understand their new environment, and partly by the heritage of centuries of oppression, the low class Southern Italians are an intensely suspicious people. A superstition is prevalent among them that pestilences are introduced by the Americans, through physicians, to kill off the aliens because of race hatred. Last winter in my hearing an Italian said to one of the physicians who had worked in the quarter, "you bring da fever again dees year, Doctor?" It was said jocularly, but the Italian's wife standing near hurriedly made the sign that averts evil. Among such a people the task of discovering and tracking infection was one of the utmost difficulty. At first all cases were concealed, and to this secretiveness is largely due the late discovery of the presence of the disease in the French Quarter.

No sooner had the Marine Hospital Service taken hold, however, than its thorough and scientific inspection at once brought to light a number of unreported cases. In each instance, the house where the sick person lay was thoroughly fumigated to kill all mosquitoes and the patient, unless too ill, removed

to a hospital. The first yellow-fever hospital represented one of the few mistakes that was made; and this was due to the necessity of instant action. It was an old tenement, within a stone's throw of the French market. In thirty-six hours after its selection the medical authorities had completely furnished, netted, and wired it, a record in hospital work. But the building was ill-suited to its new purpose. The ventilation was poor. Some of the rooms were wholly dark. The proportion of deaths was higher than it should have been, and owing to the unfavorable surroundings, a large number of the sick became delirious. Moreover, the people in the neighborhood evinced an active hostility, making it difficult for the authorities to get servants. Threatening letters were sent to the physicians, and there was some alarm lest the place might be attacked. After a few weeks' trial, it was apparent that the location must be changed. The New Orleans Terminal Co. offered the use of the McDonough public school, which it owns and which is fairly central to the infected district. The building was thoroughly renovated; sanitary appliances were put in; the windows were covered with netting, and within a short time the school-house was transformed into as good a hospital in all practical senses, as if built for the purpose. Dr. Hamilton P. Jones, a young New Orleans physician, an immune, and a veteran of two epidemics, was put in charge. Realizing that the great point to be gained was the confidence and good-will of the Italians, he established a system which, a few years ago, would have been regarded as sheer lunacy. He permitted visitors to come and go freely in the hospital. All that was required of them was that they be thoroughly brushed in a screened anteroom, to remove any mosquitoes that might be clinging to them, and that any packages brought in by them be examined for the same purpose. Not a single case of fever developed from these visits. An Italian priest was kept at the hospital, helping

to inspire confidence. Measures such as these became a potent educational influence to uproot the suspicions of the Italians. Presently they came to see that, after all, the American's hospital was the best place for a sick man, and before the epidemic was over they had begun to report cases of their own free will. This very class of people it was who in 1897 had mobbed Dr. Jones and set fire to the yellow-fever hospital on the day it was finished, in the sheer brutality of panic.



THE FEVER-BEARING  
*Stegomyia*, ENLARGED

*At the cost of many lives it was proved that yellow fever is transmitted only through the bite of this little mosquito, at least twelve days after it has become infected from a patient in the first stages of the disease*

### *Hand-to-Hand Warfare with Insects and Death*

All the forces of the Marine Hospital Service were concentrated in a two-fold endeavor: first to discover all cases and so dispose of them that they should be guarded against mosquito bites; second to destroy all mosquitoes. A-house-to-house inspection was established with a system of daily reports. Where a case in any way suspicious was found, netting was immediately put over the bed and across the windows. Did it develop into yellow fever, the patient, if able to be moved, was taken to the hospital in a screened ambulance, and the house, having been sealed at doors and windows with gummed paper, was treated to a thorough sulphur fumigation. All about the French Quarter one still sees the remnants of these paper strips, telling as plainly as the yellow flag, that pestilence had passed that way. Sometimes entire blocks were fumigated "on suspicion," when several cases had appeared near together. Exposed water, even in small receptacles, was carefully protected. The ordinance which Dr. Kohnke had seen rejected with derision in past years, was now in force, and owners of unscreened cisterns were called to a sense of their responsibilities by being haled to a police court and promptly fined. Naturally there was no little resentment and some resistance to the emergency measures; but hygienic law is not unlike martial law, and where it was necessary the authorities controlled with an iron hand.

In another part of the infected district, which was in charge of Dr. Allan C. Eustis, a local physician acting for the Marine Hospital Service, was a household consisting of thirteen cows, two horses, four dogs, and fifteen Italians. As the entire premises were about forty by seventy feet, conditions were rather crowded. One, Caruso, ran the place as a dairy. In the center of the barnyard was a well, very foul, into which Dr. Eustis put a small and harmless quantity of copper sulphate to eliminate any mosquito larvae. The copper sulphate destroyed a colony of water toads which had made the well their habitat and Caruso's cows which drank the water from the well, got the stomach-ache for reasons connected with the deceased toads. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, the Italian secured a sample of the copper sulphate, which he took to a druggist, demanding to know what it was. "Poison," said the druggist. That settled it, in Caruso's mind. Dr. Eustis was an emissary from the murderous rich, hired to poison his well and wipe out his household. Caruso announced to his friends his intention of opening up Dr. Eustis to the light of day, and exhibited a nine-inch knife with which he proposed to do it. Warning reached Eustis, who sent for Caruso to come to his office and bring along the alleged poison. Caruso came, bearing knife and poison both. Of course, what the physician wanted was to allay the suspicion that the doctors were poisoning wells, as otherwise the whole district would be aroused against him and his work would be seriously hampered, if indeed, he escaped with a whole skin. So he explained to Caruso that if his cows died they would be paid for, and that the stuff in the well was not poison.

"Just to show you," said he; "give me that piece you've got there, and I'll eat some of it."

Still suspicious, the visitor handed over the bit of copper sulphate which he had brought. Biting off a corner of it the physician handed the rest back. At first Caruso looked dubious; then, as the American well-disturber didn't curl up and die he began to think better of it. He inquired what he had best do about his cows, and was getting quite friendly when Eustis began to realize that he had bitten off a larger piece of the copper sulphate than he had intended. This substance is an active emetic. It wouldn't do at all, Eustis knew, to exhibit any disturbance,

or the Italian's suspicions would return tenfold. With a fine assumption of good-fellowship he patted his visitor on the shoulder, told him he was sorry he couldn't talk any longer but this was a busy day, hustled him cordially out, shook hands, slammed the door and — after that the deluge. But the situation was saved.

### *Strange Cases Cleared Up by Detective Work*

Some interesting detective work in the tracing of infection was done by Dr. Eustis and his inspectors, most of whom were medical students. One of them reported a case in the Convent of the Perpetual Adoration, which stands next to the Roman Catholic Church of the Annunciation. The Sister died. All the mosquitoes in the place were destroyed by fumigation. A few days later six other Sisters developed yellow fever. It was certain that they could not have been infected by mosquitoes which had bitten the first case; the time was too short. Dr. Eustis suspected the church; but he was reluctant to take any action without strong proof as he feared to arouse religious opposition. He inquired into the denominational connections of a number of the recent cases, and found that nearly all of them had attended service at the Church of the Annunciation. Everything indicated that the place was a focus of infection. But how? The cisterns were safely enshrouded in netting; there was no open water in the churchyard. Dr. Eustis examined the holy water fonts, and the problem was solved. They were alive with "wrigglers." So was a large supply jar in the hallway. Going to the priest the physician told him the church must be fumigated. He protested vehemently. Patiently Dr. Eustis explained the situation, laid the facts before him, and triumphantly converted him to science. The church was fumigated, the holy water fonts supplied with fresh water, and thereafter watched, and the district, which had been averaging forty cases a week dropped to twenty-five the next week, then to nine, then to three, and so on until the infection had disappeared. Not only this, but the priest spread the mosquito theory with the fervor of a convert, proving to be an invaluable aid in educating his people.

Fear of the doctors and of the hospital was a constant obstacle to the forces of sanitation. A typical instance was found in a double

house on Mandeville Street, occupied by two French families. Each day the inspector visited the house and gave it a clean bill of health. A neighbor, however, reported at headquarters that one of the families had been up all night with a sick child. Investigation showed that a five-year old boy who was ill had been shifted from house to house each day as the inspector called, by way of a rear balcony. When the official came, armed with this knowledge, he was taken to the back porch where the boy was making a piteous attempt to sit up and play with some jack-stones. The little fellow's head lolled on his shoulders; his face was a saffron yellow, and he could hardly reply "Non, non" when the visitor asked if he was ill. His temperature was taken; it was above 105. In two days he was dead. Yet those people had not even called in a doctor, for fear that he would report the case; and they had frightened the dying child into summoning his last, poor, feeble efforts to "sit up and play," threatening that the strange doctors would carry him away if they knew he was sick.

#### *Physicians Who Suppressed Information and The Results*

Some few physicians there were who were base enough to suppress information regarding cases, by misreporting them as malaria or typhoid, to win away patients from their competitors, for the Italians would readily call in a physician whom they trusted not to report the fever. Early in the epidemic, however, certain men suspected of this practice were threatened with penalties so severe that they feared to continue it. One practitioner was arrested, convicted, and fined. A concrete example of the pernicious effect of failing to report the disease is found in the little local epidemic radiating from "Lopiculo's Court." This is a place where every evening forty or fifty Italians congregate to gossip and to play a strange game with iron balls. Early in the epidemic a woman died in one of the quaint old houses which surround the patio. The attending doctor signed a certificate of death from child-birth. Afterward he admitted that the patient was "badly jaundiced." Some days later a boy in another of Lopiculo's houses became ill. Then several cases broke out, and Dr. Eustis, who had his suspicions aroused made a careful investigation. He found the houses and the court swarming with mosquitoes. The insects

were killed. But the mischief was done. There were twenty cases in that little group of houses, besides a number that spread from there, through the nightly gathering of the foreigners in the court. It was here that a riot began, over the fumigation of a room in which a dead victim lay. The mourners regarded it as desecration; but Dr. Eustis allayed their resentment by the simple expedient of sending a wreath for the funeral as a token of respect for the dead. After that he had no difficulty with the Lopiculo clan. Tactfulness proved here as in other cases, quite as valuable a possession as medical skill or sanitary science.

#### *The Story of Operator Lindsey Who Died at His Post*

Refugees from New Orleans going out to neighboring towns and states spread the disease in the early days of the siege before quarantine regulations were enforced. One very definite case was that of an Italian woman who, while the fever was working in her veins went to Vicksburg, where mosquitoes which had bitten her spread the infection in the town; then on the following day to Tallulah, Louisiana, where she left death and disaster behind her, and on the third day to Lake Providence, Louisiana, where she sickened and died. After her died many others, one of the last victims being the local telegraph operator who kept his line open when panic was all about him. At the end, when his sticking to his post was no longer a matter of vital import to the community, he wired "I've got it; good-by." His name is in the "Died at His Post" roster of the Western Union Telegraph Company. It is D. J. Lindsey. Tallulah had one of those desperate experiences which a small town sometimes suffers in time of epidemic. It is in the northwestern part of Louisiana, not far from the Mississippi River, and has a population of about eight hundred. The early cases which developed about ten days after the brief and deadly visit of the Italian woman, were diagnosed by the parish Health Officer as yellow fever; but the village Health Officer differed. Accepting the decision of their townsman the people declined to take precautions. The fever spread swiftly. Early in September the State Board officials at New Orleans received a piteous appeal for help. Tallulah was in a panic. The two available doctors

were absolutely exhausted; the nurses were leaving the town; the local officials had fled or were ill; the bank was closed; many stores had shut up; and there were not enough able-bodied men in the place to give the simplest care to the ill and dying. Among the vacationers who had returned to New Orleans was Dr. Charles Chassaignac, a leading physician, and he volunteered to go to Tallulah, and take charge. With him were sent Dr. von Ezdorf, of the Marine Hospital Service, and Dr. Anderson, representing the State Board. The three found a terrible condition of affairs: fever in almost every house; a lack of necessities; no hospital accommodations; the two local physicians on the verge of breakdown; and the houses filled with *stegomyia*. They turned the two local hotels into hospitals. With the help of the priest, the minister, and a few citizens who had had the good sense to protect themselves against infection by wearing gloves and veils, the little medical force undertook the formidable work of mosquito extermination. Dividing the town into sections they first oiled every cistern, barrel, and tank, and then fumigated the whole settlement, house by house. In one house which sheltered hundreds of mosquitoes they found a mother and five children all down with the fever, and the father in a state of collapse. Three of these six patients died. Probably five hundred people were left in town after all those who could escape had gotten away. Of these, three hundred and twelve had yellow fever. Yet in six weeks, so efficient was the work of the sanitary forces, Tallulah was rid of the pest. One of the three rescue workers forfeited his own life. Dr. Anderson believed himself to be immune, and would not wear a net or gloves. He was severely bitten by mosquitoes, and died of a swift and violent onset of the fever.

#### *The "Dark Ages" of Quarantine*

New Orleans was regarded as the source of all outside infection. Whether or not this was warranted — and the matter is at least dubious — quarantine was declared against the Southern metropolis from the outset, to add to her distress. That some quarantine measures were proper and necessary is obvious. But reason, justice, and even humanity were disregarded in some localities and by some authorities. Arkansas refused to permit through traffic from infected states, although this does not

involve the slightest peril, and Governor Davis would not permit a special train carrying a Marine Hospital Surgeon, with supplies, to pass through a small strip of Arkansas territory, on its way to New Orleans. On the other hand New Orleans kept her doors open to all refugees. Marine Hospital Surgeon White adopted and openly advocated the fearless policy of welcoming outsiders. Perhaps two hundred refugees from infected towns like Tallulah fled to New Orleans, and something like one hundred cases of fever were brought in from nearby settlements. Yet so competent was the control of the authorities, that there was no spread of the infection from the sick refugees, and none of the sound ones took the fever after reaching New Orleans.

Some of the outside quarantine restrictions would have been ludicrous had they not been so serious. At certain towns guards were on duty at the station with rifles and shot-guns, and any unfortunate who dared to open a car-window for a little air, was immediately "covered," and ordered to "shut that window and do it quick," notwithstanding that at times, trains stood for an hour or more in the full heat of the sun. Famine-stricken refugees could get no food for hundreds of miles. Mississippi refused to accept health certificates from the Marine Hospital Service. Texas established an absolute quarantine. Alabama compelled all passengers to change cars at the border, as if it were the car that carried contagion. Although the transmission of yellow fever in freight is so extremely unlikely that the federal health authorities dismiss it from consideration, freight quarantines were common. A car-load of telegraph poles wandered for five weeks from border to border of Arkansas, Texas, and Alabama, only to be rejected by lynx-eyed guards who probably thought that mosquitoes were roosting in them. Greenville, Mississippi, in a sudden fit of self-protection notified the U.S. Postal authorities that it would receive no unfumigated mail. The department doesn't think it worth while to fumigate mail from yellow-fever localities, because so few people enclose mosquitoes when writing to friends. Greenville was permitted to go without letters for one week at the conclusion of which it had a change of heart, and meekly accepted what came to it. Madison parish, Louisiana, barred out all freight, including drugs! Wesson, Mississippi, reached the limit of precaution

by refusing to receive three barrels of carbolic acid. In vain did the shippers offer to coat the barrels with bichloride of mercury, and put netting over the bungholes so that the mosquitoes which were inside feeding on the carbolic acid couldn't escape and devastate the country. Wesson was past all sarcasm; it stolidly declined to accept the consignment.

Absurdities of this sort were by no means confined to the small towns. Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, got up a mass-meeting which demanded that the city shut itself off from the rest of the world by a complete blanket quarantine, operative even against travel by road, but the influence of Secretary Hunter of the State Board of Health induced the mayor to refrain from thus stultifying the city. Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana also broke out in mass-meeting and denounced the local Board of Health because it had declared for sane methods based on acceptance of the mosquito theory. Thereupon the medical members of the board resigned. Mobile which had been one of the first to quarantine against New Orleans compelled its health board to suppress local vital statistics for months, a process which naturally inspired suspicion that there was yellow fever there. Gulfport, Mississippi, after threatening and browbeating a local physician into retracting his diagnosis of a case of "malaria" as yellow fever, passed an ordinance, admirably designed to suppress future honest diagnoses, by imposing a fine of \$50. on any physician who should erroneously report yellow fever. Some weeks later, when a number of undeniable cases appeared in the vicinity, the original decision of the retracting doctor was vindicated. Finally, as a climax of the absurd, Louisiana and Alabama got up a little opera bouffe quarantine warfare on the lake which divides the states, and the rival navies (consisting of a few launches and oyster-boats) defied each other from their respective quarter-decks, gloriously and without bloodshed.

### *The Victory of a Courageous City*

All this time New Orleans, harassed by the stringent quarantine, half-strangled in its business life, was steadfastly, cheerfully, bravely fighting the good fight. Even when matters looked blackest, there was no sign of public gloom or despair. The newspapers printed all the news, but with calmness and restraint from sensationalism; printed also optimistic editorials; and almost daily

instructions how to destroy mosquitoes and to escape infection. Not only this, but specially prepared articles were sent out to hundreds of newspapers throughout the South by a special bureau in pursuance of an established policy of sanitary education. Business houses ran at a heavy loss, some of them practically at a standstill, rather than tacitly admit defeat by closing their doors temporarily. I remember particularly one advertisement of a large house, denying, in terms of the most inspiring exasperation, that it had shut up shop or had any idea of shutting up shop for any such insignificant cause as the trifling local epidemic.

Through August little headway was made. The army of sanitation was barely holding its own; at times it was doubtful whether it was doing that. Always there was the imminent danger that the infection, bursting forth suddenly with renewed virulence, would break through the defenses of science and rage through the helpless city as it had in '78. Up to the end of August, there had been two hundred and seventy-seven deaths and one thousand nine hundred and nineteen cases. By mid-September the record was three hundred and twenty-nine deaths, and two thousand one hundred and thirty-three cases. The figures rose and fell, uncertainly; but there was this vitally hopeful feature: that the disease established no real foothold outside of the area below Canal Street. Cases appeared in other parts of the city, but probably none of them spread infection. For this the district organizations under Dr. Beverly Warner were largely responsible. Ill-done as much of their early work was — for it was the effort of amateurs — it was re-done again and again with unflinching patience until the districts were at last fairly mosquito-proof. Finally, toward the end of September, the experts began to realize that they were making headway. The figures were dropping, not regularly, but with a steady downward tendency.

The workers hardly dared admit it to themselves. The test would come early in October after the schools opened. And when the first of October came, the public school doors were thrown open; the children poured in in almost undiminished numbers, and the venture justified itself, for no increase of the fever followed. It was the first sign of victory. And this, it must be remembered, in a city which only eight years before had

gone mob-mad, in abject, brutal panic over an epidemic less serious. Two weeks later the ward organizations ordained a final cleaning-up and fumigation day. A real jubilee spirit prevailed; the work was performed like the chores at a picnic. The epidemic was really over by this time; so safely over that the district forces disbanded. Sporadic cases still appeared, and continued to appear, for a month. There was no cessation of watchfulness in the infected district. But it was only the last chance firing of a defeated enemy. New Orleans had fought the greatest fight for the public health on record; she had won as complete a victory as ever was won over an epidemic; for when the pestilence was routed, frost, the only victor heretofore, was still nearly two months away. The reward of valor was this: that whereas, after '97 the commerce of the city lay prostrate for years, there was no business depression following this last epidemic. One other mark of honor must be credited to the city's account: the final establishment beyond all doubting and by the test of fire and blood, of the dogma that the mosquito and the mosquito alone transmits yellow fever from man to man.

*Probably Small Danger Now in an Attack of the Disease*

Slowly, indeed, does the average American city learn its lesson of health-protection by experience. New Orleans seems, by this year's example, to be an exception. A case of suspected yellow fever appeared in one of the hospitals in March. It was immediately announced. Neighboring states were notified. No concealment was attempted. The case proved not to be the dreaded disease. But the approaching campaign of prevention was healthily stimulated. The public began to inspect all favorable places for the breeding of *stegomyia*, "wrigglers," and to

patch up the screens. Dr. Warner's "ward politicians" looked over their districts with a view to swift and thorough organization at the first alarm. The city health authorities prepared early for systematic work. The state authorities planned out a campaign of education in the outlying parishes. This is likely to be a hard year for mosquitoes in Louisiana, with a long, open season and neither sex, age, or species spared. The national authorities arranged to put Marine Hospital men on guard at infected Central and South American ports, an inestimably important precaution. But despite the utmost of human effort there will probably be some sporadic yellow fever in or about New Orleans before this article appears. I believe that there is small danger of its assuming serious proportions in the aroused and enlightened city. More to be feared is the likelihood of senselessly premature quarantine by Louisiana's neighboring states. But whatever happens, New Orleans will face the issue fearlessly and openly. So much she has shown. If her neighbors deal as honorably with her as she with her neighbors, there will be little to fear for the South, this year or any other year.

New Orleans has raised no monuments to the heroes of last year's campaign. I doubt if she knows them for heroes. But there is a new spirit in the city, a finer self-reliance, a stronger solidarity, as of men who have fought shoulder to shoulder in the crisis of a great peril. The Japanese have an admirable word which has been well translated "health-conscience." This quality, as it seems to me, is the real reward of the city's victory won from out the terror and travail of what will probably prove to be its last yellow fever epidemic; what may well be, if other communities can profit by a brave and high example, the last invasion of Yellow Jack that this country shall ever suffer.





# THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF LULU

BY

ROBERT McDONALD

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

I



WHEN the old man rented Uncle Theodore's disused laboratory with the blacksmith-shop attachment, he told my sister that he could not pay much rent at present but that he would be in a position to pay, and would pay gladly, a very handsome sum for its use during the next summer.

"I might deceive you," he said, "instead of telling you frankly that I am not in a position to pay at present. But it is immaterial to me what rent you ask me. At the expiration of the lease I shall be a millionaire."

Lulu, who is somewhat sentimental anyway, said this reminded her so forcibly of Uncle Theodore that she felt as though the man had some sort of right to the laboratory. Uncle Theodore worked for

thirty years on a perpetual motion machine, and died the day before he put in the last wheel which would have made it go; and although he had spent long hours explaining it to all the family, and left hundreds of careful drawings, not one of us knew anything about it when he was dead, or had sufficient wit to take up his work where he left it off and put in that wheel.

The laboratory stood there with its complicated and costly workshop, going to destruction for lack of intelligent use. Lulu was the only person at home when Professor Card called, and she realized that it would be a good thing to have the place used, as she is almost practical at times; but she gave the excuse to me that the Professor appeared to be a reincarnation of Uncle Theodore.

Professor Card was a kindly old man with seedy clothes, whose only baggage, so far as visible, consisted of one of those wire

hair-brushes which are, I believe, supposed to perform the offices of a comb and brush combined. He had no teeth. He slept in the laboratory, and lived upon a pulp made of whole wheat, and upon nuts and apples. He used to boast daily of the wonderful strength and bounding health that was the reward of this diet, and would point to his infantile complexion and manly endurance as proof. He generally lectured upon this subject while he was complimenting Lulu by eating the heavy soups, minced chicken, potatoes, and pudding which she carried to the laboratory every day. So convincing were his remarks upon this subject that for whole weeks my sister would go about nibbling at nuts like a squirrel.

It was during these daily visits that Lulu learned the source of the coming millions. The Professor was making a substance which would float in the air exactly as wood floats in water.

"You can see its importance for yourself," Lulu said. "You can make boats of it just as you make boats of wood, and then you can put machinery in them and move them about just as you do ships on the ocean."

"But that is merely a balloon," I ventured to say. "A great many people have made balloons. There's Santos-Dumont and Montgolfier, besides the Italians with the red ones."

"You are so silly," my sister remarked. "This isn't a bag of gas. This is an invention."

"Oh," I said, "I didn't know the difference." After which she declined to go into further detail. But when Walter Baker came over that evening, she told him more about it, out on the veranda. I could hear her from where I sat in the library.

Walter Baker has about as much sense as anybody. He is twenty-four and is studying law with his father when he isn't playing with Lulu. But to hear him assent to everything my sister says and even encourage her in her nonsense shows him in quite another light. He sat for hours and talked about

this "new substance" which was "being perfected" in Uncle Theodore's shop, and which was going to revolutionize the world.

"Just think," Lulu said, "you can go anywhere then. Savages, bad climate, mountains, are as nothing. You just float," and she moved her hand airily. Airiness becomes Lulu.

"And think of all the treasure hunting," Walter said earnestly. "You can float right over the earth and see what you want and swoop right down and take it — and away! It will be like living in the fourth dimension."

"But," my sister said doubtfully, "of course that wouldn't be right."

"Might is right," said Mr. Baker sententiously.

"I don't think Professor Card will allow anybody who is not perfectly responsible to have any of it. He said he would confine it very strictly to the United States, and that will make us invincible in war."

I was allowed on the veranda a little later to have something cold to drink and a sandwich, but the conversation was shifted to the new golf club.

It was a week later that Lulu came into the library in great excitement, swinging something tied to a string. I had a momentary sense of shock, for it had the appearance of a small grey toad. As she came closer, I thought that it was a bit of papery hornet's nest. As she evidently had brought it in for my inspection, I asked what it was.

"It's it," said my sister lucidly. She let it fall to the end of the string apparently, for it stopped about six inches from the floor, and when she ran it followed like a small boy's spent kite or a bit of paper. "The Professor let me have it. Of course, this is just a scrap of an experiment."

"That paper was is to hold up people and machinery, is it?"

"It isn't paper. That shows all you know." I took the thing and examined it. It looked, on inspection, like a bit of furnace slag which you sometimes see full of bubbles of air. Lulu explained that the material was aluminum "and something," and that it was blown full of bubbles of "some



PROFESSOR CARD

kind" of gas, very much lighter than air. "The bubbles are sealed in the melted stuff so that they can never escape. There are millions of them, and if you broke it into scraps each little bit would float."

"But it doesn't float."

"Well, it almost does, and never in my life did I see anybody so deaf and blind to science." She spoke as one who had had a long life in the sceptical world instead of eighteen years in the trusting country. But the American woman seems to have been born with the reflected light of the experiences of all her varied ancestry. She rebuked me with such dramatic effect that I felt sure she had heard from the Professor of others who had been similarly blind. "The Professor has given me some stock in it," Lulu said, "and I shall be rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and the first lady to ride in an air-boat. I shall wear a white dress and kiss my hand to the multitude," and she went through the pantomime of bowing and smiling as she floated by.

The Professor never came up to the house, nor did he ever invite me to the laboratory after the first time. I felt sorry for the poor old chap, and I offered to get him some regular work. He told Lulu that I had no imagination. It isn't exactly necessary that I should have. Lulu has enough for a family of two — or even of five, to which ours stretches when my elder sister, her husband, and baby come to make us their annual visit. Clara's husband is a writer of novels of the variety known as "popular." He buys every quart of ink with the feeling of a man who is investing in a lottery ticket, he once told me. "In these days you never

can tell when some simple little story is going to make you rich and famous." Lulu says that our brother-in-law writes triangular stories. At one angle is a beautiful girl, and at another is a strong young man. Fate draws each of them to the third angle, where a clergyman stands and waits.

It was in August that Clara and the baby arrived. This was little Pendragon's second visit to us. For the first visit, the year before, he had come from heaven, I had heard his mother say, and surely she ought to know.

Cecil, Clara's husband, was in New York working very hard to get his publishers to contract to give him thirty per cent royalties after "The Sword of His Majesty" reached a sale of two hundred thousand copies. It seemed rather a waste of time, as he had never sold over four thousand copies of any of his works, but neither my brother-in-law nor the firm wished "to take any chances in these times."

For the first few days Lulu was so taken up with the baby that she paid little attention to anything else. Cecil's publishers had never paid him enough to justify his employing a nurse for his son, but Walter Baker seemed perfectly willing to qualify for that position.

When the third day came and no word from Lulu about the Professor, I grew curious and asked about him.

"Oh, he has gone."

"Gone!" I exclaimed, "given it up?"

Now, that proves that he is no real inventor. I always had my doubts — "

"He has gone to Washington to get his patents." Triumph crimsoned Lulu's cheeks.

"Oh, is that all?"

I was more disappointed than I should have liked to acknowledge. "I always thought that they applied for their patents the first thing." And then I had an idea. "Did you lend him any money?" I looked at my sister's last year's muslin.

"It is none of your business," said my sister

politely. And although I asked how far and high the thing could float now, I received only the coldest silence. Clara, having been brought up in the days of Uncle Theodore, took no interest whatever in inventions, and I am sure never asked to be taken to see the laboratory, although Lulu carried the key conspicuously on her chatelaine.



LULU

Clara's enjoyment of the old place was almost pathetic. She and Cecil lived in a tiny Harlem flat. When they were first married they spoke enthusiastically of its coziness and hominess — although to save my life I couldn't see anything homelike in sleeping in the parlor on a folding bed. They smiled at me with pity in those days and told me that I didn't understand because I was an old bachelor.

Cecil let his voice tremble at the grief they were going to feel when "The Fair Allaire" went to two hundred thousand and they would find it best to leave their little nest.

On their walks they would look at Fifth Avenue houses and try to decide which they would choose when the returns from the dramatization came in. But "The Fair Allaire" and all of her successors failed to push them from the home of their first love.

Nowadays, Clara hopes that out of some book at some time they may get enough to buy a little place in the country and keep a cow. Out here she fairly lives in the fields. I go to my office in the county town on my bicycle for the day, and the girls make their midday meal into a movable feast which moves all around the place.

On the afternoon of Saturday, August the eighth, they went out to the other side of the orchard where the wheat field ended, and had a long afternoon with cake and tea-lemonade and such trash as appeals to a girl.

The wheat had been threshed here, and the straw piled up into a great rick. As Clara told it afterwards, she and Lulu remembered how, when they were children, they had waited upon the threshers with impatient hearts for the time when they could have the ecstatic pleasure of sliding down the stack. What the first heavy snow is to the Canadian child with a new toboggan such is the threshing to a farm child who has once shot down a slippery golden cone to alight on a springy bed of sweetness at the bottom.

Like two madcaps the girls had pulled at the carefully built rick, which had been made tight and cattle-proof from the ground for a

distance of seven or eight feet before it bulged out into softness, until they had torn down a pathway to the top. Then they climbed up and slid down until they had a pile of straw at the bottom. Little Pen-dragon sat in his cart and screamed with joy at the undignified behavior of his nearest of kin. They sat down on the shady side of the stack at last, and put the child to sleep. Pen-dragon always slept without rocking in the daytime, making up for lost time at night.

"I'll tell you," Lulu said, when the baby was reduced to a limp white bundle, "let's put him on top of the rick out of harm's way and go over in the orchard and see if the Pound Royals are getting ripe."

"But he might awaken and roll off," his mother protested, weakly.

"He has to have some sleep," his aunt remarked, "and he can never get

out of the nest I will make for him." And so it was. Those two irresponsible creatures left the poor child as if he had been one of the dolls of their childhood, and wandered off apple hunting.

What happened after they left nobody knows. Clara thinks a tramp; Lulu thinks the baby's bottle acting as a sun-glass; Cecil has hinted of a malicious enemy of his house; while I incline toward a match in the tea-basket. At any rate when they next saw the rick it was merrily blazing, the flames licking their way up the path they had made to the nest where the baby lay.

Cecil had suspended negotiations with his publisher and come out that afternoon to spend Sunday with his family. He had passed Walter Baker in the village, and that young man felt it necessary to accompany him home. I met them in the lane and we went on together. The maid left in possession of the house told us where to find the family; and we arrived in time to see the rick blazing away in the sunshine, with a white heap, which we did not recognize as Clara in a dead faint, lying on the grass at the edge of the orchard. But at what was coming out of the big door of the laboratory across the field, we were so astounded that



WALTER BAKER

we felt, if I judge the others by myself, like men in a dream. Straight from the laboratory came a boat, with a whizzing tail out behind, and my sister Lulu sitting up in it guiding it by a steering wheel as though she were doing the most usual thing in the world. It was twenty-five feet in the air!

It went with some wobbling straight over the rick, slipping a little as it touched the straw. We saw Lulu pick up a white bundle from the very midst of the flames and start the thing again.

"My God," Cecil said, "it's the baby!" and in our horror we all made a run at the rick. It was impossible for us to understand if the baby had been there on that blazing pyre that it had gone up into the air. Miracles are unbelievable.

"Get away," Lulu's voice called down to us. "You'll burn up. I have the baby. See after Clara." She pointed to the spot of white by the orchard bank. She was almost over our heads.

"Come down," we called to her. "I am trying to," she called back.

We could see that there was a mass of straw caught in the machinery and as she turned the steering wheel it seemed to wrap tighter around the rods and wheels underneath the boat. Cecil had gone to his wife, and was shouting to her in his excitement that the baby was all right, although he hardly had a warrant for saying so. As Lulu gave a convulsive turn to the wheel, the boat shot up in a slanting direction until it was fully fifty feet above us, and there it stopped and swung.

"Where is the fool who made the thing?" Walter Baker shouted with a disregard of the palpable facts which may be forgiven him under the circumstances. He started on a run toward the laboratory.

"He's gone," I bawled as I ran after him. "He's gone to Washington." I was running because I didn't know what else to do, and I drew up at the laboratory door.

"Maybe there's another one of the things," Walter shouted at the top of his voice. Unconsciously, we all seemed to be trying to include Lulu in the conversation. But there wasn't. The Professor had tidied up the place and we could see where his precious machine had lain on the table.

"Telegraph to Washington," he said, and we both started toward the village before I realized that I did not know where the Professor was to be found in Washington, and

in any case he could not reach us for twenty-four hours at least. It was Saturday evening, and the Patent Office which might have the Professor's address would be closed by now. Anyway, suppose he came? What could he do? He couldn't make another machine in an hour. I walked back and called up to Lulu. "Ravel out your stockings and throw the cord down, and we will send up a rope and pull you down." And I ran for a rope.

By this time Clara had recovered, and she and Cecil ran wildly over the field following



*"It's it," said my sister lucidly"*

the boat as it rocked and swayed in the breezes up there. Clara was first thanking heaven that her child had been saved from the flames (the rick was in ashes now), blaming herself for having left him for an instant, hysterical over her fears that he would fall, and asking why she had ever brought her babe from his safe home in Harlem.

By the time I had found a rope to be drawn up by Lulu's unraveled stockings, it was sunset and the matter was growing serious. Lulu had heard my instructions and appeared to be trying to obey me, but at the least movement the boat swayed as though it were in danger of turning over, and each disturbance sent it a little higher. The wind

up there was stronger than below, and as darkness came on a cloud swept up and looked like rain. Walter would not listen to my explanations as to why I had not telegraphed to Washington, and he took my

line attached to the bullet. There was no necessity for vetoing anything—the villagers had to take our word for there being even a boat, for the wind preceding the storm, swept the air-boat with its occupants ahead of it and Lulu and the baby, riding the storm like a leaf, were swept out of sight in the darkness.

## II

As Lulu felt the frail little craft being swept rapidly before the incoming storm, she drew the baby close to her, and she has since told us that she began to wonder when she would awaken. All her life she had dreamed of flying through the air, and now she was merely taking a longer flight than ever before. She felt as though she had no weight at all, and she feared that any moment the frail boat might be blown from under them, as she was too light to steady it. At least she says she feared it, but as a matter of fact she never enjoyed herself so much because she says she also felt sure that whatever happened, it couldn't be real.

She had sat in the air-boat while it rested on the laboratory table many times, and had assisted the Professor in all of his experiments; so the starting and stopping machinery had all been carefully explained to her. Indeed, she had little to learn on that subject, as automobiles are not unknown in our village, and Lulu had often been taken out by those who were anxious to instruct her. But for some reason (she knew nothing of the entangling straw) the machinery had stopped and she was at the mercy of the wind. The baby awakened and was delighted with the lovely motion. So far as he knew, air-boats had been in existence as long as perambulators.

They seemed to be driving straight east, before the wind, going with incredible swiftness over fields and forests and towns where the lights of evening gleamed cozily. Had it been daylight they must have been seen by hundreds, who would have followed the strange thing over their heads; but now they were lost in the shadow of the coming storm-clouds.

All at once the lights seemed to multiply, and send up a great radiance to meet the sky; and Lulu realized that they were nearing New York, and for the first time the wonderful sense of excitement that had held her gave way to real fear. She was growing



*"Clara's husband is a writer of novels of the variety known as 'popular.'"*

bicycle and went to the village himself. When he returned he had at least a hundred people with him, boys with kites, and one man with a rifle. If the kites failed, some one suggested firing over the boat with a



*"let's put him on top of the rick out of barm's way and go over in the orchard and see if the Pound Royals are getting ripe"*

used to her position and was no longer submerged in its novelty. She was not high enough in the air to miss the high buildings and it would be almost a miracle if she did not come to grief against one of them, unless she escaped the city altogether. And then her vivid fancy told her she would be swept out to sea, and would ride there on the winds — she refused to think of it, and she hugged the baby closer to her.

"Bumba," said that young person. It was his sole contribution to the language,

and was supposed to be short-tongue rendering of "bread and butter." At any rate it answered the purpose.

"He ought to have stocked the thing with provisions," Lulu said angrily, "who ever heard of a boat that wasn't stocked with provisions?" It was plain that whatever happened the Professor was to blame. It began to appear to Lulu that she had entered a new field. A balloon will eventually come down, but this substance had its place in the air as long as it existed, and so far as she

knew this was the only bit of it. It might swing lonely around the Earth forever. Already we at home had telegraphed to the balloon farm to have a dozen balloons sent at once, with capable aeronauts. Our answer was that most of the capable men were then under engagement at large salaries at county fairs, and to ask "for further correspondence on the subject."

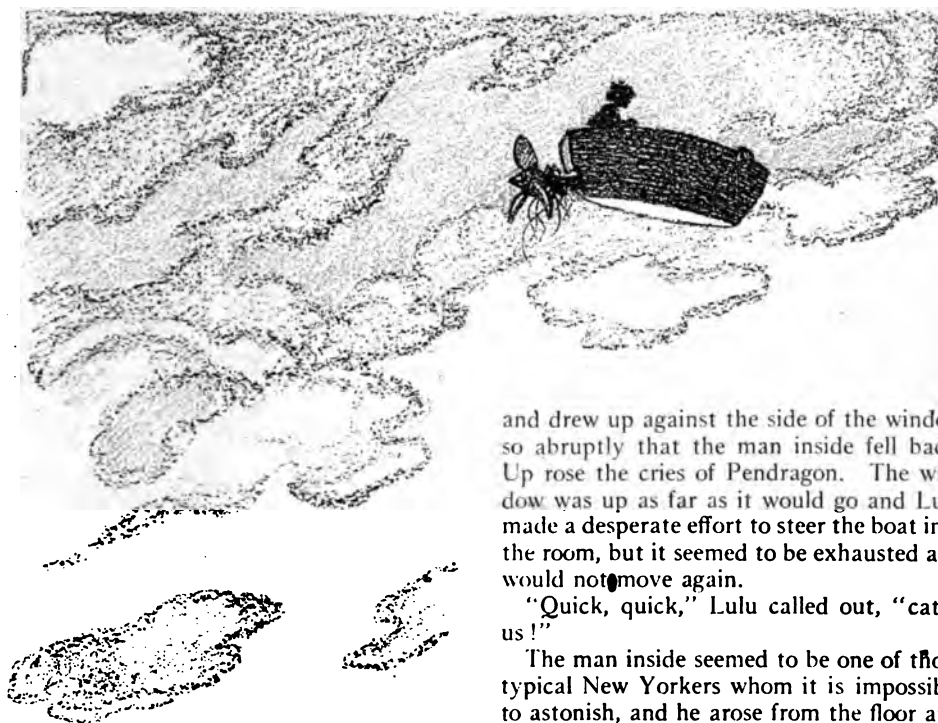
The air-boat swept across the Hudson about eleven o'clock in the evening. The wind was still blowing, but not such a gale as earlier, but it was chilly for an August evening, and very cloudy. Fortunately there was no rain. Lulu had wrapped her blue serge skirt about the baby. She said that a pluckier kid than Pendragon never lived; maybe the sweep of the air lulled him, or maybe he had inherited a taste for adventure from the bold knights and fair ladies who sallied forth from the Harlem flat. At any rate, beyond demands for "Bumba" at intervals, he took his ride without comment.

As she came into the glare of light from the electric affirmation of a cake factory, she hoped with all her soul that some one would see her. Surely, here in New York, where they did everything, some one would know how to reach her and rescue them. She dropped Pendragon in the bottom of the boat now and sternly bade him not to stir, and she took hold of the steering wheel with both hands. She would make a frantic effort to escape shipwreck. Maybe some of the straw had blown away, for the wheel had

turned a little. She had an idea that if she once could get in the channel between two tall buildings, she might hang there until morning, as in a harbor, and might be rescued; and so she tugged at the wheel. Once she scraped over the top of a building, and she lifted Pendragon up to drop him over and then jump, but a current of air swept them so swiftly over the chasm of the street that she shuddered at the narrow escape she had made. Not yet were the buildings above the boat, and she both hoped and dreaded as she neared the great towering cliffs. The boat might break into bits against some steel and granite side. The Professor had assured her that each individual bit would float, but she and Pendragon would fall to the ground amid the fragments. And as her fears gave her strength, she worked at the wheel and by jerks, a foot at a time, it seemed to obey her, and it was with joy and thanksgiving that she at last was able to turn into the dark cañon of tall buildings and swing there about the tenth story, for she had been able to descend some yards. There they hung, at peace from the storm, and with the certainty that they would be rescued in



*"it was sunset and the matter was growing serious"*



the morning. With this optimistic thought, Lulu prepared to put Pendragon to sleep. It was disgraceful for him to be awake so late. And while she cuddled and patted her nephew, and told him the tale of the ten little pigs, Lulu went over the joy of astonishing her coming rescuers. How self-possessed she would be! It was only an accident to the steering apparatus that had put her in this predicament, she would assure the first man who looked out of the tenth story window.

Suddenly she remembered that it was Saturday night, and that the tenth story windows of the downtown buildings would not be opened on a Sunday. But after all she would be seen from below, and she had begun to change the dialogue of her rescue when Pendragon claimed her attention. The start had disturbed him and he began his own loud and penetrating evening wail, which is known to the family as the "hushless."

Suddenly one of the dark windows almost on a level with the boat was illumined with a quick flash of electric light, and the black shadow of a head was pushed out. Lulu's heart beat so that she could hardly breathe, and she gave a convulsive turn of the wheel,

and drew up against the side of the window so abruptly that the man inside fell back. Up rose the cries of Pendragon. The window was up as far as it would go and Lulu made a desperate effort to steer the boat into the room, but it seemed to be exhausted and would not move again.

"Quick, quick," Lulu called out, "catch us!"

The man inside seemed to be one of those typical New Yorkers whom it is impossible to astonish, and he arose from the floor and took hold of the side of the boat and held it against the window as though it were the most natural thing in the world to assist ladies to alight from mid air.

Lulu lifted Pendragon, black in the face from holding his breath, and dropped him inside and then gave a frantic jump and followed him; and then, after all her plans for the calm superiority of a heroine, she fainted dead away on the floor. The man, who was in his shirt-sleeves, with his thick black hair rumpled with sleep, let go of the air-boat and set about bringing her back to consciousness. The short skirt of serge which Lulu had managed to take off and wrap around the baby, had been left in the boat. Underneath was a very fluffy, lacy piece of lingerie, for Lulu had never had the advantages of a sensible college education. It matched her white waist very well, and the entire costume had a tendency to settle the rescuer's mind on the subject of his visitors. When Lulu had come out of her faint and laughed and cried and hugged Pendragon, who sometimes cried and sometimes sat with his mouth open for an interval and stared at these new events, the rescuer said with some feeling, "Do you not think it was wrong to make an ascension with a baby? I am a member of

the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and if this thing is being done I shall certainly report it. For whom did you go up?"

"Up?" asked Lulu.

"In the balloon. I suppose you are performing some where. This cannot be your baby, although you seem fond of it. How could you do such a cruel thing as to expose its life—and your own?" he added politely.

"I oh," and the self-possessed Lulu began to wrinkle up her face and cry with the spirit of Pendragon at his best. She had no handkerchief, and the rescuer kindly went to his coat hanging on the back of a chair, extracted a fresh handkerchief of the quality which is reassuring to a chance acquaintance, and gave it to her.

"You seem young for this sort of life. Was it your first ascension?"

"Yes," sobbed Lulu.

"Well, you see, you might have been blown out to sea and drowned. Why don't you give up this life and do something more useful?" It was at this stage that Lulu lost complete control of herself. She said that it was so funny that there were no words to talk with.

The rescuer had taken Pendragon on his knee, found his watch where he had left it on the table, and was dangling it before the infant eyes. Lulu put her head down



*"held it against the window as though it were the most natural thing in the world to assist ladies to alight from mid air"*

on the table and cried with hysterical laughter.

"There, there," the man said kindly. "you're upset. Drink some water." He went over to a large carboy labeled "Golden Drop Spring water" and tilted it until he had filled a glass, carrying Pendragon meanwhile on one arm. The baby snatched at the glass and gulped the water down. "Why, hello, the little chap's hungry!"

Lulu arose with such dignity as was left her. "I think we will go if you please. Thank you so much. My sister and brother will thank you, but I must go home, and take the baby." It had not yet occurred to her that she was some distance from home, without a penny, and that a short white petticoat was not a conventional traveling-dress.

For the first time their host showed some embarrassment.

"Well, to tell the truth," he said slowly, "we are locked in."

Lulu made a dash for the door. It opened with the greatest of ease, and she turned with inquiry. The man's face and manner were undoubtedly those of a gentleman, and he had hastened to put on his coat as soon as he thought of it, which, Lulu said, convinced her that he was a perfectly proper person.

"It's the street door. The janitor and his family who live on the roof seem to have gone

out for the evening, and as it was Saturday and a half-holiday, I suppose they closed the place and took themselves off at five o'clock. I worked until six, and when I rang the elevator bell there was no one to answer it. I walked down-stairs ten flights and then up twenty-four, and then down fourteen to here again. By that time I felt as though I had been mountain climbing and I went to sleep."

"But the janitor may have returned."

"No. I put a large placard on his door telling him that I was here and to come and let me out as soon as he returned. As Coney Island is their usual relaxation, and the janitor is supposed to be in the building by midnight, I do not think we shall have long to wait."

"But," said Lulu, "in these cases people always telephone for help." She probably put some of the usual scorn of the common-sense of men which abides in all feminine souls into her voice, for she was answered with some triumph that, as it was Saturday, the telephone had been taken out for some necessary repairs. "I have tried to get into other offices, but it is impossible. While we are waiting we must give the baby his supper. You, too, are doubtless hungry."

Lulu looked about the room. On shelves along one side was a motley collection of boxes, bottles, stones, models of machines, and many things she did not understand. But nowhere was there any sign of food. The young man, still carrying Pendragon, who had evidently given himself up as one in the hands of Providence, hanging carelessly over one arm, began taking things down from the shelves.

"Here is just the thing for the baby, as soon as I get it boiled up in some water. It is concentrated milk and bread, something entirely new. We expect to make millions out of this. Here is a can of concentrated chicken, some meat tablets, some sauce powder, and some bottled celery, and indeed, almost everything to eat."

"Do you live here?" Lulu asked.

"Oh, no. These are samples. I am a promoter of affairs and inventions, and just now I am experimenting with army foods. Did you ever think that there is never a time when there isn't a war somewhere?" He skilfully opened cans and bottles and set a very complicated alcohol stove alight. "Look at this stove. A soldier can carry it in his knapsack and put it down anywhere and

cook his dinner in a few minutes. It weighs nothing." Bit by bit he explained its mechanism. "We shall make a huge fortune for the inventor out of this."

Lulu's eyes brightened and she leaned forward. "I think," she said, "that I know of a machine that would interest you. We shall need a man of business."

"Ah — um," said her host without enthusiasm. By this time they were eating a very comfortable supper. To be sure there were no knives or forks, but as most of the food was liquid, they did very well. "I'll tell you, valuable inventions are very few. Do you know what percentage of patents ever pay? About one in five hundred. I suppose yours is something acrobatic." He evidently did not wish to linger over any mechanical dreams of a parachute jumper. He had kept Pendragon and was feeding him to the delight of both of them. "How old is the little chap? Do you know?"

"I should say I did know," said Lulu indignantly. "He's my sister's baby. He's thirteen months, and large for his age."

"Your sister's baby! How could your sister consent to your taking him up in a balloon?"

"She didn't. She fainted."

He gazed at Lulu with horror, and she began her silly giggle again. "You see it was like this," and she began her incredible story. She had gotten as far as the baby having been put to sleep on the rick, and his careless relations going after the apples, when she branched off into a description of the Professor and the laboratory and the invention. The man stopped feeding Pendragon, and looked at her as though he would swallow every word. Finally, when she saw there was no way to save Pendragon from a fiery death by usual means she had thought of the air-boat, gone after it and —

"It worked!" he fairly shouted. "It worked! Good Lord!" He put Pendragon down on the floor and flew to the window.

The air-boat had drifted out of sight.

"Why didn't you hold it?" he asked Lulu accusingly. "Do you know what you have done? If it is lost you have upset civilization. You have put the world back into the dark ages. And you let it go!"

"Pardon me," Lulu said with some coldness, "you let it go." People were not in the habit of taking that tone with her, and she very properly resented it. "And anyway the Professor can make another." It was at this moment that a very surprised

janitor put his head in at the door. He looked shocked for a moment, but the presence of Pendragon reassured him.

"Sure, I didn't know yer wife and baby was here, sir, Mr. Mellish." Mr. Mellish sprang toward the door. He stopped to whisper to Lulu, "Don't tell him. You can't keep these things too close," and then he started out evidently bent on following the air-boat. He got as far as the elevator, and then his wits came back. With the readiness of the born excuse maker, he began telling the janitor his troubles and giving him to understand that it was all his, the janitor's, fault. Lulu was surprised to hear that her dress skirt had been burnt up in lighting the alcohol lamp, for it was the first she had noticed the loss of that valuable addition to a lady's toilet.

The janitor's daughter brought a skirt, and after the janitor had opened an office that had a telephone, they found a cab, and Pendragon and Lulu, with their rescuer's purse in

possession, started for the Grand Central station, leaving the enthusiastic Mr. Mellish staring through the chimney.

and bays of lower New York for the air-boat.

Lulu and Pendragon arrived at nine

o'clock on Sunday morning about three hours before their telegram; but the air-boat was never found, and, what was much more singular, the Professor has not returned. He never appeared in Washington, and we at last inclined toward the opinion that he had made another boat in which he had tried to travel to Washington, and that he had met with some mishap, becoming a derelict in the uncharted currents of the skies. Mellish still advertises for him in the *Herald* with that fervor and intensity which has named his medium the agony column.

I tried to get Cecil to tell this story in the hope that some other experimenter might be able to make a homer's nest full of "some kind" of gas so that civilization might go on in its appointed way, but he declined.

He said there was no human interest in it because Mellish has a wife and six

children, and Lulu is going to marry Walter Sayer. He said that in the article he sent me, nothing happened.



"The janitor's daughter brought a skirt."

# REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE\*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

VIII

## FRANCE ON THE EVE OF THE SECOND EMPIRE



THE Kinkel family resolved to settle down in England. Kinkel occupied himself for a little while with the study of the most important architecture, picture galleries, and other art collections in Paris, and then left for London. I preferred to stay in Paris for a while, partly because I hoped there to find special facilities for continuing my favorite studies, partly for the reason that Paris was regarded as the great focus of all liberal movements in Europe, and I believed it was the most convenient point for one wishing to work as a newspaper correspondent. Thus we parted.

Now I had to begin an orderly method of life and active self-support. My journalistic connections in Germany were quickly resumed, and I found that I could earn one hundred and eighty francs a month by letter-writing for newspapers. I resolved to limit my regular expenses to one hundred francs a month and thus to lay by a little reserve for emergencies. This presupposed a careful economy, but I soon learned with how little money a person might decently get along in Paris. This school of economy has always remained useful to me. I shared the quarters of my friend Strodtmann, who had already been in Paris for some time and who occupied a spacious room in a hotel garni, in the Faubourg Montmartre. But this common housekeeping did not last long. Strodtmann was not able to preserve order among his things, and as I too had my weaknesses in that direction, our room, which served at the same time as a living and a sleeping apartment, often presented a picture of most wonderful confusion. It is an old experience that a person who is not himself very orderly,

finds the disorderliness of another sometimes quite unendurable. So it was with us. Of course it appeared to me that Strodtmann was the greater sinner, and in this I was not altogether wrong. He was somewhat of a gormand; he would study the delicacies exposed in the show-windows of restaurants with great enthusiasm and discernment, and he imagined that he himself could prepare fine dishes. He therefore made on our grate-fire all sorts of experiments in roasting and frying and filled the room with very unwelcome odors. He insisted also on preparing our coffee, for he was sure that he knew much better to do that than I or anybody else. To this assumption I should have offered no resistance whatever, but as he handled the burning alcohol of his machine very carelessly, it happened that he set on fire papers and clothes that were lying around everywhere, and finally he burnt a big hole into the most valuable article of my wardrobe, namely: that large cloak with the hood, belonging to my Badisch officer period. When this had happened we laughed together about his awkwardness, but after this catastrophe we agreed in the most amicable spirit that there was not room enough in one apartment for two persons as disorderly as ourselves. I therefore rented a room on the Quai St. Michel, No. 17, and Strodtmann settled down in the Latin Quarter in my neighborhood.

The house No. 17 Quai St. Michel was kept by a widow, Mme. Petit, and her daughters, two unmarried ladies no longer young. The house was in all things decent, respectable, and strictly regulated. In this regard it distinguished itself advantageously from many of the hotels garnis in the Latin Quarter. Those of Mme. Petit's

tenants whose conduct was especially correct were rewarded with invitations from time to time to take tea in her little salon, where the presence of the two faded daughters and some friends of the family created an atmosphere of extraordinary dullness. After having gone once through that experience we avoided a repetition. My room in the house was according to my notions quite comfortable. To be sure, the windows did not open on the side of the Seine, but looked into a narrow and dirty side street. In order to reach my room I had to go up several stairs and down several other stairs, and to wander through a long, dark corridor, and to turn various corners; but that did not disturb me. My room was rather spacious, had a floor of red tiles upon which there were a few diminutive pieces of carpet, several chairs fit for use, a round table, a fireplace, a wardrobe for my clothes, and even a piano, which was indeed very old and bad, but might have been worse. My bed stood in an alcove and by means of chintz curtains I could hide it from the gaze of visitors. For this dwelling I had to pay a rent of thirty francs a month, a sum rather high for me; but I thought that the character of the house would otherwise help me to save. My first breakfast consisted of a cup of coffee which I prepared myself, or a glass of wine and a piece of bread, sometimes with butter. After having worked at my writing-table until noon I took a second breakfast or lunch that never was to exceed one-half franc in cost in some restaurant of the Latin Quarter, and in the evening I dined in an eating house kept in the Rue St. Germain L'Auxerrois near the Louvre, that was kept by a Socialistic Association of cooks: the *Association Fraternelle des Cuisiniers réunis*. Cooks, waiters, and guests addressed one another according to the model of the French Revolution, "Citoyen," and the pride of civic equality showed itself also in the circumstance that the citizen waiter accepted no tip from the citizen guest. These citoyens furnished for one franc a very simple but substantial and good meal, including even a "confiture" as a dessert and a glass of wine. The company was mixed but this made it easier for us, to imagine ourselves during the meal as living in the ideal state of general fraternity.

Other expenses of laundry and of an occasional fire in my room brought the amount of the whole budget to not quite three francs

a day, less than sixty cents in American money, or ninety to ninety-three francs a month. I could permit myself even some luxuries — the purchase of a few books, some of which are still in my possession; also occasional tickets for the parterre in the Odeon or in a Faubourg Theater; now and then a cup of coffee on the Boulevard; and — only now and then, to be sure — I could afford to see Rachel at the Theatre Français. Thus I managed to incur no debts, to save a small reserve, to be obliged to nobody for anything, and to feel myself quite comfortable.

Of course I could not under such circumstances indulge in expensive social enjoyments. Aside from an occasional visit to the salon of the Countess d'Agoult, the well-known friend of Franz Liszt, my intercourse remained mainly confined to German exiles, some students and young artists pursuing their studies in Paris, and also some young Frenchmen who attended lectures at the Sorbonne or other institutions of learning, and in this circle I found very agreeable companions. We had every week a "musical evening," sometimes in my room, in which young musicians — among them Reinecke, who afterwards became the famous director of the well known "Gewandthaus Concerts" in Leipzig — reviewed the most recent composers, and now and then produced their own compositions, while I and others served as an enthusiastic public. On such occasions we used to drink a punch which, for reasons of economy, left nothing to be desired in point of weakness.

In this circle my good comrade, Adolph Strodtmann, was a general favorite. He had at that time plunged deep into the socialistic poetry of that period in which he saw a promising symptom of a new mental and moral revival of the human race. Some French poems of that kind he translated with extraordinary skill into sonorous German verse which he read to us at our social meetings to our great delight. He was also a generous listener, and although very deaf, professed great interest in our musical performances, giving his sometimes startling judgment in a thundering voice. We all loved him for his high enthusiasms, his ardent sympathies, the frank honesty of his nature, and the robust ingenuousness with which he promulgated his occasionally very eccentric opinions of men and things. At times his oddities afforded us much amusement, which he good-naturedly shared,

frequently laughing loudest with childlike astonishment at the queer exhibitions he had made of himself. He might well have served as the original to many caricatures of the "absent-minded professor" who is a favorite subject of funny pictures in German periodicals.

Now and then he was seen on the street smoking a long German student's pipe as he had done in Bonn. In Paris, the passersby would stand still with amazement when they beheld so unaccustomed an apparition, and soon he was known in the Latin Quarter as "*l'homme à la longue pipe*." One day he came into my room with a hair-brush under his arm and when I asked him, "Strodtmann, what are you carrying there?" he looked at the thing at first with great surprise and then laughed boisterously and said with his loud voice: "Why, this is my hair-brush. I thought it was a book from which I wished to read to you." Another time when he visited me I noticed that his face bore the expression of extraordinary seriousness if not trouble. "I have only one pair of boots," he said; "one of the boots is still good, but the other you see" — and here he pointed at his right foot, "the other is bursting in the seams. Have you not a boot that you can lend me?" Indeed, I possessed two pairs and it so happened that of one pair one boot was a little damaged, and the other in a perfectly serviceable condition. This sound boot I gladly put at Strodtmann's disposal. When we undertook to make the exchange, we noticed at once that the two good boots, his and mine, belonged to two different fashions. His was pointed at the toe and mine was broad cut, and both were for the left foot. These unfortunate circumstances did not disturb Strodtmann in the least, and although he may have suffered at times considerable inconvenience, he walked about in those two left boots, one of which was pointed and the other broad, until his own foot-gear had had the necessary repairs.

I felt the necessity of perfecting myself in the French language in order to speak and write it with ease and with that delicacy which constitutes one of its characteristic charms. One of my friends recommended to me a teacher who bore the high-sounding name of Mme. La Princesse de Beaufort. According to rumor, she belonged to an old noble family, but was impoverished to such a degree by the political revolutions that she had to earn her bread as a teacher of language.

Whether this was all true I do not know, but when I sought her out I found her in a modest apartment of a hotel garni, an elderly lady of very agreeable features, and a quiet, refined, and somewhat courtly manner, which permitted me to believe she had really moved in distinguished circles. She accepted me as a pupil and declared herself willing to give me two lessons a week, each of which should cost one franc. We began the next day. My teacher allowed me the choice of the method of instruction, and I proposed to her instead of following the usual custom of memorizing rules of grammar that I would write for her short letters or essays on subjects that interested me. She was then to correct my mistakes and to instruct me in the idiomatic forms of speech. In following this method we were to have a grammar at hand for the purpose of pointing out the rules which I had violated. This pleased her, and as I was already able to make myself somewhat understood in French, we set to work without delay.

This method proved very successful. My letters or short essays treated of real happenings that had occurred to me, or of what I had seen in museums or art collections, or of books or of the political events of the day. Now, as I did not merely link together grammatically constructed sentences as the pupils of so many educational institutions usually do when writing their Latin themes, but as I set forth my experiences and my views with great freedom and thereby tried to give my exercise some interest, my teacher did not confine herself to the mere correction of my grammatical mistakes, but she entered into animated conversations with me in which she encouraged me further to enlarge upon the subjects narrated or discussed in my papers. These conversations, in which she showed aside from a thorough knowledge of the French much independent thought and much comprehension, became to both of us so agreeable, that not seldom the passing of the hour escaped our attention, and when I rose to take leave, she insisted that I stay in order to pursue the discussion a little farther. Aside from these lessons I read much and never permitted myself to skip over words or forms of speech which I did not understand. My progress was encouraging, and after a few weeks it happened sometimes that my teacher returned my paper to me with the assurance that she found nothing in it to correct.

This way of learning a foreign language proved no less effective than agreeable. One may begin the attempts of free expression, and thus an independent use of the language, with a comparatively small vocabulary. Conscientious reading and well-conducted conversations will then quickly enlarge the vocabulary and develop the facility of expression. But I cannot lay too much stress upon the fact that the free and exact rendering of one's own thoughts *in writing* is the most efficient exercise in acquiring a language. In mere conversation we are apt to slip over difficulties by permitting ourselves vaguenesses and inaccuracies of expression which would sternly demand correction — and correction, too, easily kept in mind — when the written word looks us in the face. To quicken the efficacy of this exercise requires, of course, a teacher able not only to pound grammatical rules into the head of the pupil, but also to stir up in the study of the language a mentally active interest in the subjects spoken or written about. Mme. La Princesse de Beaufort filled these requirements in a high degree, and the hours which I passed with her have always remained with me an especially agreeable memory.

Another similarly effective method of acquiring foreign languages without a teacher I will explain later in connection with my study of English. Thanks to my teacher I rapidly acquired great fluency and ease in the French language, so much so that I could, and did, write short letters to French journals which were published without correction. I regret to say that in the course of time I have lost some of that facility in consequence of a want of practice. For this I reproach myself because one may easily, also without constant opportunity for conversation, retain a complete possession of a language once learned, by simply reading to one's self every day aloud a few pages of some good author.

I continued with zeal to study French history, especially that of the time of the great Revolution, and as France was still regarded as the revolutionary leader, and we expected the most important results from the developments there, I took a lively interest in French politics and pursued with the intensest concern the struggle going on at that time between the Republicans and the President Louis Napoleon, who was suspected of usurpatory designs. But I had to confess to myself that many of the things which, as

a critical observer, I witnessed around me seriously modified my conception of the grandeur of the events of the revolutionary period, and shook my faith in the historic mission of France as to the future of the civilized world. I frequently visited the gallery of the National Assembly, when debates of importance were announced. I had studied the history of the "Constituent Assembly" of 1789, of the "Legislative Body," and of the "Convention" of the first revolution, with great diligence and thoroughness, knew by heart some of the most celebrated oratorical performances of Mirabeau and others, was well acquainted with the parliamentary discussions of that period, and hoped now to hear and see something similar to that which had moved me so powerfully in reading and which lived in my imagination as a heroic drama. My disappointment in visiting the National Assembly with this expectation, was great. Indeed, high sounding speeches and scenes of stormy and tumultuous excitement were not lacking; but with all this, as it seemed to me, there was too little of an earnest and thoughtful exchange of opinions between eminent men, and too much of theatrical attitudinizing and of declamatory phrasemongery. It happened to me — as it frequently happens — that the disappointment of expectations which have been pitched too high, will, in the conclusions we draw, lead us to underestimate the character and value of existing things and conditions as we see them before us. What in fact I did witness, was the French way of doing things. That way did not correspond with my ideals; but it was, after all, the French way, which with all its histrionic superficialities, had in the past, especially in the great revolution, proved itself very real and serious, and had produced tremendous results.

However, what I saw of political action on the public stage had a sobering effect on me, and this effect was intensified and confirmed by my observations in the Latin Quarter and in public places of amusement of the dissoluteness of student life — the habitual life of young men who might be considered the flower of French youth.

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Here I must mention an occurrence which at the time caused me astonishment. Strodtmann had made me acquainted with a marine painter by the name of Melbye, a Dane. He was much older than we, an artist of

considerable skill, who talked about his art as well as various other things in an agreeable manner. He was greatly interested in clairvoyance and told us he knew a clairvoyante whose performances were most extraordinary. He requested us several times to accompany him to the "séance" and to convince ourselves of her wonderful abilities. At last an evening was fixed for this entertainment, but it so happened that at about the same time I received an invitation from Kinkel, which I resolved to follow without delay. When I packed my valise, Strodtmann was with me in my room and he expressed his regret that I could not attend the séance that evening. He went away for a little while to return to my room later in the day and to accompany me to the railroad station. In the meantime the thought struck me that I might furnish a means for testing the powers of the clairvoyante. I cut off some of my hair, wrapped it in a piece of paper, and put this into a letter-envelope which I closed with sealing-wax. Then I tore a little strip from a letter I had received that morning from the Hungarian general, Klapka, the celebrated defender of the fortress Komorn, and put this strip containing the date of the letter also into a folded paper and enclosed it likewise in an envelope sealed with wax. When Strodtmann had returned to me, I gave him the two envelopes without informing him of their contents, and instructed him to place them in the hands of the clairvoyante with the request that she give a description of the looks, the character, the past career, and the temporary sojourn of the person from whom the objects concealed in the envelopes were coming. Then I left for London.

A few days later I received a letter from Strodtmann in which he narrated the results of the séance as follows: The clairvoyante took one of my envelopes into her hand, and said it contained the hair of a young man who looked thus and so. She then described my appearance in the most accurate way, and added that this young man had won notoriety by his connection with a bold enterprise, and that at the present time he was on the other side of a deep water in a large city and in the circle of a happy family. Then she gave a description of my character, my inclinations, and my mental faculties which, as I saw them in black on white, surprised me greatly. Not only did I recognize myself in the main features of this

description, but I found in it also certain statements which seemed to give me new disclosures about myself. It happens sometimes when we look into our own souls that in our impulses, in our feelings, in our ways of thinking, we find something contradictory, something enigmatical which the most conscientious self-examination does not always suffice to make clear. And now there flashed from the utterances of this clairvoyante gleams of light which solved for me many of those contradictions and riddles. I received, so to speak, a revelation about my own inner self, a psychological analysis which I had to recognize as just, as soon as I perceived it.

What the clairvoyante said about the other envelope which contained Klapka's writing was hardly less astonishing. She described the writer of the letters and figures contained in that envelope as a handsome, dark bearded man with sparkling eyes, who once had governed a city full of armed men and besieged by enemies. The description of his person, of his past, and also of his character as far as I knew it, was throughout correct; but when the clairvoyante added that this man was at the time not in Paris, but in another city where he had gone to meet a person very dear to him, I thought we had caught her in a mistake. A few days later I returned to Paris, and had hardly arrived there when I met General Klapka on the street. I asked him at once whether since he had written his last letter to me, he had been constantly in Paris, and I was not a little amazed when he told me that he had a few days ago made an excursion to Brussels where he had stopped not quite a week, and the "dear person" whom he was to have seen there, I learned from an intimate friend of Klapka, was a lady whom, it was said, he would marry. The clairvoyante was therefore right in every point.

This occurrence mystified me very much. The more I considered the question whether the clairvoyante could possibly have received knowledge of the contents of my envelopes, or whether she could have had any cue for guessing at them, the more certain I became that this could not be. Strodtmann himself did not know what I had put into the envelopes. Of Klapka's letter to me he had not the slightest information. He also assured me that he had put the envelopes into the hands of the clairvoyante, one after the other in exactly the same condition in which he had received them without for a moment

confiding them to anybody else and without telling to any one from whom they came; and I could absolutely depend upon the word of my thoroughly honest friend. But even if — which was quite unthinkable to me — there had been some collusion between him and the clairvoyante, or if he had, without knowing it, betrayed from whom the envelopes had come, it would not have solved the riddle of how the clairvoyante could have described my character, my inclinations, my impulses, my mental qualities, much more clearly and truthfully and sagaciously, than Strodtmann or Melbye ever could have done. In fact Melbye knew me only very superficially. In our few conversations he had always done the most talking; and a deep insight into the human soul did not at all belong to Strodtmann's otherwise excellent abilities. In short, I could not in the whole incident find the slightest reason for the suspicion that here we had to do with a merely clever juggler. The question arose: Was not here a force at work which lay outside of the ordinary activity of the senses, and which we could indeed observe in the utterance of its effects, and which we perhaps could also set in motion, but which we could not define as to its true essence or constituent elements. In later years I have had similar experiences which I intend to mention in their proper places.

I shall now return to my visit in London. Kinkel had rented in the suburb of St. Johnswood, a little house where I was most heartily welcomed as a guest. He had already found a profitable field of work as a teacher, and Mme. Kinkel gave music lessons. The whole family were in a very cheerful state of mind, and we spent some happy days together. In fact I felt myself so much at home, that Kinkel could easily persuade me to give up Paris and to come over to London, where I, as it seemed to me, would be able to make a comfortable living as a teacher without great difficulty. I then returned to Paris, as I thought only for a few weeks, but my departure from the French capital was to be delayed by an unexpected and very disagreeable incident.

One afternoon I accompanied on a walk the wife of my friend Reinhold Solger, a fellow German refugee, a man of great knowledge and acquirements, who later was to occupy a respected position in the service of the United States. We were in the neighborhood of the Palais Royal when an

unknown man stopped me and asked to have a word with me aside as he had something very confidential to communicate to me. As soon as we were out of the hearing of Mrs. Solger, he told me that he was a police agent, ordered to arrest me and to take me at once to the "Préfecture de Police." I excused myself to Mrs. Solger as best I could and accompanied the unwelcome stranger.

He conducted me first to a police commissioner, who inquired after my name, my age, my nativity, and so on. I was astonished that the police, which seemed to know my name did not know where I lived. I declared to the commissioner that I had absolutely no reason for concealing anything, and acquainted him with the number of the house in which I lodged as well as with the place in my room where the keys to all my belongings could be found; but I wished to know for what reason I had been taken into custody. The commissioner mysteriously lifted his eyebrows, talked of higher orders, and thought I would learn of this soon enough. Another police agent then conducted me to the "préfecture de police." There I was turned over to a jailer, who, after I had surrendered the money I had with me and my pocket-knife, took me into a cell and locked me in. To the question whether I would not soon be informed of the reason of my arrest, I did not receive any answer. My cell was a little bare room, sparingly lighted by a narrow window with iron bars high up in the wall. There were two small, not very clean beds, two wooden chairs, and a little table.

I expected every moment to be called to a hearing, for I thought that in a republic, as France was at that time, they would not incarcerate anybody without telling him the reason therefor at once; but I waited in vain. Evening came and the jailer informed me that I might have supper consisting of various dishes which he enumerated if I were able and willing to pay; otherwise I would have to be content with the ordinary prison-fare which he described to me in a manner not at all alluring. I ordered a modest meal, and in eating it I thought with melancholy longing of my good Citoyens in the Rue St. Germain L'Auxerrois.

Late in the evening, when I had already gone to bed, another prisoner was brought to my cell. In the dim light of the jailer's lantern, I saw in the new-comer a man still

young, in shabby clothes, with a smooth-shaven face and dark, restless eyes. He began at once a conversation with me and informed me that he had been accused of theft, and upon that accusation had been arrested. The charge, however, was entirely unfounded, but as he had been arrested before on similar suspicions, the authorities would not accept his assurances of innocence. I thus had a common thief as my companion and room-mate. He seemed to see in me a fellow-laborer in the vineyard, for he asked me in a rather confidential tone, in what accident I had been caught. My short and entirely truthful response did not appear to satisfy him; he may have even regarded it as unfriendly, for he did not say another word, but lay down upon his bed and was soon in a profound sleep.

During the still night I thought over my situation. Had I really done anything in Paris that might have been considered punishable? I examined all the corners of my memory and found nothing. Of course the reason for my arrest could only be a political one, but however my opinions and sentiments might displease the government of President Napoleon, I certainly had not taken part in any political movement in France. In Paris I had only been an observer and a student. I did not doubt that while I was in prison the police would search the papers in my room, but that could not disquiet me as I knew that nothing could be found there except some historical notes, a few literary sketches, and some letters from friends of an entirely harmless nature. All the papers which might in any way have been considered questionable, as well as the pistols which I had carried with me during the Kinkel affair, I had been cautious enough to entrust to one of my friends for safe keeping. Nothing remained but the suspicion that I had been taken into custody at the instance of the Prussian government. But would the French Republic be capable of surrendering me to Prussia? This I deemed impossible, and thus I looked the future calmly in the face. But I was overcome with a feeling of the degradation inflicted upon me by shutting me up in the same room with a common thief. It revolted my self-respect. And this could happen in a Republic!

My indignation rose the following morning when I still failed to receive information about the cause of my arrest. At an early hour the thief was taken out of his cell and

I remained alone. I asked the jailer for paper, pen, and ink, and in my best French wrote a letter to the prefect in which in the name of the laws of the country I demanded that I be informed why I had been deprived of my liberty. The jailer promised to transmit the letter, but the day passed without an answer and so another day, and still another. Neither did I receive a word from my friends and I hesitated to write to any of them, because the receipt of a letter from me might have embarrassed them. In those few days I learned to understand something of the emotions which may torment the soul of a prisoner — a feeling of bitter wrath against the brutal power that held me captive; the consciousness of complete impotency which rose in me like a mockery of myself; the feverish imagination that troubled me with an endless variety of ugly pictures; a restless impetus that compelled me to run up and down for hours in my cell like a wild animal in its cage; then a dreary emptiness in mind and heart which finally ended in dull brooding without any definite thought.

On the morning of the fourth day I addressed a second letter to the prefect still more vehement and pathetic than the first, and shortly afterwards the jailer told me that I would be taken to the bureau of the chief. In a few minutes I found myself in a comfortably furnished office room and in the presence of a stately gentleman who kindly asked me to sit down. He then complimented me elaborately upon the correctness of the French of my letters, which he called quite remarkable considering my German nationality; and he expressed in the politest phrases his regret that I had been incommoded by my arrest. There was really no charge against me. It was only desired by the government that I select a place of residence for myself outside of the boundaries of France, and to this end leave Paris and the country as soon as might be convenient to me. In vain I tried to move this polite gentleman to a statement of the reasons which might make my removal from France so desirable. With constantly increasing politeness he told me that it was so desired in higher places. At last, I thought to appease his evident trouble about my lacerated feelings by the remark that in fact the desire of the government did not incommode me at all, in as much as I had intended to go to London, and that my

arrest had only delayed me somewhat in my preparations for departure. The polite gentleman was enchanted at this happy coincidence of my intentions with the desire of his government, and he told me finally not to be in too great a hurry with my preparation for leaving. He would be delighted if I felt myself under his especial protection while in Paris, where I might still remain two, three, four, even six weeks, if that would amuse me. He would then put at my disposal a passport for any foreign country; but after my departure he hoped that I would not embarrass him by returning to Paris without his special permission. Then he bade me farewell with a friendliness bordering on actual affection, and I left him with the impression that I had made the acquaintance of the politest and most agreeable police tyrant in the world.

I hurried back to my quarters and found the Petit family in great tribulation on my account. Madame and the two daughters told me in a shrill trio how a few days ago two police agents had searched my room and examined my papers, but had left everything behind them in the best of order. The police had also tried to inform themselves of my conduct by putting questions to the Petit family, and I might be assured that the Petit family had given me the most excellent character; but then the Petit family had become very much disquieted about my lot and had advised my friends who had called upon me, of all that had happened and requested them to set in motion every possible influence that might help me. I learned, indeed, that several of my friends had made proper efforts in my behalf and it is quite possible that this had hastened my discharge from imprisonment.

The reason of my arrest, however, soon became quite clear to me. Louis Napoleon had begun the preparations for his coup d'état which was to do away with the republican form of government and put him in possession of monarchical power. While the republicans deceived themselves about the danger that was looming up, and tried to ridicule the pretender as an "inane ape" of his great uncle, this man set all means in motion to win the army and the masses of the people for himself and his schemes. The Napoleonic propaganda was organized in all parts of the country in the most varied forms — and this agitation fell

especially with the peasant population on very fertile soil. The legend of the Napoleonic empire, with its wars and victories, and its tragic end, was the heroic lay of the country people, in the glamor of which every peasant family sunned itself and felt itself great. Each could tell of some ancestor who at Rivoli, or at the Pyramids, or at Marengo, or at Austerlitz, or at Jena, or at Wagram, or at Borodino, or at Waterloo, had fought under the eyes of the mighty chief, and in this heroic epic there stood the colossal figure of the great emperor, enveloped in myth, like a demigod, unequalled in his achievements, gigantic even in his fall. Every cabin was adorned with his picture, which signified the great past history of power and glory embodied in this one superior being. And now, a nephew of the Great Emperor presented himself to the people bearing the name of the demigod and promising in his name to restore the magic splendor of that period. Numberless agents swarmed through the country, and pamphlets and hand-bills passed from house to house and from hand to hand, to make known the message of the nephew and successor of the great Napoleon, who stood ready to restore all the old magnificent grandeur. Even the barrel-organ was pressed into the service of that agitation to accompany songs about the Emperor and his nephew, in the taverns and the market-places of the country. The more intelligent populations of the cities did indeed not reverence the Napoleonic legend with the same naive devotion, but that legend had even before the nephew began his career as a pretender, been nourished in a hardly less effective manner. Beranger's songs and Thier's "History of the Consulate and the Empire" had stimulated the Napoleonic cult, and even the government of Louis Philippe had paid its homage to it, by transporting Napoleon's remains with great pomp from St. Helena to the Church of the Invalides. The field so prepared was incessantly tilled by Louis Napoleon while he stood as president at the head of the executive power. As the barrel-organ did service in the country districts, the theater was made to serve in the cities. I remember a spectacular drama, which was produced on one of the Faubourg stages with great pomp and startling realism. It was called "La Barriere de Clichy" and represented the campaign of 1814, the exile of Napoleon on the Isle of Elba, and his

return to France in 1815. Napoleon appeared on the boards in an excellent mask on foot and on horseback, on the historic Gray, and all the engagements of that campaign in which he was successful, passed before the eyes of the multitude; the French infantry, cavalry, and artillery in the historic uniforms of the Empire, the enemies, Prussians and Russians, barbarous looking fellows, uncouth and rude and constantly running away from French heroism. Blücher appeared in person, a boisterous barbarian, indulging in the most horrible blackguardism, constantly smoking a short pipe, blowing forth tremendous clouds of smoke, and incessantly spitting around him. The enemies were regularly defeated, so that it was difficult for the impartial beholder to understand why Napoleon after all these splendid victories succumbed, and was forced to go into exile. At any rate, he soon returned amid the enthusiastic acclamation of the people. The army went over to him promptly, and the piece concluded with his triumphant entry into Grenoble. The public applauded with enthusiasm and the cry of "Vive L'Empereur" was heard not only on the stage, but not seldom also in the galleries, in the parterre, and in the boxes. Thus the city populations were worked.

The so-called Prince-President sought to win the army by appearing at parades and manoeuvres in a general's uniform, by showing the soldiers all possible favors, and by drawing to himself the most adventurous spirits among the officers. In the spring of 1851 he began also to prepare the prospective battle-field of the intended coup d'état. The bourgeois of Paris were made to apprehend that the city was full of the most dangerous elements from which every moment an attempt at a complete subversion of the social order was to be feared; that society was in imminent danger and must be saved. The Prince-President, so the word went forth, was ready to undertake this work of salvation, but the parliamentary power sought to bind his hands. Under these circumstances he was doing the best he could and would first undertake to deliver Paris of the dangerous characters infesting it. One of the measures taken to that end consisted in the driving away from the city all foreigners who might have been suspected of an inclination to take part in forcible resistance to the intended coup d'état; and in that category I too was counted.

A police agent who described the threatening dangers in a pamphlet written for the purpose of terrifying the timid bourgeois, called me an especially daring revolutionist who in his old Fatherland had already committed the most frightful outrages. To illustrate this, he narrated the liberation of Kinkel, describing him with the most fabulous fabrications as a most uncommonly detestable criminal. To these circumstances I owed my arrest and my exile from France, in spite of my modest and retired conduct during my stay there. It is indeed not at all improbable that if I had been in Paris at the time of the coup d'état I should have seen in the popular resistance to the Napoleonic usurpation the decisive struggle for liberty in Europe, and I might have taken up the musket and fought with the republicans on the barricades on the 2d of December. So it may be, that if it had otherwise been my intention to remain in Paris, the police saved me from participating in a hopeless enterprise, and possibly from a miserable end.

The last weeks of my sojourn in Paris were devoted to visits to galleries, museums, and interesting architectures, and to merry conviviality with my friends. To one of them, a young Frenchman from Provence who studied medicine in Paris, my departure from France was especially hard. I had made his acquaintance as one of the lodgers of the Petit house, and I mention him because he was a remarkable example of the effect of German philosophy upon a French brain, which I would not have deemed possible had I not personally witnessed it. Soon after we had become acquainted he attached himself to me and to several others among my German friends, and as he was a modest, agreeable, and able young man taking life seriously, we sincerely reciprocated his friendly feelings. He loved Germans, so he said, because they were the nation of thinkers. He had made the acquaintance of some products of German literature in translations, and tried to possess himself of the language mainly for the purpose of studying the works of German philosophers; but he seemed to find this very difficult. Thus he had to content himself with French renderings of German philosophical works, and he frequently came to us for the explanation of phrases which he did not understand. Sometimes we could give him such explanations, but

many of the dark expressions we did not understand ourselves. Suddenly we became aware that our young Provençal whose conduct of life had always been very regular and irreproachable, visited the German beer-houses of which there were a great many in Paris, and drank heavily. This went so far, that one day Mme. Petit and her daughters asked me to visit him in his room as he had come home the night before much intoxicated and was now, it seemed, seriously ill. I complied with this request at once and found my friend in that condition which at German universities is designated as a deep "Katzenjammer." The young man confessed to me that he was heartily ashamed of his behavior, but thought if I knew the cause of it, I would not think so ill of him. Then he told me with great gravity, that he had for some time tried to study the German philosopher Hegel, and he had found in his works many things that had tormented him with doubts as to the soundness of his own mind. Therefore, as the Germans, of whom he believed that Hegel's philosophical works were their favorite

reading, liked to drink beer, he had also made an effort to facilitate his Hegel studies, by accustoming himself to the same beverage. The good boy talked so seriously and so honestly that I refrained from laughing and assured him with equal seriousness that many a German, too, had become nearly insane in studying Hegel and that the drinking of beer did not help them. Now, if Hegel in the German language produced such effects upon German heads, what effect could be expected of a French decoction of Hegel? This seemed to quiet my good Provençal very much. I advised him to give up Hegel as well as the excessive drinking of beer and to devote himself again to the study of medicine like the well-behaved serious and diligent man he had been before. He promised this, and he did it really, and on the day of my farewell from Paris, we took leave of one another with the sincerest regret.

As this story may seem somewhat extravagant and improbable, I cannot refrain from concluding it with the assurance that it is literally true.

## LOST—AN ECHO

BY

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

HE stood at the bar of a Bowery café, cheek by jowl with me, gazing mournfully into his empty stein; his eye was moist and his face florid, also a tear coursed down his bulbous nose and hung tremulous at the end.

"Hard luck, partner?" I ventured.

"Hard luck? Ach Himmel, de vorst even! Don't you could see it?"

"Hushum, well, you do look a little to the bad. Tipping your elbow, or how?"

"Elbow, or . . . and terrible luck. I don't look like I vorce vas something, eh? But I vas sure ting. I useter get drei tollar a day und all de beer I wanted — I vas a *scholar* vorce! Now vor vas I? No! Anselm! Ach Gott!"

"You were a — a *scholar*?" I felt decidedly familiar with most of the symptoms, but this was a new one on me.

"A *scholar* — drei tollar a day und I vas down to Blatz's Biergarten at Sout'

Orange. Hundurts of Chermans useter come dere on Sundays und sit und trink by leetle round tables, trink und holler und jodel. Blatz he gif me drei tollar a day (und beer) to set on a ledge behind de bushes at de odder side de ravine, ain't it, und be der echo. Fourteen times I echoed, each time fainter as de last: I had a strong voice in dem days, also I could jodel goot. It vas hurt on de throat, some of dem hot Sundays, but it vas a goot job, just de same, drei tollar a day und beer, ha! Und now —"

He gazed critically at the bottom of his stein.

"Nober!" I commanded. "Here, fill this up and keep it full!"

Presently he resumed sighing.

"Chermans vas great vorries, you know, so vander 'round' looken' at de sciences und trink und jodel und make echoes. So vander Blatz's Biergarten opened mit de announcement dat dere vas a fourteen-times echo in

der glen opposite, de business growed like prairie-fire, und ve both made goot moneys, specially me, mit mine drei tollar a day und —

"Yes, yes," I interposed, "I know all about that! But what happened? What loosened up your hold on the cinch?"

"Und beer," he concluded, undisturbed. "De business growed und ve vas happy — till Schwartz come! You see, noboddy never knowed noddings about it except'n' me und Blatz — und Schwartz!"

He blew froth from a fresh bumper.

"Ach, Schwartz! If dere vas any Hell, I hopes me Schwartz he sizzle up pooty black in de bottom part, *nicht wahr?* Blatz vas to blame, al-so, dough he never meant no harm. Blatz vas a goot man, foist rate! He pick me up after mine Elsa skip out mit some rich feller und take all my savings vot I had in der Chermania Bank und leave me auf mine uppers. Yes, he take me in yust venn de Biergarten open und gif me de job as echo. Two summers I stayed mit him, und all de time der Biergarten gettin' more und more famous, till Turnvereins und Schützenfesters begun to come from all ofer Essex County. Der second summer dey voiked me pooty near crazy, for a fact, but my t'roat vas strong und I vas villin', mit drei tollar a day — und beer!

"Vell, one day in Yuly, a stranger — dis Schwartz — dropped in mit a big thirst; he come in, set down to a round table und ordered some bier. Dere vas only two or t'ree odder people dere; it vas a weekday, und dull. After he drunk him a few he call Blatz und say:

"I hear me you got one goot echo in dis here ledge, eh?"

"Sure t'ing!" say Blatz, rubbin' his hants togedder und schmilin', so. "Sure t'ing! Dere ain't no echo dis side of der Schwabenwald can touch dis one!"

"So?" say der stranger. "So? I try me him, ain't it?"

"He stood up, took some long breat's, opened his mout', und holler like one of dem steam-sireens:

"Oooohé-e-e-ee!" *Yoch-hé-e-e-ee!*

"*Yoch-hé-e-e-ee* . . . *ée* . . . *hé* . . . *ee* . . . !" Fourteen times I went me so, *Yoch-hé!*

"*Ei du lieber Augustine!*" went der stranger, more loud.

"*Augustine* . . . *tine* . . . *ine* . . . *ine* . . . !" went me.

"How you like dat?" say Blatz, grinnin' like a cat eatin' cream. "Dat vas pooty goot, ain't it?"

"Ja, goot, goot, very goot. I been all ofer de woild huntin' der best echoes, und I ain't never found noddings no better as dis. Vait! I try me a jodel on him!"

"*Laa-lee-oo-lee-oooooooooooo* . . . ."

"*Laa-lee-oo-lee-ooo-OO-OO-oooo* . . .!"

"*Ausgezeichnet!* Fourteen times! Und so loud! She have de real kvality of der human voice, al-so — der *timbre*, vot? I always say, venn I find me a echo mit der *timbre*, den I buy me dot spot und build me ein house — I live dere und echo him mornings, noons, und nights. All ve Chermans like an echo, but I, I *lofe* it! She vas mine hobby! Haf you effer t'ought you sell dis place, eh?"

"Um-m-m, vell, no," say Blatz, lookin' ferry gloomy, dough I knowed his heart vas yumpin' fer choy. "No, der place vas a pooty goot investments und I like to hold on; still, I might possibly consideration it, if you vas villin' to pay vat it's vorth. I got a goot Biergarten here, *gewiss*, all on account of dot echo — folks dey comes for miles aroundt, Schützenfesters und all sorts Vereins; it's a goot business. I ain't sure I vant to sell out; still I might."

"Vell, I ain't sure I wants to buy — not yust yet, alretty. I knows me anodder place I get der same number of echoes out in Ohio, und I can buy dirt cheap. Money ain't no special objections to me, sure, but still, I ain't vant to t'row it away. I drop in again in a few days und try him vonce more, ain't it? Goot-by!"

"Den he vent away, dat stranger. I vish me he *stay* away, oi! oi! Perhaps den I haf me der sinch now und not be a Bow'ry bum. Ach Gott!"

"Dat night, after shuttin'-up times, Blatz he make some talks mit me.

"You hear vat dat feller ask?" he say. "He's sure got der echo-bug in his head und he vant to build him a house here — money ain't no considerationments vatsoffer. If he vas only pleased he buy der place, ten, fifteen t'ousand, perhaps, vat only cost twelfe hundurt. He's got more money dan any one can have und be decent, und ve — dat is I — vant to pry off a goot bunch. I do de right t'ing by you; I gif you a hundurt tollar cash if you keeps dis up — I write it in a contract! Only echo anodder veek, und you makes easy money."

"'Vat?' say I, mit outraged honesties. 'Vat? You vas tryin' to corruptionate me for ein hundurt tollar? Nix on your life! Effery man has his price, mine freund, und I — vell, I ain't runnin' no bargain-counter! Ein hundurt? Aber nit! Who vas makin' dis real estate waluable, you oder me? Who vas all der cheeses? ME! Venn I don't echo no more, dis place vas nix vorth. *Two t'ousand tollar* vas more like somedings, ja! *Zwei t'ousand*, or I don't echo me, not vonce more yet, sure t'ing!"

"'Zwei t'ousand? Ach Gott im Himmel! You vants to ruination me, eh?' Blatz he twist his hands togedder like dey vas fly's legs und almost make some real tears come out of his pig-eyes. Dere vas some Yiddisher in Blatz, somewheres; pullin' teeth vas pretzels und beer 'side of makin' him loosen up on der currency.

"I had one hard time mit Blatz, a reg'lar inwerted auction, ja, und had to t'reaten him somet'ing fierce before I could bring him to a compromise of fifteen hundurt. I knowed vell und he knowed I knowed he couldn't find anodder goot echo inside of a veek at de shortest; der stranger vas comin' in a couple of days, al-so. Blatz vas sure in one tight place, ain't it, so venn I wrote out der agreement he signed her mournfulsome, sweatin' blood at effery pore. "'Aber, *fifteen* times you echo for dis! Mind now!' he say savage, glarin' out der eyes. 'Fifteen echoes or de contract don't went!' I say ja, all right; it vas in der contract written, all dat und a lot more.

"'All right, *gewiss!*' say I. 'Bring on your man, und venn he don't go right up to Z, I'll handle him. Bring on your lamb; I sheer him, jawohl!"

"On der third day de stranger he drop in und he echo me 'most to death. Blatz set him in a different place where he could fifteen echoes get, und he got 'em, effery one. Himmel! I vas all of a sweatiness venn he finish — ein hour und forty minutes, mit jodels und foolishnesses. My t'roat feel like some one tip ash-barrels down it hinunter; I vas nigh to-boisting, but I t'ought me of der fifteen hundurt und hung on. At last der stranger got enough und quit; him und Blatz had some long talks; denn he vent away.

"'His name vas Schwartz und he's yust about make up his mind to buy,' say Blatz to me, venn I come strollin' in accidental-like, dat evenin'. 'He like der *timbre* better as effer, und he's tickled to death mit der

fifteen times. Dere vas only one fly in der honig, ain't it? Dat is, he know a place in Sout' Car'liny where he get him *sixteen* echoes, only down dere de *timbre* vas no goot. But der sixteen times vas a great inducements. Don't you could make sixteen venn dis here chunk of ready money drops in termorrow? He vas yust about ripe enough to pick und ve don't must let him went."

"'Sixteen?' say I. '*Um Gottes Willen!*'

"'Ja, sixteen,' plead Blatz. 'Strain your t'roat yust dis vonce und gif him so many vot he find in Sout' Car'liny. Money, man, money! It mean great big money! Yust so soon ve close out for cash, you gets your fifteen hundurt und ve both fade away sudden for some place where dere don't vas no extraditionments! For Gott's sake, keep it up!"

"Vell, oi! oi! I remembers me dat last day still! Golden Fortune yust at de finger-ends und flyin' away quick; broken ribs und gebusted Zukunft — vat you call de future, nicht wahr? All dat voik und sweat und damage to der vocal strings, vot for? Nix, mine freund, absolutely nix, except eggsperience und bitter knowledges, ach, bitter, bitter!"

"Der stranger, Schwartz, he come again nex' day, like he said, und ach Himmel, what for a miseries! All de odder voik vas noddings side of dat. But de voik wasn't der vorst part, like you vas goin' to see pooty soon alretty. Blatz he took der stranger to anodder spot, which he told him vas a secret, und say:

"'Now turn loose, mine freund, und you goin' to see she echo 'bout one t'ousand times better as Sout' Car'liny, sure thing!"

"Oh, it vas *schrecklich!* Der high C, der jodelling, der grand opera! I done it goot, effery bit; I vould haf done it *all* goot till de very end, sixteen times, weaker und weaker, so — but, oi! oi! der stranger begun to sing him one song, '*Oh, Jugendslieb*,' — *my* song, *our* song! Elsa und me used to sing it, no one but us! I wrote it for Elsa, I taught it to her — ve used to sing it in der moonlight in Schwaben, long und long ago.

"Venn I heard dat, heard '*Oh, Jugendslieb*,' mine heart yump up like a *gamsbock*, yump und leap, und some chills run around my spinal backbone like a ants' nest mit der cover off; but I stilled mine heart so quick I could, und echoed — a poor, weak echo it must have been, dough. I felt so shaky und queerlike I can't tell it; yet I peeked out der bushes und looked across at

der stranger, Schwartz. He vas not pleased, he turn to Blatz und say:

“‘Vat’s der matter mit your echo, eh? She got some tonsilidis, maybe? Pfui! She sound like she got one frog in her t’roat!’

“‘Der vind don’t vas right, I guess,’ say Blatz, frownin’, ‘but try her again. P’r’aps she do better alretty!’

“‘Dat stranger, Schwartz, vat he do den? He open wide his mout’ und holler mit a jodel:

“‘Oh, Elsa-a-a-aa! Yoché, Elsa-a-a-aa!’

“‘Gott im Himmel! A red-faced bloat like him hollerin’ mine Elsa’s name at me! Someding vent like blood before mine Augen — I knowed *efferyding*, *all*! I yumped, ein, zwei, drei yumps, down to der bottom of der ravine; I climb, scramble, tear mine way up der odder side — I rush among der tables! I run mit rage against dat stranger, Schwartz, him starin’ mit eyes of wonder, like Blatz, too, both breat’less.

“‘Elsa! Yoché, Elsa!’ I holler loud like some thunderings. ‘Take *dat* for Elsa! Take *dat* for Jugendslieb!’ Den I smeck him mit all der muscles of de arms, so, on der fat mout’, der mout’ dat sing und jodel und kiss away mine Elsa. ‘Take *dat*,’ I holler, ‘you jodellin’ robber, you Schweinhund, you!’

“‘Der stranger, Schwartz, he fall down pooty quick onto der back und bleed und bleed out of der mout’, und look like he vas dreamin’; und I stand ofer him shakin’ my fists und bellowin’ und darin’ him to get up so I can knock him hinunter once more yet, harder as before.

“‘Ho, stand up, stand up, you echo-lover!’ I hollers. ‘Stand up once again und I fix you! I vas a echo mineself und I veigh two hundurt und fifty. You steal mine Elsa und my moneys vat I had in der Chermania Bank! You voik me mos’ to death t’ree days! Now I get me even, mit mine hands! Get up, get up!’

“‘He still laid dreamin’, so I double up my fists hard und smeck him where he vas on der ground — but Blatz, mit a roar, hurl himself on my back mit a strangle-hold. Blatz he must haf weighted close onto t’ree hundurt, so I fall down on der ground mit him on de top of me.

“‘*Gewalt!*’ holler Blatz, ‘Help! Help mit der crazy man! *Gewalt!*’

“‘Der stranger, Schwartz, managed someway to vake up yust so soon he see help vas at hand: he get up sort of dazed, ain’t

it, still spittin’ blood, but mad like some bees venn you poke ‘em in der house alretty.

“‘Ach, Blatz, you *Lügner!*’ he hiss, ‘You lyin’ hypocrite! You’ll went in der chail for dis conspirations! But first you settle mit *me!*’ Und he yump on Blatz, like sev’ral t’ousands of bricks hinunter.

“‘Der fight vas triangular, ain’t it, mit me at der base. Der stranger he vas fightin’ Blatz (und me); Blatz he vas fightin’ der stranger (und me); I vas fightin’ efferyding in sight, ach Gott! It vas a hot day, too, und very dusty, rollin’ round mit der tables, chairs, steins, und stale beer, all tipped ofer promiscuous. Pooty soon I don’t can see noddings, but I keep both fists busy und mine teeth al-so; I got sev’ral goot bites on some leg, und all I know is dat it vasn’t mine. I vas *verrück!*, ja — I fought like a t’ousand teufels. Und it lasted quite a while.

“‘Ve fought all over der place und come to der edge of der ravine, where de steep part is.

“‘Ofer mit him!’ I heard Blatz grunt. ‘Ofer mit der crazy man dat say he vas a echo! Heave-*bo!*’

“‘Someding hit me auf mine jaw so I let go mine hold; den dey t’rowed me down der ravine hinunter, und I rolled, und der bushes vas pricklesome und der rocks vas sharp; der bottom vas deep down, al-so. So I broke me t’ree *Rippen* — ribs, you say? — und cut mine head und didn’t know noddings until I vaked up in der crazy-house, ain’t it? Ach Himmel! Me in a bed in der crazy-house mit rags onto mine head — me mitout a chob und locked in der bug-house, for why? Yust because I smeck der man dat stole mine Elsa mit all de money in der Chermania Bank und den vanted me to echo aboutt it, *nicht wahr?*

“‘Dey let me out in six mont’s, mitaus money nor voik nor noddings. So I vander on der Bow’ry und Park Row und trink me stale beer. Where der stranger go? I neffer knowed; but I heard Blatz he haf to shut down soon on account of der public indignations. Elsa? Pfui! Don’t talk aboutt *her!* *Was weiss ich*, anyvay? Nix! All I know is I got me no chob nor money nor noddings alretty. I vish der stranger, Schwartz, he neffer haf der echo-bug und come into Blatz’s Biergarten; I vish I still got t’ree toller a day (und beer); I vish, oi! oi! I vas a echo once more yet, ain’t it?”

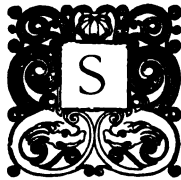
# THE SEWING-MACHINE STORY

BY

FRANK H. SPEARMAN

AUTHOR OF "HELD FOR ORDERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE A. SHIPLEY



HE was a good girl, Jessie, but her aunt thought not positive enough.

"Why didn't you shut the door in his face?"

"I understood he was a friend of yours," ventured Jessie in her mild, frightened way. "He spoke so nicely about you and all."

"It's just their trick, you innocent. Of course they're nice spoken. If they weren't how do you suppose they could fool women into buying sewing-machines all the while?"

Jessie looked only grieved. "He said he used to know our people in Canada, Auntie; and he said ——"

"Stuff!" snapped her aunt. "Just wait till he comes again. I know all about their *instalment* plan. Just the very day you miss a payment on the day it's due, in they come and take your machine. If you're downtown they break into your flat—that's what they do—I know 'em." And Mrs. Henry mashed the potatoes as if she had a sewing-machine agent in the colander. "You'll never do for this country, Jessie," she declared oracularly. The little Canadian girl looked distressed, yet helpless. She seemed to realize her deficiencies. "You will let everybody run over you, that's the trouble. There's somebody at the door now," exclaimed her aunt as the bell rang rather undecidedly. "Who is it?" she cried, opening the speaking tube.

"Is Mrs. Henry at home?"

"Yes. What do you want?" Mrs. Henry usually spoke to the point.

"I will come up if she is at home," was the answer.

"Somebody to see me," remarked Mrs. Henry, getting hurriedly from behind her apron and putting her hands up to her hair.

"I beg your pardon, I am looking for Mrs. Henry," said the man that stood at the door as she opened it.

"I'm Mrs. Henry ——"

The caller started, slightly; yet it was a distinct start.

"Possibly it is your mother?" he suggested.

"She's dead twenty years."

"At least I expected, madam, to meet an elderly lady; but I am taking too much of your time," he added, stepping just within the door to make himself better heard. He coughed mildly and Mrs. Henry noticed how serious a face he had.

"I am looking," said he, "for a lady to take charge, as manager, of our publicity department, in our city salesrooms. And understanding ——" something that Mrs. Henry did not understand as he said it—"I have ventured to call for an ——"

"Sit down, sir."

"I come from the general agent of the Marsale Sewing-Mach ——"

Mrs. Henry sprang to her feet.

"I don't want a machine," she cried violently. "I have no time to talk to you."

"Pray don't attempt it. I understand, Mrs. Henry. In getting you, in fact I was referred to you, as a lady who might be secured for the position I mention, I had no thought of offering you a machine. Be seated, Mrs. Henry; thank you. My name is Stevens," explained her caller; but his mien was on the whole mournful.

He wore spectacles, though still a young man; his eyes were almost dull, and his straight, brown hair, falling clumsily across his forehead, gave him an expression of care and uprightness.

"Are you in any degree familiar with the Marsale machine, Mrs. Henry?"

"I am not. What does your position pay?"



*"If you're downtown they break into your flat—that's what they do—I know 'em'"*

"It depends in a measure—only in a measure—" answered Mr. Stevens with a careworn deliberateness, "on one's familiarity with our machine. What machine do you use, Mrs. Henry?"

"My machine is a Mossback," answered Mrs. Henry, defiantly.

"And a very good machine it is," observed Mr. Stevens, promptly. "The Mossback is a very good machine, though we see but few Mossbacks now. I know I have heard my mother say she used to use one—I think before the war—but perhaps I'm taking too much of your time."

"Oh, no."

"How long did you say you had had your machine, Mrs. Henry?"

"Some little time."

"Might I look at it?"

"It isn't necessary."

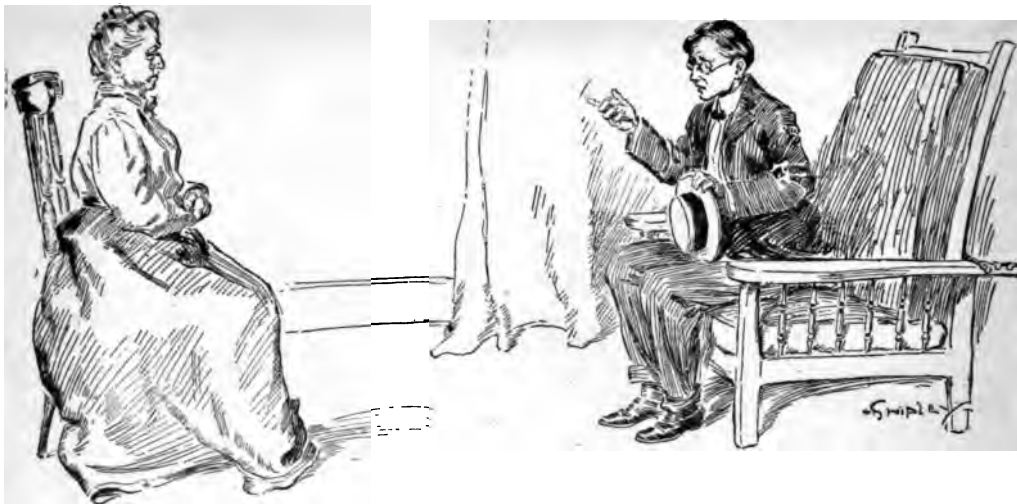
"Would you consider taking a position such as the one I speak of? Or could you recommend me, Mrs. Henry, to a lady of business tact and discretion, who is posted on the Marsale machine, to fill such a position? Experience is not really necessary—beyond such as could quickly be acquired."

Mrs. Henry wiped her nose tentatively. "I don't think I should be competent to take the place—what are the nature of the duties?"

"Principally executive, Mrs. Henry; occasionally demonstrating the points of the machine to large buyers. Have you seen the late improvements on the new Marsale, Mrs. Henry? No? Indeed? Well really, is that so?" Mr. Stevens' eyes brightened in a sad way. The pleasure that he felt was in store for Mrs. Henry seemed to relieve the heaviness of his reflections. He touched very, very gently on some of the salient features of the Marsale Machine. "But, perhaps," said he in conclusion, checking his natural enthusiasm, "am I taking too much of your time?"

Mrs. Henry fidgeted a little but made no distinct protest. Taking the life, Mr. Stevens dropped with such feeling into his own intimate affairs that before she realized it Mrs. Henry was asking what his wife had died of.

"Some called it one thing, some another, but my opinion is that it was inflammation of the borealis, Mrs. Henry, though I may say I have never mentioned this to any one before. She, by the way," observed



*"She, by the way, . . . used a Mossback before we were married"*

Mr. Stevens, lifting his accusing finger at Mrs. Henry, "used a Mossback before we were married. But the general agent of the Marsale was a friend of my father—oh, no, I wasn't working for the company then—he induced us to trade it in on a Marsale—that's the way I happened to connect myself with the company; he gave us a very liberal trade," concluded Mr. Stevens, with a shading on the adverb which is somewhat fine for cold type. "Were you raised in Canada, Mrs. Henry?"

"Just across the line in New York State."

"My wife's people were from Onondaga county. The Marsale machine is made not far from there. The works cover twenty acres and they turn out a machine every minute and a half, night and day."

"It must keep the agents pretty busy selling them," smiled Mrs. Henry at her own joke. Mr. Stevens brightened sympathetically.

"Indeed it does. I have always thought I should have liked the sales department. I'm not permitted to do any selling myself; no. How? I belong to the department of publicity; sorry I haven't a card with me. But machines are very cheap now. I believe the best Marsale can be had—I mean the drop-cabinet, ball-bearing, side-snap-action machine—can be had for sixty-five dollars and our people are very liberal in the matter of exchanges. Might I see your machine, Mrs. Henry?"

"I don't want any machine," declared Mrs. Henry, who felt the ground slipping the least bit and clung instinctively to her sheet-nchor.

"I venture to say, without ever looking at it, that sixty dollars and your machine would take the best Marsale our people show and of course, easy payments for the asking, Mrs. Henry."

"I don't want a machine."

"I mean—if you should."

"I don't want one now."

"The attachments are all included at sixty-five dollars. You pay absolutely nothing for extras."

"But I don't need a machine now."

"And five dollars a month —"

"I don't need one."

"Without interest."

"That's liberal enough."

"And we give you a contract which is absolutely infeasible. It is as good as a Government bond, Mrs. Henry. Would you like to have a new Marsale sent up on trial, Mrs. Henry, in order to fam —"

"No—I don't want a new machine yet."

"We would take it away any time on the mailing of a postal and we leave the postals already addressed."

"You needn't talk. I won't take a machine on trial," declared Mrs. Henry.

Mr. Stevens adjusted his ball-bearing spectacles. "Then I hope you will consider our proposal about the position."

"You might leave your card. If I conclude to try a machine I am willing to say I would take it from you."

"Thank you very much. I think I will be going now. Good afternoon," and Mr. Stevens slowly and sadly made his way out.

Mrs. Henry was conscious as she returned to the dining-room of some degree of perspiration, but her niece did not appear to have heard the conversation, and at that moment her daughter Belle came in and made it easier for Mrs. Henry to discuss the machine question in a general way.

"Position, granny!" exclaimed Belle indignantly. "He's just fooling you, mother. He never intends to give you any position."

And now that he had gone it looked so to Mrs. Henry herself. In fact, she could not remember just exactly what he *had* said; and all during dinner she was trying to recollect just what his wife had died of.

It was not quite six weeks later that another representing the Marsale Sewing-Machine Company called to see Mrs. Henry.

"You needn't come in," piped Mrs. Henry as he made a preliminary move across the threshold. "I don't want a machine—I promised Mr. Stevens that when I wanted a new machine I would take it of him."

"Oh, well—would you——"

But Mrs. Henry with a burst of resolution shut the door in his face, and Belle and Jessie applauded.

Next morning there was a knock at the door of the Henry flat. Mrs. Henry and Belle were out. Jessie answered. Two men stood there with a sewing-machine; but not for long. As the door opened one of the men had his back half-way through it and the two set the machine inside. It was Mr. Stevens with a new Marsale.

"They offered to show me how it worked," said Jessie tearfully when Mrs. Henry and Belle came home. "I begged them not to leave it. They just would do it."

Mrs. Henry looked apoplectic. Belle stormed. Jessie, poor Jessie, cried; tears were her only weapon.

"They will be back to-morrow, they said," trembled Jessie. That night Mrs. Henry ate round steak for dinner.

In the morning, while Belle was dusting the parlor, a Marsale wagon stopped in front of the flat. Mrs. Henry, warned, met the emissary at the door. He was a pleasant, round kind of a man with a genial smile and a hair-trigger laugh. "My name is Laycock, mam."

"Take your machine right out of my house. I don't want any machine. You had no business to leave it here."

"But, madam, we were told you thought favorably of the new Marsale."

"I promised Mr. Stevens when I got ready I would buy my new machine of him."

"I understand, I understand," interposed Mr. Laycock smiling firmly. "But we are not on commission now, any of us. It doesn't make a particle of difference. Everybody about the Chicago office of the Marsale Company draws a salary—even the cat—ha! ha! ha!" and Mr. Laycock, who had a rosy smile and warm teeth, laughed heartily at Mrs. Henry, and incidentally over her shoulder at Belle and Jessie, who flanked her doubtfully.

"It doesn't make any difference."

"There I beg to differ," interposed Mr. Laycock with that sidewise twist of the head which pleasantly agrees yet firmly disagrees. "Salary has a distinct advantage over a commission basis. Oh, yes, indeed—but Mrs. Henry—would you let me see your old machine?"

"No, sir, I won't."

"Ha! ha! ha! Well, I know it's all right," declared Mr. Laycock, recovering his voice gently. "I think you said it was a Mossback. Ha! ha! ha! Yes'm. They *are* good machines. We make this machine sixty-five dollars, Mrs. Henry, all complete. And I am willing—yes, I will stretch a point—say ten dollars for your Mossback," burst Mr. Laycock, frankly. "It's more than I have any business to give, but my salary is fixed by contract."

"I don't intend to buy a machine and I won't do it, so you might as well take your machine right out of here."

"But my dear Mrs. Henry."

"You needn't dear me—take your machine away."

"Do you understand our system of easy payments, Mrs. Henry?"

"No, and I don't want to. Take your machine away."

"It wouldn't make a particle of difference having promised Mr. Stevens. He will get credit for the sale just the same. Say fifteen dollars for your machine, Mrs. Henry, and it brings this elegant, curly maple, extension-front-end, really swell machine—why," declared Laycock, overcome with the absurdity of his own proposal, "it brings it down to fifty dollars."

"Mama doesn't want any machine," snapped Belle, for Mrs. Henry seemed to be failing.

"But have you ever run our machine, Miss?" protested Mr. Laycock. "Don't

condemn it without having seen it," he urged. "If you would let me see your old machine —"

"Not if you stay here a week," exclaimed Belle, angrily.

"Ha! ha! ha! Well, of course not. But now, Mrs. Henry, I am not going to take this machine away if you want it for next to nothing. I will make you one more proposition. Twenty dollars, Mrs. Henry, for your old machine! Without ever seeing it! It makes this cost you —"

"No!!"

"With your choice of saddles, Mrs. Henry —"

"But I don't want it," screamed Mrs. Henry.

"Well, I'm sorry. I certainly am sorry. It is one of our rules never to try to force a machine on anybody, Mrs. Henry. Sullivan, give me a lift here, please. Ladies, I am sorry."

"Humph!"

"I will leave my card."

"You needn't mind."

"I don't. It's all right; take two. And, by the way, here's a postal. Come, Sullivan."

"Did you ever see such cheek in all your born days?" cried Belle, as the two men toiled down the stairs with the big machine. But of course Jessie never had, coming from Canada, and so averred.

Twice, thereafter, Mr. Stevens called. Mrs. Henry and Belle were out each time. It was poor Jessie who had to meet him. However, she reported as if in duty bound that he had expressed great indignation at the conduct of Mr. Laycock and Mr. Sullivan. He even came again — though in the absence of Mrs. Henry — this time, so Jessie reported, at the instance of the general manager, who desired a full account of the conduct of the two salesmen who had been so offensive. But not satisfied with Jessie's imperfect recollection of the details, Mr. Stevens agreed to return for them the following Wednesday. And he did return.

Mrs. Henry, sewing at the window, looked out and saw below a wagon in front of the door. Two men were just lifting a sewing-machine out of it. One of the men was Mr. Stevens. Mrs. Henry ran in a panic for the girls.

"Lock the door. Take off your shoes," she cried. "There is the sewing-machine wagon. Keep still as mice. Maybe they'll think we've gone out."

Reduced to stocking feet the three women waited anxiously for developments. They heard together the slow, patient efforts of the men carrying up-stairs the new machine; heard them set it down with emphasis; firmly touch the bell button; and felt them waiting for an answer.

There was a second ring and a third. There was some discussion in the hall and some fear in the flat that their visitors might climb up on the machine and peer in through the diaphanous tansom curtain.

Presently the beleaguered women heard steps; the men were going down-stairs. They heard them knock at the door of the flat below and ask if Mrs. Henry's folks were at home; heard them come up and ask the same question at the door of the opposite flat and heard the woman quite distinctly reply, "I think they are; they were all in a few minutes ago." And the three trembled.

One of the men then went down the stairs and came up the back way. But Mrs. Henry had prepared for that, and the shade on the kitchen door was drawn. The man rapped; rapped again and hard; swore a little and descended the stairs baffled. He made his way around to the front hall.

There was a further confab; there were further inquiries of the neighbors; more ringing; some profanity, together with expostulations apparently from Mr. Stevens; and — silence.

Within the flat it was growing warm; not only warm, but close. Yet no one dreamed



"'I think you said it was a Mossback. Ha! Ha! Ha!'"



*"He lifted his hat and without a change of his sad face bowed to Mrs. Henry"*

of making a sound or of getting within range of the transom window. At the expiration of half an hour there was life again in the hall; a final and despairing pull at the bell, and the machine was laboriously carried down-stairs. From behind peep-holes in the curtains three unarmed women watched the efforts of the men to get the machine into the wagon. When they had succeeded — Mrs. Henry couldn't resist — she raised the curtain.

Mr. Stevens, lifting up the machine, lifted up his sad eyes; he saw Mrs. Henry. He pushed the machine firmly over the footboard with one hand — with the other he lifted his hat and without a change of his sad face bowed to Mrs. Henry; it was as if the incident were closed.

There was rejoicing in the flat that day; it looked like a complete and final victory for Mrs. Henry. How she was really undone came weeks later in the nature of a shock.

Jessie one afternoon answered a ring at the door and presently came into Mrs. Henry's room.

"A gentleman to see you, Auntie," said she, timidly. "I told him you would be in in a minute." Jessie disappeared.

Mrs. Henry walked into the parlor; but she staggered when, sitting near the door,

she saw Mr. Stevens. He rose as she entered. His spectacles had lost nothing of their sad expression and the long hair fell across his forehead in the same tearful plenty, imparting to his face its familiar innocence.

"Mrs. Henry — good morning, madam — I want to ask you —"

"Mr. Stevens, you can't sell me a sewing-machine, now or ever." Mr. Stevens looked hurt.

"It is not that which I wish to —"

"And you needn't talk any more about getting me a position, for I won't have it."

"It is not that, Mrs. Henry, which I wish to mention."

"Well, then, I suppose you have come to apologize — I don't bear any hard feelings, Mr. Stevens."

"Thank you," paused Mr. Stevens adjusting his spectacles. "But there's another —"

another matter still that I wished to speak about, Mrs. Henry. It is about your niece, Miss Musgrove — Jessie. We are anxious to get married." Mrs. Henry swallowed deeply.

"We have become deeply attached to each other during the summer. She has felt that I should take the initiative. You being her nearest living guardian, we naturally look, Mrs. Henry, to you."

"I hope, auntie," it was Jessie, timorous and subdued, who spoke from the doorway, "I hope you are not displeased."

Mrs. Henry rose. Mr. Stevens adjusted his spectacles more firmly on his nose — and held mournfully on to his chair.

"Jessie Musgrove, you are a deceitful thing," snapped her auntie.

"I have never found her so, Mrs. Henry," ventured her admirer.

"I used to know Mr. Stevens in Canada, auntie."

"Then why didn't you say so instead of making a fool of me?"

"I started to tell you what he said, auntie, about knowing our folks in Canada."

"I presume it is largely my fault, Mrs. Henry — I was afraid that if I showed any attention to Jessie you might think I wanted to sell you a machine," explained Mr. Stevens.

"Oh, of course you didn't want to do that," sneered Mrs. Henry; Belle was as yet unmarried.

"No, to say the truth, I didn't, Mrs. Henry; not after my first visit with Jessie. What I was trying to do was to make you a present of a machine. In fact, I brought it up-stairs here one day and tried my best to get in with it, Mrs. Henry. In presenting the machine I thought I might make a little explanation —" and Mr. Stevens furtively wiped his eye with a silk handkerchief "But I couldn't get in that day — so I was obliged to take the machine away again. I was sorry that I had to do it. The cartage both ways cost me seventy-five cents."

Mrs. Henry's heart was beating very fast. "Under the circumstances, I think, Jessie—" she began indignantly.

"She didn't know. It was to be a surprise," explained Mr. Stevens, regretfully. "But I've got the machine yet. I'm manager of the sales department now."

"Well, I declare, you ought to be, Mr. Stevens — you beat all I ever seen," exclaimed Mrs. Henry excitedly. "I expect," she added with reluctant candor, "I'll have to buy a machine now, pretty soon, anyway."

*"We are anxious to get married"*



# MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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Carl Schurz                      John McAuley Palmer  
James Hopper                  Abby Meguire Roach  
Rudyard Kipling              Burton J. Hendrick  
Ray Stannard Baker

*Higher than a Kite!*

# SAPOLIO

*lifts the labor  
and drudgery of  
housecleaning time  
and carries the  
burden of year-round  
housework.*

IT is a great mistake to take from  
your own vitality what should come  
from a Cake of Sapolio. You furnish  
the judgment and let Sapolio do the  
work. That's easiest for both.







*Drawn by André Castaigne*

"POINTED THROUGH THE DOOR TO THE FOOT OF A CATAPULT WOUND UP"

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW—HIS FRIENDS" PAGE 282

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVII JULY, 1906

No. 3

## MY ENEMY—THE MOTOR

BY

JULIAN STREET

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

THE original itinerary of the motor trip on which the Grand Duke invited me to join him, included Paris, London, Southern France, Spain, Morocco, Algeria, and the edge of the Sahara.

Please observe now that I say "motor" — not "automobile." It is a trifle difficult at first, but with a little use one becomes accustomed to the word and feels a thrill of *Continental savoir faire* in using it. When one says "motor," the indication is that one knows something of the game — or wishes to create the impression that one knows.

Another point which may be mentioned now: I have referred to my host as the "Grand Duke." Before the motor trip I should not have dreamed of giving him a title — our relations, though agreeable, not having been familiar. But after being arrested with a man in both French and English and after motoring with him through countless herds of geese and flocks of cows and armadas of lamb and mutton — on, on, on to the final cataclysm — after such experiences with a man, one gets to call him anything one likes.

I chose to dub him "Grand Duke" because — although in point of fact he was a hustling American business man on a vacation — he motored as a Grand Duke ought to motor, if Grand Dukes are as fast as they are painted.

Also in our party were the Doctor and the Actor.

The Doctor was not a real doctor; we bestowed the title on him because of his professional air and his sagacity. We all agreed that the Doctor knew nearly everything. He was familiar with the appendicitis operation and could find McBurney's point unaided; he knew the drama from its first inception to last night's productions; he had his own theories on yacht building, on socialism, and on the Great Beyond, and he had demonstrated most of them.



This is but a beggarly description of the Doctor. I shall try to write a book about him another time.

The Actor was a real actor. He told me so himself. He was resting abroad after a heavy season's work. He was tall and beautiful and his clothes were immaculate conceptions.

Louis, the Grand Duke's mechanician, was to drive. (By the way, never call the paid driver a "chauffeur." A chauffeur is a gentleman who drives — a gentleman in theory, at all events.) Louis was French by birth but he could drive in any language. Among his letters of recommendation from past employers was one signed by an American whose name we recognized at once as being on the forever absent list of speedy motorists. (Later we saw the tree where it had happened.) Naturally, a mechanician with such a letter was worth his weight in sparking plugs.

At last came the bright November morning when we descended proudly, in caps, goggles, and fur coats, to find Louis waiting with the motor at the door of our hotel in Paris.

I think the Doctor and the Actor tried to look as though they owned the car — I know I did.

There was a limited express train air about the big machine, and the loaded baggage rack behind advertised us to the little group of onlookers as no puny park motorists.

I recall particularly a girl carrying a dressmaker's box. She stood looking, with such a pretty, interested face, that I was impelled to inspect a tire, knowingly — the tire nearest her. It is still my fond idea that she believed I owned it. At all events she thought I knew what made the wheels go round.

Then Louis gave the crank in front a whirl and the engine set up a soft, melodious whir-r-r. We got in — the Grand Duke in front, beside his driver; the Doctor, the Actor, and myself in the tonneau — and in a moment we were off.

Retrospectively, I have compared my start upon that trip to the setting forth of the innocent and woolly lamb — in his fur coat — bound for the slaughter.

The streets of Paris were coated with thin mud and I confess that when we skidded slightly on turning from the Rue Daunou into the boulevard, I forgot to lean luxuriously back upon the cushions. It was my first skid, you see. I have skidded much and madly since that time, but — I must be honest — I have never learned to like it.

Later on, when the back wheels slewed 'round slippery turns, missing obstructions by what seemed the fraction of an inch, I have sometimes mustered up a laugh, but never one that sounded aught but artificial in my own ears.

We floated up the boulevard, passing other vehicles as though they were fixed pieces, into the Rue de Rivoli, past the Auto Club and the white statues in the Place de la Concorde, and up the Champs-Élysées.

I was surprised that the Grand Duke dared drive so fast in Paris, but there was a glorious exhilaration in the speed.

"Great!" I called to him.

"Bosh!" he answered briefly, without turning round, "This isn't motoring. Wait till we get out in the country."

I was somewhat crushed at this, but I felt sure that the Grand Duke was boasting.

We skimmed around the Arc de l'Etoile as a swallow rounds a tree-top and I had just fastened my eyes on the long vista of the

Avenue du Bois-de-Boulogne, when:

"Arrêtez!" And suddenly we slid to a whirring standstill beside a gendarme.

Then began an interesting histrionic exhibition by the Gallic Louis. Experiences with police in many lands had equipped him with an infinite variety of pleas, protests, and excuses — vehement, yet respectful. His arguments were good and his delivery was worthy of the Comédie Française.

The gendarme listened to our pilot with a smile of perfect understanding. Then, politely but firmly, he arrested him.

Next came two hours' more than careful motoring about the city, on visits to official looking buildings and official looking personages. On coming from the last of these calls the Grand Duke winked and remarked: "All fixed." Then we took the road once more and, chastened by





experience, ran with some caution until the city gates were passed.

Louis possessed a nerve-racking talent for passing other vehicles on a slender margin of road. As we flew by them I used to note the tiny space between our mud guards and their hubs with mixed feelings of horror and admiration. On such occasions I was conscious of a sympathetic contraction of the muscles in the Doctor, who sat next me, and I observed that the Actor was wont to grasp the side of the car firmly and pull, as though trying to help Louis turn in and out.

We were nearing the open country when another motor, coming down an intersecting road, cut across our bows. It was a big red car with but one occupant. He was leaning over the wheel in a gray fur coat and his horn was going constantly. I had never seen such running and I shuddered at the thought of what might have happened had we met at the crossing.

We turned the corner and gave chase (he too was traveling the Boulogne road), and I remember the comfort that I felt in the idea that it would be impossible to catch him.

His car may have been half a mile ahead and I could see the hind wheels bounding in the air as they touched uneven spots.

To my unmotored mind it was anything but pleasant work.

"What would happen if he stopped short?" I wondered.

At last he seemed to hear our horn. After shooting a quick glance back over his shoulder, he turned aside enough to let us pass. Nervous as I was, I felt a thrill of joy as we tore by him, though those two speeding cars, side by side, was as unholy a sight as one might see upon a public highway.

When we were past, the Grand Duke turned and smiled at us and I recalled his: "This isn't motoring," when I had fancied we were running fast upon the Paris boulevard. Now, I felt, I knew. He had been right. In Paris we had *not* run fast — only fast enough to be arrested, that is, and any motorist will tell you that that's not fast at all.

At the entrance of a village we approached, I fancied that our speed would be reduced, and I awaited anxiously the retarding feeling of the brakes. It never came. Our little brush on the road had got through the Grand Duke's blood. The run was on in earnest.

A dog ran out to bark; looked at us, and retired silently and quickly. Mothers heard our honking horns while we were yet far off and as we shot by them they were collecting children and taking them inside. Tradesmen ran from shops to hold horses and old



women retreated from front gardens to door-steps, observing us with disapproving interest.

It took a herd of cattle really to baffle us. Cows being heavy animals, are not lightly to be passed over. On our way to Boulogne they blocked us many times. They will run before a motor in a scared helter-skelter fashion, and to pass them one must nose his way slowly, tooting lustily meanwhile, until he frees himself.

Hens are different. They will start to run before the car; then, finding that it goes faster than they had expected, they make wild, shrieking darts





for home at the last moment and not infrequently escape.

Geese, on the other hand, are sensible, though slow. They do not run before one. On hearing the horn they waddle off the road in quite good marching order and with far less agitation than hens manifest.

Sheep give one little trouble. The shepherds and their dogs are active when they see motors coming. One can usually sail through on clear road if the guardians of the flocks are given proper warning.

Dogs vary in their methods when cars are coming. Some dogs — discreet ones — slink off and stand upon their door-steps. Others run. Dogs that lie in the road to sun themselves rise peevishly, and stiffly stand aside. Gay young dogs come chasing on beside one, barking; and foolish dogs run out before the car to bark and jump and bite its nose and have a jolly time. Some see their folly in time to get away. Some drop before the motor and save themselves by letting the wheels pass both sides of them. Often, alas, an easy little rise and fall is felt by the persons in the tonneau.

You will observe that, from motoring, I have gained some knowledge of contemporary natural history. The only common animal I have omitted is the man. His actions are to be relied on. When he hears the horn he jumps and runs as though death were upon him. Yet, if I drove a motor, I should not count even on this. Suppose a man is deaf? But there I go again.

One surprise was still in store for me: my first long coast downhill. Some time before we stopped for luncheon I was initiated. I think we had been climbing gradually since leaving Paris. Of course, we could not keep on going up forever; we must descend again.

That hill must have been a full mile long, with another mile of steep ascent beyond. As we started down I leaned back, waiting

for the brakes. Brakes, indeed? No brakes for us! Honk - honk - honk! Clear out; the Grand Duke's coming!

It is useless to try to describe the sensation. To liken it to flying is trite, but true. We did not seem to touch the ground during the seconds of descent. It seemed impossible that wheels could turn so fast, that tires could stay on, or spokes stick in, instead of going hurtling through the air!

I don't know just what time we made upon that hillside, but it was close to ninety miles an hour, and ninety miles an hour in a motor is far faster than the same speed in a train. A motor is lower — when traveling fast, one feels that one might easily lean out and touch the rushing roadway with one's hand. Then there is the open air, and the wind beating sharply in one's face.

Of course, the exciting element of motoring is in the fact that the lives of those who ride depend solely upon the driver. There are no rails to guide his flight; there is no right of way for his exclusive use. Without the aid of semaphores he must take his chances on the highway with all other vehicles, and what is worse, they must take theirs with him.

Some of these thoughts passed through my mind as we shot that hill. The imperus we got from the descent, was enough to carry us to the top of the opposing slope on the high-speed gear. It was a great comfort to feel the force of gravity begin to work against us at the start of the ascent, and when, at the top, our pace dropped down to thirty miles an hour, my relief was inexpressible. After what had been, a thirty-mile clip seemed a snail's pace indeed; a comfortable gait at which to be thrown out — if one *must* be thrown. Most heartily I wished we never traveled above thirty miles an hour! What cared I to reach Boulogne a few hours after leaving Paris? A few days would serve me quite as well. As I reflected, something told me that the motorist who moves along in easy fashion is *cure*, at least; whereas, the wild-eyed one, who



keeps a savage pace, may get there sooner, or — he may never get there.

Louis possessed great adeptness at taking curves without abating speed, but I wished that he would air this talent when I was not a passenger. Where the road suddenly twisted to a right-angle, he would dash madly to the point of turning. Then, throwing the front wheels sharply round, he caused the rear ones to skid so suddenly that we'd be running straight again, without quite knowing how we'd made the turn.

The skidding feeling, as I believe I've said before, is, from my standpoint, most unpleasant. In hard skids, the car will rest for a moment on two wheels, which does not add to the pleasure of the sensation.

A friend of mine, who saw it, has told me that in the Mont Cenis climbing contest, one high-power car went tearing up the mountain side much faster than the rest. Its driver had this skidding talent to a rare degree; in fact it was pronounced a gift, by connoisseurs. He would have won, hands down, had he not skidded a rear wheel into a roadside stone. This made his car upset on top of him, which killed him, and of course caused him to lose the race.

So you see that while skidding may save time on some occasions, on others it may not.

We passed through many towns and villages before stopping for luncheon, in a mediaeval looking city with a great cathedral. I am under the impression that it was Amiens; the Grand Duke mentioned a name at the time, but I don't remember it. We had a pleasant meal in an old inn; the landlady was engaging and she had a pretty daughter. Beyond these facts I wot not of the place.

It was here that, for the first time, I remembered my note-books and my camera. The whole morning was gone. We were half way to Boulogne and I had not made a note or taken a picture! I persuaded the pretty daughter to sit in the front seat of the car while I snapped her. Then, with my new fountain pen, I noted the fact that she was beautiful, and felt less guilty.

At lunch, I tried to draw the Grand Duke out.

"That was a fine brush with the red car," I ventured.

"What?" said he, "That old road engine? We could do circles 'round him. Wait till we meet a decent car."

"Don't you think it's a bit dangerous to run through villages so fast?"

"We haven't run so fast."

"What about the hills?"

"Oh, yes, we got going some then, but the engines aren't warmed up yet."

I breathed a mental prayer that the engines would continue to keep cool.

"Suppose an obstruction should crop up, suddenly, on one of those hills," I said. "Suppose that a wagon or something —" In the shudder which followed this thought, the Doctor left the table.

"Nonsense," said the Grand Duke, "We'd stop or get 'round some way. Wait till you see the car I've ordered for next year. Ten horse more than this one. Then I'll have *speed*. She'll be good for more than ninety on level road. You can see what that'll mean on the down grades."

I thought I could.

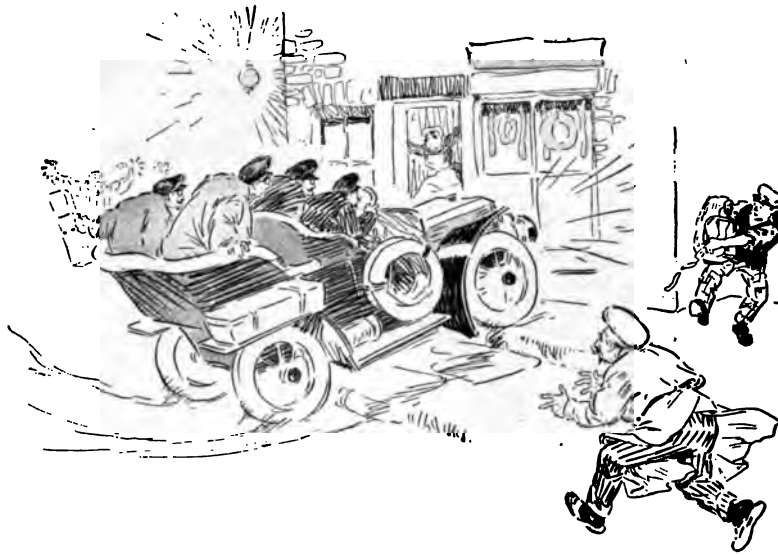
"Where'll you be next spring?" he asked me.

"In Florence, I think."

"I tell you what I'll do. I'll take the new car down there on her maiden trip. Then I'll show you a real run."

"Thanks," I answered, trying to appear pleased, "But of course I *may* not be in





Florence. You see my plans aren't very settled."

Never should I be tricked into entering that new machine.

Soon the Doctor came back, carrying a bundle.

"What have you there?" I asked, as he hid it away in the tonneau.

"Bandages and things," he whispered. "I can set broken limbs, you know."

There was a grimness in this studied preparation that chilled me through and through. I went to get a drink. In the bar I discovered the Grand Duke.

"Say, old man," I began, "On the square now, don't you think it's dangerous to —"

"No," he put in. "I used to feel that way myself. Now I can't go fast enough." After this he produced an ingenious set of arguments to show that motoring — his sort of motoring, I mean — was safe; safer than railroad travel, at all events. They comforted me a little then, but now I know them as the cunning sophistries devised by speed-mad minds.

Soon we were on the road again, and before long we met a motor that was worthy of our gasoline. It was a forty-horse machine of well known make, and it was being driven by its owner.

While it is quite beyond my powers to describe the mad chase of the two cars, I may hint at the truth by telling you that when they took their curves their mechanic stood upon the running

board and threw his weight far out, to help keep all four wheels the *nearer* to the ground.

For twenty or more miles we followed them. Sometimes close behind, choked and blinded by their dust; sometimes several hundred yards away. Then again we would catch up and toot to them, in impudent suggestion that they clear the road. It made passing the red motor seem like taking candy from a child.

At last we managed it upon a hillside. After that we kept the lead for a few miles — they "honk-honking" on, behind us — until they turned off somewhere and we lost sight of them.

The hills were worse, now — or "better" a mad motorist would say. They were longer and more frequent. At the bottom of some of them were sharp turns that must be taken on the run.

I feel sure that the application of the brakes when a car is started down these steep declivities would mean disaster, despite our host's asseverations to the contrary. I know there were times upon that journey when Louis would have applied the brakes had he dared. On one occasion we were doing a spectacular descent — with peasants like paintings by Millet or Jules Breton stopping their work in neighboring fields, to stare — when, from behind a heavily-laden cart, whose driver had already turned aside to give us way, a second wagon came, quite unexpectedly.

Between both, the entire road was blocked. They may have been a quarter of a mile distant at the time. I saw the Grand Duke grasp the bulb of our second horn and join in Louis's tooting. Then the driver saw us, and began, with frantic efforts, to urge his lazy horses towards the roadside.

I remember wondering whether Louis would try to set the brakes. Then, it being plain he did not mean to, I speculated in a dazed way as to which ditch he would prefer. I pondered on the driver's nerve in sticking to his post in face of the approaching horror; in his place I should not have done it.

Then, suddenly, we were upon them. I saw myself sailing high in air, over the wagons and the trees beyond — that is, in my mind's eye I saw it. As our headlights came abreast the carts I was so certain of destruction that I fancied I had already felt the fearful shock. In some way we passed between. I don't know how, for I can't believe that space enough was there. Yet we did pass. I do not try to account for our escape, but I can still be thankful for it.

Soon it began to rain — at first a fine drizzle that made ground glass of our goggles — later a pelting downpour that made it hard to see at all. Mud and water splattered from our flying wheels and they slipped in the road, giving the car at times an uncertain drunken sort of course, that necessitated constant watchfulness at the steering-wheel.

The French have an annoying way of keeping the heavy iron gates at railway crossings closed. When vehicles wish to pass, the gates are opened by the attendant, then shut again at once.

Coasting down a muddy hillside at our usual breakneck pace, we saw, at the bottom, some of these closed gates. I heard the brakes touch gently and come off. Then on; then off, then on again, to reduce our pace. We had slackened but little when we reached the level road at the bottom of the hill. The iron gate was perhaps two hundred feet ahead. A group of horror-stricken people watched from the neighboring railway station. Then the brakes touched harder, and we began to slide diagonally in the mud. Off came the brakes; then on again they went — this time, for good.

Our rubber tires were like runners in the mud. With a twisting, sidewise motion we

slid rapidly across the road, over the shallow curb and up onto the sidewalk. But we lost speed as we went. At last we stopped — our headlights within a foot of the hospitable, sausage-filled window of a store.

Then the gates were opened and, backing off the sidewalk, we resumed our way, watched out of sight by the gaping people on the platform.

So, through the gathering darkness, we continued. Tearing and sliding, on, on, on towards Boulogne; in our ears the endless splatter of the mud; in our faces the constant sting of driving rain.

A stoical indifference began to overcome me. Why worry? Suppose we did hit something — would my anxiety tend to lighten the horror of the disaster? Suppose the steering-gear should go — would my eye upon the road hold the wheels there?

I determined to lie back and, for the first time, watch the country through which we passed. I communicated this intention to the Doctor, who said that he would do the



same. But somehow we couldn't. In a moment we found each other squinting on again, beneath the visors of our caps. Our lack of will in this respect became a ghastly jest between us.

The Actor — being an actor — was wont to muster a semblance of *sang froid*, which filled me with envious hatred, even though I knew that it was spurious. Experience in the public eye had taught him to suppress all evidence of what he felt, but I consoled myself with the thought that I saw through him, and that at heart he was as miserable as I.

At last, electric lights appeared ahead. Simultaneously our wheels ran upon a cobbled pavement. I knew we were nearing a town, and when the Doctor said that it was actually Boulogne, I felt once more, the joy of living.

We reached the quay barely in time to have the motor put aboard the channel steamer.

As I lay, prone and miserable on a leathern couch in the smoking room, I remembered with pleasure the exposed position of my enemy, the motor, upon the open deck astern. The anguish that I felt with each lurch of the ship was tempered by my mental picture of the car sliding about the slippery deck—now into a heavy iron stanchion, then back to the deck-house, next into the steel mast, and so on, until it battered down the railing and splashed into the sea, where some sporting Kelpie might have it, second hand.

When at last we rode in the shelter of the Folkestone breakwater, I hastened on deck, only to find the car quite safe.

On going down-stairs the next morning in the hotel at Folkestone, I found all in readiness for the start. But how much a man can learn in a single day! None of yesterday morning's easy grace and gaiety was left in me, as I took my seat. Even the Doctor and the Actor seemed sombre, though I recall that the latter still made pathetic efforts at sprightliness. Only the Grand Duke was buoyant, as we set out.

I soon saw that English roads twist and turn more than French ones; also there is more travel on them. Around each corner we came upon a variety of vehicles—from bicycles and dog-carts driven by ladies, to barbarous road locomotives drawing trains of cars.

The day was bright, but recent rains had made the roads so muddy that the tendency to skid was even greater here than it had been in France.

All the way to the metropolis the Grand Duke chafed, and when at last, after shooting

in and out among vans, cabs, and the familiar London busses (many of which are now *motor* busses, by the way), we drew up before our hotel in time for luncheon, he apologized for our poky run to the porter, who came out to meet us, glittering in an English Admiral's full-dress uniform.

On our second day in town the Grand

Duke took us for a spin across the city, to call upon a friend of his. Coming back we were arrested. Arrests are much the same the world over, excepting that I think the London "Bobby," looks for a bribe more eagerly than any other policeman I have met with.

There were five counts against us, with "Driving to the public danger," well ahead. Next day, in court, we were fined on all of

them. Total, about one hundred dollars.

This was the last time we were arrested on the trip, which fact is a reproach to the authorities of France and England.

It was not long before the Grand Duke grew anxious for the road again.

He still felt that on the run from Paris he had not really shown us what the car could do.

"I've had the engines overhauled," he said to me, the day before we were to start. "We'll do better going back. I'm afraid you boys haven't been having a good time."

"Oh, don't worry about me," I begged. "Really, I'm almost sorry you bothered about the engines. It seemed to me they worked wonderfully; in fact——"

"Ah," he said, pityingly, "that's because you haven't seen them really right. After what I'd told you about the car, I was mortified at the way we had to chase that one we met the other day. I was afraid you'd think I'd been exaggerating——"

"Oh, no!" I hastened to assure him, "In fact, quite the contrary, we felt——"

At this juncture I was interrupted by the Actor who entered the room. There was an expression of anguish on his face. His throat was bound in a heavy muffler. He shivered and hurrying to the fire, warmed his hands, like the man in the play, who



appears with artificial snow upon his coat, while a property gale whistles shrilly in the wings. When he felt that this had reached home, he fell into a fit of coughing that would have shamed the greatest of Camilles. But there was an art — a subtle studied air — about the timing of it all, that told me he was acting.

"Lord," said the Grand Duke, "where did you get that cough?"

The Actor put his hand upon his chest. "Don't know," he whispered, shaking his head, sadly. "Felt all right last night, but this morning —" here another paroxysm seized him.

"That's awful!" exclaimed the Grand Duke, rising, "have you done anything for it?"

The Actor nodded, as though too weak to speak. Then, with an effort: "Saw a doctor this morning," he replied in a wheezy whisper.

"What did he say?"

"Threatened with pneumonia. Got to go to bed and stay a week."

"But we're going back to Paris tomorrow."

The Actor shook his head. "Sure death if I try it," was his sad reply.

The Grand Duke was genuinely alarmed. As for me I envied the Actor his art.

"I don't see how I can leave you here, alone," said our host, nervously, "but I've simply got to be in Paris by —"

"I'll be all right," the Actor whispered. "Lots of friends here; they'll see to me."

"Maybe he can run over by rail and join us later," the Grand Duke said to me.

I nodded assent, but something told me we would see no more of the Actor — and it was not that I feared the outcome of his cold.

I went to bed early that night, that I might be fortified against the strain of the next day. When I awoke it was with the feeling of one who rises to go forth to the gibbet.

Dismal brown mist hung over London, and no joy was in the heart of man — I can speak, at least, for one man.

We had intended making an early start, but, what with the Grand Duke's worrying

about the Actor, and the final adjustment of the overhauled engines, it was after luncheon when we found ourselves winding our way through the traffic of the London streets.

The mist of the morning had settled darker and darker as the day went on. As we set out, the light was that of evening. Ere we had gone a mile it came down, black, blind, and miserable — the London fog, dark as the darkest night.

We lighted the great lamps and wormed our way along as best we could — losing the road and finding it again — the Grand Duke muttering a grumbling accompaniment to our honking horns.

The city's traffic was at a standstill, and the drivers of horse-drawn vehicles seemed to resent our attempt to move on, when they had stopped. As we progressed we were made a target for witticisms and worse.

After London there were the same wild downhill dashes; the same mad scoots past other vehicles and the same sharp tweaking of the nerves, for the Doctor and myself, who were now sole occupants of the tonneau.

We had exchanged confidences in London. From what I gathered he was trying to assume the mental attitude of a Jap soldier, going into hopeless battle.

"Death must come sooner or later," he had said to me, "and I don't believe that cautious persons live longer than those who take chances. Suppose I'm killed, for instance; I'm well insured, so my mother isn't going to want for anything. Besides, I've lived a happy life and a fairly long one."

"I'm insured, too," I said, "but it would seem a beastly sort of way to get the money

— winding up with one's brains upon a stone at a roadside in a foreign land."

"You carry accident insurance as well as life?" he had asked.

"No," I replied.

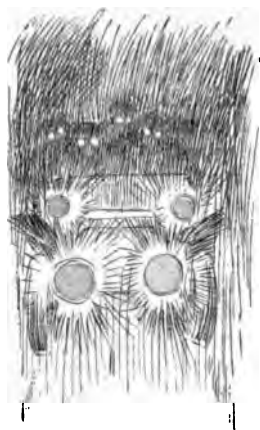
"Well, I don't mind telling you that I wired from Boulogne to have the amount of mine doubled," he added.

This had been enough for me. I went out at once, found an agent and took a policy that offered special favors to those who broke their arms and legs. You know the sort of policy I mean. If you break your right arm



you get so much ; if you break your left, so much. Then there is the same arrangement about the legs, and these rates are followed by a set of combinations of different limbs, which, if broken together, give the victim better returns upon his investment.

The channel was as smooth as glass this time. The crossing was short and we soon



found ourselves once more in Boulogne, where we spent a comfortable night.

When we were on straight French roads again, the Grand Duke felt that the time had come when he must retrieve the false impression that, he still insisted, we had of his motor's capabilities. The Doctor and I had frequently assured him that we were more than satisfied, but our words were of no avail.

"You boys don't know what speed is," he would reply, pityingly.

The only easy moments I enjoyed, that day, were when our tires burst, which — heaven bless their tender tubes ! — they did quite frequently. They seemed to have saved themselves till then to defeat the Grand Duke's project of beating the train to Paris. I am a lazy, comfort-loving man — so all my friends agree — yet I actually relished the hard work of helping to put on new tires, because it kept us standing still.

Since leaving London I had been considering a method of escape from the Grand Duke's motor trip, and this afternoon's performance quite decided me ; there would be room for another guest in his hospitable tonneau when he left Paris.

I cursed the Actor for having hit upon the

plea of illness. It was the single subterfuge I could devise, and now, of course, it would not do.

It occurred to me that I might send my wife a telegram requesting that she wire a demand for my instant presence at her side, but my pride balked at this. My wife would think me weak to stoop to such a device, and the Grand Duke — he would pity me for being henpecked.

These thoughts were passing and repassing when, in the late afternoon, a drizzling rain began to fall. At twilight we were yet some way from Paris. Objects ahead began to look indefinite in the gloom, and the road became a light gray streak upon the landscape.

When, at last, we stopped to set the big lamps going, they would not burn. Finally one gave feeble light, but, when we started, it went out again. After several efforts, the Grand Duke lost his patience.

"We'll *never* get there if we keep on fooling with those lamps !" he said to Louis. "It's only a little way. Run in without them." So we went on, through the dark and rain.

Deep, settled gloom came over me. I huddled down in my fur collar and tried to think I didn't care. Time dragged in inverse ratio to the speed we made. I began to think there was no such place as Paris ; no such thing as a safe, warm bed. I was a persecuted soul, damned to eternal break-neck chasing. This was no world I lived in ;



it was an inferno of rain-swept hills and dales, peopled with wild-running, iron monsters.

When the Doctor nudged me and said : "We're almost there," my blunted feelings failed to be revived.

"Wake up, man !" he exclaimed, "see the lights of Paris and be joyful !"

I looked. We were at the top of a long hill. There was the reflection of a city's lights upon the sky ahead and the myriad lamps of suburban Paris spread out before us at the bottom.

As I realized that we were starting on our last wild coast, my sorrows disappeared. With fresh eyes I saw the light gray streak of road, ahead.

It seemed to be quite clear of vehicles and to run straight on towards the city, from the bottom of the hill.

Louis evidently meant to make us remember that last downward shoot, but now that creature comforts were so close at hand, I did not care how fast we went.

Down we tore, and even as we neared the bottom, that clear road seemed to stretch ahead, white and inviting. I wish to emphasize this point. The Grand Duke saw it just as plain as though it had been there; so did the Doctor, so did Louis; so did I. (We checked up afterwards, you see.)

Still down we went, looking ahead as enginemen of night express trains do — blind to disaster, waiting.

We were there when the truth burst on us — there at the bottom.

Our way did not run straight; it swerved sharply to the right. The gray ahead was not road, but river!

How clear it was in that last second! The sky's light, reflected on the surface of the Seine, gave it the color of the road. A mere coincidence of tone! A simple optical illusion! and yet —

It was too late to check our speed. We could not take the turn. We must not take the river.

What could be done *was* done.

The front wheels turned bravely and the brakes went on.

I don't know what happened then. There came wild spinning, sliding, turning, bumping, crashing — hopeless, blind, and overwhelming! I knew that I must jump, unless I would be crushed beneath the motor, when it overturned. I may have even tried to do it; but I had no time. There was a shivering crash — a shock! I saw the Grand Duke shoot from his seat as though hurled by a catapult.

Then I found myself sitting somewhere in the dark — quite comfortable and still.

What you have heard about the minds of drowning men is true, I think. I remember a train of complicated thoughts that occupied me in the instant between the time I saw the river, and the time I found myself alive and seated somewhere. I shall not set them down. They were too personal, for one thing, besides which, this is meant for a short narrative, and not a set of books.

After a while I realized that I was doing nothing when I should be active. Then I heard the Doctor speak, beside me, his voice sounding far, far off.

"There, Ginger?" he said.

"Yes; you all right?" I asked.

"Sure; where's —?"

Simultaneously we called the Grand Duke's name.

We heard no answer. Horror filled our hearts.

The Doctor's voice sounded like a shriek as he called again.

This time there came a grunt. Then: "Don't yell like that," said the Grand Duke, peevishly, from some-

where in the darkness.

"Why couldn't you answer, then!" snapped the Doctor.

"D — it!" said the Grand Duke, "can't you let a man alone when he's thinking?"

The Doctor sniffed contemptuously. None of us moved.

"Where's Louis?" our host inquired.

Then we heard a sob, close by.

"That you, Louis?" the Doctor asked.

"Yes, sir," in a choking voice.

"All right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Quit sniffing then," said the Grand Duke.

Suddenly it all seemed funny to me. Here were we four, strewn about upon a dark French road, amid the wreckage of a costly motor; lying and sitting, as we had landed, to chat it back and forth.

I began to laugh, but — knowing it to be unseemly — I did not laugh aloud, only choking and shaking with it.

"Well," said the Doctor, finally, "let's see what's doing."

We rose. Some one found one of the oil lamps and by its feeble light we saw — I



shall not try to tell you what we saw, but Louis was sitting there among it, crying bitterly.

We found the telegraph-pole, too. There was still a little of it left, at the point where we had struck — barely enough to keep it standing.

Sparks were coming from the top where the insulation had been broken by the shock.

The Grand Duke took the lamp and surveyed the remnants of his motor. In the meantime Louis got a stable lantern somewhere, and went back, picking up fragments, here and there, along the road — tools, baggage, and the like.

The Doctor and I watched the Grand Duke narrowly to see how he was taking it. His expression was inscrutable.

No one spoke until Louis returned with his sad collection, tears still running down his cheeks.

"Louis," said the Grand Duke, "do you know what you've done?"

"Yes, sir," came the half sobbed answer.

"What?" said the Grand Duke sharply.

Louis pointed at the ruin. "I — I —" he began, but the Grand Duke cut him short.

"Look up there," he said, pointing to the sparks that were blowing from the top of the pole. "You've balled up the telegraph! That's what you've done!"

Louis smiled and the Grand Duke clapped him on the back and chuckled.

Then we went to hunt a carriage.



# THE GENEROUS MR. DEAN

BY

ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GLACKENS



"My dear," Mrs. Dean began, "really" — it seemed a simple thing to be so difficult to say — "I must be getting a winter coat."

"To be sure." Mr. Dean remembered. He was a big, benevolent, genial-looking man.

"I looked at a few to-day," she added faintly.

"Yes?" His interest was very mild. He picked up the paper.

There was a pause. Mrs. Dean shifted uncomfortably in her chair. "Well?" she said at last.

"Well?" he repeated, looking over the paper at her inquiringly. "Oh, the cloak! why, of course, if you need one we must get it for you," indulgently.

"But you must understand it won't be a trifle," she persisted desperately.

"No?" he smiled. What a little wasp of a woman Maria was!

He might help her! He might at least give her a cue! "It means thirty or forty dollars," she blurted out.

"Ah!" Mr. Dean was grave himself now. He would have been equally grave had she said ten dollars or a hundred. If she had asked him to name a proper sum, he would have been completely at sea, but as soon as he heard an amount he knew it was exorbitant. He opened his paper, found the editorial page, folded it, laid it down. "Are you sure you can't find something for less?"

"There doesn't seem to be a thing that could possibly be made to do." She pondered anxiously, arguing it quite as much with herself as with him.

He read half a column. She stirred several times. Finally he lowered the paper decisively. "All right, I'll go with you," he agreed obligingly.

"W-e-l-l — " she did not sound eager.

Really Maria was getting more and more selfish! She didn't even want to share with him the pleasure of spending the money, not even when it was being spent for her.

However, she reminded him of his offer on three or four occasions before he had the time and the money simultaneously. Time and money! Is it because they are synonymous that one so seldom has them together?

The saleswoman was sure she had just what they wanted. Hadn't she waited on the lady when she was "only looking" not long ago? "It's such a good idea," she said. "for a lady to bring her husband along. Then he understands."

Oh, yes; she remembered perfectly the slow, particular, undecided shopper. She preferred to wait on men. They seldom left without buying. They seldom bargained. Almost always they took the highest-priced article.

Mr. Dean was often called the nicest man in town to deal with. (It was a moderate-sized country town.) To-day when the clerk said, "This one is only thirty-eight dollars and a half," he felt positively breathless for fear of losing the bargain. But when she said, "This one is sixty-nine; but just look at it!" he knew it concealed all sorts of rare virtues for the discerning.

There had been one at thirty-two that Mrs. Dean had felt would "do." It was gone, of course, in the interval, being a good purchase. But, "the one at thirty-eight does very nicely." Mrs. Dean recalled his attention to it.

"My dear," he instructed her patiently under the girl's approving eyes, "you will find it always pays to get the best."

"Yes, indeed," the girl rushed in, shifting her wad of tolu to the other side, "if only as a question of economy. This will wear longer, keep its shape longer, be in style longer."



"'My dear,' he instructed her patiently under the girl's approving eyes, 'you will find it always pays to get the best'."

"But don't you think the black will give me more service than the tan?" Mrs. Dean ventured.

"Now, my dear." Really it was hard to be patient with Maria; she was as wilful as a child! "We must get something nice while we're getting it. You have your old one for ordinary wear."

"Oh, no! the old one is quite — I've had it six years! And I'd rather have things less expensive and oftener new, and I wanted something nice for ordinary wear. It's the only wear I have! And I prefer black —"

But the saleswoman was continuing her conversation undisturbed. "I find the gentlemen have so much more judgment about real economy than the ladies," she confided to the gentleman in question. "I suppose their being used to business and large affairs makes them broader-minded. They don't waste worry over a few dollars difference,

when the difference in value is there. But you can't cheat them about *that*."

"But, my dear," Mrs. Dean pulled his coat-sleeve, "the difference *isn't* in the tan, and even thirty-eight dollars is higher than you wanted to go, and I must have shoes and gloves and a hat besides, remember."

Did the coat-sleeve shake off the fingers? Maria was so crude! "My dear young lady," Mr. Dean was saying, "you are remarkably observant of human nature for one so young."

"Oh!" the girl breathed and flushed startlingly. "You flatter me," she laughed nervously. The scarlet in her face ebbed and surged at intervals all through the completion of the sale, and Mrs. Dean thought her positively giggly.

"I find I haven't the amount of cash with me," Mr. Dean concluded largely. "Just charge it."

"Oh, my dear!" Mrs. Dean fluttered appealingly. She knew that "just charge it" of old. But Mr. Dean was taking a gracious and smiling departure.

"You flatter *yourself*," the girl commented mentally after his retreating back. "Anybody with only one eye and that glass could judge your human nature. Anybody but — what an idiot of a woman! She could have had the one trimmed with mink. She could have anything she wants if she just managed him right. My! If I had a man like that, I'd not buy a paper of pins without him along."

Mr. Dean, bowing once more in his courtly way, as he stepped into the elevator, saw the girl's face explode again into blushes and dimples before she buried it in the pile of garments. "Unusually clever and obliging young woman," he told his wife. "There's no mistaking *the lady*, whatever her position, and I believe in recognizing it in your manner. She saw readily enough the kind of people she had to deal with. I'll stop in at Reinert's and send her up a bunch of violets. ("Oh!" Mrs. Dean protested hastily, and as hastily swallowed the sound. She mustn't be mean, just when she was so royally treated.) "You will find a little token of appreciation like that will get you better attention for the alterations, and better service next time."

Mrs. Dean reflected that the next time was likely to be remote considering the cost of this one, the memory for such points that was sure to exist (with differences), in both her own and her husband's minds, and the immortality of the garment itself, according to the girl.

She trotted along beside her husband with an equally guilty sense of wealth and of want. The fear of seeming greedy, and of other things, kept her from reminding him again of the rest of her outfit. He walked with his chest up and his ruddy face alight. Mr. Dean usually looked as if he owned the world, as if it were a very nice world, and as if he would gladly give you half of it.

He was particularly benignant for days.

His wife came on him one morning shortly afterward, digging with both hands into the bureau drawers, and tossing a variety of garments into the lap of a drawn, desiccated young hag, who, sitting on the floor near by, watched him with sharp eyes.

"Why, my dear!" she expostulated. "The children's flannels? They have just gone into them. They need them."

The woman scrambled to her feet, tripping in her torn skirt. Her eyes were hard now, as well as sharp.

Mr. Dean straightened up and looked at his wife with gentle reproach. "My dear Maria, you are impulsive, but your second thought is always generous. If you will just recall how unusually severe last winter was, and that this summer has been the worst drought in years, and that now comes the fall unseasonably early and cold, your natural womanliness will assert itself." The woman had rolled up her gleanings and was backing toward the door, her eyes glancing from one to the other. "Good-by, my dear child." He bowed her out. Mr. Dean would no more show derogation or familiarity than permit it. To every one without exception his manner had a "grand bloom of politeness." "Good-by, and better luck." She threw one enigmatic gleam from her eyes at the mistress of the house, and slipped out.

"I declare," Mrs. Johnson said — Mrs. Johnson had come in with Mrs. Dean and stood back of her — "Mr. Dean hasn't a mean impulse in his nature, has he Maria? It seems to make Mr. Dean so happy to make other people so!"

Mr. Dean came forward to greet her. He had neglected his duties as host in his duties as patron. He shone down on her like a full moon. "The wife of the tenant of Mrs. Dean's country place," he explained. "She has five babies, and I'm afraid, poor child, the husband is shiftless. A most worthy case, Mrs. Johnson. The girl is exceptionally sensitive to whatever little kindness I have been able to show her. Get Mrs. Johnson some of that fresh peach shrub, Maria. Have you shown Mrs. Johnson your new wrap?"

"Oh, have you a new wrap, Maria?" Mrs. Johnson cried.

A cloud passed over the moon.

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Dean answered hastily to both. "I hadn't spoken of it — I was going to show it to you this morning as a surprise." She looked apprehensively at her husband, and hurried the garment on display.

She showed the lining and the pockets. She turned slowly round and round, wearing it, while Mr. Dean called attention to the material, the cut, the fit, and, under Mrs. Johnson's little shrieks of appreciation, expanded and reddened into full glory.

"Oh, there were handsomer ones," he deprecated modestly, "but I did want it to be the best I could possibly afford for the little woman. She thought she must have black, but there's no sense in her getting old so young." He reached out and drew her, coat and all, within his arm, against his swelling heart. "It couldn't be too nice for her, eh, Mrs. Johnson?"

Turning back Mrs. Dean encountered her husband's radiant presence and glowing voice. "Charming woman, Mrs. Johnson," he observed casually. "A woman of excellent taste and judgment. Her opinion is really worth something. I'm glad you have her for a friend, Maria."

Maria would have her for a friend no longer!



"Good-by, my dear child"

Mrs. Dean blushed, slipped from him, fled into the closet.

He smiled confidentially at the caller. "Shy as a girl, but, bless you, she likes it just the same! So why shouldn't a man humor her?"

"Surely. 'Our praises are our wages,' you know." Mrs. Johnson and Shakspeare agreed with him.

When she was leaving, Mrs. Johnson paused at the door alone with Mrs. Dean. "Isn't he the best man, Maria?" she said warmly. "And so good to you, and so fond of you."

She was touched by the testimony of instant tears that sprang to Mrs. Dean's eyes before she could look away.

She went back into the room, and, in rearranging the disordered bureau drawers, she sorted and counted the children's clothes. As she sat on the floor after finishing the bottom drawer, she looked about as desiccated as the other woman.

She sat a long time thinking.

At last she got up and went to the trunk where, under lock, she kept her dearest treasures. She took out a dress-length of black silk, rolled on a broom handle and wrapped in an old sheet. She had bought it herself in the summer just over with a little hoard of her own that had been of long accumulation. She had dreamed of that dress for five years. It was a distinct luxury, not like shelter or food or mere clothes, such as

she had a right to expect from Mr. Dean. But it had seemed probable he could help her have it made up this fall. The rent for the little farm was due this month. There were only fifty acres to be sure, but it was rich, level land, and helped the income considerably; although, she reflected in a passing mental aside, she wouldn't be surprised if the present tenant actually damaged the ground with his bad methods.

The place itself was one of her husband's gifts to her. It had come into his possession by inheritance. And on one of their early anniversaries he had had her give a little dinner party, and had surprised her with a toast and a present of the deed transferring the property to her name. That dinner! It was one of the most vivid memories of her life. How sweet Mr. Dean had been, and winning! How proudly pleased with his munificence, how shinningly embarrassed by her delight! It was such a pretty thing for him to do!

Next day he had brought her to sign a power of attorney in his favor. He could save her so much trouble, he said.

And thereafter he continued to manage the place without consulting her, and to collect the revenues himself just as before.

He always spoke of it largely as "Mrs. Dean's country place." She said, "the little farm."

She could always get money from him when he had it, that is, if she got to him while he still had it. Usually she could tell when he had some extra sum by his beaming lavishness; he would bring her a set of patent pie-pans, a stuffed-stocking pin-cushion à la ballet-girl, a crimson-feather fan. With his regular sources of income and outlay, she was familiar. She knew there was no use going to him now. Besides she felt unequal to any more favors just then. If the bill for her wrap came before rent-day, there would be no money to pay it. What Mr. Dean had had for that purpose the day of the purchase was sure to be long gone. There would be no money to pay it, and, consequently, she would pay it in a dozen subtle but costly ways that would not, after all, get it receipted. If it came after rent-day, the chances were even worse. Perhaps, if she was watchful, she could manage to provide for everything the day of payment. But the children's consecrated flannels could not wait at all to be replaced. And to get credit on her habitual insecurity Mrs. Dean had long

abandoned as both immoral and uncomfortable. It did not even occur to her now.

She sat on the edge of the trunk looking down at her silk dress. They would take it back, of course, if she put herself to the humiliation of asking. Life was only a choice of humiliations anyway. She could exchange it for the children's underwear and for a cheap, brown wool to wear with her cloak. She hated brown! It made her look all one color. She hated cheap things! Of course, they didn't pay. That cloak! Suppose it should last as long as guaranteed! And yet, oh, dear! suppose it shouldn't! Her old toque would have to do. New shoes and gloves? She must go without somehow. The silk dress. . . .

A tear splashed down in her lap, and frightened her at its possible damage.

She got up decisively and went on her errand, dry-eyed, face and voice only a little sharper than usual, manner only a little jerkier.

In the imperative interests of the coat, and the hopeful interests of the rest of the suit, Mrs. Dean watched for rent-day.

At last, one morning, she stepped into the library to find the tenant's wife there with Mr. Dean.

The woman had her sharp eyes on the door when Mrs. Dean opened it. She started sidewise toward it at once. "Well, thank you kindly, sir, I won't trouble you to-day; I'll come again —"

"No, no," Mrs. Dean stopped her. Mrs. Dean wouldn't have interrupted for anything. "Finish your business." She retreated hurriedly, and waited.

In a little while she saw the woman come quickly out the side door, run down to a litter of small children waiting for her at the gate, catch the youngest to her shoulder, and, with a toss of her head and her eye toward the house, set off.

Her mind full of her opportunity, Mrs. Dean went in directly.

Her husband did not turn. The money was already out of sight. There was nothing to help her make the connection.

"Well?" she inquired and waited a moment. Then she went straight at him like an exasperated bee. "If you will give me the money for that coat, my dear, I'll settle the bill this afternoon. And if you'll give me ten or fifteen dollars more, I'll get some other things that I *must* have."



*"Mr. Dean called attention to the material, the cut, the fit, and, under Mrs. Johnson's little bricks of appreciation, expanded and reddened into full glory,"*

He turned now, his face convulsed, his eyes streaming. "Oh, my dear Maria, how can you think of our small wants and lacks at such a time? A most pathetic case. All those children, and the season! And nothing to pay the rent with except the potatoes on which they are entirely dependent for food for the winter." He was stiffening, unconsciously, to match his wife. "I receipted their lease for last year and next," he said distinctly. "And," with a burst of the radiance of good-will and good-conscience, "I bought you, my dear, three barrels of the potatoes."

"For cash?" demanded Mrs. Dean. "Where did you get it?"

"For cash," he repeated happily. "It was the last of what was left from our shopping, you remember. They are unusually fine second-crop potatoes considering the bad season, Maria. You will be glad for them, I know."

Mrs. Dean simply stood and looked at him.

When he no longer could fail or assume to fail to see the lightning in her silence, an abrupt thunder-storm swept his own face. "Don't look at me like that, Maria!" He stood up, towering over her.

The little woman shrank back.

He softened at once. "I don't like to reprove you, my dear," he said magnanimously "but there are times when you try even my affection. You are not as admirable a woman as you were when I married you. You have let yourself harden for so long that you have lost all consideration of the nobility and joy of self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness. You do nothing for anybody but your own. You have not only lost all idea of generosity, but of gratitude. You seem already to have forgotten everything about that handsome wrap I got you, everything, that is, **except** getting the money for it into your own hands. You've hardened even towards me. Don't fancy I haven't seen it. It has reached the point where I have to go to others for sympathy, where every one else appreciates your husband better than you. Why, even that poor child, naturally uncouth and further brutalized by her life, understands me as you do not. Intrinsically she's a noble woman. I never saw a nature more loyal, devoted, grateful, in return for a little kindness. She would do anything for me! She thinks the world of me!" His serenity, his affability were quite restored.

What did Mrs. Dean say? Say? She had lived with him twenty years already, remember.

Besides, in a way, everything he said was true.

Say? Every man has a mental attitude towards himself which is as the very refraction of his eye, the very grain of his mind.

Is the Hottentot dissimulating when he looks blank at the Englishman's talk of virtue? From one standpoint it would seem that a man was, of all persons, the best one to see himself. But, unfortunately, the ability to project the astral body is rare. Few men can get away from themselves to look.

Mr. Dean's philanthropy got out through



" 'Don't look at me like that, Maria!' "

He sees himself through himself. The weakness of the pulpit appeal to the "sinner" (to "repent"), lies in the fact that men do not feel themselves sinners (until they are already beginning to repent). From the burglar to the "sharp" business man, each has his fine distinctions by which he is satisfied of the honorableness of *his* trade. It is not to be called self-justification, for that implies admission of the need of self-justification. And so far from apologizing, he usually boasts. Often he is even farther from it than that: he is so satisfied as to be utterly oblivious of either question or explanation. In most cases the charge of hypocrisy is the imputation of the superficial observer. Is the crocodile stifling his conscience when he snaps up a man?

all the small and event-starved community, though surely Mrs. Dean could not have descended, nor the tenant's have ascended, to publish it. The minister, in a sermon on the widow's mite, approved Mr. Dean in allusions very thinly veiled. The local daily paper had a vague laudatory editorial that everybody understood. Mr. Dean himself had the air of a man who, having given away his 6 x 3 feet of earth, had inherited heaven. The tenant and his wife celebrated, in secret, with a jug of whisky distilled, by a subtle process, from three barrels of potatoes, through Mr. Dean's pockets. They were invisible for several days. In the meantime, Mrs. Dean had dismissed her maid-of-all-work.

# THE MORALS OF MAMMON

SOME REVOLUTIONARY VIEWS OF COL. LUMPKIN

BY

JOHN McAULEY PALMER

AUTHOR OF "COL. LUMPKIN'S CAMPAIGN," "MARTYRDOM A LA MODE," ETC.

WITH A REPRODUCTION OF G. F. WATTS' PAINTING "MAMMON"



WOULDN'T it be fair to say that capital seeks the just or equitable profit?" asked Mr. Barlow.

"Well hardly," said Colonel Lumpkin, assuming his most judicial tone. "I have tested that theory experimentally, Mr. Barlow, and it resulted in my retirement from twenty-three boards of directors. I tried to apply that principle in good faith, but it simply made me *persona non grata*."

"From your experience in the matter, what profit does capital seek?" I asked, for the Colonel had paused and I felt instinctively that he was waiting for the question.

"All it can get," answered the Colonel.

"In other words," said Alderman Plunkett, "it would appear that Mammon is concerned rather with quantity than with quality."

"Exactly," said Colonel Lumpkin. "But much of our popular literature, many of our most respectable editorials, nearly all of our post-prandial eloquence and, indeed, the ordinary language of respectable people is saturated with the amiable theory, that, in the long run, Mammon seeks the fair profit, or the just profit, or the reasonable profit, or the benevolent profit, or the patriotic profit. We are even asked to believe that he maintains expensive lobbies and elaborate organizations in order to promote the people's profit, or the laboring man's profit and, in fact, everybody's profit except his own profit. Now, all this is very pretty and very edifying and very soothing, but it is absolutely unscientific and therefore not fit for serious consideration. We have gained not

a little progress in the science of human society, when we have learned to say 'bosh' to such amiable humbugs whenever we meet them."

"I must protest against such a heartless doctrine," cried Barlow excitedly. "I cannot think so ill of human nature. I will not believe that capital is merely a blind agency of greed and selfishness. There must be some factor of benevolence in the law that controls it."

"The business world is restrained by an elaborate code of laws. In respecting them, it seems to me, capital respects moral considerations."

"True," answered Colonel Lumpkin, "but these moral restrictions have never been originated by Mammon. They are imposed upon him by the public conscience, and are respected by him only so far as they carry with them sufficient penalties. Mammon's substitute for a conscience is a certain sense of caution. If the policy which otherwise might bring the maximum profit is inconveniently burdened with penalties, it simply ceases to be the path of maximum profit for the time being, and Mammon diverts his activities into less lucrative but safer channels. I do not say that every captain of industry will take iniquitous profits; but so long as one can be found who will take them, you cannot maintain your automatic theory of automatic business virtue. When an agent of capital rejects a safe profit because it is not just, he merely abandons the opportunity to some less scrupulous and, therefore, more efficient agent."

"That is a tolerably sweeping proposition, Colonel Lumpkin," I suggested.

*Crassus, of the Roman Senate, Operator in "Numidian Common" and "Circassian Preferred"*

"It is indeed," said Colonel Lumpkin, "and to develop the point we might take an historical instance. From the dawn of history, and until quite recently, the slave trade has been one of the safest and most profitable commercial interests. It was a highly respectable interest, too. The incorruptible Cato derived large revenues from it, and was as highly praised, among his contemporaries, for the skilful husbandry of his human breeding farms as he was for his political virtues. Senator Crassus, the Chairman of the Steering Committee of the Roman Senate was a famous captain of industry in slaves, and operated in 'Numidian common' and 'Circassian preferred' as a modern statesman might operate in gas or sugar. Only a few generations ago, the carrying trade in slaves was one of the most respectable commercial interests protected by the British flag, so important indeed that a war with Spain was necessary, in order to protect its sacred *vested rights*. And yet, upon mere moral grounds this valuable commerce has disappeared from the sea. And why? Was it because the worshipful shareholders of the African Company were no longer willing to soil their hands with fat dividends from such a source? Was it because the directors who controlled its operations experienced a quickening sense of its baseness? No. It languished because it gradually came to be condemned by the public conscience. It perished because it could not endure under an enlightened publicity. Capital withdrew from it, not because it was wrong, but because under the penalties imposed it ceased to pay. This is always the moral attitude of Mammon. He obeys many moral laws, but he obeys them like a galley slave, because he must. Reform always comes from the outside. You will search history in vain for a single instance of a selfish interest that was ever reformed by its friends."

"But what is this public conscience? Where is it to be found?" asked Comegys.

"When it first appears," continued the Colonel, "it is generally regarded as an impertinent busybody. It is usually not represented on boards of directors. It has no voting rights and, of course, it doesn't draw dividends. As a general rule, indeed, it

doesn't even have a standing in the courts. Mammon is unable to see that it has any interest in the matter at all and very naturally treats its protests with contempt. But in spite of his contempt it gradually legislates for him, and in due time impresses upon him an air of respectability which he learns to wear without the slightest discomfort. Indeed, he usually becomes quite proud of his acquired morality, and is often disposed to boast that he evolved it himself.

*The Difference Between Private Morals and Public Morals*

"It might be well here," said Colonel Lumpkin, "to point out that most captains of industry recognize two kinds of morals—private morals and public morals. The expediency of private morals is recognized by the most efficient profit getters. The code is based on the proposition that honesty is the best policy, and extends only so far as that generous ethical dictum can be profitably applied. This code inculcates the principle that even Napoleons of finance should generally tell the truth to each other, and is justified by the fact that business credit is a valuable institution and demands a certain amount of practical veracity. There is nothing sentimental about this doctrine. It is based on purely intellectual considerations and claims recognition because it pays.

"If Senator Shark and I should enter into a promoting contract, we would not think of swindling each other, our enlightened business instincts would condemn such a policy as amateurish and unprofitable. Aside from the fact that each party respects the other's powers of reprisal, we both know that the maximum profit in the enterprise is to be secured by robbing the general public, and that the fullest success in that operation demands a loyal and brotherly community of interest between us."

"But suppose your object is contrary to the public interest," suggested Whittaker.

"Oh, that comes under the other code," said Colonel Lumpkin, "the code of public morals, and therefore it does not appeal to the Senator and me. We do not hold our exalted positions in the financial world on account of our sensitiveness in that direction. Of course, we call in our expert on legal evasion whom we ironically call our lawyer, and if that resourceful gentleman can insure us against the penalties of the statute, we

have met all of our obligations in the matter."

"There you go again," cried Barlow indignantly. "I don't think it's fair to deny every trace of decency or benevolence to the captain of industry."

"I don't deny them," said Colonel Lumpkin. "He may decorate himself with the most noble virtues, so long as he doesn't permit them to interfere with his proper function of conveying capital to the maximum profit. Of course I would not have you believe that the great profit getter is entirely indifferent to the value of a pious and benevolent reputation. No one knows better than he that a good name is better than precious ointment. He is too good a judge of values to ignore such a desirable private asset. But he is not disposed to run a good thing into the ground. Piety in business is an excellent staff, but a devilish sorry crutch, and prudent men keep it with their Sunday clothes where it acquires a respectable Sabbath-day odor of sanctity — and moth-balls."

"In calculating what a man 'stands for,'" continued the Colonel, "you must consider his week-day occupations and not merely his Sabbath-day devotions or diversions. You must consider how he gets his dollars and not how he disburses his dimes. If he builds his fortune on fraud and chicanery, on stolen franchises, and padded balance sheets, on unfair rebates, and rotten lobbies, it is quite immaterial whether his private hobby be Sunday-schools or draw poker. Indeed, when he gets drunk and paints the town red, like an honest knave, we feel a certain humorous sympathy for him that dries up entirely when we see him on his knees before the deified egoism that he mistakes for God."

"But can't a man be a great promoter and exploiter and still be a good citizen?" asked Barlow.

"He can," answered Colonel Lumpkin, "but it isn't necessary. We are talking about the essential functions of profit conveyors, and not about accidents of taste or ornamentation."

"The point is this, Barlow," said Judge Docket interrupting. "*You* may be too scrupulous to float my little conspiracy against the public weal, but that doesn't close the deal. You simply don't fit into this particular pipe-line — but some other capitalist will. His morals and not yours must, therefore, measure the ethics of the guild."

### *No Man Without Sand Speaks of Conscience and Little Moral Blow-holes*

"But still," continued Colonel Lumpkin, "this introduction of the individual, with his eddies and whirls of moral friction, has always had a retarding effect on the development of money making as an exact science. There are only a few very great men in any generation who are able absolutely to divorce their intellects from their souls. No ordinary man is perfectly free from little sand specks of conscience and little moral blow-holes. So long as mere men had to be used as conductors of capital, there were inevitable factors of waste in the noble quest for the maximum profit. But human ingenuity cannot long tolerate the imperfect handiwork of Nature, and, in this case, it has finally constructed an artificial or composite man of business, built up of scores of human aptitudes, intellects, and greeds, and free from the slightest grit of human conscience. This marvelous machine or 'artificial person,' as it is very aptly named in law, we call the corporation."

"They sometimes call it soulless corporation, do they not?" asked Comegys. "What do you think of that name?"

"As frequently happens," said Colonel Lumpkin, "the popular name is not only picturesque, but scientifically exact. The corporation is an efficient machine, and it is an efficient machine because it is soulless."

"But even admitting its aim to be unmoral," said Comegys, "I cannot see how you overlook the influence of the thousands of good men who must necessarily do their part under the corporate organization."

"Their liability is limited in that respect," said Colonel Lumpkin. "They are not employed for that purpose. Concerted action is efficient in so far as it eliminates every individual trait that does not contribute to securing the object in view. Of course, the efficiency of the corporation is based on several factors. It stands for organization, for the harmonious co-operation of many minds and many talents toward one end. It is an immortal creature, and not restricted to a fitful activity of three score years and ten. But its main adaptability to Mammon's problem of securing the maximum profit lies in the fact that it eliminates the human conscience with its impertinent and squeamish preference for what is merely fair and just. The corporation measures men by results."

It rates its human agents as it rates its engines and cars, by their bearing on the problem of profits. It does not concern itself with the ethical quality of the measures that lead to success. It employs the right man in the right place to overcome each particular obstacle to the maximum profit. The man of science who perfects its technical method is no more essential than that other expert who undermines the just restraints of law and public virtue. But its highest utility as an agent of capital lies in the fact that it enables reputable people to participate in the profits of disreputable business enterprises without disturbing their moral complacency.

*Dividend Checks Don't Record all the Facts*

"When you receive your quarterly check from the Consolidated Traction Company, it is so clean and crisp, and so prettily engraved that you never think of the iniquities it stands for. It does not bear an itemized statement of your share in the profits of corrupting the government of your native city. It does not specify the amount of your investment in the dishonor of aldermen and legislators. It does not remind you of your responsibility for the fanciful document that the company swears to as its balance sheet. It does not bring to your mind the misery and filth of the crowded slums that must continue to exist because your dividend requires the perpetuation of five-cent fares. It does not tell you of the illiterate gamins who are crowded out of school because your directors have *understated* to the Tax Commissioners by just as much as they have *overstated* to the Railroad Commissioners. These, and many other essential factors of maximum profit are considerably kept from your delicate sensibility; and so, when your check is cashed, you can indulge your benevolent instincts by making a little contribution for the conversion of the Senegambians, and another to provide hymn-books for the dear little Hottentots."

"But what are we to do?" asked Comegys, "isn't it interfering with the laws of Nature to attempt to regulate capital?"

"And isn't that a dangerous thing to do?"

*Nature Won't Die of the Sulks if She Doesn't Get Her Own Way*

"Not necessarily," said Colonel Lumpkin. "It all depends on whether your interference

be judicious or otherwise. Civilization is the result of judicious interferences with Nature. Science tells us that the first man was a discontented ape who tried to improve and change things. If he had been a conservative like his father we would still be hanging by our tails in some tropical jungle, with no higher industrial problem than the cracking of cocoanuts. All of our arts and sciences result from the warfare of man against Nature. Our wealth itself is the spoils of countless victories won by men who were not willing to stand pat. Because we find a natural cause for an evil is no reason for submitting to it. It is our duty to mend the evil and let Nature make the best of it. She won't die of the sulks because she can't have her own way in every little thing.

"For example," continued Colonel Lumpkin, "it was Nature's decree that the creek on my farm should flood my corn-field every spring. Nature's arrangement of this matter didn't exactly suit me, and so I built a levee and compelled the stream to keep within its banks. That was a judicious interference with Nature and she didn't resent it. But if I should try to keep the creek from running at all, she would resent that interference as injudicious, and she wouldn't stand it."

"That's so," said Comegys, "I am beginning to see the point."

*A Pig, Though Profitable, Does Not Need to Stay in the Parlor*

"And while we are talking about my farm," continued Colonel Lumpkin, "I might say that I regard my hogs as my most profitable live stock, but for all that I do not find it necessary to keep my pig in my parlor. It is natural for my shoats to root up the sod in my pasture, but it isn't necessary, and so I put rings in their noses. I find that my porkers make very satisfactory bacon from corn-meal and clover, and so I don't find it necessary to give them the freedom of the strawberry patch. Of course, Comegys, if my prize Poland-China boar, Plutus, number 117, could state his economic views, he would probably tell me that in all these things I am violating the sacred principle of *laissez faire*. He would insist in the strongest terms that the barbed-wire fence between his pen and the garden is a serious obstruction to porcine enterprise. And he would be right, too, from a purely porcine point of view. But his reasoning would be wrong

because the porcine view-point is not the correct one. As a matter of fact I am not keeping my farm for the benefit of my pigs. I am keeping my pigs for the benefit of my farm."

"Then the quest of the maximum profit is not the final aim of society after all?" asked Comegys.

"By no means," said Colonel Lumpkin. "It is merely the law of business. Society has a number of interests that cannot be measured in commercial arithmetic. Indeed, if you come to think of it, the problem of good government is quite essentially different from the problem of Mammon. It is as essentially generous and altruistic as the problem of Mammon is selfish and brutal."

*Use, in a Government, for Lincolns and Washingtons*

"But how is good government to be obtained?" asked Whittaker.

"I have always understood," exclaimed Barlow, "that it can be most certainly secured by having the business man in politics. Isn't that right, Colonel Lumpkin?"

"Yes, Barlow," answered the Colonel. "That is true within certain limits. He is all right provided his commercial instincts are not too highly developed. His talents for order and industry and despatch are very valuable qualities. But if he is an absolutely frictionless profit conveyor, it is better not to waste his commercial efficiency in the public service. Indeed, he can generally serve society better by keeping him —"

"Inside of the barbed-wire fence," suggested Whittaker.

"That is not exactly what I intended to say, Mr. Whittaker," continued Colonel Lumpkin. "But it will serve the purpose. Your Napoleon of finance may imagine that he wants good government, but as he expects any particular government to be amenable in so far as his little franchise, or land grant, or subsidy, or tariff schedule is concerned, the concerted influence of his class must necessarily be oblique. Good government from his point of view is frequently an

impertinent obstacle to getting the maximum profit, and therefore political corruption is an integral part of his business system. Government of interests, by interests, and for interests is a very different proposition from government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Of course, every wise state will encourage the investment and security of capital: but no policy with reference to capital can be sound that does not bear in mind the political unscrupulousness of the agents of Mammon. Indeed, the solution of the problem of good government requires the constant exercise of those very moral qualities that corporate ingenuity has been at such pains to eliminate.

"Of course, our Jay Goulds and Commodore Vanderbilts are exceedingly valuable members of society. But even their genius is not so universal but that we may find occasional employment for a Washington or a Lincoln. And, let me assure you that these types are not absolutely interchangeable. If you are seeking a great soul to guide you through a national crisis, or to uplift you in noble self-sacrifice, it is barely possible that you may be disappointed in Jay or the Commodore. While, on the other hand, if you are seeking all that the traffic will bear, it is possible that you might overlook some very comfortable dividends by relying too much upon George or Abraham."

"But it has been shown by one of our most popular orators," said Judge Docket, "that Shakspeare frittered away his genius on Hamlets and King Lear because he had the misfortune to live before the days of promoting and stock-jobbing, and that if born a few centuries earlier even such great men as Mr. Gates and Mr. Schwab might have been restricted to writing epics or preaching crusades."

"There is something in that view," said Colonel Lumpkin, "but we must not push it too far. I have always contended that 'Paradise Lost' and the balance sheet of a Trust are both works of imagination; but I have never proposed to interpret them by exactly the same standards of criticism."



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## MAMMON

FROM THE PAINTING BY THE LATE GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R. A.

# THE STILL OF BALLYWAN

BY

STELLA F. WYNNE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH



FATHER O'TOOL smiled to himself — not the smile of amusement, but the smile of meditation — that smile which seems to be simply the outward expression of an inner contentment.

And, indeed, the good Father O'Tool had cause for contentment. The potato crop had been good; the poor of his parish were less near to starvation this year than any other since he could remember; the squire had already paid his quarter's pew rent; and he had, that very afternoon, in his back kitchen, distilled eight good gallons of fiery Irish usquebaugh, almost under the very noses of the English revenue officers. As he thought of it the good man shook again and again with silent laughter.

Suddenly there broke in upon his pleasant meditations a loud squawking and flapping of wings, a great running about and shuffling of feet, and the high-pitched tones of an old voice, and the sweet, shrill laughter of a young voice.

Father O'Tool threw open the door between the kitchen and living-room to see what was disturbing the calm of his household, and his ample bulk filled it from side to side.

Suddenly, as he stood there on the threshold peering in, a large, gray-speckled hen flew from the beak of the still where she had taken refuge a moment before, and lighted on his head with a loud squawk of fear.

"Whist now, Biddy, whist," cried the red-cheeked girl who was chasing her, waving her apron in the air, "have ye no respect for his riverence at all, at all?" Then, with a sudden dive, she caught the refractory hen by the leg as it was making for the door.

Old Mrs. Macnamaragh, who did the "picking up" and cooking for the priest, and who, less agile than her granddaughter, had been gurling the entrance to the yard with

outspreed skirts, now came forward and said, with a little bob of the head:

"Sure, Father, th' young squire sint over that divil in the shape of a hen for your riverence's Sunday dinner —"

"An' that mad Shane O'More," interrupted her granddaughter, "poked his head in th' door an' dumped her down like a sack of rye flour, as tho' a live hen 'ud stay still wan minute."

"'Tis a foine, fat fowl," said Father O'Tool, recovering his dignity, "a foine, fat fowl," and he prooded the captured hen, held up for his inspection, with a critical forefinger.

"Thin it's hard to tell," and Mrs. Macnamaragh nodded her head slowly. "It's many a wan I've seen as fat as that an' fatter, and whin ye git the feathers off thim ye'd think they'd been raised in the year of th' famine."

At this moment there was a sound of hoofs beating on the road outside, and then a voice called out of the darkness.

"Ho, Eileen — Eileen Burke — come out here, colleen, an' take me bridle."

"Sure it's Rory MacMahon," said Mrs. Macnamaragh, "now what 'ud bring mortal man out on sich a night?"

"Here, lass," said Rory MacMahon as Eileen came to his side, "jump up on me mare an' ride over to th' Widow O'Tilihy as fast as ye can, an' git Terry. Th' black-guard, Shane O'More, has told the Dublin excise men where th' still is hid, and three o' thim set out from Carrick M'Cross afoot the same time as I did."

He swung the girl into the saddle, gave his steaming mare a resounding whack on the withers, and called out as they disappeared in the dark:

"Now, colleen, don't let the grass grow under ye." Then he strode through the living-room into the kitchen.

"Father," he cried going up to the priest, who was now sitting peacefully by the fire, "th' English revenue men are coming from Carrick M'Cross. Shane O'More, the Orangeman, has turned Queen's evidence an' given us away."

Mrs. Macnamaragh dropped the pipe from between her withered lips, and began to wring her hands. "O wera, wera — musha, musha," she wailed. "What'll iver become of us? — we'll be kilt entirely."

"Hush, woman, stop your noise," said Father O'Tool. Then turning to Rory:

"Whin did they start?"

"Whin I did — an hour ago."

"Ahorse or afoot?"

"Afoot — the three o' thim, for there was not a man in all Carrick that 'ud lend a horse."

Father O'Tool looked hurriedly around his kitchen. The still, placed on loose stones, occupied the whole of one side. Beside it, just under the worm, was a vat three-fourths full, containing the eight gallons of freshly distilled whisky. Father O'Tool and Rory looked at one another in despair.

"They'll be here in less than an hour, Rory, me b'y, an' you an' me, an' Terry O'Tilihy, an' Eileen, who is as strong as a man, working together couldn't get the still apart and moved — much less hid away, in less than two hours. O, bad cess to that Shane O'More, bad cess to th' blackguard," and the good man raised his hands toward heaven in his anguish.

"Ye still have time if ye want to git out," said young MacMahon. "Ye can take me mare, and ride into th' next parish."

"No," said Father O'Tool, "I'll stay be the still to th' end."

"An' I'll stay be the still," said Rory MacMahon.

They sat down on opposite sides and gazed into the fire in dogged silence, while Mrs. Macnamaragh rocked to and fro, showering imprecations on the head of Shane O'More in her native Gaelic. It was thus that Eileen found them on entering the kitchen, followed by the tall, loose-jointed, red-haired pride of the O'Tilihy. MacMahon looked up dully.

"I guess we won't need ye, Terry," he said. "We havn't toime for anything."

Eileen took in the situation at a glance, and her face flushed.

"What," she cried, "do ye call yourselves men an' sit here be th' fire with your hands folded, waiting for the Englishmen to carry

off your still? 'Tisn't enough that they take your country an' your governmint an' your lands — but they have taken th' spirit out o' your bodies. Up, men, the toime to sit with your hands holding your head is whin you're beaten."

Rory MacMahon sprang to his feet.

"What can we do, Eileen?" he said. "Mither o' God — what can we do? Sure th' only firearms in th' country are the two



*"Lighted on his head with a loud squawk of fear"*

old broken cannon on the common o' Carrick M'Cross — what can we do against armed revenue men?"

"An' I am a man of God, and too old to foight," said Father O'Tool. "Why, I'd be put out o' th' church!"

Eileen Burke stamped her foot on the earth floor.



“TERRY, DARLIN’, SURE YOU’RE TH’ ONLY WAN AMONGST US ALL  
WHOSE SINSE COMES TO TH’ TOP IN AN EMERGENCY”

"Have ye not heads fastened to your shoulders? Thin use thim — *think, think*, o' some way to delay th' revenue men an hour's toime, an' ye'll have no need of blunderbusses."

"Oi — Oi — Oi —," stuttered Terry O'Tilihy after a few moment silence. "Oi — Oi — thought of — of — some — some — something."

"Well, Tirence, speak it out, man — speak it out," said Father O'Tool.

"If — if — th' revenue men — came be th' road of Foive Forks — that which — that which — which —" Here the pride of the O'Tilihy looked helpless, and threatened to stop altogether.

"Go on, Terry — 'that which,'" prompted Eileen.

"Which — which — leads be th' — th' — th' Bog o' — o' — o' Bally — Bally — Bally —"

"Leads be th' Bog o' Ballywan," cried Eileen, rushing up and grasping the pride of the O'Tilihy by the arm.

"Sure, I know what ye mane, Tirence, now kape quiet an' I'll say it."

"Tirence here says," she said turning to the rest, "that just below O'Brien's grist-mill the Bog o' Ballywan comes up within a stone's throw o' the Foive Forks Road. Now, Tirence suggests that if some one who knew th' little strip of firm land running through th' bog from th' side opposite th' Foive Forks Road 'ud go out on it an' groan and call for help just as the revenue officers were passing — it being a dark night an' they not knowing th' locality 'ud go t' help him. Tirence also says that tho' th' Bog o' Ballywan is as safe as your own door-step for a fair-sized man, still no one that iver once got in it was iver known to git out again in less than an hour — an' it mostly took considerable longer."

Having finished, Eileen turned to the pride of the O'Tilihy, and catching both his hands said:

"Terry, darlin', sure you're th' only wan amongst us all whose sinse comes to th' top in an emergency. You're ivery bit as bright as Daniel O'Connell, an' I'm wonderin' if ye'll not be made Lord Lieutenant wan o' these days?"

"I'll go to th' bog," said Father O'Tool. "I'm too old and fat to be spry about moving things about, but sure I havn't preached twenty years in th' parish o' Ballywan without developing a good voice — an' I

know th' paths through th' bog as I know th' Lord's Prayer."

"Take me mare," said young MacMahon, "She's pretty winded, poor lass, to carry a load loike your riverence, but sure she knows it's to save th' still and beat th' English."

"And mind," said Eileen, as they went with Father O'Tool to the door, "mind, now, how ye groan — that it don't be too hollow an' eerie like, or sure they'll think it's a banshee or the leprechawns, an' take to their heels instead o' coming to you."

The three stood still, listening, until the hoof-beats died away, and then hurried into the kitchen. MacMahon and Terence O'Tilihy took off their coats, kicked them into opposite corners of the room, and began to unscrew the head from the alembic.

"Now, nana, darlin'," said Eileen to her grandmother as she rolled up her sleeves, "quit your cursin' o' Shane O'More and go into the other room out of harm's way, for we're going to pull the still to pieces."

And pull the still to pieces they did, working hard and fast for over an hour.

"Now," said Rory MacMahon, stopping to wipe the sweat from his forehead as the last disconnected part was placed on the floor, "now, lass, tell me where is th' place we're going to hide these things?"

"Th' well at th' end of the pasture lot," said Eileen. "There is a bundle of rope under the sink. We're to bind rope around each piece and lower it into th' well — thin we're to tie the free end of th' rope to pegs that Father O'Tool put in the sides of th' well. Be th' toime we git all in th' water'll have risen high enough to cover the pegs, and iverything'll look th' same as usual. Thin, whin things quiet down a bit, we can hoist the still."

"What — what — what — about th' — th' — th' — th' —"

"What about th' stones, Terry?" said MacMahon, looking at the mound of stones upon which the still had rested. "Sure we'll carry those out wan be wan first and drop thim in — they'll make a foine, soft restin' place for th' still."

After many trips to and from the kitchen and well the stones were disposed of. Then, one after another, they carried out and lowered into the water head, beak, worm, condensing vessels, tubes, funnels and all the



*"They carried out . . . all the various paraphernalia of the still"*

various paraphernalia of the still. At last only the vat of usquebagh remained. The three looked at one another and then at the whisky.

"It'll have to go," said Eileen. "Eight gallons just fresh distilled this day."

"Is there no place in th' house we can hide it away?"

"No — no place."

"Think, colleen, no place?"

"No place at all, Rory."

"Thin," said MacMahon, "it'll have t' go into th' well — tho' it'll break Father O'Tool's heart — come, we'll dip it out in buckets until it gets light enough t' carry away."

It was not long before the eight good gallons were mixed with the well water, and the vat sunk.

"Sure," said Rory MacMahon, "Father O'Tool 'll have all the old toppers in Roscommon drinking at his well."

"Rory," said Eileen sniffing the air, "if the Englishmen have noses an' come down as far as the end o' th' pasture — " she nodded her head significantly. Then the weary three trudged back to the kitchen, exhausted but triumphant. Old Mrs. Macnamaragh fried bacon and eggs and made coffee, which they ate and drank in the silence of utter weariness.

Then Mrs. Macnamaragh swept up the hard earth floor, pulled the kitchen-table over the place where the smoothness had been broken by the removal of the stones. With the departure of the still the kitchen, with its board-table scrubbed to whiteness, its well-ordered rows of pots and pans, its two glistening windows with their white, half-curtains, took on again, in the pleasant candle-light, that innocent and domestic air peculiar to kitchens — and no one would have ever dreamed that, a short hour before, it had harbored an illicit still. The three who had worked this transformation looked at one another and laughed aloud.

"Well," said Eileen, leaning her elbows on the table, "th' sooner the Englishmen come th' better."

MacMahon nodded. "Sure, they're welcome."

But neither priest nor revenue officers came soon.

About ten o'clock, as they sat waiting around the kitchen fire, the hoof-beats of a solitary horse were heard coming down the road.

"Kape quiet," said Eileen, "it's Father O'Tool coming back."

"Thin he's riding a different horse," said MacMahon, for my mare niver had a loose shoe."

"Stay in here, all of ye," said Mrs. Macnamaragh, "an' Oi 'll go to th' front door."

But there was no need of going to the front door, for the rider rode around the house to the back, hitched up his horse, and pushed open the door of the kitchen without knocking.

"Good-evenin', Shane," said Eileen, as the figure stood framed in the doorway between the light within and the dark without, amazement written large on his face.

"Come in, man, an' don't stand there gapin' as tho' ye saw your own ghost."

Shane O'More shuffled slowly in and sat

down on the edge of a chair. Terry looked at him belligerently.

"Ye — ye — ye — ye — bla — black — black — g — gua — "

"As Terry says," cut in Eileen, fixing the pride of the O'Tilihy with her eye, "as Terry says, ye must be cauld riding so far this night. Now, won't ye have a little drop o' coffee to warm ye up?"

Shane O'More shook his head.



*"The kitchen door was pushed open and a fat figure, covered with bog mud from top to bottom, stumbled in"*

"Sure," said Rory MacMahon, "'tis like a woman to offer a man coffee — have we nothing stronger in the house?"

Eileen went to the closet and drew out a bottle labeled and stamped with the seal of the English revenue office.

"Here, man," she said, offering a glass to Shane O'More, "here's something that'll take the cockles off your heart."

"Shane O'More gulped down the fiery liquid — fiery only as Irish whisky can be



"SURE, DON'T TELL THIM," SAID RORY IN A LOUD WHISPER, NUDGING TERRY, BUT I HAVE THE STILL IN ME POCKET!"

fiery — and it seemed to give him fresh courage. He put down his glass and said :

"Where's th' still?"

"The still," said Eileen, "the *still*? Why, man, th' still has been gone these two years."

"What are ye sayin'? Oi saw it this afternoon whin Oi brought th' speckled hen from the young squire's."

Eileen raised her eyes to heaven.

"Sure, Shane O'More," she said, "ye must be bewitched be th' leprechawns — it's two long years ago since ye brought over th' speckled hen from the young squire's."

"Aye, well I remember it," said old Mrs. Macnamaragh. "'Twas th' divel of a hen, and as tough a wan as th' Lord iver made."

Shane O'More knit his brows.

"Where is Father O'Tool?" he asked.

"O, wera, wera, where have ye been, man, that ye know not he's been dead this twelve month?"

The look that stole over Shane O'More's face was lost on the company, for at that moment there was a shuffling of feet outside, a heavy knocking with the butt-end of a sabre at the outside door, and a voice cried :

"Open in the Queen's name!"

Mrs. Macnamaragh got up and went through the living-room, closing the kitchen door behind her. She opened the front door an inch and looked out.

"Is this the priest's house?" asked the leader of the three revenue officers.

"It is that," said Mrs. Macnamaragh, "and what d' ye mane be disturbin' decent peaceable folk at this hour o' night?"

"Is Father O'Tool inside?"

"Thin he is not."

"Where is he?"

"Sure he's gone to hear the last confession of Tim O'Brien, the grist-miller, who is dying this night."

"Well, old woman, stand aside." The leader advanced toward her. "We have been informed on good authority that there is a still on these premises, and we have come to search."

"Well, ye can search, and ye can *search*," answered Mrs. Macnamaragh stepping down the two steps from the living-room into the kitchen.

As the revenue officers came into the light of the kitchen a burst of laughter greeted their appearance. And truly the dignity of the Queen's law was never upheld by a more undignified trio. Their faces were bespattered with mud, and bits of bog rush still

clung to their hair. Their gay, red coats hung limply around them, wet and dripping; their short breeches were foul with bog mud; the leader had sacrificed a cap, and each of the other two a boot apiece, to the goddess of Ballywan Bog.

Rory MacMahon rose from his seat, and with a sweeping bow worthy of Chesterfield at his best, motioned them up to the fire.

"Sure, gentlemin, we're glad to see ye — 'tis a cauld night to be swimming in Ballywan Bog, but thin, the English are iver fond of their bath."

The leader of the excise men gazed around the room and scowled darkly.

"Look sharp, now, boys," he said, "and see if you can find the still."

"Is it a still you're looking for, gentlemin?" asked Rory MacMahon. "Sure, the only still you'll find in these parts is in your own stomach."

"An' that's as true as God's word," added Mrs. Macnamaragh with a cackle of approval.

The excise men walked about the two rooms of the house, peering here and there, and looking as uncomfortable as only cold and hungry excise men can look.

"Sure, don't tell thim," said Rory in a loud whisper, nudging Terry, "but I have the still in me pocket!"

"What's this fresh-broken earth?" asked one of the revenue officers eyeing the ground under the table.

"Sure, that's the grave o' th' last English revenue officer that came into these parts," answered Rory, "We were digging it up a bit to plant some shamrock to kape his memory green."

"Don't pay any attention to him," said Eileen, "'Twas O'Rourke's pig that pushed th' door to, while I was out diggin' potatoes for th' dinner Thursday last — bad cess to the beast."

Here the officer spied Shane O'More lurking in a shadowy corner of the room.

"Is that you, O'More? Wasn't it here in the kitchen you said the still was?"

"Oi — did that," stammered Shane O'More, a little uncertainly.

"Well, where is it?"

"Oi don't know — sure Oi'm lost entirely."

"The devil take you," cried the revenue officer. "Do you mean to say you led us a wild-goose chase?"

Here Eileen tapped the officer on the arm.

"A word with you, sir," she said in a low tone, and when she had drawn him aside: "Can it be, sir, that ye didn't know that Shane O'More was daft?"

"What's that you say?"

"Crazy, sir, crazy as a red hare. Two years ago he had a still and the revenue men came and raided it; since then he's been clean daft over th' question o' stills. Sure, 'twas only a month ago he had it all over th' countryside that there was a still set up in th' best room o' the Manse. But I'll say this — except for stills an' speckled hens, he's as right as any man in Ballywan."

The revenue officer turned to O'More.

"Are you sure, O'More, that there was a still in the kitchen here?"

Shane O'More looked up perplexed. "An' didn't Oi see it with my own eyes, whin Oi brought over th' speckled hen this afternoon?"

The officer and Eileen looked at one another.

"When will Father O'Tool be home? I'd like to beg his pardon for the way we came into his house."

"Father O'Tool's been dead this twelve month," spoke up O'More sulkily from his corner.

Eileen raised her eyes and the officer nodded his head knowingly. "Come boys," he said. "We've a long way before us to-night."

"Won't ye' have a little drop o' something?" said MacMahon hospitably. "It's a cauld night an' it'll kape th' heart in ye for th' walk t' Carrick."

"Seeing we got into the bog," answered the officer, "we don't mind if we do."

Eileen brought forth the ostentatiously stamped and labeled bottle, and filled their glasses.

"How d' ye happen to miss th' road?" she inquired sympathetically.

"We heard some one screaming for help out there, and not knowing it was the bog we started in the direction of the cries."

"Sure," said Eileen, with round eyes, "'twas a banshee ye heard. The grist-mill is just opposite th' bog an' Tim O'Brien, Lord a' mercy on his soul, is dying this night; 'twas his banshee ye heard."

The excise men smiled and, bidding a cordial good-night, started off, followed a short distance behind by Shane O'More on his horse.

As the front door closed behind them, the kitchen door was pushed open and a fat figure, covered with bog mud from top to bottom, stumbled in.

"Th' Lord be praised," said old Mrs. Macnamaragh, clasping her hands. "We thought your riverence was kilt entirely."

"Oi missed me path," said Father O'Tool, dropping into a chair, "an' fell into th' bog; an' Oi just got out in time to see that divil o' a mare etting out for Carrick as fast as her legs 'ud carry her."

"Me mare knows where her fodder's kept," chuckled Rory.

"Ye should 'a' been here," said Eileen. "It 'ud done your heart good th' way we lied to the revenue officers."

"A — a — a — lie," said Terence, "told to — to — to — a — a — revenue — revenue —"

"A lie, Terence, told to a revenue officer," said Father O'Tool wearily "is music in th' ears of God."



# MY SIXTY SLEEPLESS HOURS

A STORY OF THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE

BY

HENRY ANDERSON LAFLER



HE building in which I was on the morning of April 18, 1906, consisted of two stories and was of brick. It was constructed, probably, in the late fifties, and lay in that part of San Francisco known as "the studio district" — a one time business section become semi-disreputable through age and decay. Upon the roof of this building had been erected at some more recent date a frame structure with an asphalt roof and a huge skylight. This structure, to all practical intents and purposes, was a black tent upon the roof of the brick building — an excrescence — a superfluity.

As, at 5:14:48 o'clock — the seismograph tells us that that was the precise moment — on the morning of April 18th, I lay on a couch beneath the skylight in my studio, I became conscious of violent motion and of the sound of a creaking and straining skylight. It was but a small fraction of a second between the moment when I became conscious of noise and motion and the moment when I stood naked, but for an undergarment, on the roof of the building, having leapt through the open window.

## *Our Flight from the Crumbling Buildings*

The tilting, heaving, throbbing roof; the thick, furious roar of falling walls; the whitish-yellow dust that choked and blinded — these were the things that smote my senses. Yet there was no fear. The twenty-eight seconds that the earthquake lasted were a period of the intensest cerebration of which the human brain is capable, all directed towards the answering of the question, What shall I do to save the life that is in me and demands not to be miserably crushed out? To the west was a higher wall; I must avoid it. When the roof fell, should I leap to the court at the north, some twenty feet, or remain on the

roof? Or should I leap to the roof of a larger but slightly lower building to the east? All these questions beat upon the brain with inconceivable rapidity. They demanded to be weighed and decision made so that I might live — *live!* Then the earthquake ceased. There was only the thick dust and the cries of women near and far. With sudden impulse, I leapt back through the window, crossed the studio at a bound, reaching the head of a curved stairway that led to the street. But it was now an *outside* stairway at whose head for a second's fraction I stood — the front wall of brick had fallen into the street! Down it I went, out into the street, across the heaped brick of the fallen wall, and up the street, crying to the people whom I rather understood than perceived through my senses to be round about me: "To Portsmouth Square, everybody, and look out for the live wires." Wires indeed were tangled across the street, but none bore deadly currents.

## *The Grotesque Gathering at Our First Refuge*

Portsmouth Square is half a block from my doorway. In its center is a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson; to the east, facing it, is the Hall of Justice; to the west was (I use my tenses with care), Chinatown. Here gathered in a moment a group of half-clad men and a woman or two "pale with fright" — do you say? On the contrary — such is curious human nature — he of the full suit of underwear, or enveloping pajamas was frankly amused by him of the solitary undershirt. Indeed, as, in the thick dust that still enfolded us, we looked at each other's strange faces, that was the dominant sensation — amusement at our Carlyle-House-of-Peers-like aspect, and we laughed. Then some one said:

"This is no joking matter; this is a terrible blow to San Francisco," and we grew graver.

A waiter lent me an overcoat; the huge square began to fill with people; hysterical women with painted cheeks vomited forth from brothels and dance halls; in the wan morning cried upon their "Gawd." Hardy spirits began to think of getting back for their clothes over the brick strewn streets between the tottering walls. But it made a man pause to find, where the fallen front had fringed out in loose-lying, bricks, a man lying prone with neck so bent that his breast lay upon his head. When they turned him over his face was a blot.

But I crawled up the broken stairs, and discovered a curious thing. Not a pane in the skylight was even cracked!

Clothed, with the square for dressing room—in which, by this time, were thousands of persons, mostly mute, gaunt, blankly staring Chinese—a man began to think of his friends and seek them. Here a studio discovered itself vacant, its rear wall torn from the roof, and pictures all awry in a veil of dust. Up Telegraph Hill to the north, frame-houses showed only windows broken, plaster cracked, and chimneys fallen. Indeed, here is a good place to say that nine out of ten frame-houses in this city were only superficially injured by the great tremor; that modern, steel-frame office buildings showed, to the superficial but inquisitive eye, that early morning only occasional and apparently surface cracks; and that no buildings fell except brick structures built in the fashion of thirty or forty years ago. These are statements made upon the casual inspection of a few hours, and must be taken for their worth as such. No scientific eye may ever appraise the actual injury caused by the earthquake, for, alas! the subjects of the injury have vanished as a vision.

#### *How Funston and the Soldiers Saved the Day*

But to return. The dust of falling walls had scarcely settled when smoke and flames sprung forth at many points bounded on the west and southwest by Sansome and Market Streets, on the north by Clay Street, on the east by the Bay. In the remainder of the city, namely, the northwest half, which includes the residences of the rich and well-to-do, not a single fire occurred—strange as it may seem. San Francisco owes to this the fact that walls are standing within her borders at this hour.

An hour after the shock, in the district between the Bay and Sansome Street, with rolling smoke above, and roaring, furious flames breathing hotly in our faces, I came upon a fire-engine from whose stack the smoke came faintly as from a kitchen chimney, and about which stood the firemen with idle hands.

"For God's sake!"

"No water," said the Chief. "Mains all broken by the shock; can't do a thing."

"Dynamite!"

A shrug of the shoulders for reply. And not until an hour later did there come a resonant explosion that told that at least the fire was being fought, however futilely.

As I write of these things on the evening of the 20th, sixty hours from the moment of the earthquake—as I write these things, sitting in the open, in Portsmouth Square, facing gaunt and blackened walls, it seems as though long years had passed. These sixty hours, two or three of which I slept, seem like as many months; a decade in events; a fraction in a lifetime in emotions. And so it seems to all the people of the city. But just now I heard a soldier say: "When the shock came—say, that was in 1874, wasn't it? —"

And saying "soldier" brings sharply "soldiers." *That* was the thrill! Amid the welter of emotions, the vast sense of insecurity, the useless engines, the foolish firemen, suddenly appeared in all its vast majesty the Government of the United States. I turned a corner, and there measuredly walked a man in blue, gun on shoulder, straight and tall. On the opposite side of the street another tramped. Beyond, another, and still another. Instantly we all became, not puny, pygmy creatures whom the earth in a mood had tossed about, but citizens of a nation, parts of a whole, compact and strong. Never was such a lesson in patriotism. And half of its force lay in its suddenness. The Presidio is several miles from Montgomery Street, and yet so instant was General Funston's action that before nine o'clock, if I mistake not, his men were guarding the great banks there.

They were young, those soldiers; boys merely; smooth of face, straight of back, slender of limb, yet masters of the great city—they and the fire! Many men in San Francisco know now, as they did not before, that if you desire to live you should obey, and that quickly, the slightest

command of those round-cheeked boys with guns on their shoulders.

My initial encounter with the soldiery was that first morning when I tried to save the contents of the studio. Two blocks away, orange flames, tinged with the black of tar smoke, boiled from a tall gray building. One block away, a solitary automobile, three or four hurrying black figures of men with dynamite, an officer or two, all in the white brilliance of the flames; half a block away the building that had housed me, and nearer, sitting a white horse in the middle of the street, a cavalryman keeping back the crowd.

And that with difficulty. "They're going to dynamite!" he would cry; "Keep back, keep back!" And the sullen crowd moved back, all save a few who had prized possessions still a block and a half away from the licking, disastrous, red tongues.

"Keep back, lady!" he shouted to an old woman in rusty black, who edged out from the crowd. "They're going to dynamite; the walls will fall; you'll get killed."

"I just want to get some o' my clothes, Mr. Soldier, please," she cried at him shrilly.

"Can't help it, lady. Get back — quick, now!"

Every moment he turned them back, old men, young men, rich and poor. One old Jew, who kept a pawnshop on that street, got a string of oaths for his persistence, I remember, and went off wailing for his lost silver and gold. And one man tried to run past, and was ridden down, and went off dragging a leg hurt by a blow of the horse's hoof.

But some got by. Not by wailful implorations — that only roiled the boy in blue. But when a man of evident strength and probable ability to take care of himself approached the cavalryman with a smile and said: "Say, old man, I've got a couple of things back there at 612 I'd kind of like to get. I'll take the risk. I'm husky. I won't get hurt. No danger yet. H——! I'm all right; do a fellow a favor," the cavalryman, more than once, gave a little nod, and the man went on to climb some treacherous stairs, and brave bricks and plaster that fell all about when the dynamite blasts went off.

By ten o'clock, looking at the city from Telegraph Hill, which stands in the northeast corner of that finger of land upon which the city lies, one could discern a score

of fires. East of Sansome, in the neighborhood of Clay, wholesale stores were all ablaze. South, towards Market, and near the ferry there were fires. The Grand Opera House was afire, and throughout the South-of-Market district, where were the homes of the poor, the fire was making its way.

### *Our Slow Retreat Before the Flames*

Not a breath of air was stirring till half past nine. Then there came the first, faint wisp of wind from the northwest, and we knew that the trade wind would blow all day, making the doom of south of Market certain, and assuring the safety (so we thought) of all points west and north of the lines of fire. Surely with a favoring wind they would be able to hold it with the dynamite — keep it from crossing streets in the wind's teeth. But no. By eleven o'clock the most graceful office building in the United States had caught fire from the south, and was burning slowly. The flames were up to the line of Sansome Street, and at twelve o'clock they crossed to the west side. They advanced slowly against the wind which increased, and it was not until towards nightfall that the flames reached Kearney at Portsmouth Square. Meantime all south of Market had burned. Of it I have no personal knowledge, but there, certainly, occurred the loss of life, there terror reigned. Fleeing before a fire wind-driven, the poor of the city — the respectable and hard-working poor — fled southward. Their outlet was the San Bruno Road, which winds south down the peninsula to hilly country land. That Hegira of the Poor bowed beneath its pitiful burdens was an epic spectacle.

At five o'clock I made the circuit of the line of fire. Kearney on the west, Market on the northwest to Golden Gate Avenue — such was its boundary, though great office structures, many of them the best the city boasted, still stood along Montgomery, California, Pine, and Bush Streets.

Evening brought many hundreds of people to the crest of Russian Hill, the most lofty hill within the city proper, lying some eight blocks west of Kearney, and as many more from the north shore of the peninsula, and there those hundreds witnessed the most tremendous of earthly spectacles. The wind veered to the northeast, and lying in the cool sweet grass on the slooping hill, free from personal danger, we watched the fire burn forty blocks in the city's heart.

It was a perfect night. In the clearest of clear northern skies the quiet stars shone large and pale. The air was warm as in summer. But for the sullen roar to the south, a man might need only to turn his face to the north to drink deep of the peace of things, the hush of the sky. Straight above, a pillar, rose the smoke serene, its edge against the wind as sharp defined as though it were indeed a luminous mountain. If my trigonometry serves me, it rose a mile and a half in height — calm, majestic, vast, its luminous mass making pale the stars that wandered near its borders.

As the evening advanced, and the wind slightly increased, and the fire burned more furiously, the sound of the flames grew to a roar; explosions continually occurred; the dull rumble of the falling walls of buildings from five to fifteen stories high came at short intervals. Loud and hard and resounding came the blasts of dynamite by which men laboring like fiends were vainly endeavoring to check the fire's advance.

#### *All Races and Classes Camping Together in the Streets*

The vast red banners of the fire must often have waved five hundred feet in the air. When walls fell, smoke and flames went skyward, propelled irresistibly. And colors! — all colors and all shades were there. Here, for a moment, showed a pale, clear yellow, then again a fiery red. There were perfect blues, there was violet, green, and rose yellow. Then would come dark sinister, demoniac hues, hateful as hell. That night were burned these buildings: Merchant's Exchange, Kohl Building, Palace Hotel, Crocker Building, Mills Building, the Bohemian and Pacific Union Club Building, the Shreve Building, the James Flood Building, the St. Francis Hotel, and hundreds lesser.

At five o'clock in the morning I went down the hill into the streets that cross Nob Hill, the district where were then the residences of the rich. The streets, lighted by the ghastly light, were full of people, camped for the night, or still dragging their goods away from the fire. Chinatown had debouched into these streets; coolies in blue blouses lay beside the huge wicker baskets packed with their effects, or went swiftly along at their curious trot, the baskets swung on the lithe pole across the shoulder. Other Chinese carried long lacquer boxes with curious clasps; here one dragged a

great Oriental, brass bound chest of teak-wood, and others on their backs bore unwieldy bundles, often wrapped in figured silks, or red and golden stuffs, or linen white as snow.

These people know how to camp. Where they had stopped, usually they spread matting; families of a half dozen, halted on the steps of a mansion or along its brown stone enclosing wall, looked like holiday parties. In their little portable stoves they had lighted fires and were making tea. Mothers admonished their children in red and blue embroidered caps, and fathers smoked their long pipes in slant-eyed silence. Those of the white race were camped less nonchalantly; they had not cared so much to make themselves comfortable. They crouched on door-steps or, rolled in blankets, lay at full length on the broad sidewalks.

The thing that I shall never forget is the noise of those thousands of dragging trunks. Scraping, grating rasping, they went painfully along — huge ones dragged with difficulty by the head of the family, wife and children pushing with their little strength; trunks with casters to which ropes had been attached pulled swiftly by young, boisterous fellows. I saw one trunk, which evidently contained all the earthly possessions of its bearers, being hustled swiftly along by seven stout little Japs, tandem, on a long rope. Upon couches and iron beds with casters some had bound their heaped-high possessions, and, more rarely, a vehicle was loading or headed away from the fire.

#### *The Good-Humor of the Homeless*

It was no melancholy or mournful crowd. It seemed as if it were some tremendous adventure, some strange holiday. Most knew that they themselves were in no personal danger and that their friends were safe. There was exhilaration in the amazing spectacle of the flames. Friends greeted each other with smiles, and there was humor in their "Everything gone up?"

"Oh, no, I've got \$7.35 in my trousers' pocket." To know that twenty thousand copies of your magazine,\* just printed, were fuel for fire, gave one not half the unpleasant sensation that a gross typographical blunder on the first page would have caused. There were jokes; there was laughter. The "To Let" and "For Sale"

\*Mr. Lafler is the editor of a monthly published in San Francisco.

signs were always cause for facetiousness. I recall one huge "For Sale" sign upon a house where the family had gathered on the door-step.

"Offer you six bits," sang out a passer-by, bearing a big bundle.

"Make it a dollar and a quarter, and you can have her." Thus came the answer.

There were some women who cried quietly here and there; but it was really only the little children who held terror in their eyes and who cried as though their hearts would break.

At dawn, exactly twenty-four hours after the earthquake, I stood in the shadow of the massive wall of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, which stands next door to Mrs. Stanford's residence, and fronts the great Fairmont Hotel, and speculated whether the flames, whose hot breath was on my face, would cross the street, which alone intervened, and destroy the Institute of Art. South and east all was flame. The fire was making progress with the wind (which, however, died to a calm shortly after dawn) at the rate of about a block and a quarter an hour.

All day the flames burned steadily and slowly against the wind, which rose sharply after the morning calm. At some points the line advanced only two or three blocks all day. At the Fairmont, the advance was one block. South of Nob Hill, which is a district filled by the wooden houses of the moderately well-off, and dotted by great apartment structures and hotels, the advance during the second day of the fire was seven or eight blocks. But nowhere were the flames checked. The supply of dynamite temporarily gave out more than once. On the other hand, certain mains were found to contain water, and here and there a hose played on the fire. Hose was also laid to the Bay both on the north and east side of the city, and water pumped by tugs through these long distances to the fires. No drastic dynamiting was done anywhere in the city during these red days; no lines were cut straight through anywhere. The method was merely to destroy structures in the immediate path of the flames. Of this there is criticism.

### *The Exodus from the Peninsula*

Meanwhile by circuitous routes people had been able to reach the ferries and all day thousands were leaving and none returning.

The remainder of the population of the city moved slowly out toward open spaces at Black Point, the Presidio, the Cliff House, and Golden Gate Park — a hungry and a thirsty crowd. That any suffered poignantly except the very old, the sick, or children, I doubt, despite the tales that one hears. But I have a memory of a litter borne by two men that went by me in the night — a litter whereon lay a woman, very still. Behind it followed a woman with a bundle in her arms whence came a faint and plaintive cry — that of a child new-born.

Evening came, and again the city flowered in terrible red gorgeousness. About eight o'clock I stood on the balcony of one of the seven or eight houses that lie scattered on the very crest of Russian Hill. Only a few persons have been so adventurous as to build there. There are trees, and shrubbery, and grassy spaces. From the balcony there is, on any day, a magnificent view of the gray city, the blue shimmering Bay, and the green Berkeley hills beyond. That night — last night — the line of flame made an almost perfect running V, its easternmost corner south of Telegraph Hill, its point due south of Russian Hill, its other side touching Hyde, near Sutter. Chinatown and the district south of it was burned clean away. The white asphalt streets running through the black squares whereon flickered little green, blue (copper and lead, perhaps?) and red flames, made the effect of some great, strange, sinister plaid, wrought upon the loom of the earth. The conflagration itself, in deadly and conquering battle with the city, had now reached nearly everywhere wooden buildings, and while the wind fought it back nearly everywhere, it moved with swiftness. Looking down from the great height of the hill, comparison to an evil army with bloody banners was inevitable. And, as block after block fell, it became patent to the most loathe to believe, that the city would be destroyed. These buildings, on the hill, I thought, might escape, and rather desired to make my stand with them, but between nine and ten, the soldiers came and drove us back from what they held to be a place of peril.

I think an old man was left alone on the hill. He was a straight, white-haired old man, and wore a Grand Army button. I heard him beg the young, clean-faced lieutenant in command to be allowed to stay and try to save his house (there were no

firemen at this point as there were not at many others), and when I looked back I saw him standing straight and still, and the young lieutenant was coming away.

The houses on the hill stand. Last night, all night, the tides of flame washed the sides of the hill, and when morning dawned, the hill bore them safely and proudly — a green island in a sea of black.

### *The Strange Sights of Telegraph Hill*

There was another hill where men sought for safety and found it. Telegraph Hill stands in the heart of the Latin Quarter, and while there are no houses on its top there is green room for a thousand people. And that number were there — perhaps the strangest diversity of races that eye ever saw within the border of this city. There were thin-faced, liquid-eyed Filipinos, who stared with wistful muteness at the fire; there were Hawaiians, whom one knew not to be negroes by their comeliness if by nothing more. Mexican women with black shawls sat dumbly by the odd little pile of household stuffs, one holding, perhaps, a child's face to her breast. Italy was there in force, so Spain, and Greece, and Portugal, while Lascar sailors from a ship that lay at the wharves below gave the last added touch.

It was amazing how orderly this throng was. I was on Telegraph Hill twenty times, and I am sure never a soldier, and I think no police, came there. There was plenty of drink, but no one drunk; I haven't seen five drunken men in three days, though the military order that no liquor shall be sold is a dead letter — there has been plenty of drink for those who wanted it. On Telegraph Hill, with its thousand souls who put there confidence in its safety, I think there was not a brawl, not a quarrel, scarcely an angry word. Each family built itself a little nest — nest is the word — and ate or slept and watched the fire.

### *Many Saved Their Pets*

One thing that struck me was the number of pets the people saved. I have seen several men and women who were bearing only a canary in its cage. I saw (this is unbelievable but true), a Chinaman in a vivid green coat bearing a vivid green parrot. And I saw a fat negro in a white sweater carrying two canaries, each in its own cage, the cages being neatly enveloped in white

flannel so that the birds might not be frightened.

Few cats were saved. People do not care enough about cats to save them at an hour like that. But I never saw so many dogs, per capita.

I recall seeing, on Telegraph Hill, a little boy with a wooden cage of birds which included two pigeons. Another boy called to him: "Say, Will, wuz your pigeons all killed?"

"All but two," he said wistfully.

"Killed! Who is killed?" cried an old lady who overheard but the one word.

"My pigeons," said the boy, and the old lady glared at him.

The behavior of pigeons in the air was curious. They flew about and about, plunging into the smoke and out again. I thought I detected in the flight of some, uncertainty as if they had been burned. A flock of twenty wild geese circled about Russian Hill for hours the second night, honking faintly, the white plumage of their breasts showing clearly in the light of the flames. It seemed to me that they flew feebly when I saw them last, and I still wonder if, blinded and bewildered by the smoke, and weakened by the heat, at last they circled from their airy height and plunged into the flames. Bats came from among the trees and low shrubbery on Telegraph Hill, and flew about in that strange night made day by flames.

The rumors of destruction exterior to San Francisco furnished another strange phase. The wires were, of course, at once out of service; among the people there was no means of communication. At ten or eleven o'clock Wednesday, a Salvation Army lieutenant told me that she had heard that Los Angeles had been totally destroyed; that Portland and Seattle had been wiped out by a tidal wave; that Chicago "was under water." I know now that these things are not true. Yet thousands upon thousands still do not know that they are but rumors. Not ten minutes ago a man in uniform approached me where I sit writing and asked me about the safety of Los Angeles. Not a person with whom I have spoken during the past three days who had not heard that "Chicago was under water." Originating in some curious, unexplainable way, the rumor must have fled from lip to lip, with speed incredible, till, within the space of a day, it had startled the ears of hundreds of thousands of the people of the city.

These rumors, impossible of proof or disproof for forty-eight hours, added enormously to the sense of the vastness of the disaster. For all we knew, San Francisco's might have been the last flickering pulse of a mighty shock that had made Europe a sea, made the bed of the Atlantic Ocean dry land, and destroyed all the cities of the world.

*The Fire's End and Our Return to the Ruined City*

By morning of the third day, the flames had done their worst. At Van Ness Avenue, a wide and stately street that runs north and south far west of the center of the city, the conflagration ended! The fire finished its work of devastation in the northeast corner of the peninsula on the morning of the third day, by burning to the water's edge. There fire and water met and as has been its wont from the beginning, fire sullenly withdrew.

At noon, that day, starting from Telegraph Hill, I came afoot down the hot blank streets, a hot wind in my face, almost sure that I was first to traverse that mephitic path. But away down at the foot of the hill, I found a decrepit negress, evil to look upon, tugging at a little old trunk. Farther on I came from the leveled spaces to where the windowless walls of brick buildings without floors still stood, and at length, over hot brick and smoking, charred timbers, to Portsmouth Square.

Those of us who at the risk of our lives had carried our goods to the square found them safe. It is true that this typewriter of mine upon which I write at this

moment has a piece of charred wood at the bottom of the "cage," and the wooden keybars of e, f, ?, and 5 are charred just a trifle; but otherwise it is all right. Six feet from me is a wooden cross made by two stakes, and running from it north and south is a row of notched hard-wood sticks each a foot high. Every one bears a number, and each number represents the body of a man killed by the earthquake. The morgue is just across the street, and these are the bodies of those brought there in the early morning of the first day. By ten o'clock the morgue itself was in danger from fire, and so the corpses were brought across the street to the square and buried. One of them, I reflect, is the Chinaman with the blot for a face. As I look up from my seat towards the Hall of Justice, I can see the barred windows of the cells which occupied the top floor, but beyond the bars is now but the blue of the sky. They released the prisoners there, they tell me. I think they had punishment enough in that one hideous moment when the earthquake came, the walls toppled, and they were helpless in their iron cells. And then, what fear must have been upon them when they heard the crackling of the flames and saw red through the barred windows.

But now Portsmouth Square is not only habitable but inhabited. The trees are still green, the shrubs still tremble in the wind, and the galleon with golden sails that tops the granite monument of Stevenson still proudly sails with golden pennant flying.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 21st, 2 A. M.

*This photograph of Mr. Lafler writing this article was taken unawares to him. He afterwards came across it accidentally*



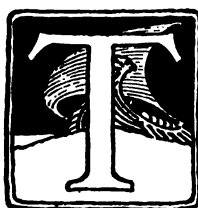


# Robin Goodfellow -- His Friends

by  
Rudyard Kipling

Illustrated by André Castaigne

## III The Winged Hats.



THE next day happened to be what they call a Wild Afternoon. Father and Mother went out to pay calls: Miss Blake went for a ride on her bicycle, and they were left all alone till seven o'clock.

When they had seen their dear parents and their dear preceptress politely off the premises, they got a cabbage-leaf of raspberries from the gardener, and a Wild Tea from Ellen. They ate the raspberries to prevent their squashing, and they meant to divide the cabbage-leaf with Three Cows down at the Theater, but there was a dead hedgehog which they simply had to bury.

Then they went on to the Forge, and found old Hobden the hedger at home with his son, the Bee Boy, who is not quite right in his head, but who can pick up swarms of bees in his naked hands, and he told them the rime about the slow-worm:

*If I had eyes as I could see,  
No mortal man would trouble me.*

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Then they all had tea together, and Hobden said the loaf cake which Ellen had given them was almost as good as what his wife used to make, and he showed them how to set a wire at the right height for a hare. They knew about the rabbits already.

Then they climbed up the Long Ditch into the lower end of Far Wood. This is sadder and darker than the Volaterrae end because of an old marlpit full of black water, where weepy, hairy moss hangs round stumps of the willows and alders. But the birds come to perch on the dead branches, and Hobden says that the bitter willow-water is a sort of medicine for sick animals.

They sat down on a felled oak-trunk in the shadows of the beach undergrowth, and were looping the wires Hobden had given them, when they saw Parnesius.

"How quietly you came," said Una, moving up to make room. "Where's Puck?"

"The Faun and I have disputed whether it is better that I should tell you all my tale, or leave it untold," he replied.

"I only said that if he told it as it happened, you wouldn't understand it," said

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Puck, jumping like a squirrel from behind the log.

"I don't understand all of it," said Una, "but I like hearing about the Picts."

"What I can't quite understand," said Dan, "is how Maximus knew all about the Picts when he was in Gaul."

"He who makes himself Emperor anywhere, must know everything, everywhere," said Parnesius. "We had this much from Maximus's mouth after the Games."

"Games? What games?" said Dan.

Parnesius stretched his arm stiff out: thumb pointed to the ground. "Gladiators! That sort of game," he said. "There were two days' Games in his honor when he landed all unexpected at Segedunum on the east end of the Wall the day after we had met him. Two days' Games we held; but I think the greatest risk was run, not by the poor wretches on the sand, but by Maximus. In the old days Legions kept silence before their Emperor. So did not we. You could hear the solid roar run west along the Wall as his chair was carried rocking through the crowds. The garrison beat round him; clamoring, clowning, asking for pay; for change of quarters; for anything that came into their wild heads. That chair was like a little boat among waves—dipping and falling, but always rising again after one had shut the eyes." Parnesius shivered.

"Were they angry with him?" said Dan.

"No more angry than wolves in a cage when their trainer walks among them. If he had turned his back an instant, or for an instant had ceased to hold their eyes, there would have been another Emperor made on the Wall that hour. Is it not so, Faun?"

"So it is; so it always will be," said Puck.

"Late in the evening a messenger came for us, and we followed to the Temple of Victory, where he lodged with Rutilianus, the General of the Wall. I had hardly seen the man before, but he always gave me leave when I wished to take heather. He was a great glutton, and kept five Asian cooks, and he came of a family that believed in oracles. We could smell his good dinner when we entered, but the tables were empty. He lay snorting on a couch. Maximus sat apart among long rolls of accounts. Then the doors were shut.

"These are your men," said Maximus to the General, who propped his eye-corners open with his gouty fingers, and stared at us like a fish.

"I shall know them again, Caesar," said Rutilianus.

"Very good," said Maximus. "Now hear! You are not to move man or shield on the Wall except as these boys shall tell you. You will do nothing except eat and sleep without their permission. They are the head and arms. You are the belly!"

"As Caesar pleases," the old man grunted, "If my pay and profits are not cut, you may make any Ancestors' Oracle my master. Rome has been!—Rome has been!" Then he turned on his side to sleep.

"Enough," said Maximus. "We will get to what I need."

"He unrolled full copies of the number of men and supplies on the Wall—down to the sick that very day in Hunno hospital. Oh, but I groaned when his pen marked off detachment after detachment of our best—of our least worthless—men. He took two towers of our Scythians; two of our North British auxiliaries; two Numidian cohorts; the Dacians all; and half the Belgians—It was like an eagle pecking a carcass.

"And now, how many catapults have you?" He turned up a new list, but Pertinax laid his open hand there.

"No, Caesar," said he. "Do not tempt the Gods too far. Take men, or engines, but not both, or we refuse."

"Engines!" said Una.

"The catapults of the Wall—huge things forty foot high to the head—firing nets of raw stone or forged bolts. Nothing can stand against them. He left us our catapults at last, but he took a Caesar's half of our men without pity. We were a shell when he rolled up the lists—an empty shell!"

"Hail Caesar! We about to die salute you!" said Pertinax laughing. "If any enemy leans against the Wall now, it will tumble."

"Give me the three years Allo spoke of," he answered, "and you shall have twenty thousand men of your own choosing up here. But now it is a gamble—a game played against the Gods. You play on my side?"

"We will play, Caesar," I said, for I had never met a man like this man.

"Good. To-morrow," said he, "I proclaim you Captains of the Wall before the camp."

"So we went into the moonlight, where they were cleaning the ground after the Games. We saw great Roma Dea atop of the Wall, the frost on her helmet, and her spear pointed towards the North Star. We saw

the twinkle of night-fires all along the guard-towers, and the line of the black catapults growing smaller and smaller in the distance. All these things we knew too well, but that night they seemed very strange to us, because the next day we were to be their masters.

"The men took the news well, but when Maximus went away with half our strength, and we had to spread ourselves into the emptied towers, and the townspeople behind the Wall complained that trade would be ruined, and the autumn gales blew—it was dark days for us all. Here Pertinax was more than my right hand. Being born and bred among the great country-houses in Gaul, he knew the right words to give to all—from Roman-born to those dogs of the Third Legion—the Libyans. And he spoke to each as though that man were as high-minded as himself. Now I saw so strongly what things were needed to be done, that I forgot things are only accomplished by means of men.

"I feared nothing from the Picts, at least for that year, but Allo warned me that the Winged Hats would come in from the sea at each end of the Wall to show the Picts how weak we were. So I made ready in haste, and none too soon. I shifted our best men to the ends of the Wall, and set up screened catapults by the beach. The Winged Hats would drive in before the snow-squalls—ten or twenty boats at a time, at Segedunum or Ituna, according as the wind blew.

"Now a ship coming in to land men, must haul down her sail. If you, then, wait till you see her men gather up the sail's foot, the catapults can jerk a net of loose stones (bolts go clean through the cloth), into the bag of it. Then she turns over, and the sea makes everything clean again. A few men may come ashore, but very few . . . It was not hard work except the waiting on the beach in blowing sand and snow. And that was how we dealt with the Winged Hats all that winter.

"Early in the spring, when the east winds blow like skinning knives, they gathered again off Segedunum with many ships. Allo told me they would never rest till they had taken a tower from us in open fight. Certainly they fought in the open. We dealt with them thoroughly through a long day, and when all was finished, one man dived clear of the wreckage of his ship, and swam towards shore. I waited, and a wave tumbled him at my feet.

"As I stooped, I saw he wore such a medal

as I wear." Parnesius raised his hand to his neck. "Therefore when he could speak, I addressed him a certain Question which can only be answered in a certain manner. He answered with the necessary Word—the word that belonged to the Degree of Gryphons in the science of Mithras my God. I put my shield over him till he could stand up. You see I am not small, but he was a head taller than I. He said: 'What now?' I said: 'At your pleasure, my brother, to stay or to go.'

"He looked out across the surf. There remained one ship unhurt, beyond range of our catapults. I checked the catapults and he waved her in. She came as a hound comes to a master. When she was yet a hundred paces from the beach, he flung back his hair, and swam out. They hauled him in, and went away. I knew that those who worship Mithras are many and of all races, so I did not think much more upon it.

"A month later, I saw Allo with his horses—by the old temple of Pan, O Faun—and he gave me a great necklace of gold studded with coral.

"At first I thought it was a bribe from some tradesman in the town—meant for Rutilianus. 'Nay,' said Allo. 'This is a gift from Amal, that Winged Hat whom you saved on the beach. He says you are a man.'

"'He is a man, too. Tell him I will wear his gift,' I answered.

"'Oh, Amal is a young fool; but speaking as men, your Emperor is doing such great things in Gaul that the Winged Hats are anxious to be his friends, or better still, the friends of his servants. They think you and Pertinax could lead them to victories!'

"'Allo,' I said, 'You are the corn between the two millstones. Be content if they grind evenly, and don't thrust your hand between them.'

"'I?' said Allo. 'I hate Rome and the Winged Hats equally, but if the Winged Hats thought that some day you and Pertinax might join them against Maximus, they would leave you in peace while you considered it. Time is what we need—You and I and Maximus. Let me carry a pleasant message back to the Winged Hats—something for them to make a council over. We barbarians are all alike. We sit up half the night to discuss anything a Roman says. Eh?'

"'We have no men. We must fight with words,' said Pertinax. 'Leave it to Allo and me.'

"So Allo carried word back to the Winged Hats that we would not fight them if they did not fight us, and they (I think they were a little tired of losing men in the sea), agreed to a sort of truce. I believe Allo also told them we might some day rise against Maximus as Maximus had risen against Rome.

"Indeed they permitted the corn-ships which I sent to the Picts to pass North that season without harm. Therefore the Picts were well fed that winter, and since they were in some sort my children, I was glad of it. We had only two thousand men on the Wall, and I wrote many times to Maximus and begged — prayed — him to send me only one cohort of my old North British auxiliaries. He could not spare them. He needed them to win more victories in Gaul.

"Then came news that he had defeated and slain the Emperor Gratian, and thinking he was now secure, I wrote again for men. He answered: — 'You will learn that I have at last settled accounts with the boy Gratian. There was no need that he should have died, but he became confused and lost his head: which is a bad thing to befall an Emperor. Tell your Father I am content to drive two mules only; for unless my old General's son thinks himself destined to destroy me, I shall rest Emperor of Gaul and Britain, and then you, my two children, will presently get all the men you need. Just now I can spare none.'"

"What did he mean by his General's son?" said Dan.

"He meant Theodosius, Emperor of Rome, who was son of Theodosius the General under whom Maximus had fought in the old Pict War. The two men never loved each other, and when Gratian made the younger Theodosius Emperor of the East (at least so I've heard), Maximus carried on war to the second generation. It was his fate: it was his fall. But Theodosius is a good man, as I know.

"I wrote back to Maximus, that though we had peace, I should be happier with a few more men and some new catapults. He answered: 'You must live a little longer under the shadow of my victories, till I can see what Theodosius intends. He may welcome me as a brother-Emperor, or he may be preparing an army. In either case I cannot spare men just now.'"

"But he was always saying that," said Dan.

"It was true. He did not make untrue excuses. Thanks, as he said, to the news of his

victories, we had no trouble on the Wall for a long, long time. The Picts grew fat as their own sheep among the heather, and as many of my men as lived were well exercised in their weapons. Yes, the Wall looked strong. For myself, I knew how weak we were. I knew that if even a false rumor of any defeat to Maximus broke loose among the Winged Hats, they might come down in earnest, and then — the Wall would go! For the Picts I never cared; but in those years I learned something of the strength of the Winged Hats. They increased their strength every day, but I could not increase my men. Maximus had emptied Britain of troops behind us, and I felt myself to be a man with a rotten stick standing before a broken fence to turn bulls.

"Thus, my friends, we lived on the Wall; waiting, waiting, waiting for the men that Maximus never sent!

"Presently he wrote that he was preparing an army against Theodosius. He wrote, and Pertinax read it over my shoulder in our quarters: 'Tell your father that my destiny orders me to drive three mules or be torn in pieces by them. I hope within a year to finish with Theodosius, son of Theodosius, once and for all. Then you shall have Britain to rule, and Pertinax, if he chooses, Gaul. To-day I wish strongly you were with me to beat my Auxiliaries into shape. Do not, I pray you, believe any rumor of my sickness. I have a little evil in my old body which I shall cure by riding swiftly into Rome.'

"Said Pertinax: 'It is finished with Maximus. He writes as a man without hope. I, a man without hope, can see this. What does he add at the bottom of the roll?' "Tell Pertinax I have met his uncle, the Duumvir of Divio, and that he has accounted to me quite truthfully for all his Mother's monies. I have sent her with a fitting escort, for she is the mother of a hero, to Nicœa, where the climate is warm."

"'That is proof,' said Pertinax. 'Nicœa is not far by sea from Rome. A woman there could take ship and fly to Rome in time of war. Yes, Maximus foresees his death, and is fulfilling his promises one by one. But I am glad my Uncle met him.'

"'You think blackly to-day?' I asked.

"'I think truth. The Gods weary of the play we have played against them. Theodosius will destroy Maximus. It is finished.'

"'Will you write him that?' I said.

" 'See what I shall write,' he answered, and he took pen and wrote a letter cheerful as the light of day, tender as a woman's and full of jests. Even I, reading over his shoulder, took comfort from it till — I saw his face!

" 'And now,' he said, sealing it, 'we be two dead men, my brother. Let us go to the temple.'

" 'We prayed a while to Mithras, where we had many times prayed before. After that, we lived day by day among evil rumors till winter came again.

" 'It happened one morning that we rode to Segedunum to look at the catapults, and found on the beach a fair-haired man, half frozen, bound to some broken planks. Turning him over, we saw by his belt-buckle that he was a Goth of an Eastern Legion. Suddenly he opened his eyes and cried loudly: 'He is dead! The letters were with me, but the Winged Hats sunk the ship.' So saying, he died between our hands.

" 'We asked not who was dead. We knew. We raced before the driving snow to Hunno, thinking perhaps Allo might be there. We found him already at our stables, and he saw by our faces what we had heard.

" 'It was at a place called Aquileia,' he stammered. 'Maximus was beaten, bound, and beheaded. He sent a letter to you written while he waited to be slain. The Winged Hats met the ship and took it. The news is running through the heather like fire. Blame me not! I cannot hold back my young men any more!'

" 'I would we could say as much for our men,' said Pertinax laughing. 'But, Gods be praised, they cannot run away.'

" 'What do you do?' said Allo. 'I bring an order — a message from the Winged Hats that you join them this day with your men and march south to plunder Britain.'

" 'It grieves me,' said Pertinax, 'but we are stationed here to stop that thing.'

" 'If I carry that answer, they will kill me,' said Allo. 'I always promised the Winged Hats that you would rise when Maximus fell. I did not think he could fall.

" 'Alas, my poor barbarian,' said Pertinax, still laughing. 'Well, you have sold us too many good ponies to be thrown back to your friends. We will make you a prisoner, although you are an ambassador.'

" 'Yes, that will be best,' said Allo, holding out a halter. We bound him lightly, for he was an old man.

" 'Presently the Winged Hats may come to look for you, and that may give us more time. See how the habit of playing for time sticks to a man,' said Pertinax as he tied the rope.

" 'Nay,' I said. 'Time may help. If Maximus wrote us letters while he was a prisoner, Theodosius must have despatched the ship. If Theodosius can send ships, he can send men.'

" 'How will that save us?' said Pertinax. 'We serve Maximus, not Theodosius. Even if by some miracle of the Gods, Theodosius down south sent and saved the Wall, we could not expect more than the death Maximus died.'

" 'It concerns us to defend the Wall, no matter what Emperor dies, or makes die,' I said.

" 'That is worthy of your brother the philosopher,' said Pertinax. 'Myself I am without hope, so I do not say solemn and stupid things. Rouse the Wall!'

" 'We armed the Wall from end to end: we told the centurions that there was a rumor of Maximus's death and which might bring down the Winged Hats, but we were well sure even if it were true that Theodosius for the sake of Britain would send us help. Therefore, we must stand fast. My friends, it is above all things strange to see how men bear ill-news! Often the strongest till then become the weakest, while the weakest as it were reach up and steal strength from the Gods. So it was with us. Yet my Pertinax by his jests and his labors had put heart and training into our poor numbers during the past years — more than I should have thought possible. Even our Libyan cohort — the Thirds — stood up in their padded cuirasses, and did not whimper.

" 'In three days came seven chiefs and elders of the Winged Hats. Among them was the young man, Amal, whom I had met on the beach, and he smiled when he saw my necklace. We made them welcome, for they were ambassadors. We showed them Allo, alive but bound. They thought we had killed him, and I saw it would not have vexed them if we had. Allo saw it, too, and it vexed him. Then in our quarters at Hunno, we came to Council.

" 'They said that Rome was falling, and that we must join them. They offered me all South Britain to govern after they had taken some tribute out of it.

" 'I answered: 'Patience. This Wall is not

weighed of light plunder. Give me proof that my General is dead.'

"'Nay,' said one elder, 'prove to us that he lives,' and another said cunningly — 'What will you give us if we read you his last words?'

"'We are not merchants to bargain,' cried Amal. 'Moreover, I owe this man my life. He shall have his proof.' He threw across to me a letter (well I knew the seal), from Maximus.

"'We took this out of the ship we sunk,' he cried. 'I cannot read, but I know one sign at least which makes me believe.' He showed me a dark stain on the outer roll that my heavy heart perceived was the valiant blood of Maximus.

"'Read!' said Amal. 'Read and let us hear whose servant you are!'

"Said Pertinax, very softly, after he had broken seal and looked through it: 'I will read it all. Listen, barbarians!' He read from that which I have carried next my heart ever since."

Parnesius drew from his neck a folded and spotted piece of parchment, and began in a hushed voice:—

*"To Parnesius and Pertinax, the not unworthy Captains of the Wall, from Maximus, once Emperor of Gaul and Britain, now prisoner waiting death by the sea in the camp of Theodosius — Greeting and Good-by!"*

"'Enough,' said young Amal, 'there is your proof! You must join us now!'

"Pertinax looked long and silently at him, till the fair man blushed like a girl. Then read Pertinax:—

*"I have joyfully done much evil in my life to those who have wished me evil; but if ever I did any evil to you two, I repent, and I ask your forgiveness. The three mules which I strove to drive have torn me in pieces as your father prophesied. The naked swords wait at the tent-door to give me the death I gave to Gratian. Therefore I, your General and your Emperor, send you free and honorable dismissal from my service, which you entered, not for money or office, but, as it makes me warm to believe, because you loved me!"*

"'By the Light of the Sun,' Amal broke in. 'This is in some sort a man! We may have been mistaken in his servants!'

"And Pertinax read on:—

*"You gave me the time for which I asked. If I have failed to use it, do not lament. We have gambled very splendidly against the Gods, but they hold weighted dice, and I must pay*

*my stakes. Remember, I have been, but Rome is, and Rome will be! Tell Pertinax his Mother is in safety at Nicæa, and her monies are in charge of the Prefect at Antipolis. Make my remembrances to your Father and to your Mother, whose friendship was great gain to me. Give also to my little Picts and to the Winged Hats such messages as their thick heads can understand. I would have sent you three legions this very day if all had gone right. Do not forget me. We have worked together. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!"*

"Now that was my Emperor's last letter." (The children heard the parchment crackle as he returned it to its place.)

"'I was mistaken,' said Amal. 'The servants of such a man will see nothing except over the sword. I am glad of it.' He held out his hand to me.

"'But Maximus has given you your dismissal,' said an elder. 'You are certainly free to serve—or to rule—whom you please. Join—do not follow—join us!'

"'We thank you,' said Pertinax. 'But Maximus tells us to give you such messages as—pardon me, but I use his words—your thick heads can understand.' He pointed through the door to the foot of a catapult wound up.

"'We understand,' said an elder. 'The Wall must be won at a price.'

"'It grieves me,' said Pertinax laughing, 'but so it must be won,' and he gave them of our best southern wine.

"They drank and wiped their yellow beards in silence till they rose to go.

"Said Amal stretching himself (for they were only barbarians), 'We be a goodly company. I wonder what the ravens and the dogfish will make of some of us before the snow melts.'

"'Think rather what Theodosius may send,' I answered; and though they laughed, I saw that my chance shot troubled them.

"Only old Allo lingered behind a little.

"'You see,' he said, winking and blinking, 'I am no more than their dog. When I have shown their men the secret short ways across the bogs, they will kick me like one.'

"'Then I should not be in haste to show them those ways,' said Pertinax, 'till I was sure that Rome could not save the Wall.'

"'You think so? Woe is me!' said the old man. 'I only wanted peace for my people,' and he went out stumbling through the snow behind the tall Winged Hats.

"In this fashion then, slowly, a day at a time, which is very bad for doubting troops, the War came upon us. At first the Winged Hats swept in from the sea as they had done before, and there we met them as before — with the catapults, till they sickened of it. Yet for a long time they would not trust their duck-legs on land, and I think when it came to revealing the secrets of the tribes, the little Picts were afraid or ashamed to show them all the roads across the heather. I had this from a Pict prisoner. They were as much our spies as our enemies, for the Winged Hats oppressed them, and took their little stores.

"Then the Winged Hats began to roll us up from each end of the Wall. I sent runners southward to see what news might be in Britain, but the wolves were very bold that winter among the deserted stations where the troops had once been, and none came back. We had trouble too with the forage for the ponies along the Wall. I kept ten, and so did Pertinax. We lived and slept in the saddle, riding east or west, and we ate our worn out ponies. The people of the town also made us some trouble till I gathered them all in one quarter behind Hunno. We broke down the Wall on either side of it to make as it were a citadel. Our men fought better in close order.

"By the end of the second month, we were deep in the War as a man is deep in a snow-drift or in a dream. I think we fought in our sleep. At least I know I have gone on the Wall and come off again, remembering nothing between, though my throat was harsh with giving orders, and my sword, I could see, had been used.

"The Winged Hats fought like wolves — all in a pack. Where they had suffered most, there they charged in most hotly. This was hard for the defenders, but it held them from sweeping on into Britain.

"In those days Pertinax and I wrote on the plaster of the bricked archway into Valentia the names of the towers, and the days on which they fell one by one. We did not look to live.

"The fight was always hottest to left and right of the great statue of Roma Dea, near to Rutilianus's house. By the Light of the Sun, that old fat man, whom we had not considered at all, grew young again among the trumpets. I remember he said his sword was an Oracle. 'Let us consult the Oracle,' he would say, and put the handle against his ear, and shake his head wisely.

'And *this* day is allowed Rutilianus to live,' he would say, and tucking up his cloak, he would puff and pant and fight well. Oh, there were jests in plenty on the Wall to take the place of food.

"We endured for two months and seventeen days — always being pressed from the sides into a smaller space. Three times Allo sent in word that help was coming; we did not believe but it helped our men.

"The end came not with shoutings of joy, but like the rest as in a dream. The Winged Hats suddenly left us in peace for a night, and the next day; which is too long for spent men. We slept at first lightly, expecting to be roused, and then like logs, each where he lay. May you never need such sleep! When I waked, our towers were full of strange, armed men, who watched us snoring. I roused Pertinax, and we leaped up together.

"'What' said a young man in clean armor. 'Do you fight against Theodosius? Look!'

"North we looked over the red snow. No Winged Hats were there. South we looked over the white snow, and behold, there were the Eagles of two strong legions encamped. East and west we saw flame and fighting, but by Hunno all was still.

"'Trouble no more,' said the young man. 'Rome's arm is long. Where are the Captains of the Wall?'

"We said we were those men.

"'But you are old and gray-haired,' he cried. 'Maximus said that they were boys.'

"'Yes, but that was a year ago,' said Pertinax. 'What is our fate to be, you fine and well-fed child?'

"'I am called Ambrosius, a secretary of the Emperor,' he answered. 'Show me a certain letter Maximus wrote from a tent at Aquileia, and perhaps I will believe.'

"I took it from my breast, and when he had read it, he saluted us, saying: 'Your fate is in your own hands. If you choose to serve Theodosius, he will give you a Legion. If it suits you to go to your homes, we will give you a Triumph.'

"'I would like better a bath, wine, food, razors, soaps, oils, and scents,' said Pertinax laughing.

"'Oh, I see you are a boy,' said Ambrosius. 'And you?' turning to me.

"'We bear no ill-will against Theodosius, but in war' — I began.

"'In war it is as it is in love,' said Pertinax. 'Whether she be good or bad,



“‘YOU COULD HEAR THE SOLID ROAR RUN WEST ALONG THE WALL AS  
HIS CHAIR WAS CARRIED ROCKING THROUGH THE CROWDS.’”

one gives one's best once, to one only. That given, there remains no second worth giving or taking.'

" 'That may be true,' said Ambrosius. 'I was with Maximus before he died. He warned Theodosius that you would never serve him, and frankly I say I am sorry for my Emperor.'

" 'He has Rome to console him,' said Pertinax. 'I ask you of your kindness to let us go to our homes, and get this smell out of our nostrils.'

"None the less they gave us a Triumph!'

"It was well earned," said Puck, throwing a piece of bark into the still water of the marlpit. The black oily circles spread dizzily as the children watched them.

"I want to know, oh, ever so many things," said Dan. "What happened to

Allo? Did the Winged Hats ever come back?'

"And what happened to the fat old General with the five cooks?" said Una. "And what did your mother say when you came home?"

"She'd say you're sittin' too long over this old pit, so late as 'tis already," said Hobden's voice behind them. "Hst!" he whispered.

He stood still, for not twenty paces away, a magnificent dog-fox sat on his haunches, and looked at the children as though he were a friend of theirs.

"Oh, Mus' Reynolds — Mus' Reynolds," said Hobden, under his breath. "If I knowed all was inside your head, I'd know something wuth knowin'. Mus' Dan an' Miss Una, come along o' me while I lock up my liddle hen-house."



# NEW MUSIC FOR AN OLD WORLD

DR. THADDEUS CAHILL'S DYNAMOPHONE, AN EXTRA-  
ORDINARY ELECTRICAL INVENTION FOR PRO-  
DUCING SCIENTIFICALLY PERFECT MUSIC

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS ESPECIALLY MADE FOR THIS ARTICLE

DR. Thaddeus Cahill's extraordinary invention, of which technical accounts have already been published, is now ready for installation in New York City. It will certainly attract wide popular attention and discussion. At first, and naturally enough, it astonishes chiefly by its unique physical aspects. No musical instrument ever departed further from the ordinary conception of what a musical instrument should be. Filling a large basement with steel machinery — shafts, dynamos, electric alternators, transformers, and switch-boards, it gives the impression of nothing so much as a busy machine-shop, or the center of a considerable manufacturing industry.

No musicians are in evidence: only a workman or two in oily garments. Of ornamentation, with which one associates great musical instruments like pipe-organs and grand pianos, there is not the slightest appearance. A further examination might well puzzle even an expert if he had no inkling of the mystery of the machine. Operating at full speed it apparently produces nothing at all. Nowhere is there the slightest sound of music: you may sit and watch it playing a symphony of Beethoven and hear nothing save a staccato of metallic clicks from the electric switches, accompanied, if you examine closely, by minute sparks and flashes. Noise there is, but no music.

## *Largest Musical Instrument Ever Built*

Other aspects are equally unique. Of all musical instruments ever constructed it is certainly the largest and heaviest: none other, probably, ever cost so much money, over \$200,000, having been expended

in building the first machine; and none ever required, or gave opportunity for more human skill in playing.

But the physical appearance of the instrument, impressive as it is, does not compare for interest with its less evident but more significant features. Suggestively enough, Dr. Cahill's invention is located in a building not far from the Metropolitan Opera House, the center of musical art in this country.

At the present time those who wish to listen to a Conried orchestra must themselves come to the music, they must pay high prices for their seats in the opera house and only a selected few — limited by the size of the auditorium and the cost of admission — can at any time hear the music.

## *Invention May Work Revolutionary Changes*

Dr. Cahill's new invention suggests, if it does not promise, a complete change in the system by which a comparatively few rich people enjoy the best music to the exclusion of all others. Instead of bringing the people to the music the new method sends the music to the people. As I have said, the instrument itself produces no music, it merely gives out electrical waves of various sorts which are carried over wires like a telegraph message. Highly skilled musicians located in a quiet room distant from the whirl of the machinery, regulate the production of these waves by playing upon keyboards similar to those of the pipe-organ. Connecting with the central plant, cables are laid, in the streets, from which wires may be



WHAT THE DYNAMOPHONE LOOKS LIKE

*This is the first, small experimental machine. The one now being installed in New York is much larger*

run into your house or mine, or into restaurants, theaters, churches, schools, or wherever music is desired. Upon our table, or attached to the wall, we have an ordinary telephone receiver with a funnel attached. By opening a switch we may "turn on" the music. The electric waves sent out by the great central machine are transformed, by the familiar device of the telephone, into sound waves, and reach our ears as symphonies, lullabies or other music, at the will of the players. Louder tones and greater volume of music may be secured for theaters and churches, by the simple regulation of a switch. Of course the same selections, performed by the musicians, go over the wires at the same time, so that you and I may sit in our homes on Easter morning and hear the same music that is being produced in the churches, or in the evening, dining at the restaurant, we may enjoy the identical selections given in the opera house or the theater. It is the dream of the inventor that, in the future, we may be awakened by appropriate music in the morning, and go to bed at night with lullabies — sleep-music being a department of musical composition which he thinks has been sadly neglected. The machine as now constructed is, indeed, peculiarly adapted to the sweet, soft strains of sleep-music. It would be difficult to produce more exquisite effects than Dr. Cahill gets in such selections as "Traumerei."

#### *Democracy of Music*

As the machine is developed, and as the players become more expert, we may enter upon quite a new era of music, what may be called, indeed, the democracy of music. We cannot really herald the complete dominance of democracy until we have good music, great pictures, and the best books at the command of every citizen. Museums, galleries, and process printing have gone far towards bringing that equal opportunity of all citizens for the enjoyment of great pictures, which is the dream of the social philosopher. Free libraries have placed the best and rarest books at the command of any man who wishes to use them. But music, by its nature ephemeral and costly of production, has not so easily submitted itself to such democracy of enjoyment. Poor music may be had anywhere: good music is



EIGHT INDUCTORS CORRESPONDING TO THE EIGHT C'S ON A PIANO

*The large inductors produce the deep notes, the small, the high notes. They are mounted on the same shaft, and turn together, so that the dynamophone cannot get "out of tune"*

rare: it is hived up in grand opera houses, and supported by playing upon the social vanity of the rich. It is a pastime for society. To this fact, indeed, may be traced the slow development, much deplored by critics, of musical taste in this country.

Dr. Cahill's instrument, without in any way overestimating its capabilities, or suggesting that it will displace the present forms of musical art, gives us a hint of what the music of the future may be like. With its wires spreading in every direction, not only in the streets of cities and into city homes, but by means of a system of long distance transmission, even now quite feasible, the best music may be delivered at towns, villages, and even farmhouses up to a hundred miles or more from the central station. Small country



MUSICIANS PLAYING THE DYNAMOPHONE

churches, town halls, schools, at present holding up no ideals of really good music, may be provided with the same high-class selections that are daily produced by the most skilful players in the cities.

One's first feeling, upon hearing of the new machine, is one of utter incredulity. When the telephone was invented the idea of talking over wires was just as inconceivable: and more recently the announcement that messages might be conveyed from Europe to America wholly without the use of wires, was looked upon with much the same skepticism. But Dr. Cahill's machine is actually in existence, players have been trained to perform upon it, and the music has really been conveyed over wires and produced in distant halls and houses, as it will soon be delivered through the streets of New York. When one is convinced that so much of

the story is true his next impression — for we are of weak faith — is that this is only another device, like the phonograph, or the much advertised piano-player, for producing mechanical music. In other words, we imagine a sort of overgrown, hurdy-gurdy. The news of all great inventions seems at first too good to be true. It is amusing, the wistfulness with which the inquirer, eager to believe in the instrument, is sure to ask: "But is the music not mechanical? Cannot you hear the machinery? Is it possible that such a machine can be made to convey the emotion of the player?"

#### *How the New Music is Produced*

These were the questions uppermost in my own mind when I went to Holyoke, Massachusetts, where Dr. Cahill has his laboratory, and where he has just completed



A TONE-MIXER

*Where the currents producing various tones are combined to give a musical note*

his second machine, the one now being installed in New York City. A wire runs from the laboratory to the Hamilton Hotel, about a mile away, and the telephone receiver, fitted with a big paper horn, was placed on a chair in the ball-room at the top of the building. A switch near at hand turned on the music and regulated the tones, either soft or loud, the musicians, of course, being located at the keyboard in their own small room at the laboratory, a mile away. I am not a musical critic, but of a few things any one may at once make sure. When the music began, it seemed to fill the entire room with singularly clear, sweet, perfect tones. Although expecting somehow to hear the whirl of machinery, or the scraping sounds

common to the phonograph, I was at first so much interested in the music itself that I did not once recall its source. Afterwards, I listened especially for some evidence of the noisy dynamos which I had just seen, but without distinguishing a single jarring sound; nor was there any hollowness or strangeness traceable to the telephone or its horn attachment. It was pure music, conveying musical emotion without interference or diversion. As one listens, the marvel of it grows upon him — the marvel and the possibilities which it suggests. The music apparently comes out of nothingness, no players to be seen, no instrument, nothing but two wires running out of the wall; and in hundreds of different places widely separated — the present



DR. THADDEUS CAHILL, THE INVENTOR

machine can supply over one thousand subscribers—the same music may be heard at the same moment.

### *A Hundred Instruments in One*

The first impression the music makes upon the listener is its singular difference from any music ever heard before: in the fullness, roundness, completeness, of its tones. And truly it is different and more perfect: but strangely enough, while it possesses ranges of tones all its own, it can be made to imitate closely other musical instruments: the flute, oboe, bugle, French horn and 'cello best of all, the piano and violin not as yet so perfectly. Ask the players for fife music and they play Dixie for you with the squealing of the pipes deceptively perfect. Indeed, the performer upon this marvelous machine, as I shall explain later, can "build up" any sort of tone he wishes: he can produce the perfect note of the flute or the imperfect note of the piano—though the present machine is not adapted to the production of all sorts of music, as future and more extensive machines may be.

After several selections had been given I was conscious of a subtle change in the music. Dr. Cahill said:

"Mr. Harris has taken Mr. Pierce's place."

It is quite as possible, indeed, to distinguish the individuality of the players upon this instrument as it is upon the piano or violin. The machine responds perfectly to the skill and emotion of the player; he gets out of it what he puts into it: so that the music is as much a human production as though the player performed upon a piano. In an hour's time we had many selections, varying all the way from Bach and Schubert to the "Arkansas Traveler" and a popular Stein song. One duet was played by Mr. Pierce and Mr. Schultz. The present machine is best adapted to the higher class of music. It does not produce with any great success the rattle-bang of rag-time, which is perhaps an advantage.

By the time I had heard the music and had speculated upon what the influence of such an instrument might be upon the development of the aesthetic side of our common life, I wanted to understand the invention itself and to know something of the man who created it.

A first glance at the machinery in the Holyoke laboratory is rather discouraging to the ordinary visitor who is untrained in the science of electricity and sound. It seems, like the pictures which go with this article, almost too difficult to understand. But, like all great inventions, its fundamental principles are really simple.

### *How the Invention was Made*

Some inventions, like the X-ray apparatus, partake of the nature of brilliant discoveries, being the fortuitous result of experiment along other lines. When Roentgen produced the first X-ray photograph he was as much astonished as the world was afterwards. The true invention, however, begins with a definite vision in the inventor's mind: he knows what he is looking for, and like the artist who devotes himself laboriously to the technique of his art, he is willing to experiment with patience and in obscurity for years in giving material form to his vision.

Dr. Cahill has made no great new discovery, he has established no new fundamental law; but by applying well-known principles and devoting twelve years of his life to toilsome experimentation he has produced a wonderful new instrument.

The vision, which is the essence of an invention, in this case was of a machine which should produce scientifically perfect tones.

### *What is a Perfect Musical Instrument?*

Most of us have no conception of how imperfect are all of our existing musical contrivances, especially the more complex ones like the violin, piano, pipe-organ. Dr. Cahill was brought up in Oberlin, Ohio, a town having a musical conservatory and much devoted to good music. He developed a keen interest in the scientific side of the art and he was impressed with the remarkable inefficiency of all sorts of instruments. The violin is marred by poverty of chord capacity, while the piano, having excellent chord capacity, cannot be kept in perfect tune, and suffers from the dwindling of the notes: that is, the sound is loud when the string is first struck, and gradually dies out. Dr. Cahill calls the pipe-organ a "dead instrument." It has no sympathy and gives little control of

tones: when the key is down the tone cannot be further influenced by the player.

It occurred to Dr. Cahill that it should be possible to construct a machine which would give the player *absolute control of the tones produced*, thereby uniting all the perfections of the various instruments and eliminating their defects. The ideal instrument, to his mind, was one which would enable the player to express his emotion in all its power and intensity as nearly without mechanical hindrance as possible. He did not at first think of distributing music by wires: that was a later invention. His first desire was a perfect instrument, giving as he says "a sustained tone controlled by the touch." For example, after a piano player strikes a key, the sound, loud at first, dwindles rapidly away: he cannot control or regulate it: he must use it as it is. Suppose he could hold it as long as he pleased, in all its initial power and beauty: suppose he could cause it to swell or dwindle at will, suppose he could make it, at any moment, just as loud or soft as he desired; in other words, suppose he could mold that tone under his hands as a potter molds clay, would not his capacity as a musician be enormously increased? Would he not be able to express more perfectly the full emotion of his musical genius? Such control was what Dr. Cahill had in view in working out his invention.

#### *Story of Dr. Cahill's Unusual Career*

Dr. Cahill is by nature a scientist and inventor. He has been inventing since he was thirteen years old. At that age he was the expert stenographer of an Ohio court, and out of his experience with the imperfections of the modern typewriter grew the idea of an electric typewriter, which he afterward invented and which is now successfully in use. At fourteen he was making telephones, the Bell company having refused to sell him instruments to experiment with. A little later, while still in his teens, he began work with musical devices, and he continued during a partial course in Oberlin College, to study and experiment. Later he went to Washington where he earned his living by means of a clerkship in the House of Representatives, attending the Columbian University in the evening, and finally graduating from the Law Department, third in a class of over one hundred.

In addition to the bread-winning work of the day, and the law studies of the night, the young man, having an iron constitution and the tenacity of a genuine purpose, continued without interruption to work on his inventions, experimenting at first with sirens and afterwards with various magnetic and electrical devices. At times, although his income was small, and the cost of apparatus great, he kept two draughtsmen at work. His room and an old basement were at first his laboratories. Through many years the inventor's brothers, Arthur T. and George F. Cahill, have been his faithful assistants.

#### *Lord Kelvin Encourages the Inventor*

After many years of work Dr. Cahill in 1900 completed his first machine. The next two years he spent in experimenting with the machine, perfecting plans for a larger plant. During this period, he distributed the music from his laboratory, in one part of Washington, to his office or home in another. In 1902, he transmitted it to the residence of George Westinghouse, of air-brake fame, in Washington, and to the office of a friend in Baltimore. The musical effects were considered wonderful by those who heard them. Several capitalists became interested in the invention—foremost among them, O. T. Crosby, a pioneer of electrical railroading and F. C. Todd, of Baltimore. Their zealous advocacy and financial support of it have been of the greatest importance to the new art and its inventor. Several eminent scientists, among them Lord Kelvin, visited the inventor's laboratory and encouraged him to continue his work. The same year he opened a large laboratory at Holyoke, Massachusetts, and after four years more of work, Dr. Cahill is now nearly ready for the first public presentation of the results of his experiments. Few inventions have ever been so kept in darkness until they reached the perfection necessary for immediate commercial use. And few inventors have so combined the genius to produce a machine, with the legal knowledge to protect it with patents, and the business acumen to raise the very great sums of money necessary to carry on the experiments, which have cost a fortune, and to build a commercial plant which has cost \$200,000. more.

### *How does the New Machine Produce Music?*

We may now come to the machine itself. What is it? How does it produce music?

A musical note, in its simplest sense, is a pleasant sound, produced by vibrations in the air. Strike a key of a piano: the string vibrates and sets the air to pulsating, sound waves are conveyed to our ears and we hear a musical note. Some strings produce rapid vibrations and give us high notes. Others, slower vibrations with low notes. By striking various keys in succession these vibrations may be blended or combined to produce music.

Every one knows how different is the music produced, for example, by the piano from that of the cornet or violin. The tones are wholly different. Why?

Helmholtz in his great work on "Sensations of Tone" analyzed musical tones as a chemist analyzes water. A tone which seems to us perfectly simple may be extremely complex. Helmholtz showed that, when a note is struck, we have first a "ground tone," consisting of a certain number of vibrations a second. But this is not all: accompanying the "ground tone" and co-existing with it are other vibrations called "harmonics," which are two, three, four, five or more times as rapid.

In some instruments the ground tone is strong and clear, and the harmonics much less distinct — as in the violin and the flute. In brass instruments the ground tone is weaker and the harmonics stronger. In other words, the quality of a musical instrument depends upon the combination of the original ground tone and its many harmonics.

### *Helmholtz and His Tuning Forks*

Helmholtz, by the use of many tuning forks, one giving the pure primary tone, the others yielding the pure harmonics, was actually able to "build up" or imitate the tones of various instruments.

Here, then, in its acoustic form, was one of the basic ideas out of which the music of the future will grow — is now growing. If Helmholtz could have gone on and built a machine for operating and controlling his tuning forks he could have produced any sort of music he desired, and with scientific perfection. But such a machine would have presented mechanical difficulties impossible of solution. Helmholtz,

moreover, had no idea of *producing music*. His work was to investigate the physiological basis of our musical sensations.

Dr. Cahill, on the contrary, using the scientific knowledge which Helmholtz and a host of others had developed, sought to create a new system of musical production that would be more plastic and expressive than anything known before. Later he set himself the further task of finding some way of distributing widely the music so produced.

It is impossible here to describe the tortuous and difficult pathway of his progress, or to tell of the obstacles which he was compelled to surmount. It will be sufficient to explain, simply — for it is really simple — how he finally solved the problem.

### *Electricity Used to Produce Music*

Electricity, like sound, travels in waves or vibrations, electricity in the ether, and sound in the air. Why should there not be a way, argued Dr. Cahill, for producing the various vibrations corresponding to the pitch of a musical note by electricity and then changing them into sound-vibrations? This was the problem he studied: and he finally hit upon the use of electric dynamos. Each dynamo was so built that it gave out alternating currents which vibrated (or alternated, as the electrician would say) at a certain rate. Each dynamo produced vibrations representing a single pure musical tone, or a single one of Helmholtz's tuning forks. Other dynamos or alternators were used to represent other pure tones, until in the present machine Dr. Cahill has not fewer than 145 such alternators. They are placed upon great steel shafts, and operated by power machinery. Each alternator is connected by wires with the playing keyboard in another room. When one key is pressed one alternator gives off its vibrations: when two are pressed, two alternators come into play. Let us suppose, now, that the player wishes to produce the peculiar sweet note of an A string (open) upon the violin. The ground tone of the A string has 435 vibrations a second. One key controlling one alternator will produce this ground tone, but it will sound more like a flute note than a violin note. Harmonics must be added — exactly as Helmholtz built up a tone with his tuning forks. Stops are drawn producing the first harmonic, 870

vibrations, the second harmonic, 1,305 vibrations and so on, until the approximate note of the violin is reached. In other words, the player, by using the proper keys and stops can construct the tones of any instrument he wishes. He can have the clear note of the flute, the heavy burr of the 'cello or the squeal of the fife. The qualities of all instruments—the vivacity of the piano, the emotion of the violin, the purity of the clarinet, are thus within instant reach of the player upon a machine of this type. The present instrument with 145 alternators, while producing the most extraordinary results, will not reach all of the combinations necessary, let us say, to produce the marvelously complex music of an orchestra, but the inventor is already planning a much larger machine, with hundreds of alternators, upon which eight or ten musicians may perform together, making possible heights of musical harmony never before imagined.

#### *The Grooming of an Electrical Current*

The fundamental feature of the machine, then, lies in these alternators, but many other devices, wonderful inventions in themselves, contribute to the production of musical sound. For example, the currents from various alternators must be combined to make a given tone: consequently the inventor has produced what he calls "tone-mixers" where the various sorts of vibrations, carried on wires, are combined. Leaving the mixer, mysterious as it is to the non-technical mind, the current is "refined" by passing it through other devices, from which it emerges ready for distribution by wire to the subscriber in his home or at his restaurant. It is perfectly marvelous, the way in which these currents are regulated and controlled—molded as it were, by the delicate touch of the artist's hand.

#### *How the Music is Telephoned*

One final device is necessary. So far we have only an electrical current, properly mixed and refined, to produce a given musical tone, but there is no sound whatever. The machine itself, as I have said, is silent. The inventor here has recourse to the simple device of the telephone receiver, the purpose of which is to translate an

electric current, which comes to it over the wires, into sound waves. The familiar little black diaphragm of the telephone is made to vibrate by the current and that vibration is communicated to the air, producing sound waves which we hear, exactly as we hear the sound waves excited by a piano string. Thus the new music comes to us. It can be transmitted over ordinary telephone wires and received in our ordinary telephones, but inasmuch as the current used for the music is much stronger than that employed for carrying the human voice, it is the plan of the inventor to have separate wires laid in the streets, and a separate telephone apparatus in the theater or in the home of the subscriber. In New York the plan is ultimately to have four different sets of wires, one carrying operatic music, one classical music, one sacred music, and one popular airs, so that subscribers may take their choice.

Having produced his new instrument it was necessary to find an operator. Curiously enough, although Dr. Cahill is a profound student of music and a lover of musical art he plays no instrument. About three years ago Edwin H. Pierce, a professional pianist and organist of many years' experience, undertook the task of mastering the new instrument. The keyboard which he uses fills all one side of the music room. It is surrounded by a jungle of wires leading from the keyboard to the 2,000 or more switches which control the instrument. The musician sits on a high bench, like that of a pipe-organ, with double-banked keyboard. Sixteen stops are used to regulate the harmonics, and there are other devices, pedals and "expression levers," for otherwise controlling the tones. One telephone with a funnel is arranged behind the player, so that by listening to his own music he may get exactly the proper effects.

#### *Learning to Play the Dynamophone*

Learning to play the new instrument has been like some wonderful new discovery in an unknown musical world. Here were limitless musical possibilities waiting to be utilized. The musician uses his keys and stops to build up the voices of flute or clarinet, as the artist uses his brushes for mixing colors to obtain a certain hue.

It is like seeing a conjurer's trick to hear Mr. Pierce add tone to tone from the stops which represent the harmonics, only to have the whole suddenly blend in one perfect note at the drawing of the last stop. By combining, for example, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th partials with the 4th and 5th predominating he can produce a marvelously beautiful oboe tone. Mr. Pierce has been devoting all his time for two years to the instrument, and does not yet consider himself by any means the master of it. In fact the instrument itself has been growing and changing. Two other performers, Mr. Schultz and Mr. Harris, have learned it under his instruction.

The player uses one hand on the keys for giving the tones, and one at the stops for giving the quality. In future instruments there may be many players with one great leader, as in an orchestra, having the whole performance under his control and interpreting his own musical genius. And such players will not lack the stimulus of an audience, for it is the intent of the inventor to have the operating portion of the instrument located in a hall or opera house where the public may be admitted to hear the same music which is being rendered at the same moment in a thousand different places.

It will be noted that I have spoken throughout of the invention as the "new instrument." It is indeed so new that it is yet without a definitely chosen name. The inventor has suggested both "telharmonium" and "dynamophone"—both descriptive terms—with a preference for the latter. The workmen in the shop speak of "electric music." In the end the public will probably choose its own name—as it has named the automobile.

#### *Effect of the New Music on Musical Art*

Will the new instrument tend to affect the present musical art?

If it reaches in practice anything like the perfection of its experimental performances it will undoubtedly become a most valuable addition to the range of musical possibilities. As a pure economic proposition, it will furnish really good

music much cheaper than the ordinary small orchestras: and there will be little danger of strikes of musicians. After a machine is installed in a city, a dozen or twenty highly skilled performers may easily supply thousands of restaurants, churches, schools and homes, with music. In the Boston Symphony Orchestra twenty men play first violin and twenty second violin—in order to produce the necessary volume of sound. In the new instrument the player has unlimited volume at his instant command.

#### *We Shall Keep the Old with the New*

But it would be absurd to say that the new instrument will even seriously interfere with the presentation of great music of any sort. It will rather add to the public interest in music and the appreciation of musical art. The automobile has not driven out the horse, and in an age of electric lights we still use gas and kerosene oil, not to mention candles. More people will become interested, and more musicians developed, and the possibilities of greater ranges of musical effect may encourage the development of an entirely new music, at present hardly imagined.

But the new instrument as at present constructed, has its limitations. Its own peculiar and beautiful tones may in their very sweetness and perfection fail to please every one. As artists and architects know, there is a certain appeal to the senses in that which is imperfect and irregular, though there is no reason why a great musician, using the new instrument, should not introduce those very dissonances which lend to the perfection of art. At present the instrument is better adapted to classical music than to the lively popular airs which many people really enjoy, whether they should or not. Moreover, we shall miss the sight, pleasing to many of us, of the humanity of the histrionic leader with his "pale, bleak forehead, and his long black hair," the fat man with the trombone, and last and not least, the "little man in the tin shop."

We welcome the new with eagerness: it has a great place to fill: it may revolutionize our musical art: but, in accepting the new, we shall not give up the old.

# REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE\*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

IX

LONDON IN 1852—MAZZINI AND KOSSUTH—THE  
DECISION TO COME TO AMERICA

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



ABOUT the middle of June I arrived in London. Kinkel had already selected rooms for me on St. Johnswood Terrace, not far from his house, and he had also found pupils for me to whom I was to give lessons in the German language and in music, the proceeds of which would be more than sufficient to cover my modest wants. The well-known paradox that you can have more in London for a shilling and less for a pound, than anywhere else, that is to say that you can live very cheaply and comparatively well in modest circumstances, while life on a grand scale is very expensive, was at that time as well founded as undoubtedly it still is. I could have found a great many more pupils if I had been able to speak English. But, strange as this appeared to myself in later life, my musical ear still rebelled against the sound of the English language, and could not conquer its repugnance. The peculiar charm of its cadence I began to appreciate only as I learned to speak it with fluency. In teaching German to others the Princess De Beaufort's methods in teaching me French proved of great use to me.

Some of my pupils took a very lively interest in old German literature and requested me to read with them the Nibelungenlied and, as not seldom happens, in my role of teacher I learned more of the subject I had to teach than I had known before and than I would have learned otherwise. I taught and learned with real enthusiasm, for — I may permit myself here to remark by the way —

the Nibelungenlied is, in my opinion, certainly not in elegance of diction, but surely in dramatic architecture, the grandest and must powerful epic presented by any literature.

In my social intercourse the Kinkel family naturally occupied the first place. Their house was small, and modestly furnished. But in this house dwelt happiness. Kinkel had regained the whole cheerful elasticity of his being. His hair and beard were, to be sure, touched with gray, but the morbid pallor which his imprisonment had imparted to his face had yielded to the old fresh and healthy hue. With cheerful courage he had undertaken the task of finding for his family in a foreign country a comfortable existence, and his efforts were crowned with success. To the private lessons he gave were added lectures and other engagements at educational institutions. During the first months he earned enough to give his wife a fine grand piano and Frau Kinkel won in a large social circle an excellent reputation as a teacher of music. The four children promised well as they grew up. There could have been nothing more pleasant and instructive than to see Frau Kinkel occupied with the education of her two boys and two girls. They not only began to play on the piano as soon as they were physically able, but they also sang with perfect purity of tone and naïve expression quartets composed by their mother especially for them.

The joy I felt when I observed the new life of this family I cannot well describe. I learned to understand and appreciate one

great truth : there is no purer or more beautiful happiness in this world than the consciousness that one has contributed something toward the happiness of those one loves, without demanding any other reward than this consciousness.

The gratitude of Kinkel and his wife was so sincere and untiring that it frequently embarrassed me. They constantly were looking for something that they could do to please me. At the time when I was thinking of settling down in London it was hard work for me to induce them to accept my declination when they uttered the wish that I should live in their house. Now I had at least to consent to their pressing proposition that my youngest sister should come over from Germany to be educated in their home like a child of the family. This turned out happily as my sister was also blessed with that cheerful Rhenisch temperament that radiates sunshine. Then Frau Kinkel insisted upon giving me further lessons upon the piano, and I resumed my musical studies with renewed zest. My teacher taught me to enjoy Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann, and conducted me through the enchanted gardens of Chopin's music. But more than that, she taught me thoroughbass and thereby opened to me a knowledge which in the course of time I learned most highly to value as an enrichment of musical enjoyment. Then she put at my disposal her fine grand piano which was revered in the family as a sacred thing, and upon which, aside from herself, I was the only one privileged to practice and to improvise, although there was, for such things, another instrument of less value in the house.

The Kinkels, naturally, introduced me also in the social circles which were open to them. Of course my ignorance of the English language I felt as a great drawback. But I had the good fortune of establishing relations of something like friendship with several English families in which German or French was spoken. Then I learned to understand how much sincere warmth of feeling there may be hidden in English men and women who often appear cold, stiff, and formal. I was soon made to feel that every word of friendly sympathy addressed to me and every invitation to more intimate intercourse — words which with other people pass as mere superficial expressions of politeness — was to be taken as perfectly honest and seriously meant. Theirs was true hospitality

without pretension and without reserve, in which one breathed the atmosphere of assured confidence. I have also not infrequently been surprised in this friendly intercourse with persons who at first acquaintance seemed to be rather dull, by the reach of thought, the treasures of knowledge, the variety of experiences and the comprehensive views of life and of the world, which came forth in familiar talks.

At that period, the German language was much in fashion in England, probably owing to the circumstance that the popularity of Prince Albert, whose merit as the patron of the great International Exposition of 1851 was universally recognized, had reached its highest point. It had become a wide-spread custom to sing German songs at evening parties and the German "Volkslieder" seemed to be especial favorites. I could not but be amused when a blushing miss, at an evening party, was solemnly conducted to the piano "to give us a sweet German folk song" and she then, in slow time and in a tone of profound melancholy, which might have indicated a case of death in the family, rendered the merry German tune : "Wenn i' komm, wenn i' komm, wiederum komm."

In later years I have often regretted that at that time I did not take more interest in the political life of England and did not seek acquaintance in political circles. But even without this I received a deep impression of the country and the people. How different was the restless commotion in the streets of London in its mighty seriousness and its colossal motive power from the gay, more or less artistically elegant, but more than half frivolous activity that entertains the visitor on the streets of Paris ; and how different from the half military, half philistine appearance presented by Berlin, which at that time had not yet become a world city ! How well justified, how natural, appeared to me the national pride of the Briton when in Westminster Hall I beheld the statues and busts and in the Abbey the tombs of the great Englishmen, which stood there as monuments of mighty thoughts and deeds. How firmly founded appeared to me the free institutions of the people to whom civil liberty was not a mere phrase, a passing whim, or a toy, but a life-principle, the reality of which the citizen needed for his daily work, and that lived in the thoughts and aspirations of every Englishman as

something that is a matter of course! I saw enough of the country and of the people to feel all this, although we refugees in London lived separate lives as on an island of our own in a great surrounding sea of humanity.

A large number of refugees from almost all parts of the European continent had gathered in London since the year 1848, but the intercourse between the different national groups — Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Russians — was confined more or less to the prominent personages. All, however, in common nourished the confident hope of a revolutionary upturning on the continent soon to come. Among the Germans there were only a few who shared this hope in a less degree. Perhaps the ablest and most important person among these was Lothar Bucher, a quiet, retiring man of great capacity and acquirements, who occupied himself with serious political studies, and whom I was to meet again in later life as Bismarck's most confidential privy-councilor. In London as in Switzerland the refugees zealously discussed the question to whom should belong the leadership in the coming revolution. Of course this over sanguine conception of things gave rise to all sorts of jealousies as will always happen among people similarly situated; and the refugees therefore divided into parties which at times antagonized one another with considerable bitterness.

When Kinkel arrived in London he occupied, naturally, a very prominent position among the refugees and became, so to speak, the head of a large following. But he also had his opponents who would recognize in him only a poet, a learned man, and a political dreamer, but not a "practical revolutionist," fit to be a real leader in a great struggle. Many of these opponents gathered, strange to say, around Arnold Ruge, a very able and widely-known philosopher and writer, to whom the name of a mere learned man and political dreamer might have been applied even more justly. Then there were groups of socialistic workingmen who partly gathered around Karl Marx and partly around August Willich; and finally many neutrals who did not trouble themselves about such party bickerings, but went individually each his own way.

Kinkel certainly was not free from ambition nor from illusory hopes of a speedy change in the Fatherland. But his first and most natural aim was to make a living for

his family in London. This claimed his activity so much that he could not, to so great an extent as he might have wished, take part in the doings of the refugees, a great many of whom had no regular occupation. Neither was it possible for him to keep open house for his political friends, to put his working hours at their disposal, and to make the home of his family the meeting place of a debating club for the constant repetition of things that had been told many times before.

Kinkel was therefore reproached with giving to the cause of the revolution too little, and to his family interests, too much of his time and care, and it was said that he was all the more to blame as he owed his liberation in a high degree to the helpfulness of his democratic friends. However unjust this reproach, it touched Kinkel deeply. He was in this state of mind when a scheme was proposed to him, characteristic of the feverish imagination of the political exiles. The scheme was to raise a "German National Loan," of I do not remember how many million thalers, to be redeemed at a certain time after the establishment of the German Republic. The money thus raised was to be at the disposal of a central committee to be expended in Germany for revolutionary ends. To expedite the levying of that national loan Kinkel was to go to America without delay, and by means of public agitation, in which his personal popularity and eminent oratorical gifts were expected to prove highly effective, induce the Germans living in America, and if possible, native Americans, too, to make liberal contributions. In the meantime some of his friends were through personal efforts to win the assent of other prominent refugees to this plan, and thus, if possible, to unite refugedom in one organization. But Kinkel was to leave for America forthwith without exposing the project to the chance of further consultation, so that the refugees who otherwise might have doubted or criticized the plan, would have to deal with it as an accomplished fact.

In later years it must have appeared to Kinkel himself as rather strange, if not comical, that he could ever have believed in the success of such a plan. At any rate this project was one of the most striking illustrations of the self-deception of the political exiles. But there can hardly be any doubt that the reproaches directed against Kinkel as to his giving more care to the well-being of his family than to the revolutionary cause,

and as to his owing a debt of gratitude to his friends in further efforts for the revolutionary movement, was to him one of the principal motives for accepting this plan without hesitation. Only a few days after the matter had been resolved upon in a confidential circle Kinkel broke off his activity as a teacher in London — a very great sacrifice for him thus to expose his family to new hazards — and departed for America. I, being still quite young and inexperienced, was sanguine enough to consider the success of such an undertaking possible, and went into it with zeal. I was considered capable of doing some diplomatic service and therefore was charged with the task of traveling to Switzerland in order to win the assent of the prominent refugees living there, and so to prepare the foundation for a general organization. This task I assumed with pleasure, and on the way paid a visit to Paris, of which I did not, however, advise the polite prefect of police, and soon met my old friends in Zurich. For these I had, because of the liberation of Kinkel, become an entirely new person since my departure a year before. They now attributed to me a great deal more insight and skill than I possessed, and my diplomatic mission therefore met but little difficulty — that is to say, the prominent refugees, in the expectation that a national loan would through Kinkel's agitation in America, turn out a great success, readily declared their willingness to join the proposed movement.

The most important man and at the same time the most stubborn doubter I found there, was Loewe von Calbe. As the last president of the German National Parliament he had gone in the spring of 1849 with the remnant of that assembly from Frankfurt to Stuttgart and there he had, arm in arm with the old poet Uhland, led the procession of his colleagues to a new meeting place, where it was dispersed by a force of Würtemberg cavalry. He was a physician by profession, and had acquired a large treasure of knowledge in various directions by extensive studies. He made the impression of a very calm, methodical thinker, who also possessed the courage of bold action. There was something of well-conditioned ease in his deportment, and when the sturdy, somewhat corpulent man sat down, looked at the listener with his uncommonly shrewd eyes, and then exposed his own opinion in well-formed, clear sentences, pronounced in slow and precise

cadence, he made the impression of authority, the very presence of which was apt to convince even before the argument had been conducted to its last conclusions. Loewe was not nearly as sanguine as most of us as to the possibility of a speedy revolution of things in Germany, although even he was not entirely untouched by the current illusions of the exile's life. He expressed his doubts as to the chances of the projected national loan; but as he did not altogether repel the plan, and I was anxious to win him for this enterprise by further conversations about it, I accompanied him on a walk through the "Berner Oberland."

Until then I had seen the snowy heads of the Alps only at a distance. Now for the first time I came near to them and so to speak, sat down at their feet. We walked from Bern to Interlaken and then by way of Lauterbrunnen and the Wengern Alp, to Grindelwald; then we ascended the Faulhorn and finally turned to the lakes by way of the Scheideck. We stopped at the most beautiful points long enough to see the finest part of this range. Of all the wonderful things that I saw, the deepest impression was produced upon me not by the vast panoramas, as from the top of the Faulhorn, where large groups and chains of the Alps are embraced in one view; but it was the single mountain peak reaching up into the blue sunny ether from a bank of clouds that separated it from the nether world, and standing there as something distinct and individual. It was the image of the eternally firm, unchangeable, certain, looking down as from a throne in serene sunlight upon the eternally unstable and untrustworthy. This picture became especially impressive when behind a veil of cloud, the dull mysterious thunder of the plunging avalanches was heard. As we were favored by constantly beautiful weather I enjoyed this spectacle frequently and always with a feeling that I cannot designate otherwise than devotional.

I was so deeply touched by all this magnificence that I envied every peasant who could spend his life in such surroundings. But my enthusiasm was sobered by an enlightening experience. On the village street of Grindelwald I noticed one day a man of an intelligent face who was saluted by the children playing on the street, with especial interest. From his appearance I concluded that he must be the schoolmaster of the village, and I was not mistaken. I stopped and

asked him for some information about local conditions, and found him amiably communicative. He told me that in the valley of Grindelwald, a valley covering hardly more than four or five square miles, there were people who had never passed its boundaries. The whole world as seen by them was therefore enclosed by the Schreckhorn, Mönch, Eiger, Jungfrau, and Faulhorn. In my enthusiasm I remarked that the constant sight of so magnificent a landscape might perhaps satisfy the taste of any man. The schoolmaster smiled and said that the ordinary peasant was probably least conscious of this grand beauty. He saw in the phenomena of nature which he observed, rather than that which was to him advantageous or disadvantageous, encouraging or troublesome, or even threatening. The cloud formations which caused us a variety of sensations and emotions, signified to him only good or bad weather; the thunder of the avalanches reminded him only that under certain circumstances they might do a great deal of damage; he saw in the fury of the mountain hurricane, not a grand spectacle, but destructive hail-storms and the danger of inundations, and so on. I asked the schoolmaster whether it was not true what we frequently heard of the famous Swiss homesickness, that those born and reared in these mountains could not be satisfied or happy elsewhere, and if forced to live in foreign parts were consumed by a morbid longing for their mountain home. The schoolmaster smiled again and thought such cases of homesickness did occur among the Swiss, but not in larger number nor with greater force than with the inhabitants of other regions. Everywhere he supposed there might be people that adhere to the habits and conditions of life of their homes with a warm and even morbid attachment. But he knew also of a large number of Swiss who in foreign countries, even on the flat prairies of America, had settled down and felt themselves well satisfied there.

"Am I to understand from you," I asked, "that the Swiss himself does not appreciate the beauty of his country?"

"No, not that," answered the schoolmaster; "the more educated people know everywhere how to appreciate the beautiful because of its beauty; but the laboring man who here is always engaged in a struggle with nature must be told that the things which are to him so often troublesome and

disagreeable, are also grand and beautiful. When his thought has once been directed to that idea, he will more and more familiarize himself with it, and the Swiss," added the schoolmaster with a sly smile, "also the uneducated Swiss, have now learned to appreciate the beauty of their country very highly."

This sounded to me at first like a very prosaic philosophy, but as I thought about it I concluded that the schoolmaster was right. The perception of natural beauty is not primitive, but the result of education, of culture. Naïve people do not possess it or at least do not express it. The aspects of nature, mountain, valley, forest, desert, river, sea, sunshine, storm, etc., etc., are to them either beneficent, helpful, or disagreeable, troublesome, terrible. It is a significant fact that in Homer with all the richness of his pictures there is no description of a landscape or of a natural phenomenon from the point of view of the beautiful. We remark the same in the primitive literature of other countries. In the same spirit spoke the farmer from one of the flat prairies of the West of America who once traveled on a steamboat on the magnificent Hudson and when he heard an enthusiastic fellow-traveler exclaim, "How beautiful these Highlands are," answered dryly, "It may be a pretty good country but it's a little too broken."

My diplomatic mission in Switzerland was quickly accomplished. I had soon the assent of almost all the prominent exiles to the plan of the national loan and I thought I had done a good service to the cause of liberty. Then I returned to London. Frau Kinkel asked me to live in her house during the absence of her husband, and I complied with her wish; but life in that house was no longer as cheerful as before Kinkel's departure. I then felt how great the sacrifice was that Kinkel had made by undertaking the mission to America. Frau Johanna had seen him go with sadness and anxiety. She could not be blamed for thinking that the burden imposed upon her by the political friends was all too heavy. She accepted her lot but not without serious dejection. Her health began to suffer and conditions of nervousness appeared, and it is probable that then the beginning of that heart-disease developed which a few years later brought her to an early grave. The news which we received from Kinkel, was indeed, as far as he himself was concerned, very satisfactory; but it

did not suffice to cheer the darkened soul of the lonely woman, however heroically she tried to seek courage in her patriotic impulses and hopes.

Kinkel had much to tell in his letters of the cordiality with which the Germans in America had welcomed him. Wherever he appeared his countrymen gathered in large numbers to listen to the charm of his eloquence. As he traveled from city to city one festive welcome followed another. The enthusiasm of the mass-meetings left nothing to be desired. Although Kinkel at that period spoke English with some difficulty he was obliged to make little speeches in that tongue when native Americans took part in the honors offered to him. So he visited all the important places in the United States, north, south, east, and west. He also paid his respects to President Fillmore and was received with great kindness. These happenings he described with bubbling humor, and all his letters breathed a keen enjoyment of his experiences as well as great interest in the new country. In short, his journey was successful in all respects, except in that of the German National Loan. Indeed, committees were organized everywhere for the collection of money and for the distribution of loan certificates; but the contributions finally amounted only to a few thousand dollars, a small sum with which no great enterprise could be set on foot. Kossuth, who visited the United States a few months later for a similar purpose and who enjoyed a greater prestige and was received with much more pomp, had the same experience. And it was really a fortunate circumstance that these revolutionary loans miscarried. Even with much larger sums hardly anything could have been done except to organize hopeless conspiracies and to lead numbers of patriotic persons into embarrassment and calamity without rendering any valuable service to the cause of liberty.

At that time, however, we thought otherwise. Emissaries were sent to Germany to investigate conditions there and to build up the revolutionary organization — that is to say, to find people who lived in the same illusions as the exiles, and to put these in correspondence with the London committee preparatory to common action. Some of these emissaries exposed themselves to great dangers in traveling from place to place, and most of them returned with the report

that there was general discontent in Germany, and that an important disturbance might soon be looked for. That there was much discontent in Germany was undoubtedly true. But of those who really dreamed of another general uprising there were only a few. The revolutionary fires had burned out; but the exile was so unwilling to accept this truth as to be inclined to look upon whoever expressed it as a suspicious person. He therefore worked steadily on.

At that time I was favored by what I considered a mark of great distinction. One day I received a letter from Mazzini, written in his own hand, in which he invited me to visit him. He gave me the address of one of his confidential friends who would guide me to him. His own address he kept secret for the reason, as was generally believed, that he desired to baffle the espionage of the monarchial governments. That the great Italian patriot should invite me, a young and insignificant person, and so take me into his confidence, I felt to be an extraordinary honor. Mazzini was looked upon in revolutionary circles, especially by us young people, as the dictatorial head of numberless secret leagues, as a sort of mysterious power which not only in Italy but in all European countries was felt and feared. Wonderful stories were told of his secret journeys in countries in which there was a price on his head, of his sudden, almost miraculous, appearance among his faithful followers here and there, of his equally miraculous disappearance as if the earth had swallowed him; and of the unequaled skill with which he possessed himself of the secrets of the governments while he knew how to conceal his own plans and acts. By us young ones he was regarded as the embodied genius of revolutionary action, and we looked up to his mysterious greatness with a sort of reverential awe. I therefore felt, when I was called into his presence, as if I was to enter the workshop of the master magician.

The confidential friend designated by Mazzini conducted me to the dwelling of the great leader situated in an unfashionable street. In the vicinity of his house we met several black-eyed, bearded young men, manifestly Italians, who seemed to patrol the neighborhood. I found Mazzini in an extremely modest little apartment which served at the same time as drawing-room and office. In the middle of the room there was a writing-table covered with an apparently

confused heap of papers. Little models of guns and mortars served for paper weights; a few chairs, and if I remember correctly, a haircloth sofa, completed the furniture. The room as a whole gave the impression of extreme economy.

Mazzini was seated at the writing-table when I entered, and rising he offered me his hand. He was a slender man of medium stature, clad in a black suit. His coat was buttoned up tight; around his throat he wore a black silk scarf without any show of linen. His face was of regular, if not classic cut, the lower part covered with a short black beard streaked with gray. The dark eyes glowed with restless fire; his dome-like forehead topped with thin, smooth dark hair. In speaking, the mouth showed a full, but somewhat dark row of teeth. His whole appearance was that of a serious and important man. Soon I felt myself under the charm of a personality of rare power of attraction.

Our conversation was carried on in French which Mazzini spoke with perfect ease although with some of the accent peculiar to the Italians. He was constantly smoking while he spoke, but he developed even in this confidential conversation between two men an eloquence such as I in my long life have hardly ever heard again — warm, insinuating, at times vehement, enthusiastic, lofty, and always thoroughly natural. The three greatest conversationalists with whom it has been my good fortune to come into touch were Mazzini, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Bismarck. Of these Dr. Holmes was the most spirited in the "bel esprit" sense; Bismarck the most imposing and at the same time the most entertaining in point of wit, sarcasm, anecdote, and narratives of historical interest, brought out with rushing vivacity and with lightning-like illumination of conditions, facts, and men; but in Mazzini's words there breathed such a warmth and depth of conviction, such enthusiasm of faith in the sacredness of the principles professed and of the aims pursued by him, that it was difficult to resist such a power of fascination. While looking at him and hearing him speak I could well understand how he could hold and constantly augment the host of his faithful adherents, how he could lead them into the most dangerous enterprises and keep them under his influence even after the severest disappointments.

Mazzini had undoubtedly given up, if not formally, yet in fact, his membership in

his Church. But there was in him, and there spoke out of him, a deep religious feeling, an instinctive reliance upon a higher Power to which he could turn and that would aid him in the liberation and unification of his people. That was his form of the fatalism which is so often united with great ambitions. He had a touch of prophetic mysticism which sprang from the depths of his convictions and emotions, and was free of all charlatanism and all affectation, all artificial solemnity. At least that was the impression made upon me. I never observed in him any suggestion of cynicism in his judgment of men and things — that cynicism in which many revolutionary characters pleased themselves. The petty and usually ridiculous rivalries among the leaders of the exiles did not touch him; and discord and quarreling among those who should have stood and worked together, instead of eliciting sharp and offensive criticism, only called from him expressions of sincere and painful regret. The revolution he aimed at was not merely the attainment of certain popular rights, not a mere change in the constitution of the state, not the mere liberation of his countrymen from foreign rule, not the mere reunion of all Italy in a national bond; it rather signified to him the elevation of the liberated people to higher moral aims of life. There vibrated a truthful and noble tone in his conception of human relations, in the modest self-denying simplicity of his character and his life, in the unbounded self-sacrifice and self-denial which he imposed upon himself and demanded of others. Since 1839 he had passed a large part of his life as an exile in London, and in the course of this time he had established relations of intimate friendship with some English families. It was undoubtedly owing to the genuineness of his sentiments, the noble simplicity of his nature, and his unselfish devotion to his national cause, not less than to his brilliant personal qualities, that in some of those families a real "Mazzini cult" had developed which sometimes showed itself capable of great sacrifices.

The historic traditions of his people, as well as the circumstance that to the end of liberating his fatherland he had to fight against foreign rule, made him a professional conspirator. As a young man he belonged to the "Carbonari," and then there followed, instigated and conducted by him, one conspiracy upon another, resulting in

insurrectionary attempts which always failed. But these failures did not discourage him; they rather stimulated his zeal to new efforts. In the course of our conversation he gave me to understand that he had preparations going on for a new enterprise in upper Italy, and as he probably considered me a person of influence in that part of German refugeedom which would control the disposition of our prospective national loan, he wished to know whether we would be inclined to support his undertaking with our money. At any rate, he evidently desired to create among us a disposition favorable to such co-operation. He no doubt took me for a more influential person than I was. I could only promise him to discuss the matter with Kinkel and his associates, after his return from America. But I did not conceal from Mazzini that I doubted whether the responsible German leaders would consider themselves justified in using moneys which had been collected for employment in their own country, for the furtherance of revolutionary uprisings in Italy. This remark gave Mazzini an opportunity for some eloquent sentiments about the solidarity of peoples in their struggle for liberty and national existence. At that time neither of us knew yet how small would be the result of the agitation for a German National Loan,

I was honored with another meeting that has remained to me hardly less memorable. In October, 1851, Louis Kossuth came to England. After the breakdown of the Hungarian revolution he had fled across the Turkish frontier. His remaining on Turkish soil was considered objectionable by the Austrian Government, and unsafe by his friends. The Sultan, indeed, refused his extradition. But when the Republic of the United States of America, in general sympathy with the unfortunate Hungarian patriots, offered them an American ship-of-war for their transportation to the United States, that offer was unhesitatingly accepted. But Kossuth did not intend to emigrate to America for the purpose of establishing there his permanent residence. He was far from considering his mission as ended and the defeat of his cause as irrevocable. He, too, with the sanguine temperament of the exile, dreamed of the possibility of inducing the liberal part of the old, and also of the new world to take up arms against the oppressors of Hungary, or at least to aid his country by diplomatic interference. And, indeed,

could this have been accomplished by a mere appeal to the emotions and the imagination, Kossuth would have been the man to achieve it. Of all the events of the years 1848 and 1849, the heroic struggle of the Hungarians for their national independence had excited the liveliest sympathy in other countries. The brave generals, who for a time went from victory to victory and then succumbed to the overwhelming power of the Russian intervention, appeared like the champions of a heroic legend, and among and above them stood the figure of Kossuth like that of a prophet whose burning words kindled and kept alive the fire of patriotism in the hearts of his people. There was everything of heroism and tragic misfortune to make this epic grand and pathetic, and the whole romance of the revolutionary time found in Kossuth's person its most attractive embodiment. The sonorous notes of his eloquence were, during the struggle, heard far beyond the boundaries of Hungary in the outside world. Not a few of his lofty sentences, his poetic illustrations, and his thrilling appeals had passed from mouth to mouth among us young people at the German Universities. And his picture, with the thoughtful forehead, the dreamy eyes, and his beard-framed chin, became everywhere an object of admiring reverence.

When now, delaying his journey to America, he arrived in London, the enthusiasm of the English people seemed to know no bounds. His entry was like that of a national hero returning from a victorious campaign; the multitudes crowding the streets were immense. He appeared in his picturesque Hungarian garb, standing upright in his carriage, with his sabre at his side, and surrounded by an equally picturesque retinue. But when he began to speak, and his voice with its resonant, and at the same time mellow, sound poured forth its harmony over the heads of the throngs in classic English, deriving a peculiar charm from the soft tinge of foreign accent, then the enthusiasm of the listeners mocked all description.

Kossuth had been offered the hospitality of the house of a private citizen of London who took an especial interest in the Hungarian cause; and there during his sojourn in the British capital, he received his admirers and friends. A kind of court surrounded him; his companions, always in their Hungarian national dress, maintained in a ceremonious way his pretension of his still being

the rightful Governor of Hungary. He granted audiences like a prince, and when he entered the room he was announced by an aide-de-camp as the "Governor." All persons rose and Kossuth saluted them with grave solemnity. Among the exiles of other nations these undemocratic formalities created no little displeasure. But it was Kossuth's intention to produce certain effects upon public opinion, not in his own, but in his people's behalf; and as to that end it may have seemed to him necessary to impress upon the imagination of the Englishmen the picture of Hungary under her own Governor, and also to illustrate to them the firm faith of the Hungarians themselves in the justice of their cause, it was not improper that he should have used such picturesque displays as means for the accomplishment of his purpose.

Our organization of German refugees also sent a deputation to Kossuth to pay their respects, and of the deputation I was one. We were ushered into the reception room in the customary way and there saluted by aides-de-camp, with much gold lace on their coats—handsome fellows with fine black mustaches and splendid white teeth. At last Kossuth appeared. It was the first time that I came near to him. The speaker of our deputation introduced us each by name, and as mine was called Kossuth reached out his hand to me and said in German: "I know you. You have done a noble deed. I am rejoiced to take your hand." I was so embarrassed that I could not say anything in response. But it was, after all, a proud moment. A short conversation followed in which I took but small part. A member of our deputation spoke of the socialistic tendencies of the new revolutionary agitation. I remember distinctly what Kossuth answered. It was to this effect: "I know nothing of socialism. I have never occupied myself with it. My aim is to secure for the Hungarian people national independence and free political institutions. When that is done my task will have been performed."

On public occasions wherever Kossuth put forth his whole eloquence to inflame the enthusiasm of Englishmen for the Hungarian cause, his hearers always rewarded him with frantic applause; but his efforts to induce the British government to take active steps against Russia and Austria in behalf of Hungary, could not escape sober

criticism, and all his attempts to get the ear of official circles and to come into confidential touch with the Palmerston ministry came to nothing. In fact, the same experience awaited him in the United States. great enthusiasm for his person and for the heroic struggles of his people, but, then, sober consideration of the traditional policy of the United States and an unwillingness to abandon that traditional policy by active intervention in the affairs of the Old World.

Before Kossuth began his agitation in America Kinkel had returned from there. He had much to tell of the New World that was good and beautiful, although he was obliged to confess to himself that the practical result of his mission was discouragingly trifling. With robust energy he resumed his interrupted activity as a teacher, and with him the old sunshine returned to the Kinkel home.

We greatly regret that the restrictions of the serial publication oblige us to omit here that part of the narrative which refers to the Russian baroness Bruning and Miss Malvide von Meyenburg. It will appear unabridged in the book edition—THE EDITOR.

Now an event occurred which essentially darkened the horizon of refugeedom, and which also gave to my fate an unexpected and decisive turn.

The reports which we had received from our friends in Paris made us believe that Louis Napoleon, the President of the French republic, was an object of general contempt, that he played a really ridiculous figure with his manifest ambition to restore the empire in France and to mount the throne, and that every attempt to accomplish this by force would inevitably result in his downfall and in the institution of a strong and truly republican government. The tone of the opposition papers in Paris, gave much color to this view. All of a sudden on the 2nd of December, 1851, the news arrived in London that Louis Napoleon had actually undertaken the long expected *coup d'état*. He had secured the support of the army, had occupied the meeting place of the national assembly with troops, had arrested the leaders of the opposition as well as General Changarnier who had been entrusted by the national assembly with its protection, had laid his hand upon several other generals suspected of republican sentiments, had published a decree restoring universal suffrage which had been restricted by the national assembly, and issued a proclamation to the French people;

in which he accused the parliamentary parties of criminal selfishness and demanded the establishment of a Consulate, the Consul to hold office for ten years. Exciting reports arrived in rapid succession. Members of the national assembly had met in considerable numbers and tried to organize resistance to the *coup d'état*, but were soon dispersed by military force. At last the news came that the people, too, were beginning to "descend into the streets" and to build barricades. Now the decisive battle was to be fought.

It is impossible to describe the state of mind produced among the exiles by these reports. We Germans ran to the meeting places of the French clubs because we expected to receive there the clearest and most reliable tidings, perhaps from sources which might not be open to the general public. In these clubs we found a feverish excitement bordering upon madness. Our French friends shouted and shrieked and gesticulated and hurled opprobrious names at Louis Napoleon and cursed his helpers, and danced the Carmangole and sang "*Ça Ira*." All were sure of a victory of the people. The most glorious bulletins of the progress of the street fight went from mouth to mouth. Some of them were proclaimed by wild-looking revolutionary exiles who had jumped upon tables, and frantic screams of applause welcomed them. So it went on a night, a day, and again a night. Sleep was out of the question. There was hardly time for the necessary meals. The reports of victory were followed by others that sounded less favorable. They could not and would not be believed. They were "the despatches of the usurper and his slaves"; "they lied"; "they could not do otherwise than lie"; but the messages became more and more gloomy. The barricades which the people had erected in the night of the second and third of December had been taken by the army without much trouble. On the fourth, a serious battle occurred on the streets of the faubourgs St. Martin and St. Denis, but there, too, the troops had remained masters of the field. Then the soldiery rushed into the houses, and murdered without discrimination or compassion. At last there was the quiet of the graveyard in the great city. The popular rising had been comparatively insignificant and powerless. The usurper who had but recently been represented as a weak-minded adventurer,

the mere nephew of his uncle, had succeeded in subjecting Paris. The departments did not move; there was no doubt the Republic was at an end, and with its downfall vanished also the prospect of the new revolutionary upheaval which, on the impulse coming from France, was expected to spread over the whole European continent.

Stunned by all these terrible reports, and mentally as well as physically exhausted, we quietly returned to our quarters. After I had recuperated from this consuming excitement by a long sleep, I tried to become clear in my mind about the changed situation of things. It was a foggy day and I went out because I found it impossible to sit still within my four walls. Absorbed in my thought, I wandered on without any definite aim, and found myself at last in Hyde Park, where, in spite of the chilly air, I sat down on a bench. In whatever light I might consider the downfall of the Republic and the advent of a new monarchy in France, one thing seemed to me certain. All the efforts connected with the revolution of 1848 were now hopeless; a period of decided and general reaction was bound to come, and whatever the future might bring of further developments in the direction of liberal movement, must necessarily have a new starting point.

With this conviction my own situation became equally clear to me. It would have been childish to give myself up to further illusory hopes of a speedy return to the Fatherland. To continue our plottings and thereby bring still more mischief upon others appeared to me a reckless and wicked game. I had long recognized the exile's life to be empty and enervating. I felt an irresistible impulse not only to find for myself a well-regulated activity, but also to do something really and truly valuable for the general good. But where and how? The Fatherland was closed to me. England was to me a foreign country and would always remain so. Where then? "To America," I said to myself. "The ideals of which I have dreamed and for which I have fought, I shall find there, if not fully realized, but hopefully struggling for full realization. In that struggle I shall perhaps be able to take some part. It is a new world, a free world, a world of great ideas and aims. In that world there is perhaps for me a new home. *Ubi libertas ibi patria*."—I formed my resolution on the spot. I would remain only a short time longer in

England to make some necessary preparations, and then off to America!

I had sat perhaps half an hour on that bench in Hyde Park, immersed in my thoughts, when I noticed that on the other end of the bench a man was sitting who seemed likewise to be musingly staring at the ground. He was a little man, and as I observed him more closely, I believed I recognized him. Indeed, I did. It was Louis Blanc, the French socialist leader, a former member of the provisional government of France. I had recently in some social gathering been introduced to him and he had talked with me in a very amiable and animated way. Indeed I had found him uncommonly attractive. When I was through with my own thoughts, I arose to go away without intending to disturb him, but he lifted his head, looked at me with eyes that seemed not to have known sleep for several nights, and said, "Ah, c'est vous, mon jeune ami! c'est fini, n'est ce pas? C'est fini!" We pressed one another's hands. His head sank again upon his breast and I went my way home to inform my parents at once, by letter, of the resolution I had taken on that bench in Hyde Park. Some of my fellow exiles tried to dissuade me from it, picturing to me all sorts of wonderful things which would happen very soon on the European continent and in which we refugees must take an active part; but I had seen too thoroughly through the unreality of these fantastic imaginings to be shaken in my resolve.

Now something happened that infused into my apparently gloomy situation a radiance of sunshine, and opened to my life unlooked for prospects. A few weeks previous to Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* I had some business to transact with another German exile and visited him in his residence in Hampstead. I vividly remember how I went there on foot through rows of hedges and avenues of trees, where now, probably is a dense mass of houses, not anticipating that a meeting of far greater importance than that with him was in store for me. My business was soon disposed of and I rose to go, but my friend stopped me and called out into an adjacent room, "Margaretha, come in, if you please, here is a gentleman with whom I wish you to become acquainted. This is my sister-in-law," he added, turning to me "just arrived from Hamburg on a visit." A girl of about eighteen years entered; of fine stature, a curly head, some-

thing childlike in her beautiful features, and large, dark, truthful eyes. This was my introduction to my future wife. On the 6th of July, 1852, we were married in the Parish Church of Marylebone in London. I have put down in writing how it all came to pass in those otherwise so gloomy days; but that part of my story naturally belongs to my children only and to our inner home circle.

In August we were ready to sail for America. Before my departure Mazzini invited me to visit him once more. He confided to me the secret of a revolutionary enterprise which he had in hand and which, as he said, promised great results. There was to be a new uprising in Lombardy. With his glowing eloquence he pictured to me how the Italian soldiers of liberty would crowd the Austrians into the Alps, and how then similar movements would spring from this victorious insurrection in all other countries of the European continent, and that then such young men as should be on the spot to help carry on the work so prosperously begun. "All this will happen," he said, "before you will reach America, or shortly after. How you will wish not to have left us! You will take the next ship to return to Europe. Save yourself this unnecessary voyage." I had to confess to him that my hopes were not so sanguine as his; that I did not see in the condition of things on the continent any prospect of a change soon to come, which might call me back to the Fatherland and to a fruitful activity; that, if in the remote future such changes should come, they would shape themselves in ways different from those that we now imagined, and that then there would be other persons to carry them through. Mazzini shook his head, but he saw that he could not persuade me. Thus we parted and I never saw him again.

A short time after my arrival in America I did indeed hear of the outbreak of the revolutionary enterprise which Mazzini had predicted to me. It consisted in an insurrectionary attempt in Milan which was easily suppressed by the Austrian troops and resulted only in the imprisonment of a number of Italian patriots. And Mazzini's cause, the unity of Italy under a free government, seemed then to be more hopeless than ever.

Kossuth returned from America a sorely disappointed man. He had been greeted by the American people with unbounded



*From a pen il drawing by Charles Schmolze, London, 1851*

#### CARL SCHURZ

enthusiasm. Countless multitudes had listened to his enchanting eloquence and overwhelmed him with sympathy and admiration. The President of the United States had reverentially pressed his hand and Congress had received him with extraordinary honors. There had been no end of parades and receptions and festive banquets. But the government of the United States, with the approval of the American people, steadfastly maintained the traditional policy of non-interference in European affairs. Kossuth's appeal for "substantial aid" to his country in its struggle for independence had been in vain. When he returned to England he found that the popular enthusiasm there, which had greeted him but a few months before, was burnt out. He still tried to continue the advocacy of his cause by delivering addresses in various English cities, and,

was listened to with the most respectful and sympathetic attention as a very distinguished lecturer. When he appeared on the streets he was no longer cheered by multitudes surging around him. Persons recognizing him would take off their hats and whisper to one another: "There goes Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot." His cause, the independence of his country, seemed to be dead and buried.

Mazzini and Kossuth — how strangely fate played with those two men! Mazzini had all his life plotted and struggled and suffered for the unification of Italy under a free national government. Not many years after the period of which I speak, the national unity of Italy did indeed come, first partially aided by the man Mazzini hated most, the French Emperor Louis Napoleon, and then greatly advanced by the marvelous



*From the daguerr-cotype made by Hawes of Boston during Kossuth's visit to America*

#### LOUIS KOSSUTH

*"a prophet whose burning words had kindled and kept alive the fire of patriotism in the hearts of his people. . . . The whole romance of the revolutionary time found in Kossuth's person its most attractive embodiment"*

campaign of Garibaldi, which is said to have been originally planned by Mazzini himself, and which reads in history like a romantic adventure of the time of the Crusades. Finally the unification of Italy was fully achieved under the auspices of the dynasty of Savoy; and Mazzini, the Republican, at last died in an obscure corner in unified Italy where he had hidden himself under a false name, an exile in his own country.

Kossuth had agitated with his wonderful eloquence and then conducted a brilliant

though unfortunate war for the national independence of Hungary. A defeated man, he went into exile. In the course of time a large measure of the political autonomy, the substantial independence of Hungary as a self-governing country, was accomplished by peaceable means, and the Hungarian people seemed for a while to be contented with it. But it was accomplished under the kingship of the house of Hapsburg; and Kossuth, who never would bow his head to the Hapsburg, inflexibly resisted



GIUSEPPE MAZZINI

*"Mazzini was looked upon in revolutionary circles, especially by us young people, as the dictatorial head of numberless secret leagues, as a sort of mysterious power which not only in Italy but in all European countries was felt and feared"*

every invitation calling him back to his country whose legendary national hero he had not ceased to be; and he finally died as a voluntary exile at Turin, a very old and lonely man.

A large part of what those two men had striven for was at last won — but it then appeared in a form in which they would not recognize it as their own.

The German revolutionists of 1848 met a similar fate. They fought for German unity and free government and were defeated mainly by Prussian bayonets. Then came

years of stupid political reaction and national humiliation in which all that the men of 1848 had stood for seemed utterly lost. Then a change. Frederick William IV, who more than any man of his time had cherished a mystic belief in the special divine inspiration of Kings, fell insane and had to drop the reins of government. The Prince of Prussia, whom the revolutionists of 1848, had regarded as the bitterest and most uncompromising enemy of their cause, followed him, first as Regent and



then as King—destined to become the first Emperor of the new German Empire. He called Bismarck to his side as prime minister—Bismarck who originally had been the sternest spokesman of absolutism and the most ardent foe of the revolution. And then German unity with a national parliament was won, not through a revolutionary uprising, but through monarchical action and foreign wars.

Thus, if not all, yet a great and important part of the objects struggled for by the German revolutionists of 1848, was after all accomplished—much later, indeed, and less peaceably and less completely than they had wished, and through the instrumentality of persons and forces originally hostile to them, but producing new conditions which promise to develop for the united Germany political forms and institutions of government much nearer to the ideals of 1848 than those now existing. And many thoughtful men now frequently ask the question—and a very

pertinent question it is—whether all these things would have been possible had not the great national awakening of the year of 1848 prepared the way for them.

But in the summer of 1852 the future lay before us in a gloomy cloud. In France Louis Napoleon seemed firmly seated on the neck of his submissive people. The British government under Lord Palmerston had shaken hands with him. All over the European continent the reaction from the liberal movements of the past four years celebrated triumphant orgies. How long it would prove irresistible nobody could tell. That some of its very champions would themselves become the leaders of the national spirit in Germany even the most sanguine would in 1852 not have ventured to anticipate.

My young wife and myself sailed from Portsmouth in August and landed in the harbor of New York on a bright September morning. With the buoyant hopefulness of young hearts we saluted the new world.

#### TRANSLATION OF THE MAZZINI LETTER

Party spirit has not crept in among us, at least on my side. Dominated by the idea, which you must find sufficiently just, that the initiation of the movement belongs to-day to the Alliance of Nationalities, and weary of the systematic discussions and disintegrating methods which have come to us from French socialism, I have done the utmost I could to choose a common ground and bring you all to it. I have stood in equal relations with the men of different shades of political opinion. I have acceded—the matter of the money is a proof of this—to all demands, no matter whence they came. I have been unsuccessful. I have found ten centers instead of a single one; rivals instead of the compact ranks of combatants I sought. To-day I do not know where to be looking for *Germany*—I mean, for that which represents the aim, the hope, the activity of Germany. On one hand I meet French communities, on the other, Proudhonian independence. This deeply grieved me, for I aim singly at action, and feel excessive shame for democracy which talks, talks, talks, and allows itself to be beaten at every point by those who do not talk, who hate one another, but have the sense to remain united for the purpose of defeating us.

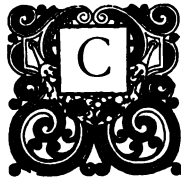
To-day I no longer have faith in any but ourselves. And I work to convince my countrymen of this. That is all.

Believe me. Devotedly

JOS. MAZZINI

# THE CAREER OF CARL SCHURZ

*Carl Schurz died at his home in New York City May 14, 1906, in his seventy-eighth year. The editorial tribute and the sketch of Mr. Schurz's career which appeared in the New York Evening Post on the day of his death seem such a just appreciation of a great character that they are here reprinted — EDITOR.*



CARL SCHURZ was born March 2, 1829, in the village of Liblar, near Cologne; in 1840 he entered the Catholic Gymnasium of Cologne, and in 1846 proceeded to the University of Bonn with the intention of studying philosophy and history. Like many other ardent and generous-minded young students, he fell under the influence of Prof. Johann Gottfried Kinkel. Kinkel was a poet, an orator, an idealist; a man fitted by nature to arouse the enthusiasm of youth, and ready, when occasion called, to attest his faith by his works. He threw himself unreservedly into the revolutionary movement of 1848, and served as a private among the insurgents in the spring of 1849. Schurz, following the example of his friend and teacher, served as adjutant of General Tiedemann, and, when the latter surrendered the fortress of Rastadt with forty-five hundred revolutionary troops on July 21, 1849, he made an almost miraculous escape from it through the sewer connecting with the Rhine, and fled to Switzerland.

In the following summer he returned to Berlin, under an assumed name, for the purpose of liberating Kinkel, who had been taken prisoner, tried for treason, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. With the aid of wealthy sympathizers, this daring and romantic project was carried to a successful conclusion in November, 1850, and created a sensation throughout Europe. Friedrich Spielhagen, the popular novelist, born in the same year as Schurz, and his fellow-student and friend at Bonn, has embodied this adventure as a stirring episode in his book "Die von Hohenstein," in which Schurz figures as Wolfgang von Hohenstein, and Kinkel as Dr. Münzer. In fact, a more remarkable instance of self-sacrifice and heroism for friendship's sake has seldom

been recorded, and it demonstrated the singular nobility of Schurz's character. Schurz and Kinkel escaped on a Mecklenburg vessel to Leith, in Scotland. Of the latter we may here take leave, merely mentioning that, after a five years' residence in this country, he held a professorship at a girls' school in London, where he also established a German newspaper, *Hermann*, in 1866 accepted a call to the Polytechnikum in Zurich, and died there on November 15, 1882.

Schurz spent about two years in London and Paris, supporting himself by giving music lessons and by acting as correspondent of German newspapers. In July, 1852, he married Margaret Meyer, the daughter of a well-known Hamburg merchant. The match was a romantic one, the acquaintance being traceable to the fame of Schurz's exploit in liberating Kinkel, and was the beginning of a long and happy union, broken only by the death of the wife in March, 1876.

## *Came to America in 1852*

In September, 1852, Schurz crossed the ocean and took up his abode in Philadelphia, where he remained for three years, removing then to Watertown, Wisconsin. He attached himself at once to the newly formed Republican party, and in the following year, 1856, made German speeches which contributed so materially to carrying Wisconsin for Fremont by a majority of more than 13,000 votes, that in 1857, although he had but just become a citizen, he was nominated Republican candidate for lieutenant-governor, and came within one hundred and seven votes of an election. Two years later he was offered the same nomination and declined it.

## *His First English Speech in Lincoln-Douglas Campaign*

His first English speech, made in 1858, during the senatorial contest in Illinois

between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, attracted general attention, and was widely circulated under the title of "The Irrepressible Conflict."

In the following year he began the practice of law in Milwaukee. On a lecturing tour through New England he made a decided impression by attacking the ideas and policy of Douglas, and by opposing a proposed Constitutional amendment directed against naturalized citizens. The latter subject he again brought before the National Republican Convention of May, 1860, which he attended as chairman of the Wisconsin delegation, and which, upon his motion, incorporated in the fourteenth paragraph of the party platform a declaration unequivocally pledging the Republican party against all legislation by which the existing political rights of immigrants could be impaired or abridged. Moreover he supported George William Curtis in his successful appeal for the insertion in the platform, of the sentiments of the Declaration of Independence, which had been denied to Mr. Giddings. Although he steadily cast the vote of his whole delegation for William H. Seward, Schurz was appointed a member of the committee to notify Lincoln of his nomination; a member of the National Republican Committee, consisting of one representative from each state; and also a member of the Executive Committee, which then consisted of only seven members. During the ensuing canvass he made many brilliant speeches in German and in English, which were an important factor in bringing about the election of Lincoln, who, after his inauguration, recognized the valuable services of Schurz by appointing him United States minister to Spain.

#### *Resigned Post as Minister to Spain to Enter the Army*

Schurz presented his credentials to Queen Isabella on July 16, 1861, but in December resigned his post, and, after a brief visit to his native land, returned to his adopted country in January, 1862, to take service in the Union Army.

He was commissioned brigadier-general in April, and on June 17th took command of a division in the corps of Gen. Franz Sigel, participating in the second battle of Bull Run (August 29th and 30th). He was appointed major-general on March 14, 1863, and on May 2nd commanded a division of

Gen. Oliver O. Howard's Eleventh Army Corps, at the battle of Chancellorsville. With the same corps he participated in the battles of Gettysburg and Chattanooga, and served under Sherman in the Georgia campaigns. The surrender of General Johnston to General Sherman on April 26, 1865, terminated the War; and Schurz, having obtained leave of absence, proceeded at once to Washington and resigned his commission as general. His resignation was filed May 5th, and was the first one received by the War Department, with the sole exception of General Sigel's which was filed May 4th.

In the summer of 1865, Schurz was commissioned by President Johnson to make a tour of the Southern States and prepare a report on their condition and the state of public sentiment. He made a careful and conscientious study of the subject, and embodied the result of his investigations in a candid and judical-minded report, in which he recommended that before readmitting the rebellious States to full political rights, a Congressional committee be sent there to make a thorough survey of the ground and suggest appropriate legislation. In the winter of 1865-66 Schurz was Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune*; in 1866 he went to Detroit and became editor of the *Detroit Post*; in 1867 he removed to St. Louis to become editor and, with Emil Pretorius, joint proprietor of the *Westliche Post*.

In 1867 he made a journey to Europe, and was received in Germany with distinguished consideration; in an interview with Bismarck the latter requested him to give a history of his Kinkel exploit, and, after listening to the account with great interest, remarked that he thought, in Schurz's place, he would have acted in the same way.

Having been appointed temporary chairman of the Republican Convention of May, 1868, which nominated General Grant, Schurz was instrumental in inserting in the platform a resolution recommending a general amnesty. Even during the War, and while in active service in the field, Schurz had not intermitted his activity as a political orator, but had occasionally taken leave of absence, when it seemed necessary to rouse public sentiment to support the Administration, and in 1864 had made some notable speeches in the second Lincoln canvass. As a matter of course he was one of the most effective speakers in



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Very sincerely yours  
C. Sumner

FROM HIS LAST PHOTOGRAPH

the campaign of 1868, which resulted in the first election of Grant. On January 19, 1869 the Legislature of Missouri elected him senator, and he took his seat at the special session beginning March 4th, being the first German-born citizen who had ever been a member of the upper house of Congress.

#### *Schurz's Career in the Senate*

The career of Carl Schurz in the Senate would have been sufficiently remarkable if regarded merely as a demonstration of his great gifts as a parliamentary orator and of his readiness as a debater. He was not only the most effective speaker in the Republican party, but the greatest orator who has appeared in Congress in our generation. Unlike many of his most distinguished colleagues, he never resorted to inflated or bombastic rhetoric, and never stooped to any of the well-worn artifices with which demagogues, from time immemorial, have been wont to tickle the ears of the mob. As was truly said of him, he always spoke as a rational man to rational men; he was always sure of his subject and always full of it, and the natural consequence was, that he always had something to say that was worthy of serious attention even from those who might differ from him in opinion. His unusual natural gifts for oratory he had sedulously cultivated by a diligent study of the best models, with the remarkable result that, although he had arrived at man's estate before acquiring a practical acquaintance with our language, his English style very rarely, and even then only very slightly, betrayed his foreign birth and education.

The late Professor Price of Columbia — the most competent of judges — once said that Mr. Schurz's mastery of English was the most astonishing intellectual feat that he had ever known. It was not simply that this German had learned to speak English without mistake or accent, nor that he had acquired a rich and varied vocabulary. The amazing thing was that he appeared to have penetrated the very spirit of the alien speech. Its idioms seemed native to him. Among its living growths he moved with ease and certainty. His crisp pronunciation, his flexible handling of phrase and instinctive building up of sentence and climax made listening to him a blending of delight and wonder. We hear

frequent boasts of bi-lingual achievements, but they relate ordinarily to the restricted speech of travel or social intercourse or diplomacy. Mr. Schurz could, in either tongue, be playful or powerfully argue, soar or thunder, and do it with the facility and grace of one to the vernacular born.

But he has a better claim than that to the respect of the American people. Bacon tells us that "talk is but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love," and Schurz's greatness as an orator lies in this, that he not only spoke as a rational man to rational men, but as a man of heart and of conscience, who judges other men by himself, and feels that his best hold is in appealing to the better nature of his hearers. What he said of Sumner in his unsurpassed eulogy of the Massachusetts senator, that "he stands as the most pronounced idealist among the public men of America," might with equal truth be said of himself. The course of events has taken his part in nearly all the controversies which put him at odds with his party in the Senate. He was in advance of public sentiment, not so much by reason of any superior foresight or political sagacity, as because of his fidelity to his ideals, and his conviction that, in the long run, truth was bound to prevail.

#### *The Original Independent in Politics*

He was the original Independent in politics, and the whole political faith of the Independent can be deduced from his utterances. He was a warm advocate of civil service reform, of tariff reform, of currency reform, at a time when the friends of any kind of a reform were few and far between, and had nothing to expect from either party but obloquy and sneers. Perhaps the greatest practical service he rendered at this time was in his unwavering advocacy of correct principles on the currency question. He was almost the only public man who never made any concession on this point to ignorant public clamor, and his mastery of the subject was equal to the honesty and courage with which he stood for the right. The two speeches against inflation and in favor of a return to specie payments which he made in the Senate on January 14th and February 24, 1874, were models of sound doctrine. Of the second of them Prof. Bonamy Price of Oxford, certainly a sober-minded and competent critic, said that it was the ablest speech ever made on banking in any parliament,

that its range and solidity were wonderful, and that it offered a body of detailed doctrine which almost throughout will bear the test of the closest examination. Any adequate account of Schurz's course in the Senate will confirm the judgment of William M. Evarts that Schurz had presented, under adverse circumstances, an instance of an elevated American statesman, and the opinion of James Russell Lowell, who thought his loss to the Senate a national misfortune.

#### *Retirement from the Senate*

The complimentary dinner at which the sentiments just quoted found expression was given to Schurz on April 27, 1875, to mark the regret which honest men of all parties felt at his retirement from the Senate, at his being (in the words of one of them) "exiled from one party by his independence and principles, and repelled by the other apparently because it is too ignorant to recognize his value in public life." It was certainly an unusual tribute to be tendered to a man whose public life was apparently closed, and it found an appropriate echo on the following day in a banquet and serenade given by Germans, and a few weeks later in another banquet given to him in Berlin by Americans and attended by many Germans of distinction. But a more signal vindication awaited him on his return from Europe. Although he had broken with and defied the Republican party by taking sides against it in the Louisiana question, in the matter of the Ku-Klux laws, in advocating a general amnesty; although he had opposed the Administration in the San Domingo discussion, in the debates of the sale of arms to France, and on abuses in the New York Custom House; although he had originated the Liberal Republican movement in Missouri in 1870 and had thereby given the first impetus to the current of independence in politics which has since swept the country; although he had presided over the Liberal convention of May, 1872, which nominated Horace Greeley for the Presidency and had advocated (with much reluctance, it is true) the election of Greeley: although he had done all these things, and many others that equally demonstrated how little amenable he was to the ordinary canons of the party discipline, and how much he placed the cause above the party — in spite of all this,

no sooner had he returned home, than he was appealed to by the Ohio Republican Committee to stump that State in favor of Hayes and honest money, as against Allen and inflation.

#### *Work in the Hayes Campaign*

Within a week he was in harness, and resumed, with all his wonted boldness and brilliancy, the good fight against financial folly, quackery, and knavishness which he had fought in the Senate, and which he was to fight over again for many years to come.

It was to his valiant efforts more than to those of any other one man that the victory then achieved was due. In the Presidential election in the following year he once more cast in his lot with the Republican party, believing, as did many other Independents, that sound currency and civil service reform were, on the whole, safer with Hayes and his following than with the Democratic supporters of Tilden. There was an impression abroad that he had received positive pledges from Hayes that civil service reform would be carried out in good faith. At all events, he threw himself into the canvass with his customary energy, and his appointment by Hayes to the secretaryship of the interior was only a just recognition of the importance of his services; and at the same time a partial redemption of the pledge, if a pledge there was, in regard to civil service reform, of which it was on all sides admitted that Schurz was a sincere and ardent advocate. So well was this understood by the enemies of the reform that, while his nomination was pending, they spread a report that his confirmation would be opposed by some Republicans from a "dispassionate belief" that he did not possess business experience and administrative ability enough for the proper discharge of the multifarious duties of the office.

#### *Secretary of the Interior*

The duties of the office were, indeed, multifarious, but Schurz was soon to convince the country that an idealist can be a very practical man in any business which is compatible with honesty, industry, intelligence, and courage. He was confirmed on March 11th, and before a week had expired he assured the clerks that no removals would be made except for cause, unless the force had to be reduced, in which case the

least competent would be removed; that no promotions would be made except for merit; and that, as there were no vacancies, no recommendations to office would be entertained. This was not empty declamation, for Schurz did not even bring a new private secretary with him. On April 6th he promulgated an order providing for the investigation and practical determination of questions connected with appointments, removals, and promotions, by means of a board of inquiry composed of three clerks of the highest class; and his subsequent actions demonstrated that there was no sham about this measure, but that it was meant in sober earnest. The reform of the service, however, was but a small part of the work. The new secretary, in violation of all precedent, made up his mind to master personally the business of his office, which included the management of the Indian service, with an army of officers, a quarter of a million of Indians and their land reservations; the Pension Office, the Patent Office, the census, the public lands, the geological and geographical surveys, the transactions with the land grant railroads, and numerous other matters. He worked from nine till six, and sometimes late at night, and made the most of his time by devoting to business the hours which most of his predecessors had sacrificed to politics and wire-pulling. As a natural consequence, he unearthed numerous abuses which previous secretaries had known nothing about, and probably did not want to know.

#### *Reforms in Indian Affairs*

He found the service in a deplorable condition, particularly the Indian Bureau. The secretary of the interior, and even the commissioner of Indian affairs, were kept in ignorance of what was going on, and contractors and Indian agents were allowed full swing. As fast as Schurz could fasten the responsibility for wrongdoing, or negligence, or even mere carelessness, he made changes and removals right and left, regardless, as he had ever been, of the enemies he made. His efforts to check the timber thieves brought him into conflict with powerful corporations, and with his old Republican antagonists in the Senate; while his intelligent and well-considered Indian policy was attacked not only by a noisy company of traders, who had a vested

interest in corruption, but by army officers on the one hand, and by well-meaning, sentimental philanthropists on the other. All of these foes he faced undismayed, and did not allow clamor or vituperation to swerve him from what he considered the straight path of duty. He put an end to the swindling of Indians by agents who were appointed to protect them, and in four years gave the wards of the nation a better start towards civilization than they had ever had before. During his term of office the agricultural products raised by them were doubled. In his first annual report he outlined an Indian policy, the chief points of which were: the maintenance of good faith with the tribes; the discouragement of hunting; the concentration of tribes dependent on hunting, within reservations; their conversion to agriculture and stock-raising; the establishment of schools and of agency farms; together with many other similar measures which suggested themselves to a humane, conscientious, and highly educated official, who had taken pains to master the subject, and was no respecter of persons or of unreasoning prejudices. In other departments, he displayed the same capacity for practical business. During four years he recovered and paid into the Treasury almost as much money for timber depredations as had been collected in twenty-two years before, and he was the first to demonstrate the ability of the Pacific railway companies to establish a sinking fund for the payment of their indebtedness to the Government.

#### *His Political Purity*

Without going more into detail, it will be seen that in his official career as a Cabinet minister Schurz was as great a contrast to the ordinary politician as he was during his term in the Senate. Instead of laboring for his own aggrandizement, and striving to build up a party of personal adherents, on whose coöperation he could count through thick and thin; instead of currying favor with men of influence by conniving at abuses which helped the party; instead of using his official power to reward his friends and intimidate his enemies; instead of resorting to any such devices, which are but too familiar in our politics, he was a veritable tribune of the people, always ready to use his great abilities to promote the public welfare, and for the furtherance of good government.

Apart from the specific services which he rendered as legislator, as administrator of a public trust, as a popular orator, in procuring the enactment of salutary laws, in preventing the passage of bad ones, in purifying the civil service and purging it of scandals, in promoting public economy and justice, in combating financial heresies and educating public sentiment — apart from all this, which would suffice to give him a strong claim on the national gratitude, he has a still stronger claim to admiration and respect, in that, in a time of great corruption and demoralization, he was found faithful among the faithless; faithful, that is, to a high ideal of public duty and private morality. His life will ever be a shining example to the rising generation, the hope of mankind, showing them that it is still possible for a man to achieve great honors and high station without bartering away his soul for a mess of pottage. It is his unblemished character more than his brilliant talents that will secure him a place in American history.

Returning to private life when his term of office had expired, and making his home in New York, Schurz became one of the editors of the *Evening Post* in July, 1881, and retained the position until December 9, 1883. In 1884 he took a prominent part in the Independent movement, which was called into being as a revolt against tendencies in the Republican party that represented the antipodes of everything he stood for. He had himself contributed materially by example and by precept to creating the public feeling which made such a movement possible, and he contributed no less to its culmination in the election of Grover Cleveland, with whom he had, indeed, much in common. The leisure afforded him by his release from public duties he employed to good purpose in writing his "Life of Henry Clay," which appeared in 1887, and at once secured him a high rank as a man of letters. It was widely recognized as the best life of Clay, and the best work of the series in which it is published. This work, together with his contributions to periodicals, notably his *Atlantic Monthly* article on Abraham Lincoln, will insure him a secure place among American authors. Repeatedly chosen president of the National Civil Service Reform Association, his speeches and activities in that behalf were notable. He was also

connected with various large business enterprises, in which his capacity no less than his integrity gained him the esteem of his associates; but he was too honest and unmercenary, in a money-getting age, to enrich himself. His quiet refusal to accept the large sum which admiring German-Americans offered him, was characteristic of the man. In the elections of 1888 and 1892 he again effectively supported Cleveland, although in the latter year his health did not permit him to take as active a part as he had been accustomed to do. His latest literary effort was devoted to his autobiography, now in course of publication.

Mr. Bryce has expressed surprise at the want of influence upon American politics of the great German infusion, and it is certain that no one of the refugees of '48 attained anything like the distinction of Carl Schurz, or had either so conspicuous or so happy a share in repaying his debts to his adopted country. As a whole, it may be said of the Germans as of the Irish, that, deceived by the name of "Democracy," they cast their weight — at least during the years of moral agitation — against the anti-slavery party. In this particular Schurz shines by contrast, since he at once saw things as they were, and divined the essential unity between the Slave Power and the despots of the Old World. He differed again from many of his countrymen in making a complete surrender to his new nationality, desiring and aiming to be only a high-minded American citizen. Unlike his noble compatriot, Friedrich Kapp, he was not tempted by the conquest of German unity to return to his Fatherland. In the end, he came to *think* in English rather than in German, though both languages were constantly on his lips.

#### *The Strength of Idealism*

Of the idealist strain in the German national character, Carl Schurz was doubtless the finest example that Germany ever contributed to America. From youth to old age his idealism was all of a piece. Few instances could be found in any land or in any time of a man who so consistently, throughout a long life

—wrought.

*Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought.*  
Other German-Americans have applied their native vigor and large conceptions to

industry, to commerce, to political management, to scholarship, to philanthropy; but Mr. Schurz surpassed them all in preserving the fine enthusiasm and the lofty, forward-looking ideals with which his youth was so richly dowered. No note sounded clearer in the speech which he made at the dinner in honor of his seventieth birthday than that of cheery optimism as he fronted the future. Indomitable in activity, he was unconquerable in hope.

This went inevitably with his temperament, which was that of the orator. Now, hope is what gives oratory wings. No great pessimist ever made a great speech. For the orator aims at persuasion; and unless his own heart is aflame, how can he hope to impart the kindling touch to others? Mr. Schurz's oratory always spoke out his vivid personality; the large and eager nature of the man gave it sweep and range. No one who ever heard him in his prime can forget the glow which passed from him to his audience.

It was the moral force residing in the man that set him apart in strength. His eloquence was of the kind that is a virtue. His rare intellectual gifts, his ready bonhomie, his power as an orator, might all have gone for nought had they not clothed a conscientious judgment and inner purpose which nothing could shake. This, after all, was the main theater of Mr. Schurz's idealism. He early formed noble political conception and clung to them through evil as through good report. The tasks which he willed in hours of insight, he fulfilled through hour of gloom. It was his distinction to apply steadily and unflinchingly

moral standards to public life. If that led to breaks with political associates, so much the worse for them. He could do no other. The "moneyed politicians" sneered or snapped, but he went his way unmoved.

### *Life-long Indignation against Tyranny*

In the natural course of events, and by the general suffrage, Mr. Schurz came to be known as the leading Independent in American politics. It was a position which carried stings with its honors. Yet the very mixture of taunts with welcomes that he received from both political parties alternately during the past twenty years, was the most striking tribute possible to the unselfishness of his course and the genuineness of his influence. When his simple uprightness could not endure the Blaine taint, the Republicans called out after him that he was only a morose and fantastic crank whom nobody regarded; but when they were able to exhibit him again on their side in the contest for honest money, they promptly discovered that his eminence of character and soundness of political judgment were beyond dispute. Latterly, the old animosities had, happily, become dulled; and Mr. Schurz was accepted ungrudgingly as our best type of unbending integrity and clear honesty of speech. This is what makes his loss so sore. That buoyant and blithe spirit has left us; that life-long indignation against tyranny, whether in Prussia or the Philippines, is quenched; but the virtue that went out of Mr. Schurz to animate good causes and spur on lesser men, will long remain a cherished memory and a continuous power.

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# CAYBIGAN\*

BY

JAMES HOPPER

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL," "THE PAST," "A JUMBLE IN DIVINITIES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY



**W**HEN Sergeant Blount's detachment marched into San Juan, and in the center of the plaza grounded arms with a crash that ran along the stone flagging in vibrating menace, the little pueblo cowered in a completeness of fear and abject surrender never reached before. Like lizards the few brown beings here and there slid out of sight; and the big blue-shirted men grouped there beneath the white sunlight found themselves as in a vacuum of heat and silence. But they had an uneasy sensation of eyes, eyes timorous and hostile, shifting and malevolent, from behind closed shutters and torn nipa walls, peering upon them in tremulous distrust. In her stall at the head of the street, Eustefania, hundred-year-old, wrinkled, black, toothless, was hastily gathering up her store — two mangoes, a cluster of bananas, a dozen rice cakes, five twine-wrapped cheroots — into her pañuelo with trembling hands. And Pedro Lasco, crouching upon the stone steps of the church, a cigarette between his fingers, found his simple and complex soul filled with a new and inexplicable tumult.

For from the man standing there at the head of the little troop, there radiated Mastery. Pedro, in his blind, dark way, tried to analyze the impression, to find how this particular being differed from other tall, gaunt, brutal Americans that he had met in the past, before whom he had quailed physically, but never morally; but immediately he was submerged in that feeling he so hated — of confusion, blackness, bewilderment — which invariably seized him whenever he, man of a primitive race, sought to penetrate his own soul, obscure with complications beyond his power to read. This alone he could tell: —

that this man, among his six-footers, towered by half a head, that his shoulders were broad, that his hair was golden like that of the Santa Madre seen once, long ago, in the cathedral at Lipa. Later, by patience of eye and obstinacy of contemplation, he discovered other facts — that the campaign hat of the Sergeant was wider-brimmed and more rakishly set than those of his fellows, that his belt hung down loose along the right thigh to the weight of a huge, silver-mounted six-shooter which was not the regulation Colt's, that when he walked his feet tinkled with long, rotary spurs, and that a red bandana, knotted negligently about the neck, flamed up the blue and khaki with splendor.

The men stood at ease in the center of the plaza. The Sergeant took from his breast pocket a cake of tobacco, bit off a piece with slight swagger, then looked about him carefully. His eyes met those of Pedro. "Alica, caybigan — come here, friend!" he shouted with cavalier amicability.

"Caybigan — friend!" The obscure emotions in Pedro's breast surged suddenly into something almost definite, something big and soft that was sweet, and compelled. Slowly he came down the steps in feline grace of movement, and stood gravely before the big man, one foot slightly in front of the other, his right hand upon his pliable waist. The Sergeant looked down upon him, pulling at his blond mustache. He smiled. The smile passed over Pedro in a shadow of indefinite discomfort; unconsciously he stiffened up, a little defiant.

"You take us to the best house here, caybigan," said the Sergeant.

The smile had gone, and that other sensation, of sweetness and good-will, again possessed Pedro. "Opo," he answered simply.

\* Pronounced *Kā-Bīg-gān*.

And this was the beginning of the bond. Pedro showed the Sergeant the house best suited for cuartel, the natural spot for a horse-coral, the watering place at the river. That night, after he had been dismissed and had eaten his rice and fish, Pedro squatted long upon the bamboo floor of his little hut, pondering in his rudimentary way over the day's events. It was a poor hut, small,

golden-haired man with the jinglingspurs, the red bandana, the rakish sombrero ; to serve, blindly, unquestionably, like a dog, with fatigue of body, and outpouring of sweat, and tongue-licking of boots. But even this feeling was not clear like a simple flame ; athwart it there leaped a contradictory shadow. The smile ; it was the smile. Pedro tried to consider it squarely, but that bewilderment



*"'You take us to the best house here, caybigan,' said the Sergeant"*

astonishingly bare ; for Pedro's wealth was below, beneath the high, post-elevated floor. There, laid crosswise upon sustaining poles, were his hunting spears, harpoons, and paddles ; keel-up upon the ground, his banca, long, sharp-prowed, reptilian, and, hanging from post to post in heavy folds, ensilvered with fish-scales, his great drag-net. But his mind was not upon his riches ; what he tried to read within him was dark and shifting ; this only he could draw plainly from it : — a passionate desire to serve that big,

which possessed him always when he attempted to read his soul, complicated with complications of which he had not the key, seized him with acute distress ; and with an impatient gesture he brushed away the obsession, as he would a fly buzzing importunately before his eyes. He lingered long upon the clearer impulse, that of service, of devotion. "Caybigan," he murmured softly ; "caybigan" — and in the balmy silence of the night the drawled syllables hung long with lingering sweetness.



*"Pedro took the Sergeant over the whole pueblo"*

Early the next morning he was about the cuartel, and when the Sergeant emerged, splendid in the rising sun, he was standing before him, alert of body, grave of eyes. "Hello, caybigan," shouted the Sergeant gaily; "going to help me, eh?" He pulled at his golden mustache; he smiled. A vague discomfort possessed Pedro; unconsciously he drew back one step in deer-like movement. But as the smile disappeared and the Sergeant stood there, pensive with the day's plans, the impulse to serve this being, to toil, suffer for him, again swelled within his heart in longing that choked. They were together all that day. Pedro took the Sergeant over the whole pueblo, pointed out the natural points of defense, of vulnerability, showed him where the outposts should be placed, took him to the ford, circled wide about the huddle of huts, discovering all the hidden trails radiating out to the plains, the hills, toward the lairs of the Insurrectos.

"Good-night, caybigan," said the Sergeant as they parted that evening.

"Paalan, caybigan," answered Pedro.

All day he had longed to slip that word, "cabyigan," and now he stood still a moment, tremulous like a wild thing, noting the effect. But the Sergeant seemed to accept. He turned on his heel with a gesture of the

hand and tinkled into the cuartel, while Pedro sped to his hut, his heart in tumult. There he squatted long in the anguish of obscure analysis. It was the smile again, that almost imperceptible twitch of the corners of the mouth which the Sergeant had always as he looked down upon Pedro. Pedro tried to picture it there, in the darkness; but it eluded him mockingly, vivid before him for the time of a spark, then gone before he could pounce upon it, seize it in interpretation. It was a torturing game.

That day was only the first passed in a service that, as time went on, grew increasingly closer, more exacting from the one, more sacrificial from the other. It was in the midst of the Bell campaign. Dragging the country like a net, there marched ceaselessly large bodies of men. Behind them nipa roared; black volutes of smoke rose heavily to the sky, broke against the turquoise dome, and, rebounding, filled the air with acrid haze. At night the horizon glowed as with phosphorescence; great, scorched trees threw their thousand arms in hysterical gesture to a lurid heaven. The country took on a bleached, tortured, convulsive aspect. The rivers ran pink with the blood of slaughtered cattle. And night and day, along the highways, the awed population passed, women with babies astride their hips, upon their heads pañuelos

knotted about a few handfuls of rice; men limp-armed, empty-handed. Barefooted, they pattered along the roads in thousands, toward the reconcentration camps, noiseless, speechless, stupefied, sullen-eyed, and half mad. But up in the hills grim Malvar, starving, still hung on; though some of his men began to trickle down, famished, enfevered, without volition, as if sucked down by the void of desolation made about them.

And the great cry, reiterated incessantly from headquarters, athrill in men's mouths, on telegraph and telephone, was a ceaseless: "Get the guns; get the guns; get the guns!" And the soldiery, wild with powder, fire, and carnage, that great cry ringing in their enfevered brains like an hallucination, "got guns" by deeds which, in their rare, cooler moments, came back to them as incredible nightmares. It was in this work that Sergeant Blount, athirst for praise and splendor of fame, threw himself with his ferocious energy, and in which Pedro proved

like a hound, leaping from sign to sign. Often the trail led into the bosom of the hills, and regretfully they had to stop before the probability of disappearing into an insurrecto stronghold. But often, also, the trail, circling, doubled back, returned to one of the few pueblos, such as San Juan, kept here and there like oases in the desert of desolation, as baits, as constant, hypnotizing promise of ease, of rest, of plenty to the outlaws, starving, desperate, in the hills. And then Pedro's more subtle faculty came to the fore. He questioned, threatened, cajoled, bluffed, pleaded, leaped from induction to induction, till he had settled upon the man, the treacherous "amigo" in league with the enemy. Sometimes even there Pedro's persuasive powers were enough; more often Blount then began to act — and there were scenes better left undescribed. So, little by little, the cuartel filled with a strange captured arsenal, and Blount's soul with satisfaction. Sometimes it was a Mauser, oiled,



*"night and day, along the highways, the awed population passed"*

the invaluable partner. He had been a great hunter; he could track like an Apache; and to this he united a singular faculty for obtaining information among his people. To the two caybigans the slightest starting point sufficed — a rumor, for instance, that a man with a gun had passed a certain place at a certain time. Instantly they had saddled and were off, and from the spot Pedro trailed

polished, pretty as a toy; more often a rusty Remington or German needle-gun; but also there were pathetic makeshifts: — a piece of water-pipe tied to a rough-hewn block of wood, loaded by the muzzle and set off by the hot butt of a cigarette.

So Pedro rode, slept, ate, toiled with the Sergeant, and by the whole pueblo, soldier and native, he was called "Caybigan"; by

all except Eustefania, crouching day after day like a mahogany sculpture upon the latticed floor of her little tienda. The old woman was jealous. One day when the soldiers, in wild hilarity, had seized upon her basket of embryo ducks cooked in the shell and were hurling them at each others' heads, Blount had interfered. And now, whenever he passed, splendid, along the street, the old woman, like a statue coming to life, descended tremulously from her pedestal and running in front of him, bowed low and tried to kiss his hand.

And yet in this service, this renunciation, Pedro did not find the complete satisfaction that he craved. A heavy uneasiness was with him always, in rest or work, in peace or peril; an obscure irritation, a subterranean anguish that he could not fathom, but which, each day, became more oppressive, more insistent. It was the smile of his caybigan. At night he faced the distress of mental analysis, hour after hour, contemplating fixedly that smile. In its presence a strange weakness, a subtle debility possessed him; to resist this he dwelt upon his past achievements. He had been a great hunter of hill and water. At the deer runs he was always leading "ginete," galloped madly after the tremulous game, hour after hour, over mountain, down precipice, till he had worn it down, rode flank to flank with it and, seizing the moment, drove his long lance into the throbbing spot behind the shoulder. And once when a *caiman* had snatched his goat off the bank of the river, he had plunged into the black pool and, seeking the saurian in the oozy depths where sullenly he lay like a rock upon his prey, he had twined about him his big net and, springing back to the surface, with his friends had triumphantly dragged to earth the vicious thief. Loud had sung his praises during the fiesta that followed, while the enemy, corralled with bamboo poles, both eyes gouged out, died slowly beneath the sun upon the baking strand. Yes, he was a big man; even his caybigan, with hair of gold and tinkling spurs, could he have done better? But before the smile, malign there in the dark, all this, all these deeds, this valor seemed bleached of color and relief. A heavy discouragement weighed upon him.

One night, at last, he came to a conclusion. And it expressed itself in one word, short and electric.

"Patay!" he said; "patay — kill!"

He would kill that smile.

He climbed down the bamboo ladder, and beneath the floor went directly to the big net, hanging from post to post. From one of the flaccid folds he drew an object. In three leaps he was up again, and in the faint light of his little tin lamp for a while he acted like a child with a doll. He crouched down, the thing upon his knee, spoke to it with tender accent, stroked it with long, gentle caress. But it was not a doll; it was a gun. It was a dainty Mauser carbine, oiled and polished and beautiful; but for two hours he hovered over it, cleaning, oiling, snapping the delicate machinery. Then with a sigh of satisfaction he went down again and laid the precious toy among the secretive folds of the net.

The following evening, as in the moonlight the Sergeant rode out to inspect the outposts, a shot rang near and a bullet whined overhead. Pedro, through the bush screening him, saw the great horse shy and rear, saw the Sergeant's graceful, almost lazy recover. Then man and beast stood still, black, statuesque in the sheen of moon, the horse with ears cocked forward, trembling beneath the compulsive reining hand, the man erect and proud on the high-pommeled saddle. There was a silence long as infinity. The horse champed resoundingly at the heavy Mexican bit. Pedro panted. Slowly the Sergeant turned his head, from the thicket to the right, to the golden ribbon of road ahead, then smoothly, in imperceptible movement, to the left. His eyes were upon Pedro, seemed to pierce the screen of bush, halted penetratingly upon the assassin. And upon the face, clear in the moonlight, appeared the smile.

A sense of immense helplessness whelmed Pedro; he crouched lower; his hands, flaccid, dropped their hold upon the gun, which sank softly in the high cogon. There was a long, throbbing silence. Then the tinkle of spur rang out in silvery note. With an elastic bound the horse leaped forward, immediately to be checked by the powerful guiding hand; and slowly they moved down the moonlit road, horse and man, huge, black, granite-hewn — unconquerable.

But Pedro, sneaking back, low behind the thicket, pressed both hands to his breast as if to hold there the germ of an idea he felt within; and with feverish haste he hid his gun and crouched down at his accustomed place to face it. It was a dolorous process. The thing sparked, flamed, wavered, went



*Then man and beast stood still, black, statuesque in the sheen of moon"*

out completely, sparked anew. He contemplated it fixedly, encouraged it, fanned it; and finally, for a moment it blazed, vivid, calm, unforgettable.

"Alipusta!" he shouted triumphantly; "alipusta — contempt!" "Alipusta," he repeated slowly, contemplatively, the triumph of discovery sinking into the ashes of realization. Yes, that was it; it was contempt, that smile, the smile of his caybigan; contempt, thorough, tranquil, absolute.

## II

During the following days, Pedro worked with renewed frenzy. There was some rumor of the presence of an Insurrecto camp near the pueblo somewhere. Pedro went about the taos, cajoled, threatened, flattered, begged, cross-questioned, menaced in the full exercise of his singular gift, progressing from rumor to probability, from probability to certainty, and then he searched the country like a hound, along subterranean trails,

springing from trace to trace, hour after hour closer. But all the time he shot sly side glances at his big caybigan, in ambush for the smile, the smile of contempt which, as he worked more and more feverishly, nearer and nearer success, came to the Sergeant's lips with growing frequency, with less and less restraint, with growing insolence. And in his heart a desire gnawed, a black, obscure desire for something, something — he could not tell what — something he could not determine but which now was indispensable to him, without which he could not live, something that tasted like water to his thirst but was not water. He wished no more to kill; the new longing overwhelmed the other more primitive impulse. It was something bigger, grander, more magnificent; it tore at his bowels, a want, vague, unnamable, but of corrosive violence. On the third day they located the camp; traveling sinuously along a trace of trail they saw at last through the bamboo thicket the pointed roof of the Insurrecto cuartel — a nipa

hut in the center of a clearing. They stopped a moment in consultation; then Pedro slid smoothly through the cogon toward the camp. Half-an-hour later he was back, sprang up suddenly as from the earth at the feet of the Sergeant.

"Tacbo — gone," he said simply.

The Sergeant was accustomed to such disappointments. Tilting back his wide-brimmed sombrero in philosophical gesture, he followed Pedro toward the clearing. But as they broke out of the thicket he gripped his guide's arm with iron fingers, and with a bound threw himself back into cover. For before the hut human figures sprawled in feigned sleep, their guns stacked behind them, and at the windows shadowy forms

Hanging from the central rafter was a lamp, smouldering in yellow spark of light and sooty smoke; and against the harsh down-pour of clear sunlight outside, this little, ignoble, soiled flame gave to the whole crew of contorted bodies an aspect of death, of carnage, of decay. The Sergeant caught himself sniffing the air. "Let's get out of this," he said.

They climbed down the rude stairs again, and instinct, more than Pedro's guidance, took the Sergeant to the right, some fifty yards into the brush — and there it was, the trench: — parallel to the trail, broad, deep, and all littered with signs of recent occupancy.

The Sergeant stood still, looking at the hut, at the trench, at the trail. He twirled his



*"long in the dim light of his little lamp he oiled and cleaned and polished and caressed"*

lurked. "What the devil — " he began fiercely.

"Tacbo," reiterated Pedro; "manica — dolls," he added shortly.

The Sergeant understood, and with a swaggering clink of spurs stepped out again. It was as Pedro had said. The recumbent figures upon the ground were dummies of grass and cloth; the stacked guns were rough wooden counterfeits. They climbed the bamboo ladder into the house. More of the grotesque shapes were there, legs divergent and back-jointed; two leaned at the window, their hollow bellies bent at right angles over the sill, in solemn, peering attitudes. In the breeze their loose white camisas moved softly in undulating shivers; their big straw hats flapped like wings of bats.

mustache pensively; muttered exclamations came to his lips.

It was a pretty arrangement. A detachment, coming along the trail behind the guides and bursting out into this clearing with that lure of men recumbent upon the ground, of stacked arms, of vague forms at the windows, shadowed forth by the lamp-light behind, would immediately charge in attempted surprise. Then from the brush to the right, the trench's enfiling murder — it was pretty indeed.

Again the Sergeant took in all the details, his head turning from point to point, from the hut to the trail, from the trail to the trench, then back again, assuring himself of the perfection of the plan. And Pedro looked at the Sergeant; as if hypnotized he



*"All day they lay there, low, without a whisper, without a movement"*

stepped closer, in long, feline strides, coming suddenly at far intervals, his whole lithe body a-quiver. For there, in the eyes of the Sergeant, the caybigan, growing stronger, clearer, more certain every moment, there it shone, his Desire, the form and shape at last of his obscure torturing desire. It was that — that which shone in the eyes of the Sergeant as he contemplated the perfection of the plot — it was that he longed for, thirsted for, which was indispensable for him to have, for himself absolutely, to guard and treasure and cherish. It was there, the torturing want of his entrails, there, but not his, not his yet.

Back in his hut that night, after hours of obscure battling, he named it at last. "Magtaca," he said, with heavy finality; "magtaca — admiration."

And then instantly he leaped to the next step.

"For the enemy, magtaca; for the caybigan, alipusta."

He hissed out the last word like an expectoration.

Yes, that was it: — for the enemy, admiration; for him, the friend, the servitor, the caybigan, contempt.

Pedro slid down to the big net below. And long in the dim light of his little lamp he oiled and cleaned and polished and caressed.

### III

A mysterious enemy began to bother the little detachment of San Juan with puerile attacks.

Every night a Mauser bullet came wailing down the Lipa road and passed over the outpost with a resounding hiss. The first time this occurred, the lone sentinel, returning the fire, doubled back prudently upon the guard rushing out to his support. Tense in watchfulness the little troop waited for the attack. But it did not come. At regular intervals a lone bullet screeched above their heads, and that was all. Finally they charged along the highway. A few more detached shots met them; then there was silence.

The following night the same thing took place — the wail of the lone bullet, the alarm, the pursuit — and nothing.

A new plan was tried. Four men were placed at the outpost with saddled horses within reach. At the humming approach of the first shot they leaped into their saddles and thundered down the highway; it stretched before them, moon-golden between the black thickets, and deserted. Returning they scouted the brush, the big horses crashing down the thick vegetation. But there was nothing.

A corps of native beaters was added the next night. They searched the brush thoroughly on both sides of the road. The shrill katydid dropped into silence; lizards, snakes, iguanas, loathsome beasts of obscurity rustled off in panic. But that was all.

Caybigan was called to the rescue. For two days he worked upon the inhabitants of the pueblo. But for once his wonderful faculty failed him; he found no trace of the secret enemy.

An ambush was prepared. Ten men at early dawn lay down in the brush near the spot from which it was calculated the bullets came. All day they lay there, low, without a whisper, without a movement. But when night came, it was the other outpost, at the opposite extremity of the pueblo, which was attacked.

After this last effort the thing was accepted as routine. There was a childishness, a puerility about it that made the men smile. They grew rather to like this little excitement, breaking the monotony of long vigils.

But gradually the affair grew more interesting. The man was learning to shoot. Each night the leaden missile screeched a little lower, a little closer. Finally, one night, the guard, when relieved, was found walking his post with his left arm limp along his side, neatly punctured by one of the mysterious bullets.

On the same morning, Blount, walking along the main street, was stopped by old Eustefania.

"Capitan mi capitan," she said, cringing before him; "do you wish to know who shoots your soldiers at night?"

"Who?" asked the Sergeant curtly.

"Caybigan," she said.

From the depths of their caves her eyes glowed at him, fixed, violent.

And to the Sergeant the answer came as the revelation of something long and obscurely felt. Caybigan's absences from the night alarms, his singular failure to track down the sharp-shooter, the ridiculous fiasco of the attempted ambuscade — at the word a thousand and one little links suddenly clinked shut in a chain of evidence, of certainty.

The Sergeant turned sharp on his heel; his spurs rang on the stone flagging. In the center of the plaza Caybigan, in his graceful, elastic pose, half confident, half wild, was bandying with three of the blue-shirted soldiers. Blount made straight for the group. When near he began to run, his face convulsed with the rage, half real, half assumed, that experience had taught him invaluable for such moments. With a tiger leap he bore upon Pedro, clutched his throat with his great hairy hands, and threw him to the ground.

Pedro went down without a quiver of resistance, and he lay there, a white figure in the gray dust, his arms thrown out in a cross-like attitude of infinite surrender. His

brown eyes looked up into the cold green light of the Sergeant's with golden luminosity; he smiled gently. "And this from my caybigan," he said.

"None of your Julius Caesar on me," snarled the Sergeant, who had a vague acquaintance with the classics. "Your gun; where is it?"

"I have no gun, caybigan."

The Sergeant drew his revolver, and brutally he jammed the handle into the mouth of the prostrate man with a sharp twist that sent the pointed stock up against the palate, jerking the lower jaw down to a distorted gap. "Water," he said shortly.

One of the men with whom Pedro had been talking brought a hollow bamboo full of water. Holding it above the prone figure he tilted it carefully. A silvery cascade poured down; it struck the distended nostrils in diamond rebound, streamed into the cavities at each side of the clamped revolver. Immediately Pedro was clutched by an agonizing sensation of drowning. He gasped, gurgled; his knees, as if automatically, snapped up to his chin. And the water came down, calmly, steadily, in pretty silver flow, while he drowned, drowned, drowned.

"Wait a moment," said the Sergeant. The man with the tube gave it a slight tilt; the flow ceased. Slowly Pedro emerged from the torturing sensation; an immense weakness dissolved his bones; he trembled. "Your gun," snarled the Sergeant, shaking him wrathfully.

But Pedro, limp, eyes closed, waited for a little strength.

"Your gun," thundered the Sergeant.

And Pedro opened his eyes with a long sigh, like a very sleepy child. "I have no gun, caybigan," he said very gently, very wearily.

They began again. The water slid down in silver prettiness, splashed upon the face in diamond drops; and Pedro drowned. And each time, when they stopped and he regained his strength, he smiled gently at his caybigan and said, "I have no gun, caybigan."

After a while fury arose like a red foam into the brains of these men, mad with ceaseless, ineffectual carnage, with bitter, unavailing toil, with the sense of their impotence in this eternal war against a vacuum. They threw themselves upon that limp, resistless body, shell of the impalpable soul unconquered within. They beat and kicked and choked.

But Pedro, very weak, very tired, very broken, still smiled gently and said, "I have no gun, caybigan."

Then from this orgy of violence Blount felt himself slowly emerge, white of face, cold in sweat, staggering as though drunk. He snapped Pedro into his arms and laid him in the shade of a giant mango growing out of the ruins of a crumbled wall near by. An immense discouragement, a poignant disgust made him tremble as with body weariness.

"Caybigan," said the Sergeant, "we have worked together, eaten together, hunted together. We are friends. I don't want to hurt you, sure I don't. Tell me, tell me — and I'll love you like a son — like a little, foolish son," he added with sudden access of tenderness.

"Well," began Pedro, "the gun, it is —"

But his eyes, fixed upon the Sergeant, froze suddenly as if before an apparition. The Sergeant was smiling, smiling the smile of



*"Pedro went down without a quiver of resistance"*

Down on one knee he bent over Pedro. Pedro felt the warm breath like a caress on his ear. "Caybigan," implored the Sergeant, "caybigan, amigo, friend, tell us, go on, tell us where you keep that gun, tell it to me, for me, for my sake."

Pedro opened his eyes, and they smiled, golden, at the Sergeant.

"I have —" he began.

"No, not that, not that," cried the Sergeant, in frenzied fear of hearing again that answer which maddened him, blurred his brain with red haze. "Tell me, come, tell me; whisper it, low, right here, in my ear; come, caybigan."

"If I tell you, then will we be friends?" asked Pedro wistfully.

yore, the unconscious smile of contempt, fatal, invincible.

"Go on; go on!" whispered the Sergeant breathlessly.

"I have no gun, caybigan," said Pedro monotonously.

The Sergeant sprang to his feet, livid. "Come on, fellows!" he shouted. "We'll hang him!"

They got a rope, noosed it about Pedro's neck, threw the loose end over a projecting branch of the mango, and standing him upon a box, secured it.

In that position they left him for five minutes, to let Fear seep into his stubborn heart. Every minute, in cold, tense accents, the Sergeant asked, "Where is that gun?"

U O P M

Pedro did not answer. He stood there, very still, calling to himself all the strength left in his miserable racked body, composing himself as for some great and splendid sacrament. Then, as for the fifth time the question was asked, his right arm shot up toward the mountains, dark in the distance.

"Malvar is over there with ten thousand men," he shouted with high, clear voice. "Viva Malvar; the Americans are sons of curs!"

Somebody kicked the box.

But as, the whole earth lurching beneath him, he plunged into the infinite abyss, he

took with him a wild, tumultuous, and exquisite joy. For at his last words of defiance upon the face of his golden-haired caybigan he had seen — fluttering uncertain at first like the heralding colors of the dawn, then glowing clear, certain, resplendent — the expression he had caught at the lone cuartel in the bosque, the look of esteem, of admiration, full, unreserved, complete, for which he had thirsted so agonizingly, and which now, at last, had come to him, his beyond the power of Man to take away — at the paltry price of treachery, and torture, and death.

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## AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD

BY

CHARLES BUXTON GOING

"But, lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong —  
I have been used to bear the load so long ;

"And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road . . ."  
"Yet," said the Stranger, "yield me now thy load."

Gently he took it from her, and she stood  
Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found maidenhood

Amid long, sunlit fields; around them sprang  
A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.

"My lord," she said, "the land is very fair!"  
Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so there?"

"There?" In her voice a wondering question lay:  
"Was I not always here, then, as to-day?"

He turned to her with strange, deep eyes aflame:  
"Knowest thou not this kingdom, nor my name?"

"Nay," she replied: "but this I understand —  
That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!"

"Yea, child," he murmured, scarce above his breath:  
"Lord of the Land but men have named me Death."

THE END

AUGUST 1906

PRICE TEN CENTS

McCLURE'S  
MAGAZINE





## SUMMER DAYS

are out-door days, and an effectual, pure soap is more than ever needed by holiday makers or home-stayers.

## HAND SAPOLIO

is equally necessary at sea-shore or mountains. Take it along—'twill quickly remove play stains and make the vacation-child presentable. Grass-stains and the "smear" of the fishing and clamming vanish before it.





DRAWN BY N. C. WYETH

“HANDS UP!”

SEE “THE STORY OF MONTANA,” PAGE 347

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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## A SOUL ABOVE BUTTONS

BY

MYRA KELLY

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE CITIZENS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



THE Boss staggered down the cellar steps and dropped the pile of coats from his small shoulder to the floor. The "boarders," for a breath's space ceased from sewing buttons upon other coats and turned expectant eyes toward their employer, their landlord, their gaoler, and their only source of news.

But he brought no tidings of the outer world on this particular afternoon. He had been through crowded blocks where the very air was full of war and murder and his only report was the banality :

"The day is upon me wherein I must go to school."

No one was interested. Even the mother of the Boss, frying fish in one corner of the cellar, was busy with her own gloomy preoccupations and reached her son's communication only after a long delay. Then she asked dully :

"Why?"

"For learn the reading and the writing of the English. A man at the factory where I waited for my turn told me of how he had learned these things and he showed me the card he had won by his learning. 'It is from the Union,' he told me and behold! when he stood before the manager he received gents' vests for the finishing. The

pay is good for that work. So when my turn came I, too, asked for finishing to do. But the manager laughed. 'Are you of the Union?' he demanded, 'show me then your card!' And I, having no card, received only buttons. For such a card I shall go to school."

On the next morning he waited upon the Principal of the nearest Public School and proved a grievous trial to that long-suffering official. The Boss's alert and well formulated knowledge of the world of the streets was only exceeded by his blandly abysmal ignorance of the world of books. And it was after careful deliberation and with grave misgiving that the Principal sent for the roll-book of the First Reader Class and consigned the new-comer to Miss Bailey's dominion.

Teacher welcomed him with careful patience but his advent created something akin to a riot in Room 18. There was hardly a child within its walls who was not familiar with his history and awed by his proximity. They all knew how his father had finished gents' garments and his own tired life, in a cellar under Henry Street and how the son, having learned the details of the business by acting as his father's messenger, was now the successful manager of that dead father's business. They knew how he had induced his mother to work for him though she had at first preferred — sensibly enough — to die. How he had then impressed a half-witted sister into service, had acquired an uncanny dexterity with his own needle, and

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had lately enlarged his establishment to include three broken spirited exiles who paid for their board and lodging by their ceaseless labor.

And now he had come to their school! Was in the First Reader Class! No wonder that Eva Gonorowsky tingled with excitement and preened the butterfly bow which threatened her right eye. No wonder that Sarah Schodsky, monitor of fashionable intelligence, broke through all restrictions and the belt of her apron in her eagerness to impart these biographical details to Miss Bailey. No wonder that Patrick Brennan pondered how far a Leader of the Line might safely boss a professional Boss. No wonder that Morris Mogilewsky, Monitor of Goldfish and of manners was obliged to call Teacher's attention to the extent to which the "childrens longed out their necks und rubbered."

The Boss cared little for the commotion of which he was the cause. His red-lidded eyes were everywhere, saw everything, but found no trace of the "Cards off of Unions" of which he was in search. Nothing else interested him and he grew uneasy as the class fell into its morning routine. An interval of Swedish Exercises prompted him to remonstrate:

"Say, missus, ain't you goin' to learn us to read? I ain't got time to fool with me legs an' arms."

"We shall have reading in a few moments." Teacher assured him. "Are you so fond of it?"

"Don't know nothings about it," the Boss answered. "When are ye goin' to quit your foolin' an' learn us some?"

Teacher turned to survey her newest charge. Stripped of his authority and removed from his cellar, the Boss was only a little more stunted of stature and crafty of eye than his nine years of life on the lower East Side of New York entitled him to be. And yet his criticism impressed itself through Constance Bailey's armor of pedagogic self-righteousness and left her rather at a loss.

"We shall have reading in a few moments," she reassured him, "But first we must try a little arithmetic. Wouldn't you like that?"

and out of an ignorance as great as his ambition he answered tentatively:

"I'll try it. But I *comes* for learn readin' an' writin'."

He didn't like arithmetic at all. It struck him as being a shade more inane than Swedish Exercises, and almost as bad as singing and praying. The Boss who could calculate,

entirely without written figures, the number of boarders necessary to make his business a paying one, and the number of hours and dollars he could allow his mother to devote to domesticity; the Boss who had already estimated the depressing sum which the vagaries of the official Course of Study had thus far cost him, listened in contemptuous amazement to the problems proposed to his consideration by this Teacher's words and the Boss's thoughts followed one another in some such sequence as:

"I had ten dollars and I spent six dollars for a dress —"

"Gee, ain't she easy!"

"Two dollars for a waist —"

"For her size! It was stealin'."

"Fifty cents for a belt and fifty cents for three handkerchiefs. Who can tell me how much I had left?"

"I kin," said the Boss, "but that's no way to do. You'd ought to count your change. An' I kin tell you, too, you was skinned when you paid six dollars fer that dress. I ain't seen the coat but I kin tell by the skirt. An' that waist ain't worth no two dollars. I could show you a place where you'd get your money's worth. The man what owns half of it is a friend of mine."

But before he had arranged details he was swept into silence by the First Reader Class's divergent estimates of Teacher's present financial standing.

"You've got nineteen dollars left," cried the optimistic Eva Gonorowsky, while Ignatius Aloysius Diamantstein, with a pecuniary pessimism contracted from his Irish stepmother, shrieked the evil tidings:

"You're dead broke. You ain't got nothin' at all."

Finally the unashamed Miss Bailey set her extravagances in neat figures upon the



EVA GONOROWSKY

blackboard and the Boss's spirits rose. This was the sort of thing he had come for. This was like business. And he marvelled much that so idiotic a shopper could be "smart" enough to write with so easy a grace.

After further waiting and other wilful waste of time the Readers were at last distributed and the mouse-colored head of the Boss, which might have been sleeker if the latest "boarder" had had greater skill or a sharper pair of scissors, was buried between the pages of a book. A half hour of the most desperate mental exertion left him spent, hot-eyed, gasping, but master of the fact that certain black marks upon a white surface proclaimed to those desiring tickets off of Unions that :

"Baby's eyes are blue. Baby's cheeks are pink. Baby has a ball. See the pretty ball."

Followed days of ceaseless effort and nights of sleepy toil. Followed headaches, hunger, weariness. But followed, too, a dim understanding of a relationship between letters and sounds. This Teacher called reading.

Writing he found even more difficult, but here Miss Bailey was able to manage some of that "correlation with the environment" which educators preach. While more frivolous First Readers wrote of flowers and birds and babies the Boss stuck tongue in pallid cheek and traced: "Buttons are round." "Pants have pockets," and other legends calculated to make straight the way to Cards and Unions.

During his first week at school he managed to reimburse himself for some of his wasted hours. On the afternoon of his second day he spared time from his cellar to ask :

"Say, Mrs. Bailey, did you spend that other dollar yit?"

"What dollar?" asked that improvident young woman.

"The dollar you had left over when you bought that waist an' suit."

"No, I'm keeping that," Miss Bailey informed him, "to buy a house on Fifth Avenue."

"Where do you live now?" the Boss inquired, and Teacher told him a combination of numbers which conveyed nothing to his mind.

"Alone?"

"No, with my family."

"An' they let you fool round down here all the time? Don't they need you home?"

"Not very much. They don't mind."

"I guess not," the Boss acquiesced. "I guess you don't help much. Your hands don't look like you did. Say, do you get pay fer teachin'?"

"Very good pay," she answered meekly, though she did not always think so.

"Then you'd better go right on livin' at home. You don't want to buy no real estate. You stay with the old folks an' buy a hat with that dollar. You'd ought to have a stylish hat to wear with that new suit."

"But a dollar seems so much for just one hat," Miss Bailey objected. "A whole dollar!"

"I might be able to fix you so you could



" 'I ain't got time to fool with me legs an' arms' "

git it fer less," the Boss encouraged her, "I know a lady what sells hats, an' she might let you have something cheap if I saw her about it."

"Oh, would you really!" cried the guileless young person, "that is very good of you," and thereupon fell into consideration of a suitable color scheme.

"You leave me 'tend to it," the Boss advised. "I'll fix you up all right, all right."

On his way to the cellar he stopped to visit an old crony of his mother's who kept a millinery establishment neatly combined with a candy counter and a barrel of sauer-kraut.



*"An old crony of his mother's who kept a millinery establishment neatly combined with a candy counter and a barrel of sauer-kraut"*

With tales of the approaching birthday of the weak-minded sister he induced this lady to part — at the reduced rate of thirty-four cents — with a combination of purple and parrot-green velveteen and diamond sun-bursts. Departing with this grandeur he made the provident stipulation that unless the mind of the weak-minded were reached and pleased the whole transaction might be rescinded.

And before school had formally opened on the next morning, Miss Bailey cheerfully paid ninety cents for the head-gear and for a lesson in the sharpest bargaining of which she had ever dreamed.

Teacher was as new and puzzling a type to the Boss as he was to her. He had seen ladies like her in fashion plates but he had never imagined that the road to Cards and Unions was adorned by such sentinels. He had not expected that a very soft hand would guide his own work-roughened one in the formation of strange letters: that a very gentle accent would guide his own street-toughened one in the pronunciation of strange words. But least of all had he expected to enjoy these things and to work as much for the lady's commendation as for Cards and Unions, to be interested in her impossible stories, to admire her clothes, to entrap her

into ill-advised purchases, and to be heavy of heart when his early doubts grew into sad certainties and he knew that Constance Bailey, so gay, so gullible, so friendly, so good to look upon, and so sweet to smell, was woefully weak in mentality.

And yet what other explanation could there be of her wastefulness of time and effort and material. Why spend hours in the painting of a flower or the learning of a string of words which — when they meant anything at all — meant lies. Why close her ears to truth? Why reject his answer, founded upon fact and observation, to her question: "Where did you come from, Baby dear?" in favor of Isidore Belchatowsky's inane doggerel: "Out of the everywhere into the here."

Then there was her Board of Monitors. The sons and daughters of great men were entrusted to her care and she allowed them to languish in officeless obscurity while Morris Mogilewsky, Yetta Aaronsohn, Eva Gonorowsky, Nathan Spiderwitz and Patrick Brennan basked in favor and high places. Was not Isaac Borrachsohn, the son of an Assemblyman and the grandson of a Rabbi, better fitted to "make good" than the daughter of a man who peddled notions "on the country," or a boy whose father even then was looking for a job?

But the saddest proof of her mental condition was her passion for washing. She was always at it. She had established a basin and a heap of towels in one corner of Room 18 and there she would wash a First Reader for no reason at all, or because of a mere obscurity of feature which might have been easily cleared away by the application of a slightly moistened coat cuff or the dampened hem of an apron. In a paroxysm of cleanliness she washed the Boss, though his morning canvass of his person had shown him to be, with careful usage, good for at least a week. She washed paint brushes, desk covers, glasses, even pencils. All was fish that came to her net and she put it all in water.

There was one phase of her conversation which refused to classify itself either as fact or fiction. In the Course of Study it was described as "Moral Training," and Constance Bailey devoted a daily half hour to this part of her duty. She combined ethics with biography and showed that virtue not only was its own cold reward but that the virtuous always held preferred stock in the

business of life, and might realize at a moment's notice. There was Jack the Giant Killer and Abey Lincoln; King Alfred the Great and the Light Brigade; King Arthur and the David who slew Goliath; and — but this was the Boss's contribution to the galaxy of heroism — there was his own countryman Schonsky who had licked Paddy, the terrible, and many others. All these bright stars of history, all these examples of the good and true, had reaped great renown and profit from their purity and prowess; had triumphed over wrong; had demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that "honesty is the best policy" and that "fortune favors the brave."

So things progressed in Room 18 until the Friday afternoon of the Boss's second week in the high halls of learning. On the preceding Friday he had been detained in the cellar by the sudden collapse of a boarder. But during the second week he had been constant in his attendance and Teacher handed him a blue ticket which announced to whom it might

concern — and who could read it — that the punctuality, the application, and the deportment of the Boss had been all that could have been desired. She smiled approvingly when she gave it to him; she even laid an appreciative hand for an appreciable moment on the mouse-colored head and added a word of encouragement.

"You have done beautifully this week," she vouchsafed him, "I am very proud of my new little boy."

The new little boy retreated silently to his place and watched. He noted the joy and eagerness of such children as received tickets, the dejection of those who got none. He did not quite understand the details of the system but its general principles were familiar to him, so he waited until he and Miss Bailey were alone and she had given him such private instruction as their scanty leisure allowed. Then he drew out his certificate of merit and asked:

"Where do I git it cashed?"



YETTA

"You don't get it cashed," said Teacher. "You take it home to show that you were a good little boy."

"Then where do I git me pay?"

"Your pay for being good!" Miss Bailey reproved him.

"Naw," said the Boss, "Me pay fer sewin'. Didn't I make ye a book-mark an' mat, an' a horse reins fer a kid?"

"But not for pay," Teacher remonstrated. "You did it for —"

"Fer me health?" queried the Boss. "Well I guess nit. I done the work an' I done it good, an' I want me pay. If you don't fix me up I'll report you and have your whole — shop raided."

In view of this awful threat and of the bursting indignation of the Boss, Teacher temporized with the hopeful-sounding but most doubting suggestion:

"Wouldn't you like to take the things home with you now? You will get all your sewing at promotion time, but if you would like to have those three pieces to-day I might let you take them."

"No you don't," said the good little boy grimly. "You don't work me with none of your congames. I done the work an' I want me pay."

Gently, but firmly, Miss Bailey explained the by-laws of the Board of Education to him. Stubbornly he refused to accept the explanation.

"You git *your* pay all right, all right." he unchivalrously reminded her. "You git

your pay an' now you're tryin' to welsh on them poor little kids. Why, I wouldn't treat the greenest Greenie in my cellar like you treat them kids what you're paid to treat right."

Miss Bailey appealed to his common sense, to his thirst for learning, to the integrity of

all her former dealings with her good little boy. In vain, again in vain. The commercialism of the Boss was rampant and vigilant. At the first pause in her justification he broke in with:

"An' I folded papers fer you, too. Don't I git no pay fer that? I don't know the rates on that kind of a job but a young lady friend of mine works to a paper-boxes factory an' she gets good money. What are you goin' to do about the house I folded for you? A house an' a barn, an' a darn fool bird. (I won't charge you nothin' on

that bird 'cause it didn't look like nothin'.) But I want me pay on them other things, an' you'll be sorry if you don't fix me up now. I'll queer yer good and plenty if you don't. I—" and here the contempt and the maturity of the Boss were wonderful to see—"I don't want the crazy truck. I don't want no book-mark—I ain't got no book. Nor I don't want no paper house an' barn. An' do I look like I wanted a horse reins with bells on it? Bells on me!" cried the Boss who had his own reasons for going softly all his days, "Well I guess nit!"



"Miss Bailey cheerfully paid ninety cents for the head-gear"

Of course compromise, after attempted intimidation, was impossible, and Miss Bailey went home that afternoon in a most uncomfortable frame of mind. For the Boss had interested her. She had enjoyed working for and gaining his slow regard; was attracted by his independence. And she was sorry for the little chap with his tiny body and his great responsibilities. While he was pitying her for the omission of mind from her constitution she was grieving over him as a child defrauded of his childhood. But in this matter of paying children for the work they did at school, there was nothing she could say to make him understand her position.

On Monday morning the lowering expression of the Boss's visage and the truculent carriage of the corduroy head had become epidemic in Room 18. All the dark eyes, which for nearly a whole term had regarded Miss Bailey as a judicious combination of angel, Fairy-tale, and Benevolent Society, were now darker still with disillusionment and suspicion. Sulkily, the First Reader Class obeyed the voice of authority. Slowly, the First Reader Class cast off the spell which had held them. Stealthily, the First Reader Class watched the mouse-colored crest of its new commander and waited for his signal to revolt. It came with the sewing hour in the late morning. Fat needles and gay worsted were distributed and the working-drawing of a most artistic iron-holder was traced upon the blackboard. The work was ready but the workers were militantly not so. Teacher turned to Morris Mogilewsky:

"Is this a Jewish holiday?" she asked him out of her disheartening experience of the enforced idleness of those frequent festivals.

"No, ma'am, this ain't no holiday," Morris answered. "On'y we dassent to sew fer you fer nothings, the while we likes we shall make mit you a hit."

"That is slang, dear," Teacher warned him. "But you could make much more of a

hit with me by doing your sewing like good children."

"We dassent. The new boy he makes we shall make a swear over it. It's a fierce swear."

"Come here," Teacher commanded and the Boss, abandoning a lurking desire to use his desk as a barricade and to entrench himself behind it, rose upon unsteady legs an obeyed. Teacher looked less harmless than he had expected as she demanded:

"What kind of a hit is this supposed to be?"

"It ain't no hit. It's a strike. I told the kids what their work is worth an' they feel like I do about doin' it fer nothin'. I guess you'll be sorry you turned me down, Friday," and for a baffled moment Teacher wished that the turning might be across her knee and accompanied with vigorous infringement of the by-laws. Here was a model class of the school, her pride, her enthusiasm, almost her creation, given over to mutiny and sedition! For a moment she thought of using coercion and then determined upon a *coup d'état*. Very gravely she stood beside

her desk and made an address of farewell.

She touched upon the little joys and sorrows which had visited Room 18. She made artful allusions to flowers, canaries, goldfish, and rabbits. She cast one regretful eye back to the Christmas tree and she cast the other forwards to the proposed 'scurion to Central Park. She concluded, as well as she could through the satisfactory veil of tears which had enveloped the Class:

"But since you feel that I have treated you badly, since you feel that you should have been paid for learning those things which will help to make you useful when you are big and to keep you happy while you are little, I must ask you to take your hats and coats and everything which belongs to you and to leave your desks for the little boys and girls — there are plenty of them — who will be glad to



"He had not expected that a very soft hand would guide his own work-roughened one"



*"You're a bunch of scabs!"*

come to school in Room 18 and who won't have to be paid for coming."

A long and wavering wail from the monitor of pencil points ended Miss Bailey's valdictory and was echoed by the monitors of goldfish and of buttons.

"I don't want I shall be promoted," snuffled Ignatius Aloysius Diamantstein with a damp cuff against a damper nose. "I have a fraid over Miss Blake und I likes it here all right."

"You won't be promoted," Miss Bailey comforted him. "You will stay at home or play on the street. You won't have to go to school at all."

"I don't likes it, I don't likes it!" wailed Morris Mogilewsky. "I don't need I shall be no rowdy what plays by blocks. I likes I shall stay by your side und make what is healthy mit them from goldfishes."

"Very well, you may stay if you care to," Miss Bailey remarked with a coldness hitherto unknown in her dealings with this, the most devoted of her charges. "But the others must take their things and go at once."

But no one wanted to go. Teacher was buried under a landslide of moistly

compunctious First Readers which launched itself upon her defenseless person with tearful pledges of fealty. When it was at last differentiated and driven back to the desks Miss Bailey delivered her ultimatum:

"The Children who will stay at school only if they are paid for their work here may — Stand!"

Only the Boss arose. Fear, or love, or gratitude, or public opinion held the others in their seats and the Boss surveyed them with hot scorn. He had not reached that Department of Moral Training which would have taught him that the way of the reformer is as hard as that of the transgressor, and that the wages of the man who tries to awaken his fellow is generally derision and often death.

So he shared the lot of many leaders and stood without followers when the time for action had come.

"You're a bunch of sissies," he informed the neat and serried ranks of the First Readers. "You're a bunch of softies. You're a bunch of scabs."

"You really mustn't say such words," Teacher reproved him. "You just wait in

the hall for a moment while I give the children something to do, I want to talk to you."

Some compromise between the Boss, Miss Bailey, and the by-laws might have been effected but when Teacher had supplied her reclaimed and repentant charges with occupation, when she had placed Patrick Brennan in command and had uncoiled sundry penitent embraces which had again fastened upon her, she followed the Boss and found the hall empty.

Scouts were despatched and returned baffled. The truant officer was no more successful. Miss Bailey visited the cellar and retired discomfited, for she could neither breathe the air, believe the disclaimers, nor speak the speech which she encountered there. Other First Readers, from time to time, reported fleeting glimpses of the always fleeing Boss. But what could the inexperienced eyes of Constance Bailey, the hurried inspection of the truant officer, the innocent regard of the First Readers avail against the trained and constant watchfulness of the Boss. More than ever now did he go softly all his days and many of his nights.

For he had presented himself before his friend, the manager of the shop, as one desiring examination in the elements of English Literature and Composition and had discovered that his two weeks had furthered him

not at all upon the way to Cards off the Unions and that buttons were still to be his portion.

"Ain't this writin'?" he demanded and offered for his friend's inspection some mystic marks of whose meaning — in the absence of a copy — he was a little unsure.

"No, it ain't. It's foolin'," said the candid friend.

"She learned me that," the Boss maintained. "An' she learned me too; 'Honesty is the best Policy.' What's that?"

"That's a lie," the candid one informed him.

"An' she learned us about Jack the Giant Killer an' King Arthur. Who was they?"

"Fakes," was the verdict of candor. "She worked you for all you was worth."

"She fooled me all right, all right," the rueful Boss admitted. "But say, you'd ought to see her. She sure looks like the real thing."

"Sure she does," acquiesced the friend who combined world wisdom with his frankness. "The slickest always does."

And so the Boss avoided the high halls of learning and all associated therewith. For had he not bent thirstily over the Pierian Spring expecting to quaff inspiration to Cards and to Unions and had he not found that it flowed forth misinformation, Swedish Exercises, unpaid labor, and that it bubbled disgustingly with soap and water?





A VIEW OF THE  
 MOUNTAIN RANGE

# THE STORY OF MONTANA

BY

JOHN J. MURPHY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
 J. J. MURPHY

THE STORY OF MONTANA  
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 1911

the State until the day of Daly's death. This chapter will also cover the famous Montana capital fight and Clark's early attempts to reach the United States Senate.

The next chapters will tell in detail the story of the purchase of the Montana legislature of 1899 with sums that aggregated over a million dollars.

Succeeding instalments will narrate the attempt to bribe the Montana Supreme Court with an amount "to reach a half a million if necessary," in order to prevent the disbarment of Clark's chief counsel, John B. Wellcome, on charges of bribing members of the previous legislature:— and will relate how Judge Hunt, former Governor of Porto Rico and classmate of Secretary Taft, was approached with a bribe of \$100,000. The rejection of Clark by the Senate investigating committee at Washington; the cross-examination of witnesses by Chairman William E. Chandler, and the consternation and horror of Senator Hoar at the corruption unearthed before that body, are described in detail. The ruse by which the Governor of Montana was lured beyond the borders of the State in order to let the Lieutenant-Governor appoint Clark United States Senator, and thus outwit the Senate, is told in full.

The final chapters deal with the entry of F. Augustus Heinze into Montana politics and mining, and the long struggle between him and the Amalgamated Copper Company to control corruptly the Courts of the State — EDITOR.

## I

THE REIGN OF LAWLESSNESS AND ITS OVERTHROW BY  
THE VIGILANTES—THE BEGINNINGS OF LAW  
AND ORDER IN MONTANA



MONTANA is a State that stretches across plain and mountain for eight hundred miles east and west, nearly as great a distance as that between New York and Chicago. It is about four hundred miles in width. There is more than one county in the State out of which an area as large as the New England states might be carved and still leave room for a space larger than Manhattan Island. The eastern half is level and is devoted to ranching, cattle-raising, and sheep-raising. The western half is mountainous, thick with timber and studded with picturesque lakes and occasional glaciers. The climate, especially in the western half, is tempered by what the early Indians called the "Chinook" wind, which rises from the Japan current or Pacific Gulf Stream, and thaws ice and snow in a few short hours. In the winter of 1886-1887 the writer saw two feet of snow dissolved into running water in the streets of Helena by one of these winds in less than two hours, not a flake of snow remaining. In summer one is compelled to sleep under blankets indoors at night. In eastern Montana, near the Dakota line, and in the north, adjoining the Canadian line, the winters

are often long and chill, but are redeemed by the rays of a never-lapsing sun. In southwestern Montana the farmer plows in February. The summer evenings are long and incomparably entrancing—the twilight often lasting in the mountains till near ten o'clock—and in the late sunsets there is a suggestion of distant climes. This broad expanse of fruitful plain and mountain prodigal with treasure, to-day the home of a prosperous and populous commonwealth, was, up to 1860, utterly uninhabited save by savage Indians and an occasional solitary white trapper or missionary.

Out of the southwestern part of what is now Montana there came one day, in the early '60's the wild rumor of gold—of all rumors the one which flies the fastest and fastens itself most grippingly upon the yearnings and imagination of men. It soon reached Denver and flew furiously on to the eastward. Responding to this rumor, there flowed back upon that wide, crude highway which linked the border settlements of the Middle West with the golden sands of California, an untamable flood, the human outflow of the newly-settled states which had drawn their population from every disaffected corner of the globe. Men kissed their wives and



EXECUTIVE OFFICE AND LEGISLATIVE HALL AT BANNACK IN THE '60'S

children good-by and struck the trail for gold.

They followed the wide wagon-ways of the Mormons of '46 and the Californians of '49. It was a motley throng that toiled, with their prairie-schooners, over that wide expanse of prairie between St. Joe and St. Louis on the east and the Rocky Mountains on the west -- a section of country which Webster, in the Senate, had declared was an arid region, unfitted for human habitation and frigid with the blight of perennial winter. They herded together in the early stages of the overland journey, but later struggled desperately for place in the fierce, primeval race for nature's loot. There were those in that throng who had drunk the cup of prosperity and the dregs of adversity. There were doctors of divinity, doctors of medicine, lawyers, gamblers, speculators -- and here and there some noble, self-sacrificing woman and her children. Buoyed up by the hope of quickly-acquired wealth -- that chimerical dream which has lured and duped the world in all ages -- they pursued the treacherous journey across a plain that seemed boundless. Picket-men were chosen for constant guard against the attacks of Indians, and shallow graves were dug along the way for those who succumbed to

disease or were slain by savages. The throng, made up of the best and worst of human elements, was united against every common enemy.

The destination of this exodus was Alder Gulch, "Bill" Fairweather's discovery, in the southwestern part of Montana. Ten thousand people rushed into that gulch within ninety days after the discovery of the gold-beds. Out of Alder Gulch was taken, in pans, gold aggregating one hundred millions of dollars. It yielded a greater amount of gold, perhaps, than any other one field on our continent. A city was founded and called Virginia City.\*

The population of Alder Gulch soon became a law unto itself. The millions that were taken out of the placer-beds and hidden in cabins and out-of-the-way corners until the owners seized the first favorable opportunity to depart for the States, aroused the cupidity of the criminal element. Half the people of Alder Gulch were working day and night to gather the gold that would take them back to the affluent enjoyment of the fruits of hardship and hazard; the other half gambled, and whiled away the time in

\* It must not be confounded with Virginia City, Nevada, the home of the great Comstock silver lode which made millionaires of Mackay, Flood, Fair, and O'Brien.

idleness until the harvest of toil was gathered ; and then swept down, vulture-like, upon the treasure.

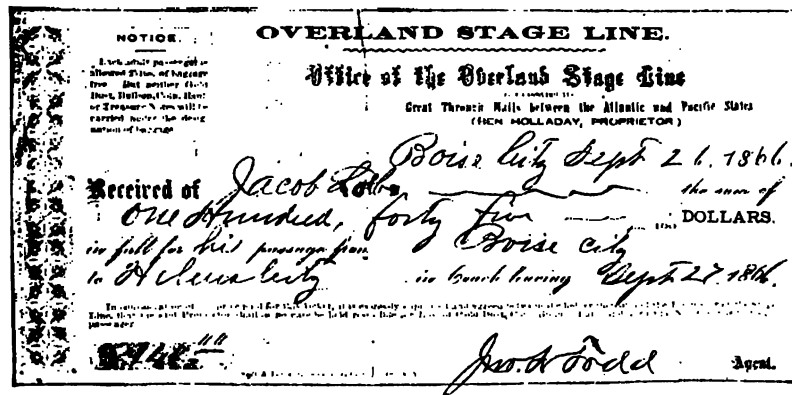
Out of these conditions came the imperative call for some kind of provisional government. In all this heterogeneous collection of fortune-seekers, no man was certain of the good faith of his neighbor. They had come from all parts of the earth and had here looked into the faces of each other for the first time.

### *The Rise of the Road-Agents*

Each day brought forth some new and astounding revelation of the strength of the road-agents, who were masquerading in every walk of this rude, unfashioned life, prating loudly of their desire for order, and lamenting the violence which they themselves produced.

Between the towns in the Guich — Nevada City, Virginia City, and the other settlements — and Bannack, 80 miles away, a

shots who maintained their skill by daily practice in actual conflicts. So common were these clashes that once, when two desperadoes had come together in a combination barber shop and saloon and had literally shot each other to pieces, the barber continued his operations on the face of his customer during the whistle and whang of the bullets without so much as a change of countenance. Henry Plummer, the sheriff, entrusted with the protection of the community, became the secret leader of these predatory bands of road-agents. He was a man of education and influence—a New Englander. As sheriff, he was likely to know when each man who had made his "stake" proposed to depart with his treasure, and by what route he intended to leave. Through him this information was promptly disseminated among the outlaws. The sheriff, piloting the unsuspecting victims, with their treasure, through dangerous mountain passes, gave the signal



*Ticket showing clause exempting stage line from liability for loss of gold-dust and money*

constant correspondence was kept up by the road-agents. They had their captains, lieutenants, secretaries, and mail-carriers. The roads, everywhere, were under the constant surveillance of the freebooters. Horses, men, and coaches were marked by some secret sign, and troopers posted with speed at all hours of the day and night to convey intelligence of the contemplated operations of the gang. The usual arms carried by the road-agents were a brace of revolvers, a large-bore, double-barreled shot-gun, cut short in the barrel, and a bowie-knife. They were all well-mounted on fleet, well-trained horses, lifted from the settlements, in their forays. The members of the league were capital

which brought about the little party a troop of highwaymen who, after securing the gold-dust, often resorted to massacre to conceal evidence or prevent possible betrayal.

### *The Supremacy of the Lawless*

The organization of the lawless antedated by many months the organization of law. For law was a thing without substance, among these people. The trained lawyer practises his profession through its forms and technicalities, and these the free, untrammelled, irresponsible spirit of this crude community would not tolerate. Gold was, for each, the all-alluring dream. It lay beneath their feet in exhaustless store, and

they thought of nothing but possessing it. Far off to the southwest, in California, the first faint light of a permanent civilization had begun to glow, but no refraction of its ray reached this band of daring adventurers, who had broken all ties and thrown themselves into these twilighted hills, two thousand miles from the regions of men, where no law had been known save the tribal customs of wild Indians. To the far eastward, beyond the gateway of that broad, lonely, savage-haunted, seemingly endless highway over which they had come, the country was writhing in the throes of war. This derelict community, marooned among these distant hills, forgotten by a nation tense with the strain of civil conflict, was face to face with the primal problems of government.

The first case ever tried in Montana was a mining suit. Both parties to the suit claimed a certain piece of mining ground. The community had elected a president, Dr. William L. Steele, afterwards Mayor of Helena, and now a resident of that city. The regularly-elected judge of the community was a witness in the case and, according to the unwritten law, the case had to be tried before the president. It was winter time, but the case was tried in the open air on the foot-slopes of the mountains. The occasional balmy winters of that portion of Montana were a revelation to the gold-seekers then, as they are to the visitor to-day. During the trial, the plaintiff moved among the jury and the spectators with a box of cheap cigars, treating the crowd, while the defendant, not to be outdone in hospitality, went around with a bottle of what was known as "Valley Tan" whisky, a product of the Mormon settlements to the south, in the region of Salt Lake.

Dr. Steele had appointed Charlie Forbes clerk of the court. While the case was going on, two men — Hayes Lyons and "Buck" Stinson — stepped up and whispered something to Forbes. Forbes replied in an audible tone, "We'll kill him." He rose, and the three walked out to the edge of the crowd. They called to a man named Dillingham to step out from among the spectators. Dillingham stepped out to where Forbes and his companions stood, and was instantly shot dead. Forbes had fired the shot. Dr. Steele immediately ordered the arrest of the three men. Jack Gallagher, a deputy sheriff, who afterwards

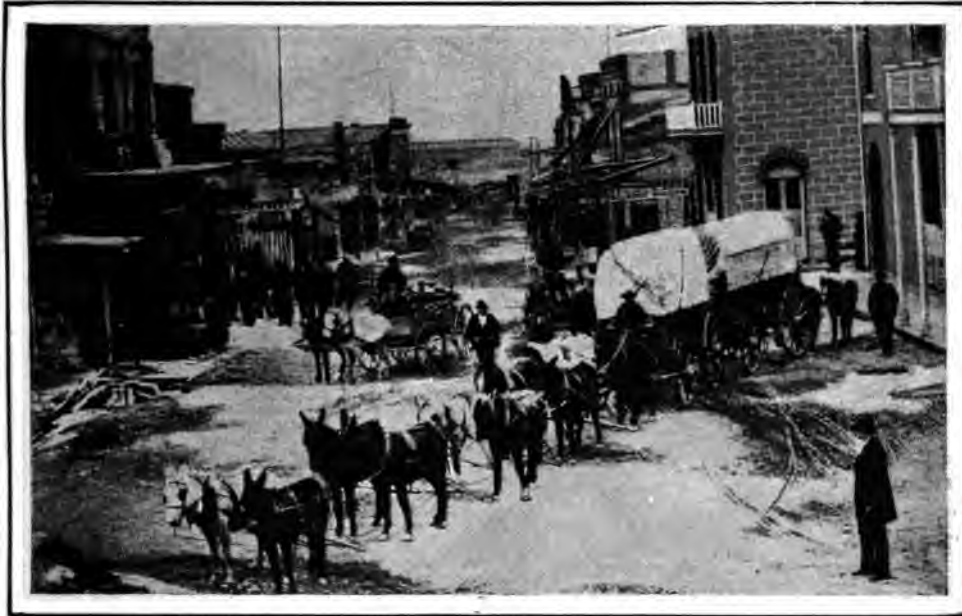
proved to be one of the oath-bound gang of road-agents, was waiting on the court in his official capacity. He passed out from the crowd and placed the three men under arrest, taking their pistols from them. Dexterously exchanging his own pistol for that of Forbes, he held up the three weapons, which were found to be fully loaded. The court stood adjourned, and the civil suit was afterwards compromised.

The explanation of this tragic *oy-play* to the first rude lawsuit in the camp as this:

A man named Dodge had accumulated considerable wealth in the placer diggings, and was about to return to the States. Plummer, the sheriff and the chief of the road-agents, had issued orders to Dillingham, Forbes, Lyons, and Stinson to ascertain the hour of his departure, to follow, and overtake, and rob him — instructions which meant the murder of Dodge. Dillingham, who said he had joined the gang for the purpose of informing on them later, disclosed the plot to Dodge. As time passed on, and Dodge failed to leave, Hayes Lyons met him one day and casually remarked: "I thought you were going to the States." "So I was," said the artless Dodge, "but I was told that you and Charlie Forbes and Buck Stinson were going to rob me." "Who told you that?" inquired Lyons. "Dillingham told me," was the response. This was the information that Lyons and Stinson had whispered to Forbes at the trial, and in the presence of the assembled general court, the clerk of the court shot Dillingham dead.

#### *The First Rude Courts of the Frontier*

They tried Forbes, Stinson, and Lyons by the only possible method — a miners' meeting. Some were in favor of a trial by twelve men, but others opposed this, knowing that the jury would be drawn by the road-agent sheriff — for there were those who knew that Plummer was the leader of the road-agents, though they dared not voice this conviction either in secret or in public. A *viva voce* vote was taken, but this proving indecisive, two wagons were drawn up, with a space between, and those in favor of a jury of twelve passed through and were counted, while those in favor of a jury of the entire populace followed, and were counted in turn. The vote in favor of the popular jury prevailed. Three judges were appointed, of whom Dr. Steele, the president of the community, was chief. E. R. Cutler, a blacksmith, was appointed



MAIN STREET, HELENA, IN THE EARLY '70'S

public prosecutor, the accused selecting their own counsel. The judge's bench was a wagon. Forbes, the actual guilty one, was acquitted, the other two were convicted. Forbes was saved because of his good looks and education, and by the deputy sheriff's subterfuge in producing the fully-loaded pistol which was sworn to be the pistol Forbes had at the time of the shooting. His trial came last, and many of the miners, weary of the long delays, had departed when the final question of Forbes's guilt or innocence was put. His masterly forensic appeal in his own behalf, still a tradition in the mountains, was no small element in his acquittal. Forbes laughed jovially, afterwards, at the gullibility of the men who acquitted him.

A committee was appointed to dig the graves of Stinson and Lyons. The deputy sheriff took the prisoners in a wagon to the place of execution. Most of the crowd remained where they were, but the friends of the doomed men followed the officers and culprits. When the party arrived at the gallows, it was decided to submit again to the crowd—now composed of the friends of the condemned—the question of hanging or not hanging. Before this motion was put, another motion was made, that Stinson and Lyons be given a horse and banished.

This was carried in a loud affirmative, by the friends of the men, and before any one could protest, the two rejoicing bandits were lifted upon the horse and told to fly.

Dr. Steele had left the open-air meeting over which he had presided and was on his way to his cabin, some distance down the road, when he heard behind him the clatter of hoofs. Looking up, he encountered the radiant faces of Stinson and Lyons, whose bodies he supposed were at that moment swinging from the limb of a pine. As they flew past him, they shouted a good-natured but defiant good-by.

John X. Biedler was digging away at their graves for two hours after the men left. When he found that Stinson and Lyons had got away, he put up a sign on the graves; "These graves to let; apply to X. Biedler." This bit of jocularly afterwards nearly cost Biedler his life. Sometime after the organization of the Vigilantes, Biedler stopped over night at a roadhouse on his way to Alder Gulch. He had hardly taken up his quarters when five road-agents, among them Stinson and Lyons, appeared at the house, having followed him with the intention of killing him. Their purpose was to kill every man who had had anything to do with the trial. One of these men said to Biedler: "You are the man who helped dig my grave."

"Yes," said Biedler, "and, by the way, you have never paid me for that yet." This was such an apt reply that the outlaws laughed, and one of them proposed to treat. An insult was offered in order to provoke a reply from Biedler, but it was parried in such a humorous way, that drinks were again proposed. The object of the road-agents was to provoke Biedler if possible and then kill him, but whether provoked or not, to kill him anyway. Biedler parried every thrust. In the nick of time, a committee of twelve Vigilantes walked in and called

agile in his movements. His manners were those of a gentleman, and he was intelligent, and even brilliant in conversation.

A man named Cleveland aspired to leadership of the road-agents. He got into a quarrel with Plummer one day in a saloon, while some of the members of the band were discussing affairs of business. Plummer suddenly sprang to his feet, exclaiming as he did so, "I am tired of this," and fired at Cleveland and struck him. Cleveland fell on his knees. He pleaded with Plummer not to shoot while he was down. "No,"



MAIN STREET, VIRGINIA CITY, AFTER ALDER GULCH HAD BEEN "PANNED"

"Hands up." The locks of twelve shot-guns clicked, and the outlaws threw up their hands.

Henry Plummer, the ruling spirit among the road-agents, was probably the most skilful marksman of his time in the western country. He always pretended to give his adversary the advantage in drawing a weapon, knowing that his superior dexterity in the use of his Derringer would more than counterbalance any advantage his opponent might have. He was about five feet ten inches in height, and a very handsome man. When not in liquor, he was quiet and modest in demeanor, and was always dignified but

said Plummer. "Get up." Cleveland rose, only to receive another shot just below the eye, and fell dead to the floor.

Dr. Glick, brother of a later governor of Kansas, was surgeon for the road-agents. He was probably the best surgeon in the mountains. The road-agents would blindfold Glick and take him to the particular rendezvous where the injured member of the band happened to be. After the first of these visits, Plummer and Glick started on the return to town. While crossing a plateau, Plummer suddenly turned and thrust his revolver in Glick's face "Now you know," he said, "that these are my

men. I am their chief. If you ever breathe a word of what you have seen, I'll murder you." And Plummer meant it.

Glick lived with the feeling that the gaping barrels of a hundred rifles were always leveled at his breast. He knew that disclosures by any confederate of the gang might at any time involve him in the general suspicion. He wanted to leave the country. He gave out to the road-agents that he wished to take a course of lectures in the East. "Stay right where you are. We have use for you here," was the comforting response.

On one occasion when Dr. Glick was performing a very delicate operation on Plummer, Bill Hunter, another of the outlaws, entered the room. "If Plummer dies from this operation," said Hunter, "I'll shoot the top of your head off." Glick performed the operation without the tremor of a muscle, though he did not expect it to be successful, and lay in hiding all one night with a horse ready saddled, awaiting word of the turn in Plummer's condition.

Former Governor Samuel T. Hauser, of Montana, now a resident of Helena, was one of the early pioneers who suspected Plummer's real character. Contemplating a trip from Bannack to Salt Lake with a large amount of treasure, he entered the stage-coach at Virginia City and immediately recognized Plummer among the passengers. Hauser took this to mean that Plummer had become aware of his intended trip, and had planned with the members of his band the robbery of the coach. His suspicions were strengthened by the fact that at Bannack Plummer had presented him with a woolen scarf, telling him he would find it useful on the cold nights during the trip. Hauser concluded that this was the badge by which the robbers would be able to pick him out from the other passengers. During the afternoon of the day of Hauser's departure it had been reported in Bannack that some new mining discoveries had been made at a point down the road, and Plummer, who affected some knowledge of mining matters, had been requested to go out and examine the discoveries. It was an excuse for his passage on the stage-coach and was a ruse that had been resorted to before.

In the presence of the other passengers Hauser made the remark to Plummer that he had a large amount of treasure which

he was desirous of safely delivering at Salt Lake, and he desired Plummer, as sheriff of the community, to take charge of his treasure and guard it during the journey past the dangerous places on the road. As he spoke he passed the treasure over to Plummer. Plummer guessed Hauser's suspicions. The stage was not molested, the robbers failing to get their usual signal, and Hauser arrived at Salt Lake in due time with his treasure.

The principal amusements of the rougher element of the population were the stag-dances, a rough kind of dance in which only the men indulged, though in the more populous settlements gaily attired females were to be found, the belles of these boisterous carousals. Good women there were none, or so few that the sudden appearance of a good woman anywhere in the settlements produced visible signs of instant and profound respect. The miners would doff their hats and manifest their joy by rounds of huzzahs, making room for her as though the touch of their rough attire might soil her garments.

The discovery up to the fall of 1863 of no less than 110 bodies of victims of the road-agents had finally aroused the feelings of the law-abiding citizens to a pitch of frenzy. They felt that the mysterious disappearance of many other men whom they had known, was to be traced to the bandits. Scores of miners who had set out with large sums of money for various places had never been heard of and had never reached their destination. Murders occurred daily, almost hourly. Had there been the most perfect system of legal procedure, time would not have permitted of the orderly trials of offenders, so frequent were the crimes. Alder Gulch continued to disgorge its treasure in a steady stream, and the very excess of its bounty excited the most selfish passions of men. The heart of a man possessed with the thirst for gold is like the country where gold is produced — it is wild and barren, and the flowers wither.

It must not be supposed that during these long months of sickening dread and doubt attempts had not been made to organize justice. Rude courts were established and the guilt or innocence of offenders submitted to regularly chosen juries, but the swaggering outlaws would boldly force their way through the lines of spectators and into the presence of the qualified twelve men, announcing

their determination to avenge upon every one connected with the case, any verdict other than acquittal. Witnesses and jurors, under these circumstances, were afraid for their lives, and justice had miscarried until the outlaws, seeing the blanch of fear everywhere, were supreme. In the early stages of this reign of terror some of the road-agents had been tried, found guilty, and condemned to death by unanimous vote, but as in the case of the murderers of Dillingham, between conviction and punishment motions to reconsider had intervened, and the vacillating mob, through fear or relenting doubt, had revoked the action of the previous hour.

The trial of two worthies known as Moore and Reeves will serve as a pertinent illustration. They had been guilty of the most atrocious and cold-blooded murders, the crime for which they were tried being particularly revolting and wanton. During the course of the trial shots were fired and knives drawn, and the court was turned into a scene of wild disorder and indiscriminate violence. They were tried by a jury of twelve, and while the witnesses were giving their evidence the road-agents paraded in front of the jury-box swearing vengeance upon every man who voted for a verdict of guilty. Some of these jurors had families in the States, and felt that to return a verdict of guilty would be signing their own death warrants. The verdict was acquittal, but that did not save them. Within six months, more than half of the men who participated in the trial of these desperadoes, whether as witnesses, jurors, judge, or officers, were assassinated by the road-agents. Under such circumstances, it was impossible to get men to act, individually or collectively, in any movement looking to the overthrow of the road-agents' power.

Another case ended more amusingly. A rough named Burch was on trial for his life. His counsel, foreseeing an adverse verdict, moved that Burch's life be spared on condition that he leave the diggings in fifteen minutes. The motion was carried. Some one gave Burch a mule. Thinking the crowd might reconsider, Burch vaulted onto the mule and looking quizzically at his jurors, exclaimed: "Fifteen minutes! Gentlemen, if this mule don't buck, five will do."—and disappeared down the road, amid the laughter of the crowd.

One day in November of 1863, into Nevada City, two miles below Virginia City, came a wagon containing the body of a murdered miner. It had been found in the bushes near Wisconsin Creek, several miles distant, and had been badly mutilated by birds and beasts. The body was recognized as that of Nicholas Talt, who had gone down to Wisconsin Creek after some mules. It bore the marks of a rope around the throat. The body had evidently been dragged to the place of concealment while the victim was still alive. The hands grasped fragments of sod and sage-brush. There was a bullet wound in the head.

The exhibition of this mangled corpse through the main streets of Nevada City and Virginia City aroused the populace to unusual frenzy. The time had come when the miners, callous to bloodshed, stood dumb with rage and impotence. They felt that they had remained too long indifferent to the roaming spirit of assassination which shot men down for luck or sport. A dozen men started out to find the murderer, or murderers, and returned at dusk to Nevada City with three men under arrest. One of the three had confessed, and there was ample corroborative proof against the others. One of these prisoners was George Ives, a leader among the freebooters. He was about twenty-seven years of age, tall, lithe, and handsome. He had bright eyes, an intelligent face, and like many of the leaders of the road-agents—he was next to Plummer in command—had apparently been a man of refinement. He had all the elements of leadership.

Ives had a habit, when he needed money, of riding his horse into a store or saloon, throwing his purse upon the bar or counter, and telling the proprietor to fill it with gold-dust. He would frequently amuse himself by breaking the lamps or the mirrors with a ball from his pistol, while waiting for his purse to be filled. He once learned that some member of Plummer's band had threatened to divulge some of its secrets. Ives met this man the next day on the public road, and shot him dead as he sat on his horse.

Ives and his companions, after their arrest for the murder of Nicholas Talt, laughed and joked coarsely over the prospect of an early acquittal. In settling upon the mode of trial, the miners finally determined that the men should be tried in the presence

of the entire body of citizens, which reserved to itself the ultimate decision. A jury of twenty-four men was appointed to listen closely to the evidence, and to select for final appeal to the crowd, such questions as could not be unanimously agreed upon by the twenty-four during the course of the trials. Delays would thus be avoided.

"Long John," one of the accomplices, turned State's evidence. He swore that when Ives told Tbolt he was going to kill him, the young German asked for time to pray. Ives told him to kneel down, and then shot him through the head just as he had begun his prayer. In addition to the evidence, there was a general suspicion against Ives. It was believed that, next to Plummer, he was the most dangerous marauder on the road; yet men were by no means sure that he would be convicted and punished. Ives was prepossessing in appearance; he had friends in that crowd whose courage was instant and unflinching; he was brave himself beyond any man's questioning; he was rich with the booty of the road and the wealth of murdered miners; his manners were affable and free — and such men have friends even beneath the church spires of civilization.

A wagon was drawn up and backed against a log cabin that faced the street. The crowd gathered around the out-of-door fires that tempered the atmosphere of the late December day. As usual, the Judge and attorneys of this primitive court occupied the wagon-box. The prisoners were seated in front of this rude temple of justice, and as the night drew on, the guards, flanked and surrounded by the impassive crowd, could be recognized by the flicker of the blazing fires. Beyond was the wavering line of desperadoes and their sympathizers.

### *The Coming of a Leader for the Law- Abiding*

Upon that scene, in those wild hills, far removed from the arm of the law as we know it, there arose the figure of one of the intrepid heroes of that time. Col. Wilbur F. Sanders, since known as the "Vigilante" United States Senator from Montana, for whom one of Montana's counties has been named, was a lawyer and a new-comer, a comparative stranger to every one. But he was more than a mere lawyer. He was a man with the courage of a lion. Of Lincolnian height and features, he made a

conspicuous figure in any gathering. Subsequent events always found him — often single-handed — championing the right against the lawlessness of Montana's wealth and power. Colonel Sanders had been approached to defend Ives and his companions, but this retainer he refused. Then he was asked to prosecute the men, and he consented.

In former public tribunals, judges, jurors, witnesses and mob alike had been overawed by threats of assassination. It was the firm belief of the miners that any one active in securing the conviction of Ives and his companions would be marked for death. All that the road-agents sought was to get the responsibility for the conviction of one of their number narrowed down from the crowd at large to any five or ten men, and then dispose of them separately.

But the courageous bearing of this new-comer dispelled the fears of judges, jurors and witnesses. He had the learning of the schools — and that alone commanded respect in that mixed assembly — and the eloquence that afterwards served well in defending the state against a more insidious form of lawlessness. He looked witnesses in the face with unflinching courage. After the evidence for and against Ives was in, he stood in the open air, towering above the surrounding multitude, looking into the ugly bores of robber guns leveled from the outer fringe of the crowd, and moved for the conviction of the idolized leader of the road-agents. The courage of this man carried the day, the spell of the road-agents was broken, and the mob voted "guilty." No greater combination of physical and moral courage was ever witnessed on the frontier. But it did not end there. Many supposed that the proceedings, according to precedent, had come to a conclusion, and that the court would adjourn until the next day, it being already dark. Sanders again mounted the wagon, and, calming the tumult, stated that Ives had been declared a murderer and robber by the people there assembled and moved "That George Ives be *forthwith* hanged by the neck until he is dead." Again the mob, awed by the eloquence, the heroism and the sternness of this new-comer, voted in the affirmative — and before the crowd had time to recover, before the friends of Ives could rally their wavering forces, Ives had paid the penalty of his flagrant crimes.

To a place not more than ten yards from where he sat during the trial, Ives was led to execution. He had repeatedly declared he would never die in his boots, and he asked one of the guards for a pair of moccasins, which were given him, but he got chilled, and requested that his boots might be put on again, and he died in them. He was led to the scaffold fifty-eight minutes from the time his doom was fixed. Every excuse for delay had been resorted to by his friends, in the hope of rescue at the hands of Plummer and his men from Bannack and Virginia City. The surrounding roofs of the rough mountain homes were covered with spectators. Revolvers could be seen flashing in the moonlight, but the guards stood firm, prepared to beat back the friends of the road-agents. When all was ready, the word was given, and the large dry-goods box on which Ives stood was shattered from under him. The road-agents stampeded from the scene in wild affright. Some claimed that Plummer was present, but that, overawed by the determination of the mob, he kept in the background. Others denied that he was there. The trial and punishment of Ives's companions followed in quick succession. An hour or two after the exciting scenes attending the execution of Ives, Colonel Sanders sat quietly reading in the store of John A. Creighton, now a wealthy citizen of Omaha, and the endower of Creighton College at that place. Guards had been offered to protect Sanders's person, but he had refused to accept their services. Harvey Meade, with revolver cocked, walked up to Sanders and began abusing him in road-agent vernacular. Sanders dropped his hand into his coat pocket, in which lay a Derringer, and quietly observed: "Harvey, I should feel hurt if some men said this, but from such a dog as you, it is not worth noticing." Meade walked off. He said afterwards he had intended to kill Sanders, but that there was something about the man's manner that cooled his ardor.

For over forty years Wilbur F. Sanders remained a commanding figure in the history of Montana. In later years, when men were still shot down in the public streets, Sanders was engaged as counsel in the trial of a case in Deer Lodge. After one of those philippics for which he was noted, directed against one of the witnesses for the opposing side, Sanders was informed as he left the court room that the target of his vituperative

eloquence was waiting for him. "Did he say he would shoot?" asked Colonel Sanders of his informant, Andy O'Connell. "Not only said so," was the reply, "but he *will* shoot as sure as your name is Sanders." "Oh, no," said Sanders; "the man that says he will shoot, never shoots"—and Sanders walked out in front of the court straight up to the waiting "terror," who slunk away before the glance of his fearless eye.

Sanders was a man of wit as well as courage. Some years before his death, which took place in July, 1905, he was present at a Populist Convention in Helena, and being called on by the chairman, in a moment of weakness, for a speech, Sanders, who was a Republican, launched into a political argument against the heresies of Populism. Instantly there was a wild uproar in the hall, supplemented by cries of "Put him out." One speaker rose and interrupting Sanders said that the Populists had hired the hall and the lights and should be protected from insult. "I know," said Sanders, "but I am furnishing the heat."

#### *The Organization of the Vigilantes*

Two or three nights after the execution of Ives, it was decided to form a Vigilance Committee. The way had been paved by the courage of Sanders and by the fear which clutched at the hearts of the road-agents. Public sentiment had changed from terror to unfaltering decision—the wind had veered. Several resolute men, including Colonel Sanders, met in the back room of a store owned by John Kinna and J. A. Nye on Jackson Street, opposite the aristocratic saloon and gambling place known in those days as "No. 10," and there organized a Committee of Vigilance. Mr. Paris S. Pfouts was elected president, Colonel Sanders official prosecutor, and Captain James Williams executive officer. The candles were then extinguished, and standing about the room in a circle, with hands uplifted, the assembled company took this oath:

"We, the undersigned, uniting ourselves together for the laudable purpose of arresting thieves and murderers and recovering stolen property, do pledge ourselves on our sacred honor, each to all others, and solemnly swear that we will reveal no secrets, violate no laws of right, and never desert each other or our standard of justice, so help us God."

*Bannock City 12<sup>th</sup> 1864*  
*J. M. Thompson to G. D. French*  
*Making Coffin and*  
*Burying the late H. Plummer.*  
*\$42.50*

*Bill for coffin and interment of the Road-Agent Chief*

Among the by-laws adopted by the Vigilantes was this Draconian provision :

"The only punishment that shall be inflicted by this committee is death."

While the Vigilantes were perfecting their plans, renewed impetus was given to the movement by one of the most atrocious crimes ever perpetrated in the history of the road-agents. This was the murder and robbery of Lloyd Magruder and his companions. Magruder was one of the most popular men in the settlements. He had been a merchant at Lewiston, Idaho, and the Independent Democratic candidate for Congress. He combined in his character so many good and noble traits that he was generally esteemed and admired.

In the summer of 1863 Magruder arrived in Virginia City with a large pack-train laden with merchandise. He opened a store and disposed of his goods, realizing some \$30,000. He was about to return to Lewiston, accompanied by Charles Allen, Horace and Robert Chalmers, two young brothers, and a man named Phillips. These men likewise had treasure, and united for safety. James Romaine, "Doc" Howard, William Page and "Chris" Lowry were employed by them as helpers and stock tenders. Whisperings that Magruder and his party would be murdered reached the ears of more than one citizen, but terror sealed their lips.

The party traveled without accident to a camp near the Bitter Root range, the present dividing line between Montana and Idaho. This was the spot selected by the helpers and stock-tenders for the treacherous murder. At an afternoon consultation, they fixed upon the hour of ten that night for concerted attack on the party. A guard was stationed that evening, Magruder and Lowry being on watch. Promptly at ten, while Magruder was leaning over, lighting his

pipe from the flame of the guard-fire and while all the other victims of the plot were asleep, Lowry crushed Magruder's skull with an ax. Howard and Romaine murdered the two Chalmers boys and Allen and Phillips while they slept. The work was so well done that only Phillips cried out, and a second blow silenced him.

The bodies were wrapped in a tent-cloth and rolled over a mountain precipice, where the winter's snow was expected to hide all evidence of the crime. All the horses except eight were taken into a cañon off the trail and shot. The camp equipment was burned. The murderers wore moccasins, so that if an early discovery should be made, the crime might be imputed to Indians.

After the capture of the murderers, Page, who had taken no active part in the crime, turned State's evidence, and the others were executed in Idaho after trial and conviction in regularly established courts.

This crime excited intense indignation, and whatever opposition there had been among the miners to the organization of the Vigilantes gave way before the necessity for self-preservation.

The Vigilance Committee set to work in orderly and determined fashion. The first men hanged were "Red" Yager and a companion named Brown. Their place of execution was the Stinkingwater Valley. Yager confessed and put the committee in possession of the names of the prominent leaders among the road-agents. He told them that Plummer was the chief of the band. The password of the confederates was "Innocent." Each wore a necktie tied in a sailor's knot for the better identification of one another. Death was the penalty for all traitors, and for any outsider who came into possession of, and revealed, the secrets of the band.

A lantern and some stools were brought from a house near the spot where Yager and Brown were captured, and the party, crossing a creek behind Loraine's ranch, made for some neighboring trees which loomed in outline through the night shadows. On the road to the gallows Yager was cool and collected. Brown sobbed and cried for mercy. The stools, one placed upon the other, flew from under Brown first. Yager, without a sign of trepidation, saw his companion drop. He asked to shake hands with his executioners, and begged that they would follow the road-agents until they were completely exterminated. "You are on a good undertaking," said he. "No country was ever cursed with a more bloodthirsty or desperate pack of villains than this, and I know them all." His voice was as calm and steady as though he were conversing with old friends.

The road-agents were hanged in pairs, or in large numbers, as they were apprehended.

Henry Plummer was undressing at his house when he was taken. He was seized the moment his door was opened in answer to a knock. His favorite pistol lay near by, but it was secured by one of the committee before Plummer could reach for it.

On the road to the gallows Plummer heard the voice and recognized the person of the leader of the Vigilantes. He had been the companion and close friend of every man among his captors. He went to the leader and begged for his life.

"It is useless for you to plead for your life," said the leader. "That affair is settled and cannot be altered. You are to be hanged. You cannot feel harder about it than I do, but I could not help it if I would."

"Don't say that," pleaded Plummer. "Cut out my tongue and strip me naked this freeing night, and let me go. Spare my life. I cannot go blood-stained," he sobbed, "into the presence of the Eternal." He exhausted every argument and plea, but the Vigilantes were inexorable. Death was their only punishment. They were pledged to it. Finally, with tears and sobs, Plummer confessed his numerous crimes. He was frantic at the prospect of death. Witnessing the death-throes of so many of his victims had not hardened him to meet his own fate bravely.

"Buck" Stinson and "Ned" Ray, who were captured at the same time with Plummer, were sent to death first. The order

"Bring up Plummer" was then given and repeated, but no one stirred. Sympathy for this heartless outlaw was working in the breasts of his executioners. Plummer himself was trying to gain a few moments respite by saying some rusty prayers which stuck pitifully in his throat, but he finally rose as stoically as he could to the fate before him. Standing under the gallows, Plummer slipped off his necktie and tossed it over his shoulder to a young friend who had thrown himself weeping on the ground, saying: "Here is something to remember me by." He died without a struggle.

The work of implacable justice continued. Ives, Yager, Brown, Plummer, Stinson, Ray and others were dead; but Boone Helm, Jack Gallagher, Frank Parrish, Hayes Lyons and "Club-foot" George Lane, together with scores of other leaders, were at large. Every man who had taken part in the pursuit of the road-agents thus far was marked for death. No security was possible until the last of the outlaws was placed beyond the power of ever again giving the command "Hands up."

The executive committee on January 13, 1864, determined on hanging six of the ring-leaders without delay. One of the doomed men — Bill Hunter — suspecting the purpose of the committee, or being secretly warned by some friend, managed to crawl along a drain ditch through the line of pickets that surrounded the town, and make his escape. In his flight he suffered greatly from exposure to the cold, and he was afterwards captured and executed in the Gallatin Valley. It is said that after the drop fell, his arms being free, he unconsciously went through the motion of reaching for his pistol, cocking and discharging it six different times.

While the executive committee were deliberating on these sentences, some of the men whose death-warrants were being signed were playing faro in a room two doors away. Express messengers were sent to warn the Vigilantes of the neighboring towns in the Gulch. They flew up and down the Gulch with the fateful message that night.

The following morning, the first gleams of light showed the pickets of the Vigilantes stationed on every eminence and point of vantage about Virginia City. The news flew like wild-fire. Hearts quaked and lips turned pale. Detachments of Vigilantes, stern, erect, determined-looking, marched from Nevada City, Junction, Summit, Pine

Grove, Highland, Fairweather. As soon as all was in readiness, the search for the road-agents began.

Frank Parrish was the first marauder captured by the Vigilantes. He was apprehended in one of the town stores and took the officer aside and asked why he was arrested. "For being accessory to the murders and the robberies of the road," was the brief rejoinder. He pleaded innocence at first, but at last admitted his guilt. He gave some hasty directions about articles of clothing belonging to him and the settlement of some debts.

"Club-foot" George Lane was supposed to be a respectable shoemaker whose kit occupied a corner in Dane & Stuart's combination store and express office in Virginia City, but his occupation was a blind. His business as the spy of the road-agents was to overhear conversations which might give information of intended shipments of gold. Lane was arrested at a gambling-house. He was perfectly cool when he was taken. He was told that his sentence was immediate death and he sat for some time, his face covered with his hands. He then asked for a minister, and one was found who consoled him on the march to the gallows.

Next came Boone Helm, the most hardened of the gang. They tell, in the mountains, this story of Boone Helm. Back at his home in Missouri a neighbor named Littelbury Shoot had promised to accompany Helm to Texas. At the last moment Shoot decided not to go. Helm called at his house one night after Shoot had retired. He roused him up.

"I hear you've backed down on the Texas question," said Helm as Shoot opened the door.

"Well,"—said Shoot, starting to explain.

"Yes or no," said Helm. "Are you going?"

"No."

And Helm, with his left hand on Shoot's right shoulder, buried his bowie-knife hilt-deep in the heart of his friend.

Helm's arrest by the Vigilantes took place in front of the Virginia Hotel. When made acquainted with his doom, he sat down for a moment on a bench. He declared his innocence and fought desperately for delay, but finally said: "I have dared death in every form, and am not afraid to die." He called for whisky and was boisterously irreverent and profane to the last.

Jack Gallagher was found in a gambling-room, rolled up in bedding, shot-gun and revolver beside him. He had determined

to kill his captors, but his heart failed him at the last. He knew that the reign of the road-agents was over. He was sent forward.



THE MINER'S DREAM.

The frontispiece of Mark Twain's "Roughing It," gives a contemporary idea of the gold-seeker's confident expectations

Hayes Lyons was at breakfast in his cabin. "Throw up your hands" was the command that greeted him as the Vigilantes opened the door. He was told to step out. He came out in his shirt-sleeves and when his coat was handed to him he was so agitated that he could hardly get into it.

The prisoners were ordered to stand in row, facing the guards, and were informed that they were about to proceed to execution. They were marched in the center of a hollow square, flanked by four lines of Vigilantes, armed with shot-guns and rifles. Pistol-men were dispersed throughout the crowd.

The line moved forward. Eight thousand people lined the streets and gazed from roofs and open windows. As the procession advanced slowly up the street, Gallagher, alternately cursing and crying, called to an acquaintance on one of the roofs:

"Say, old fellow, I'm going to Heaven. I'll be there in time to open the gate for you."

"Hello, Bill," said Boone Helm to another in the crowd. "They've got me this time, and no mistake."

The last halt was made, and five boxes were placed under a beam in an unfinished, open building. They were the drops. "Club-foot" George Lane asked leave to pray and knelt down. Jack Gallagher knelt with him, but called for whisky a moment later, and cursed the guard for not slacking the rope enough to let him drink. "I hope God Almighty will curse every one of you, and that I'll meet you all in the lowest pit of Hell," he shouted. Hayes Lyons was penitent and talked of his mother to those around him. Boone Helm cracked ribald jokes. "Kick away, old fellow," he said, as the oscillating figure of Gallagher cleaved the air. "I'll be in Hell with you in a minute" — and then shouting "Every man for his principles. Hurrah for Jeff Davis. Let her rip" — was swung into eternity. Frank Parrish stood silent and pensive. He dropped his black necktie over his face before his name was called.

The work of the Vigilantes was drawing to a close. Other executions followed. Between thirty and forty desperate men were hanged.

Under the gibbet Bob Zachary had prayed that "God would forgive the Vigilantes for what they were doing, as it was the only way to clear the country of road-agents."

"Johnny" Cooper was drawn to the scaffold in a sleigh, his wounded leg forbidding him to walk. "I want," he said, "a good smoke before I die. I always enjoyed a smoke." A heaping pipe was given him.

"Alex" Carter and Cyrus Skinner were executed at midnight by torchlight at the place where the thriving city of Missoula now stands, and within a few miles of where Daniel E. Bandmann, the old-time tragedian, now lives on his ranch.

George Shears said to those who captured him in the Bitter Root valley:

"I knew I would have to come to this, but I thought I might run another season."

To save the trouble of procuring a drop, he was asked to ascend a ladder, and politely complied.

"I am not used to this business, gentlemen," he said, when he had mounted the ladder. "Am I to jump off or slide off?"

One of the last official acts of the Vigilantes was the hanging February 10, 1864, of Capt. J. A. Slade, of whom it was said that "West of Fort Kearney he was feared a great deal more than the Almighty."

He had not been one of the road-agents; on the contrary, he was a member of the Vigilantes; but in his revels he was a menace to society in Alder Gulch. He was warm-hearted toward a friend, but a perfect demon to those who had incurred his displeasure. His favorite pastime when intoxicated was, like Ives's, to ride his horse into saloons and other public places, buying wine for himself and horse, and demolishing everything in sight. He would go into a saloon where perhaps fifty men were playing cards, and insist that they should all stop and drink with him at the same moment. He would raise his glass with the rest of them, but, instead of drinking, would wait until the others had finished, when he would bring his glass on a level with his eyes, and stare at it with intentness for a minute. Then suddenly he would raise the glass, dash it from him with terrific force at the mirror, the floor or the barkeeper, then draw his revolver and begin shooting indiscriminately. Slade was the leader of the only lawless element that remained in Virginia City after the extermination of the road-agents. A favorite diversion of this crowd of toughs was to dash down the mountain side from their cabin homes, "load up" at the first convenient saloon, and proceed to the town stews. In the morning when the peaceful citizens got up, they would see a pile of logs and a group of shivering, crying women. One morning, after the Vigilante court had organized, news came that Slade and some of his friends had spent the night at one of these houses and in the morning had destroyed it as usual. The marshal was ordered to arrest Slade. He was brought before the court, tried and found guilty. Having been guilty of the same offense frequently before, he was now fined \$400. He did not have the money with him, but promised to bring it the next time he was in town. He was again arrested for the same offense and brought into court. As the marshal started to read the warrant, Slade sprang at him and tore it from his hands, at the same time leveling a revolver at the heart of the Judge. "Now," said he, "I am about tired of this business, and



WILBUR F. SANDERS

*Late United States Senator from Montana. In the early days he was the head of the Vigilante organization which hung between forty and fifty of the road-agents*

I am not going to recognize your authority, or pay that \$400. I shall hold you personally responsible for my safety, and if any of your committee attempts to touch me, I'll blow your heart out."

Within a half hour the house to which Slade had gone was surrounded by armed men. The next minute they were in the room. One of them said, "We want you, Mr. Slade." Slade turned pale, but gave himself up. In order to preserve the forms of the crude law of the time, he was sentenced to death for high treason, for exciting others to rebellion, and for seeking to overthrow the Vigilante form of government.

Slade's execution has been criticized, and no doubt with reason; but one must assuredly conclude that while Slade may not have deserved death, the demands of the hour called imperiously for stern measures.

Slade's execution was rendered the more dramatic by his wife's heroic ride in an endeavor to save him. She arrived only in time to see his body cut down.\*

With the death of Slade, the reign of law began. A peace that had been unknown since the coming of the first gold-seekers settled over the communities of Alder Gulch. Justice had at last asserted itself, and the rewards of the miner were his own. The curtain had fallen on the first act of the making of a commonwealth.

\* Mark Twain tells in "Roughing It" another anecdote illustrating the heroism of Slade's wife. The incident occurred perhaps ten years before his execution.

Slade was captured, once, by a party of men who intended to lynch him. They disarmed him, and shut him up in a strong log-house, and placed a guard over him. He prevailed on his captors to send for his wife, so that he might have a last interview with her. She was a brave, loving, spirited woman. She jumped on a horse and rode for life and death. When she arrived they let her in without searching her, and before the door could be closed she whipped out a couple of revolvers, and she and her lord marched forth defying the party. And then, under a brisk fire, they mounted double and galloped away unharmed!

*The next instalment of the "Story of Montana" will take up the development of the mining industry, and the enormous fortunes and picturesque conditions which resulted; the personal, business, and political rivalry of Marcus Daly and William A. Clark and the feud which convulsed the State until Daly's death. It will also cover the famous Montana capital fight and Clark's early attempts to reach the United States Senate.*



RACHEL ON HER DEATH-BED

*From the drawing by Fr. O'Connell in the possession of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt*

## IMPRESSIONS OF RACHEL

BY

### CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

*After the collapse of the German Uprising of 1848, Carl Schurz, exiled revolutionist, determined to go back into the Fatherland under an assumed name for the purpose of trying to get his old friend and fellow-patriot, Gottfried Kinkel, out of prison. In the fall of 1850 he was in Berlin, planning cautiously the rescue of Kinkel from the penitentiary at Spandau (See McClure's Magazine for April, 1906). During this period he risked going to the theater to see the celebrated French actress, Rachel, who was then playing in Berlin. His impressions of Rachel, here recorded, are, Mr. Schurz says, "among the most overpowering of his life." Rachel made a tour in the United States in 1855. She died in 1858—EDITOR.*

**I**T was at that period customary in Berlin, and perhaps it is now, that the tenants of apartment houses were not furnished with latch-keys for the street doors, but that such keys were entrusted to the night-watchman patrolling the street, and that a tenant wishing to enter his house during the night had to apply to the watchman to open the door for him. Having been seen by our

watchman once or twice coming home with my friends, I was regarded by him as legitimately belonging to the regular inhabitants of the street; and it happened several times that, returning late in the night alone from my expeditions to Spandau, where I was preparing for the deliverance of a man sentenced to imprisonment for life, I called upon the night watchman to open

for me — for me, who was then virtually an outlaw — the door of my abode, which he did without the slightest suspicion. This afforded me and my friends much amusement, and indeed, considering the great reputation of the Berlin police for efficiency, the situation was comical enough. It is, therefore, not surprising that I became a little reckless and did not resist the temptation to see the famous French actress, Rachel, who at that period, with a company of her own, was presenting the principal part of her repertoire to the Berlin public.

Rachel had then reached the zenith of her fame. Her history was again and again rehearsed in the newspapers: how that child of poor Alsatian Jews, born in 1820 in a small inn of the canton of Argau in Switzerland, had accompanied her parents on their peddling tours through France; how she had earned pennies by singing with one of her sisters in the streets of Paris; how her voice attracted attention; how she was taken into the Conservatoire; how she soon turned from singing to elocution and acting; and how her phenomenal genius, suddenly blazing forth, at once placed her far ahead of the most renowned of living histrionic artists. We revolutionary youths remembered, with special interest, the tales that had come from Paris after those February days of 1848, when King Louis Philippe was driven away and the republic proclaimed, describing Rachel as she recited the "Marseillaise" on the stage, half singing, half declaiming, and throwing her hearers into paroxysms of patriotic frenzy.

Some of my student friends, having witnessed Rachel's first performance in Berlin, gave me extravagantly enthusiastic reports. My desire to see her became very great. Indeed, the attempt would not be without risk. In thus venturing into a public place I might fall into the hands of the police and go from there straightway to prison. But my friends told me that the government detectives would hardly look for state criminals in a theater, and that I would be safe enough in the large crowd of Rachel enthusiasts. I could put myself into some dark corner of the parterre without danger of meeting a detective for one night at least. Finally, with the light-heartedness of youth, I resolved to take the risk.

So I saw Rachel. It was one of the most overpowering impressions of my life. The play was Racine's "Phèdre." I had read

most of the tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, and was well enough acquainted with them to follow the dialogue. But I had never liked them much. The stilted artificiality of the diction in the tedious monotony of the rimed Alexandrine verse had repelled me, and I had always wondered how such plays could be made interesting on the stage. That I was to learn. When Rachel stepped upon the scene, not with the customary stage stride, but with a dignity and majestic grace all her own, there was first a spell of intense astonishment and then a burst of applause. She stood still for a moment, in the folds of her classic robe like an antique statue fresh from the hand of Phidias. The mere sight sent a thrill through the audience: her face a long oval, her forehead, shadowed by black wavy hair, not high, but broad and strong; under her dark arched eyebrows a pair of wondrous eyes that glowed and blazed in their deep sockets like two black suns; a finely chiselled nose with open, quivering nostrils; above an energetic chin a mouth severe in its lines, with slightly lowered corners, such as we may imagine the mouth of the tragic Muse; her stature, sometimes seeming tall, sometimes little, very slender, but the attitude betraying elastic strength; a hand with fine tapering fingers of rare beauty: the whole apparition exciting in the beholder a sensation of astonishment and intense expectancy.

The applause ceasing, she began to speak. In deep tones the first sentences came forth, in tones as deep as if they were rising from the innermost cavities of the chest, aye, from the very earth. Was that the voice of a woman? Of this you felt certain — such a voice you had never heard, never a tone so hollow and yet so full and resonant, so phantomlike and yet so real. But this first surprise soon yielded to new and greater wonders. As her speech went on, that voice, first so deep and cavernous, began, in the changing play of feelings or passions, to rise, and roll, and bound, and fly up and down the scale for an octave or two without the slightest effort or artificiality, like the notes of a musical instrument of apparently unlimited compass and endless variety of tone color. Where was now the stiffness of the Alexandrine verse? Where the tedious monotony of the forced rimes? That marvelous voice and the effects it created on the listener can hardly be described without a seemingly extravagant resort to metaphor.

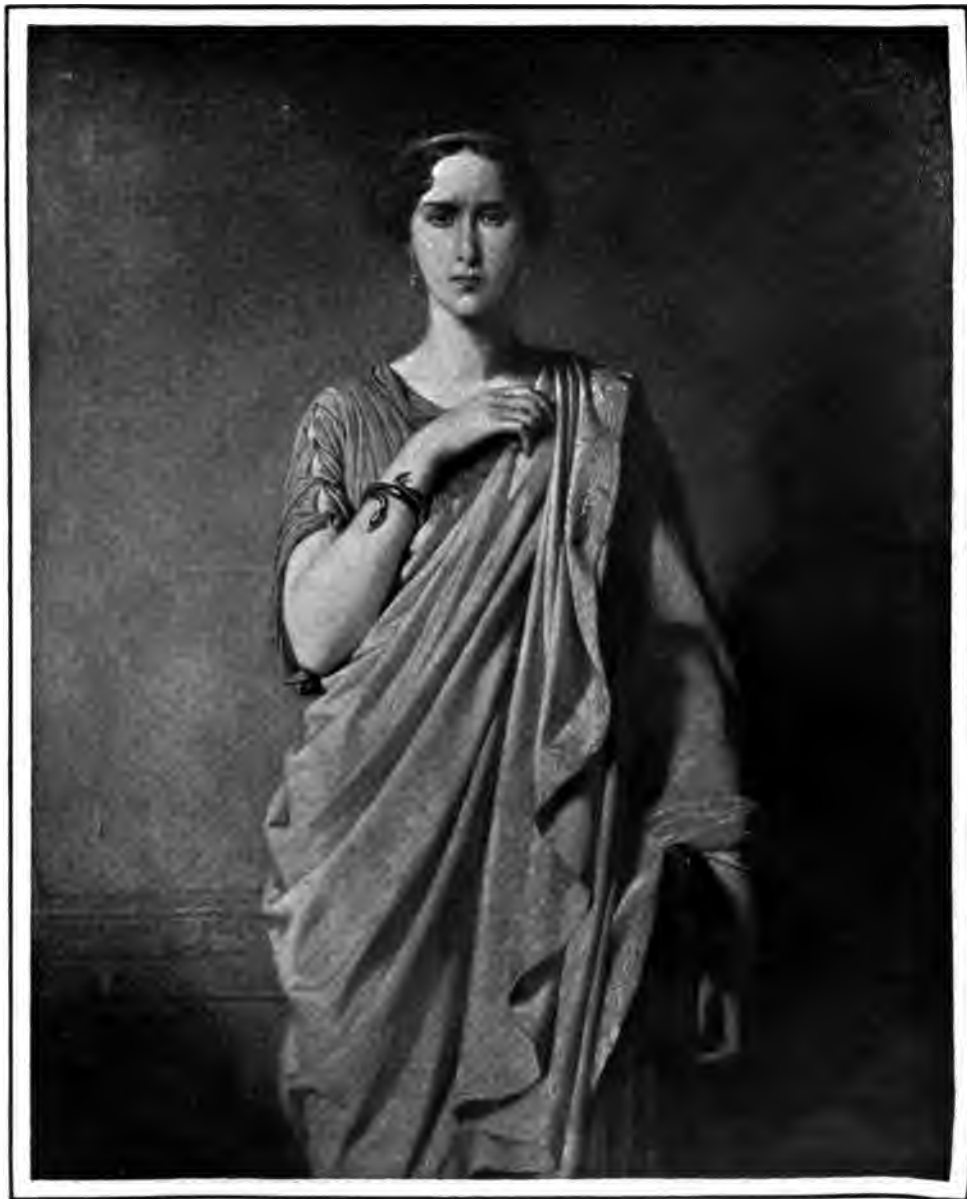
Now her speech would flow on with the placid purl of a pebbly meadow brook ; then it poured forth with the dashing vivacity of a mountain stream rushing and tumbling from rock to rock. But, her passion aroused, how that voice heaved and surged like the swelling tide of the sea with the rising tempest behind it, and how then the thunder-storm burst, booming, and pealing, and crashing, as when the lightning strikes close, making you start with terror ! All the elementary forces of nature and all the feelings and agitations of the human soul seemed to have found their most powerful and thrilling language in the intonations of that voice and to subjugate the hearer with superlative energy. It uttered an accent of tender emotion, and instantly the tears shot into your eyes ; a playful or cajolling turn of expression came, and a happy smile lightened every face in the audience. Its notes of grief or despair would make every heart sink and tremble with agony, and when one of those terrific explosions of wrath and fury broke forth you instinctively clutched the nearest object to save yourself from being swept away by the hurricane. The marvelous modulations of that voice alone sufficed to carry the soul of the listener through all the sensations of joy, sadness, pain, love, hatred, despair, jealousy, contempt, wrath, and rage, even if he did not understand the language, or if he closed his eyes so as not to observe anything of the happenings on the stage.

But who can describe the witcheries of her gestures and the changeful play of her eyes and features ? They in their turn seemed to make the spoken word almost superfluous. There was, of course, nothing of that aimless swinging of arms and sawing of the air, and the other perfunctory doings of which Hamlet speaks. Rachel's action was sparing and simple. When that beautiful hand with its slender, almost translucent, fingers, moved, it spoke a language every utterance of which was a revelation to the beholder. When those hands spread out with open palms and remained for a moment in explanatory attitude — an attitude than which the richest fancy of the artist could not have imagined anything more beautifully expressive — they made everything intelligible and clear ; at once you understood it all and were in accord with her. When those hands stretched themselves out to the friend or the lover, accompanied by one of those smiles which were rare in Rachel's acting, but which,

whenever they appeared, would radiate all surroundings like friendly sunbeams breaking through a clouded sky — a tremor of happiness ran all over the house. When she lifted up her noble head with the majestic pride of authority, as if born to rule the world, every one felt like bowing before her. Who would have dared to disobey when, the power of the empire on her front, she raised her hand in a gesture of command ? And who could have stood up against the stony glare of contempt in her eye and the haughty toss of her chin, and the disdainful wave of her arm, which seemed to sweep the wretch before her into utter nothingness ?

It was in the portrayal of the evil passions and the fiercest emotions that her powers rose to the most tremendous effects. Nothing more terrible can be conceived than her aspect in her great climaxes. Clouds of sinister darkness gathered upon her brow, her eyes, naturally deep-set, began to protrude and to flash and scintillate with a truly hellish fire. Her nostrils fluttered in wild agitation as if breathing flame. Her body shot up to unnatural height. Her face transformed itself into a very Gorgon head, making you feel as if you saw the serpents wriggling in her locks. Her forefinger darted out like a poisoned dagger against the object of her execration ; or her fist clenched as though it would shatter the universe at a blow ; or her fingers bent like the veriest tiger's claws to lacerate the victim of her fury — a spectacle so terrific that the beholder, shuddering with horror, would feel his blood run cold, and gasp for breath, and moan, "God, help us all."

This may sound like wild exaggeration, like an extravagant picture produced by the overheated imagination of a young man charmed by a stage-goddess. I must confess that I was at first somewhat suspicious of my own sensations. I, therefore, at that as well as at later periods, repeatedly asked persons of ripe years who had seen Rachel, about the impressions they had received, and I found that theirs hardly ever materially differed from mine. Indeed, I have often heard gray-haired men and women, persons of cultivated artistic judgment, speak of Rachel with the same sort of bewildered enthusiasm that I had experienced myself. I am sure there was in my admiration of Rachel nothing of the infatuation which we sometimes hear or read of, of an ingenuous youth for an actress. If anybody had



RACHEL

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDOUARD DUBUFE  
IN THE FOYER DES ARTISTES AT THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS, PARIS

offered to introduce me personally to Rachel, nothing would have made me accept the invitation. Rachel was to me a demon, a supernatural entity, a mysterious force of nature, anything rather than a woman with whom one might dine, or speak about everyday things, or take a drive in a park. My enchantment was of an entirely spiritual kind, but so strong that in spite of the perils of my situation in Berlin I could not withstand it. So I visited the theater to see Rachel as often as the business I had in hand, which then required occasional night drives to Spandau, permitted such a luxury. Of course, I was not altogether unmindful of the danger to which I was exposing myself. I always managed to have a seat in the parterre near the entrance. While the curtain was up, I was sure that all eyes would be riveted on the scene. Between the acts, when people in front of me would turn around to look at the audience, I kept my face well covered with an opera glass examining the boxes. And as soon as the curtain fell after the last act I hurried away in order to avoid the crowd.

But one night, when the closing scene enchained me in an unusual degree, my exit was not quick enough. I found myself wedged in among the multitude pressing for the street, and suddenly, in the swaying throng, a face turned toward me which I knew but too well for my comfort. It was that of a man who two years before had been a student at the university at Bonn, who had been a member of our democratic club, and who, by some exceedingly questionable transaction, had become suspected of acting for the police as a spy. I had heard of his presence in Berlin, and there, also, he was talked of among my friends as one whom it would be well to avoid. Now he looked at me in a manner clearly indicating that he recognized me, but as if he were astonished to see me there. I returned his gaze, as if I resented the impertinence of a stranger looking at me so inquisitively. So we stood face to face for a few moments, both unable to move. When the pressure of the crowd relaxed, I made the greatest possible haste to disappear among the passers-by on the street. That was my last Rachel night in Berlin.

But I saw her again later in Paris, and still later in America. In fact, I have seen her in all her great characters, in not a few of them several times, and the impression was always

identically the same, even during her American tour when the beginning of her fatal ailment had already seized upon her, and her powers were said to be on the wane. Endeavoring to account more clearly for those impressions I sometimes asked myself: "But is this really the mirror held up to nature? Did ever a woman in natural life speak in such tones? Have such women as Rachel portrays ever lived?" The answer I uniformly arrived at was that such questions were idle; if Medea, Phèdre, Roxane, ever lived, so they must have been as Rachel showed them; or, rather, Rachel in her acting was happiness, misery, love, jealousy, hatred, revenge, anger, rage — all these things in an ideal grandeur, in their highest poetic potency, in gigantic reality. This may not be a very satisfactory definition, but it is as precise as I can make it. It was to see, to hear, and to be carried away, magically, irresistibly. The waves of delight or of anguish or of horror with which Rachel flooded the souls of her audiences baffled all critical analysis. Criticism floundered about in helpless embarrassment trying to classify her performances, or to measure them by any customary standard. She stood quite alone. To compare her with other actors or actresses seemed futile, for there was between them not a mere difference of degree, but a difference of kind. Various actresses of the time sought to imitate her, but whoever had seen the original simply shrugged his shoulders at the copies. It was the mechanism without the divine breath. I have subsequently seen only three actresses — Ristori, Wolter, and Sarah Bernhardt — who now and then, by some inspired gesture or intonation of voice, reminded me of Rachel; but only at passing moments. On the whole, however, the difference between them was very great. It was the difference between unique genius which irresistibly overpowers and subdues us and to which we involuntarily bow, and extraordinary talent which we simply admire. Rachel has, therefore, remained with me an overshadowing memory; and when in later years in my familiar circle we discussed the merits of contemporaneous stage performances, and some one among us grew enthusiastic about this or that living actor or actress, I could seldom repress the remark — in fact, I fear I made it often enough to become tiresome — "All this is very fine, but, ah! — you should have seen Rachel."



*From a photograph by Mayer and Pierson*

RACHEL IN "PHÉDRE"



## THE UNEXPECTED\*

BY

JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE GOD OF HIS FATHERS," "LOVE OF LIFE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHN



It is a simple matter to see the obvious, to do the expected. The tendency of the individual life is to be static rather than dynamic, and this tendency is made into a propulsion by civilization, where the obvious only is seen, and the unexpected rarely happens. When the unexpected does happen, however, and when it is of sufficiently grave import, the unfit perish. They do not see what is not obvious, are unable to do the unexpected, are incapable of adjusting their well-grooved lives to other and strange grooves. In short, when they come to the end of their own groove, they die.

On the other hand, there are those who make toward survival, the fit individuals who escape from the rule of the obvious and the expected and adjust their lives to no matter what strange grooves they may stray into or into which they may be forced. Such an individual was Edith Whittlesey. She was

born in a rural district of England, where life proceeds by rule of thumb and the unexpected is so very unexpected that when it happens it is looked upon almost as an immorality. She went into service early, and while yet a young woman, by rule-of-thumb progression, she became a lady's maid.

The effect of civilization is to impose human law upon environment until it becomes machine-like in its regularity. The objectionable is eliminated, the inevitable is foreseen. One is not made wet by the rain nor cold by the frost, while death, instead of stalking about gruesome and accidental, becomes a prearranged pageant, moving along a well-oiled groove to the family vault, where the hinges are kept from rusting and the dust from the air is swept continually away.

Such was the environment of Edith Whittlesey. Nothing happened. It could scarcely be called a happening, when, at the age of twenty-five, she accompanied her mistress on a bit of travel to the United States. The groove merely changed its direction. It was

\* Mr. London's story is a real human document, based upon actual incidents. Michael Dennin was hanged at Latuya Bay by Mrs. Nelson in 1900.



"SHE CAUGHT HIM BY THE ARM, BUT HER CLINGING TO IT  
MERELY IMPEDED HIS EFFORT"

still the same groove and well-oiled. It was a groove that bridged the Atlantic with uneventfulness, so that the ship was no longer a ship in the midst of the sea, but a capacious many-corridor hotel that moved swiftly and placidly, crushing the waves into submission with its colossal bulk until the sea was as a mill-pond, monotonous with quietude. And at the other side, the groove continued on over the land — a well-disposed, respectable groove that supplied hotels at every stopping-place, and hotels on wheels between the stopping-places.

In Chicago, while her mistress saw one side of social life, Edith Whittlesey saw another side; and when she left her lady's service and became Edith Nelson, she betrayed, perhaps faintly, her ability to grapple with the unexpected and to master it. Hans Nelson, immigrant, Swede by birth and carpenter by occupation, had in him that Teutonic unrest which drives the race ever westward on its great adventure. He was a large-muscled, stolid sort of a man, in whom little imagination was coupled with immense initiative, and who possessed, withal, loyalty and affection as sturdy as his own strength.

"When I have worked hard and saved me some money, I will go to Colorado," he had told Edith on the day after their wedding. A year later they were in Colorado, where Hans Nelson saw his first mining and caught the mining-fever himself. His prospecting led him through the Dakotas, Idaho, and Eastern Oregon, and on into the mountains of British Columbia. In camp and on trail, Edith Nelson was always with him, sharing his luck, his hardship, and his toil. The short step of the house-reared woman she exchanged for the long stride of the mountaineer. She learned to look upon danger clear-eyed and with understanding, losing forever that panic fear which is bred of ignorance and which afflicts the city-reared, making them as silly as silly horses, so that they await fate in frozen horror instead of grappling with it, or stampede in blind self-destroying terror that clutters the way with their crushed carcasses.

Edith Nelson met the unexpected at every turn of the trail, and she trained her vision so that she saw in the landscape, not the obvious, but the concealed. She, who had never cooked in her life, learned to make bread without the mediation of hops, yeast, or baking-powder, and to bake bread, top and bottom, in a frying-pan before an open fire.

And when the last cup of flour was gone and the last rind of bacon, she was able to rise to the occasion, and of moccasins and the softer-tanned bits of leather in the outfit, to make a grub-substitute that somehow held a man's soul in his body and enabled him to stagger on. She learned to pack a horse as well as a man — a task to break the heart and the pride of any city-dweller — and she knew how to throw the hitch best suited for any particular kind of pack. Also, she could build a fire of wet wood in a downpour of rain and not lose her temper. In short, in all its guises, she mastered the unexpected. But the Great Unexpected was yet to come into her life and put its test upon her.

The gold-seeking tide was flooding northward into Alaska, and it was inevitable that Hans Nelson and his wife should be caught up by the stream and swept toward the Klondike. The fall of 1897 found them at Skaguay, but without the money to carry an outfit across Chilcoot Pass and float it down to Dawson. So Hans Nelson worked at his trade that winter and helped rear the mushroom outfitting-town of Skaguay.

He was on the edge of things, and throughout the winter he heard all Alaska calling to him. Latuya Bay called loudest, so that the summer of 1898 found him and his wife threading the mazes of the broken coast-line in seventy-foot Siwash canoes. With them were Indians, also three other men. The Indians landed them and their supplies in a lonely bight of land a hundred miles or so beyond Latuya Bay, and returned to Skaguay, but the three other men remained, for they were members of the organized party. Each had put an equal share of capital into the outfitting, and the profits were to be divided equally. In that Edith Nelson undertook to cook for the outfit, a man's share was to be her portion.

First, spruce trees were cut down and a three-room cabin constructed. To keep this cabin was Edith Nelson's task. The task of the men was to search for gold, which they did; and to find gold, which they likewise did. It was not a startling find, merely a low-pay placer, where long hours of severe toil earned each man between fifteen and twenty dollars a day. The brief Alaskan summer protracted itself beyond its usual length, and they took advantage of the opportunity, delaying their return to Skaguay to the last moment. And then it was too late. Arrangements had been made to accompany the



"THE SLED SANK DEEP INTO THE DRIFTED SNOW AND PULLED HARD"

several dozen local Indians on their fall trading trip down the coast. The Siwashes had waited on the white people until the eleventh hour, and then departed. There was no course left the party but to wait for chance transportation. In the meantime the claim was cleaned up and firewood stocked in.

The Indian summer had dreamed on and on, and then, suddenly, with the sharpness of bugles, winter came. It came in a single night, and the miners awoke to howling wind, driving snow, and freezing water. Storm followed storm, and between the storms there was the silence, broken only by the boom of the surf on the desolate shore, where the salt spray rimmed the beach with frozen white.

All went well in the cabin. Their gold dust had weighed up something like eight thousand dollars, and they could not but be contented. The men made snow-shoes, hunted fresh meat for the larder, and in the long evenings played endless games of whist and pedro. Now that the mining had ceased, Edith Nelson turned over the fire-building and the dish-washing to the men, while she darned their socks and mended their clothes.

There was no grumbling, no bickering nor petty quarreling in the little cabin, and they often congratulated one another on the general happiness of the party. Hans Nelson was stolid and easy-going, while Edith had long before won his unbounded admiration by her capacity for getting on with people. Harkey, a long, lank Texan, was unusually friendly for one with a saturnine disposition, and, so long as his theory that gold grew was not challenged, was quite companionable. The fourth member of the party, Michael Dennin, contributed his Irish wit to the gaiety of the cabin. He was a large, powerful man, prone to sudden rushes of anger over little things, and of unfailing good-humor under the stress and strain of big things. The fifth and last member, Dutchy, was the willing butt of the party. He even went out of his way to raise a laugh at his own expense in order to keep things cheerful. His deliberate aim in life seemed to be that of a maker of laughter. No serious quarrel had ever vexed the serenity of the party; and, now that each had sixteen hundred dollars to show for a short summer's work, there reigned the well-fed, contented spirit of prosperity.

And then the unexpected happened. They had just sat down to the breakfast-table. Though it was already eight o'clock (late

breakfasts had followed naturally upon cessation of the steady work at mining), a candle in the neck of a bottle lighted the meal. Edith and Hans sat at the ends of the table. On one side, with their backs to the door, were Harkey and Dutchy. The place on the other side was vacant. Dennin had not yet come in.

Hans Nelson looked at the empty chair, shook his head slowly, and, with a ponderous attempt at humor, said: "Always is he first at the grub. It is very strange. Maybe he is sick."

"Where is Michael?" Edith asked.

"Got up a little ahead of us and went outside," Harkey answered.

Dutchy's face beamed mischievously. He pretended knowledge of Dennin's absence, and affected a mysterious air, while they clamored for information. Edith, after a peep into the men's bunk-room, returned to the table. Hans looked at her and she shook her head.

"He was never late at meal-time before," she answered.

"I cannot understand," said Hans. "Always has he the great appetite like the horse."

"It is too bad," Dutchy said, with a sad shake of his head.

They were beginning to make merry over their comrade's absence.

"It is a great pity!" Dutchy volunteered.

"What?" they demanded in chorus.

"Poor Michael," was the mournful reply.

"Well, what's wrong with Michael?" Harkey asked.

"He is not hungry no more," wailed Dutchy. "He has lost der appetite. He do not like der grub."

"Not from the way he pitches into it up to his ears," remarked Harkey.

"He does dot shust to be politeful to Mrs. Nelson," was Dutchy's quick retort. "I know, I know, and it is too pad. Why is he not here? Pecause he haf gone out. Why haf he gone out? For der defelopment of der appetite. How does he defelop der appetite? He walks barefoots in der snow. Ach! don't I know? It is der way der rich peoples chases after der appetite when it is no more and is running away. Michael haf sixteen hundred dollars. He is rich peoples. He haf no appetite. Derefore, peecause, he is chasing der appetite. Shust you open der door und you will see his barefoots in der snow. No, you will not see der appetite. Dot is

shust his trouble. When he sees der appetite, he will catch it und come to preakfast."

They burst into loud laughter at Dutchy's nonsense. The sound had scarcely died away when the door opened and Dennin came in. All turned to look at him. He was carrying a shot-gun. Even as they looked, he lifted it to his shoulder and fired twice. At the first shot Dutchy sank upon the table, overturning his mug of coffee, his yellow mop of hair dabbling in his plate of mush. His forehead, which pressed upon the near edge of the plate, tilted the plate up against his hair at an angle of forty-five degrees. Harky was in the air, in his spring to his feet, at the second shot, and he pitched face-down upon the floor, his "My God!" gurgling and dying in his throat.

It was The Unexpected. Hans and Edith were stunned. They sat at the table, their bodies tense, their eyes fixed in a fascinated gaze upon the murderer. Dimly they saw him through the smoke of the powder, and in the silence nothing was to be heard save the drip-drip of Dutchy's spilled coffee on the floor. Dennin threw open the breech of the shot-gun, ejecting the empty shells. Holding the gun with one hand, he reached with the other into his pocket for fresh shells.

He was thrusting the shells into the gun when Edith Nelson was aroused to action. It was patent that he intended to kill Hans and her. For a space of possibly three seconds of time she had been dazed and paralyzed by the horrible and inconceivable form in which the unexpected had made its appearance. Then she rose to it and grappled with it. She grappled with it concretely, making a cat-like leap for the murderer, and gripping his neck-cloth with both her hands. The impact of her body sent him stumbling backward several steps. He tried to shake her loose and at the same time retain his hold on the gun. This was awkward, for her firm-fleshed body had become a cat's. She threw herself to one side, and with her grip at his throat nearly jerked him to the floor. He straightened himself and whirled swiftly. Still faithful to her hold, her body followed the circle of his whirl so that her feet left the floor, and she swung through the air fastened to his throat by her hands. The whirl culminated in a collision with a chair, and the man and woman crashed to the floor in a wild, struggling fall that extended itself across half the length of the room.

Hans Nelson was half a second behind his wife in rising to the unexpected. His nerve processes and mental processes were slower than hers. His was the grosser organism, and it had taken him half a second longer to perceive, and determine, and proceed to do. She had already flown at Dennin and gripped his throat, when Hans sprang to his feet. He was in a blind fury, a Berserker rage. At the instant he sprang from his chair his mouth opened, and there issued forth a sound that was half-roar, half-bellow. The whirl of the two bodies had already started, and still roaring, or bellowing, he pursued this whirl down the room, overtaking it when it fell to the floor.

Hans hurled himself upon the prostrate man, striking madly with his fists. They were sledge-like blows, and when Edith felt Dennin's body relax she loosed her grip and rolled clear. She lay on the floor, panting and watching. The fury of the blows continued to rain down. Dennin did not seem to mind the blows. He did not even move. Then it dawned upon her that he was unconscious. She cried out to Hans to stop. She cried out again. But he paid no heed to her voice. She caught him by the arm, but her clinging to it merely impeded his effort.

It was no reasoned impulse that stirred her to do what she then did. Nor was it a sense of pity, nor obedience to the "Thou shalt not" of religion. Rather was it some sense of law, an ethic of her race and early environment, that compelled her to interpose her body between her husband and the helpless murderer. It was not until Hans knew he was striking his wife that he ceased. He allowed himself to be shoved away by her, in much the same way that a ferocious but obedient dog allows itself to be shoved away by its master. The analogy even went farther. Deep in his throat, in an animal-like way, Hans's rage still rumbled, and several times he made as though to spring back upon his prey and was only prevented by the woman's swiftly interposed body.

Back and farther back Edith shoved her husband. She had never seen him in such a condition, and she was more frightened of him than she had been of Dennin in the thick of the struggle. She could not believe that this raging beast was her Hans, and with a shock she became suddenly aware of a shrinking instinctive fear that he might snap her hand in his teeth like any wild animal. For some seconds, unwilling to hurt her, yet



"RAGING AND STRAINING AT THE RAWHIDE THAT BOUND HIM, AND  
THREATENING HER WITH WHAT HE WOULD DO WHEN HE GOT LOOSE"

dogged in his desire to return to the attack, Hans dodged back and forth. But she resolutely dodged with him, until the first glimmerings of reason returned and he gave over.

Both crawled to their feet. Hans staggered back against the wall, where he leaned, his face working, in his throat the deep and continuous rumble that died away with the seconds and at last ceased. The time for the reaction had come. Edith stood in the middle of the floor, wringing her hands, panting and gasping, her whole body trembling violently.

Hans looked at nothing, but Edith's eyes wandered wildly from detail to detail of what had taken place. Dennin lay without movement. The overturned chair, hurled onward in the mad whirl, lay near him. Partly under him lay the shot-gun, still broken open at the breech. Spilling out of his right hand were the two cartridges which he had failed to put into the gun and which he had clutched until consciousness left him. Harkey lay on the floor, face downward, where he had fallen; while Dutchy rested forward on the table, his yellow mop of hair buried in his mush-plate, the plate itself still tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees. This tilted plate fascinated her. Why did it not fall down? It was ridiculous. It was not in the nature of things for a mush-plate to up-end itself on the table even if a man or so had been killed.

She glanced back at Dennin, but her eyes returned to the tilted plate. It was so ridiculous! She felt an hysterical impulse to laugh. Then she noticed the silence, and forgot the plate in a desire for something to happen. The monotonous drip of the coffee from the table to the floor merely emphasized the silence. Why did not Hans do something? say something? She looked at him and was about to speak, when she discovered that her tongue refused its wonted duty. There was a peculiar ache in her throat, and her mouth was dry and furry. She could only look at Hans, who, in turn, looked at her.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a sharp, metallic clang. She screamed, jerking her eyes back to the table. The plate had fallen down. Hans sighed as though awakening from sleep. The clang of the plate had aroused them to life in a new world. The cabin epitomized the new world in which they must thenceforth live and move. The old cabin was gone forever. The horizon of

life was totally new and unfamiliar. The unexpected had swept its wizardry over the face of things, changing the perspective, juggling values, and shuffling the real and the unreal into perplexing confusion.

"My God, Hans!" was Edith's first speech.

He did not answer, but stared at her with horror. Slowly his eyes wandered over the room, for the first time taking in its details. Then he put on his cap and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" Edith demanded, in an agony of apprehension.

His hand was on the door-knob, and he half-turned as he answered, "To dig some graves."

"Don't leave me, Hans, with —" her eyes swept the room, "— with this."

"The graves must be dug some time," he said.

"But you do not know how many," she objected desperately. She noted his indecision, and added, "Besides, I'll go with you and help."

Hans stepped back to the table, and mechanically snuffed the candle. Then between them they made the examination. Both Harkey and Dutchy were dead — frightfully dead, because of the close range of the shot-gun. Hans refused to go near Dennin, and Edith was forced to conduct this portion of the investigation by herself.

"He isn't dead," she called to Hans.

He walked over and looked down at the murderer.

"What did you say?" Edith demanded, having caught the rumble of inarticulate speech in her husband's throat.

"I said it was a damn shame that he isn't dead," came the reply.

Edith was bending over the body.

"Leave him alone," Hans commanded harshly, in a strange voice.

She looked at him in sudden alarm. He had picked up the shot-gun dropped by Dennin and was thrusting in the shells.

"What are you going to do?" she cried, rising swiftly from her bending position.

Hans did not answer, but she saw the shot-gun going to his shoulder. She grasped the muzzle with her hand and threw it up.

"Leave me alone!" he cried hoarsely.

He tried to jerk the weapon away from her, but she came in closer and clung to him.

"Hans! Hans! Wake up!" she cried. "Don't be crazy!"



"SHE READ FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT"

"He killed Dutchy and Harkey!" was her husband's reply; "and I am going to kill him."

"But that is wrong," she objected. "There is the law."

He sneered his incredulity of the law's potency in such a region, but he merely iterated, dispassionately, doggedly: "He killed Dutchy and Harkey."

Long she argued with him, but the argument was one-sided, for he contented himself with repeating again and again: "He killed Dutchy and Harkey." But she could not escape from her childhood training, nor from the blood that was in her. The heritage of law was hers, and right conduct, to her, was the fulfilment of the law. She could see no other righteous course to pursue. Hans's taking the law in his own hand was no more justifiable than Dennin's deed. Two wrongs did not make a right, she contended, and there was only one way to punish Dennin, and that was the legal way arranged by society. At last Hans gave in to her.

"All right," he said. "Have it your own way. And to-morrow or next day look to see him kill you and me."

She shook her head, and held out her hand for the shot-gun. He started to hand it to her, then hesitated.

"Better let me shoot him," he pleaded.

Again she shook her head, and again he started to pass her the gun, when the door opened, and an Indian, without knocking, came in. A blast of wind and flurry of snow came in with him. They turned and faced him, Hans still holding the shot-gun. The intruder took in the scene without a quiver. His eyes embraced the dead and wounded in a sweeping glance. No surprise showed in his face, not even curiosity. Harkey lay at his feet, but he took no notice of him. So far as he was concerned, Harkey's body did not exist.

"Much wind," the Indian remarked by way of salutation. "All well? Very well?"

Hans, still grasping the gun, felt sure that the Indian attributed to him the mangled corpses. He glanced appealingly at his wife.

"Good-morning, Negook," she said, her voice betraying her effort. "No, not very well. Much trouble."

"Good-by, I go now, much hurry," the Indian said, and without semblance of haste, with great deliberation stepping clear of a red pool on the floor, he opened the door and went out.

The man and the woman looked at each other.

"He thinks we did it," Hans gasped, "that I did it."

Edith was silent for a space. Then she said, briefly, in a businesslike way:

"Never mind what he thinks. That will come after. At present we have two graves to dig. But, first of all, we've got to tie up Dennin so he can't escape."

Hans refused to touch Dennin, but Edith lashed him securely, hand and foot. Then she and Hans went out into the snow. The ground was frozen. It was impervious to a blow of the pick. They first gathered wood, then scraped the snow away, and on the frozen surface built a fire. When the fire had burned for an hour, several inches of dirt had thawed. This they shoveled out, and then built a fresh fire. Their descent into earth progressed at the rate of two or three inches an hour.

It was hard and bitter work. The flurrying snow did not permit the fire to burn any too well, while the wind cut through their clothes and chilled their bodies. They held but little conversation. The wind interfered with speech. Beyond wondering at what could have been Dennin's motive, they remained silent, oppressed by the horror of the tragedy. At one o'clock, looking toward the cabin, Hans announced that he was hungry.

"No, not now, Hans," Edith answered. "I couldn't go back alone into that cabin the way it is, and cook a meal."

At two o'clock Hans volunteered to go with her; but she held him to his work, and four o'clock found the two graves completed. They were shallow, not more than two feet deep, but they would serve the purpose. Night had fallen. Hans got the sled, and the two dead men were dragged through the darkness and storm to their frozen sepulcher. The funeral procession was anything but a pageant. The sled sank deep into the drifted snow and pulled hard. The man and woman had eaten nothing since the previous day and were weak from hunger and exhaustion. They had not the strength to resist the wind, and at times its buffets hurled them off their feet. On several occasions the sled was overturned, and they were compelled to reload it with its somber freight. The last hundred feet to the graves was up a steep slope, and this they took on all-fours, like sled-dogs, making legs of their arms and

thrusting their hands into the snow. Even so, they were twice dragged backward by the weight of the sled, and slid and fell down the hill, the living and the dead, the haul-ropes and the sled, in ghastly entanglement.

"To-morrow I will put up head-boards with their names," Hans said, when the graves were filled in.

Edith was sobbing. A few broken sentences had been all she was capable of in the way of a funeral service, and now her husband was compelled to half-carry her back to the cabin.

Dennin was conscious. He had rolled over and over on the floor in vain efforts to free himself. He watched Hans and Edith with glittering eyes, but made no attempt to speak. Hans still refused to touch the murderer, and sullenly watched Edith drag him across the floor to the men's bunk-room. But try as she would, she could not lift him from the floor into his bunk.

"Better let me shoot him, and we'll have no more trouble," Hans said in final appeal.

Edith shook her head and bent again to her task. To her surprise the body rose easily, and she knew Hans had relented and was helping her. Then came the cleansing of the kitchen. But the floor still shrieked the tragedy, until Hans planed the surface of the stained wood away, and with the shavings made a fire in the stove.

The days came and went. There was much of darkness and silence, broken only by the storms and the thunder on the beach of the freezing surf. Hans was obedient to Edith's slightest order. All his splendid initiative had vanished. She had elected to deal with Dennin in her way, and so he left the whole matter in her hands.

The murderer was a constant menace. At all times there was the chance that he might free himself from his bonds, and they were compelled to guard him day and night. The man or the woman sat always beside him, holding the loaded shot-gun. At first, Edith tried eight-hour watches, but the continuous strain was too great, and afterwards she and Hans relieved each other every four hours. As they had to sleep, and as the watches extended through the night, their whole waking time was expended in guarding Dennin. They had barely time left over for the preparation of meals and the getting of fire-wood.

Since Negook's inopportune visit, the Indians had avoided the cabin. Edith sent

Hans to their cabins to get them to take Dennin down the coast in a canoe to the nearest white settlement or trading post, but the errand was fruitless. Then Edith went herself and interviewed Negook. He was head man of the little village, keenly aware of his responsibility, and he elucidated his policy thoroughly, in few words.

"It is white man's trouble," he said, "not Siwash trouble. My people help you, then will it be Siwash trouble, too. When white man's trouble and Siwash trouble come together and make a trouble, it is a great trouble, beyond understanding and without end. Trouble no good. My people do no wrong. What for they help you and have trouble?"

So Edith Nelson went back to the terrible cabin with its endless alternating four-hour watches. Sometimes, when it was her turn and she sat by the prisoner, the loaded shot-gun in her lap, her eyes would close and she would doze. Always she aroused with a start, snatching up the gun and swiftly looking at him. These were distinct nervous shocks, and their effect was not good on her. Such was her fear of the man, that even if she were wide awake, if he moved under the bed-clothes she could not repress the start and the quick reach for the gun.

She was preparing herself for a nervous breakdown, and she knew it. First came a fluttering of the eyeballs, so that she was compelled to close her eyes for relief. A little later the eyelids were afflicted by a nervous twitching that she could not control. To add to the strain, she could not forget the tragedy. She remained as close to the horror as on the first morning when the unexpected stalked into the cabin and took possession. In her daily ministrations upon the prisoner she was forced to grit her teeth and steel herself, body and spirit.

Hans was affected differently. He became obsessed by the idea that it was his duty to kill Dennin; and whenever he waited upon the bound man or watched by him, Edith was troubled by the fear that Hans would add another red entry to the cabin's record. Always he cursed Dennin savagely and handled him roughly. Hans tried to conceal his homicidal mania, and he would say to his wife, "By and by you will want me to kill him, and then I will not kill him. It would make me sick." But more than once, stealing into the room when it was her watch off, she would catch the two men glaring ferociously at each other, wild animals the pair

of them, in Hans's face the lust to kill, in Dennin's the fierceness and savagery of the cornered rat. "Hans!" she would cry, "Wake up!" and he would come to a recollection of himself, startled and shamefaced and unrepentant.

So Hans became another factor in the problem the unexpected had given Edith Nelson to solve. At first it had been merely a question of right conduct in dealing with Dennin, and right conduct, as she conceived it, lay in keeping him a prisoner until he could be turned over for trial before a proper tribunal. But now entered Hans, and she saw that his sanity and his salvation were involved. Nor was she long in discovering that her own strength and endurance had become part of the problem. She was breaking down under the strain. Her left arm had developed involuntary jerking and twitchings. She spilled her food from her spoon, and could place no reliance in her afflicted arm. She judged it to be a form of St. Vitus's dance, and she feared the extent to which its ravages might go. What if she broke down? And the vision she had of the possible future, when the cabin might contain only Dennin and Hans, was an added horror.

After the third day, Dennin had begun to talk. His first question had been, "What are you going to do with me?" And this question he repeated daily and many times a day. And always Edith replied that he would assuredly be dealt with according to law. In turn, she put a daily question to him — "Why did you do it?" To this he never replied. Also, he received the question with outbursts of anger, raging and straining at the rawhide that bound him, and threatening her with what he would do when he got loose, which he said he was sure to do sooner or later. At such times she cocked both triggers of the gun, prepared to meet him with leaden death if he should burst loose, herself trembling and palpitating and dizzy from the tension and shock.

But in time Dennin grew more tractable. It seemed to her that he was growing very weary of his unchanging recumbent position. He began to beg and plead to be released. He made wild promises. He would do them no harm. He would himself go down the coast and give himself up to the officers of the law. He would give them his share of the gold. He would go away into the heart of the wilderness, and never again appear in civilization.

He would take his own life if she would only free him. His pleadings usually culminated in involuntary raving, until it seemed to her that he was passing into a fit; but always she shook her head and denied him the freedom for which he worked himself into a passion.

But the weeks went by, and he continued to grow more tractable. And through it all the weariness was asserting itself more and more. "I am so tired, so tired," he would murmur, rolling his head back and forth on the pillow like a peevish child. At a little later period he began to make impassioned pleas for death, to beg her to kill him, to beg Hans to put him out of his misery so that he might at least rest comfortably.

The situation was fast becoming impossible. Edith's nervousness was continuing, and she knew her breakdown might come any time. She could not even get her proper rest, for she was haunted by the fear that Hans would yield to his mania and kill Dennin while she slept. Though January had already come, months would have to elapse before any trading schooner was even likely to put into the bay. Also, they had not expected to winter in the cabin, and the food was running low; nor could Hans add to the supply by hunting. They were chained to the cabin by the necessity of guarding their prisoner.

Something must be done, and she knew it. She forced herself to go back into a reconsideration of the problem. She could not shake off the legacy of her race, the law that was of her blood and that had been trained into her. She knew that whatever she did she must do according to the law, and in the long hours of watching, the shot-gun on her knees, the murderer restless beside her and the storms thundering without, she made original sociological researches and worked out for herself the evolution of the law. It came to her that the law was nothing more than the judgment and the will of any group of people. It mattered not how large was the group of people. There were little groups, she reasoned, like Switzerland, and there were big groups like the United States. Also, she reasoned, it did not matter how small was the group of people. There might be only ten thousand people in a country, yet their collective judgment and will would be the law of that country. Why, then, could not one thousand people constitute such a group? she asked herself. And if one thousand, why not one

hundred? Why not fifty? Why not five? Why not — two?

She was frightened at her own conclusion, and she talked it over with Hans. At first he could not comprehend, and then, when he did, he added convincing evidence. He spoke of miners' meetings, where all the men of a locality came together and made the law and executed the law. There might be only ten or fifteen men altogether, he said, but the will of the majority became the law for the whole ten or fifteen, and whoever violated that will, was punished.

Edith saw her way clear at last. Dennin must hang. Hans agreed with her. Between them they constituted the majority of this particular group. It was the group-will that Dennin should be hanged. In the execution of this will Edith strove earnestly to observe the customary forms, but the group was so small that Hans and she had to serve as witnesses, as jury, and as judges — also, as executioners. She formally charged Michael Dennin with the murder of Dutchy and Harkey, and the prisoner lay in his bunk and listened to the testimony, first of Hans, and then of Edith. He refused to plead guilty or not guilty, and remained silent when she asked him if he had anything to say in his own defense. She and Hans, without leaving their seats, brought in the jury's verdict of guilty. Then, as judge, she imposed the sentence. Her voice shook, her eyelids twitched, her left arm jerked, but she carried it out.

"Michael Dennin, in three days' time you are to be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

Such was the sentence. The man breathed an unconscious sigh of relief, then laughed defiantly, and said, "Thin I'm thinkin' the damn bunk won't be achin' me back anny more, an' that's a consolation."

With the passing of the sentence a feeling of relief seemed to communicate itself to all of them. Especially was it noticeable in Dennin. All sullenness and defiance disappeared, and he talked sociably with his captors, with flashes of his old-time wit. Also, he found great satisfaction in Edith's reading to him from the Bible. She read from the New Testament, and he took keen interest in the prodigal son and the thief on the cross.

On the day preceding that set for the execution, when Edith asked her usual question, "Why did you do it?" Dennin answered, "'Tis very simple. I was thinkin' —"

But she hushed him abruptly, asked him to wait, and hurried to Hans's bedside. It was his watch off, and he came out of his sleep, rubbing his eyes and grumbling.

"Go," she told him, "and bring up Negook and one other Indian. Michael's going to confess. Make them come. Take the rifle along and bring them up at the point of it if you have to."

Half an hour later Negook and his uncle, Hadikwan, were ushered into the death chamber. They came unwillingly, Hans with his rifle herding them along.

"Negook," Edith said, "there is to be no trouble for you and your people. Only is it for you to sit and do nothing but listen and understand."

Thus did Michael Dennin, under sentence of death, make public confession of his crime. As he talked, Edith wrote his story down, while the Indians listened, and Hans guarded the door for fear the witnesses might bolt.

He had not been home to the old country for fifteen years, Dennin explained, and it had always been his intention to return with plenty of money and make his old mother comfortable for the rest of her days.

"An' how was I to be doin' it on sixteen hundred?" he demanded. "What I was after wantin' was all the goold, the whole eight thousan'. Thin, I cud go back in style. What ud be aisier, thinks I to myself, than to kill all iv yez, report it at Skaguay for an Indian-killin', an' thin pull out for Ireland? An' so I started in to kill all iv yez, but, as Harkey was fond of sayin', I cut out too large a chunk an' fell down on the swallowin' iv it. An' that's me confession. I did me duty to the devil, an' now, God willin', I'll do me duty to God."

"Negook and Hadikwan, you have heard the white man's words," Edith said to the Indians. "His words are here on this paper, and it is for you to make a sign, thus, on the paper, so that white men to come after will know that you have heard."

The two Siwashes put crosses opposite their signatures, received a summons to appear on the morrow with all their tribe for a further witnessing of things, and were allowed to go.

Dennin's hands were released long enough for him to sign the document. Then a silence fell in the room. Hans was restless, and Edith felt uncomfortable. Dennin lay on his back, staring straight up at the moss-chinked roof.

"An' now I'll do me duty to God," he murmured. He turned his head toward Edith. "Read to me," he said, "from the Book," then added, with a glint of playfulness, "mayhap 'twill help me to forget the bunk."

The day of the execution broke clear and cold. The thermometer was down to twenty-five below zero, and a chill wind was blowing which drove the frost through clothes and flesh to the bones. For the first time in many weeks Dennin stood upon his feet. His muscles had remained inactive so long, and he was so out of practice in maintaining an erect position, that he could scarcely stand. He reeled back and forth, staggered, and clutched hold of Edith with his bound hands for support.

"Sure, an' it's dizzy I am," he laughed weakly.

A moment later he said: "An' it's glad I am that it's over with. That damn bunk would iv been the death iv me, I know."

When Edith put his fur cap on his head and proceeded to pull the flaps down over his ears, he laughed and said:

"What are you doin' that for?"

"It's freezing cold outside," she answered.

"An' in tin minutes' time what'll matter a frozen ear or so to poor Michael Dennin?" he asked.

She had nerved herself for the last culminating ordeal, and his remark was like a blow to her self-possession. So far, everything had seemed phantom-like, as in a dream, but the brutal truth of what he had said shocked her eyes wide open to the reality of what was taking place. Nor was her distress unnoticed by the Irishman.

"I'm sorry to be troublin' you with me foolish spache," he said regretfully. "I mint nothin' by it. 'Tis a great day for Michael Dennin, an' he's as gay as a lark."

He broke out into a merry whistle, which quickly became lugubrious and ceased.

"I'm wishin' there was a priest," he said wistfully, then added swiftly; "But Michael Dennin's too old a campaigner to miss the luxuries when he hits the trail."

He was so very weak and unused to walking that when the door opened and he passed outside, the wind nearly carried him off his feet. Edith and Hans walked on either side of him and supported him, the while he cracked jokes and tried to keep them cheerful, breaking off, once, long enough to arrange the forwarding of his share of the gold to his mother in Ireland.

They climbed a slight hill and came out into an open space among the trees. Here, circled solemnly about a barrel that stood on end in the snow, were Negook and Hadikwan and all the Siwashes down to the babies and the dogs, come to see the way of the white man's law. Nearby was an open grave which Hans had burned into the frozen earth.

Dennin cast a practical eye over the preparations, noting the grave, the barrel, the thickness of the rope, and the diameter of the limb over which the rope was passed.

"Sure, an' I couldn't iv done better meself, Hans, if it'd been for you."

He laughed loudly at his own sally, but Hans's face was frozen into a sullen ghastliness that nothing less than the trump of doom could have broken. Also, Hans was feeling very sick. He had not realized before the enormity of the task of putting a fellow man out of the world. Edith, on the other hand, had realized; but the realization did not make the task any easier. She was filled with doubt as to whether she could hold herself together long enough to finish it. She felt incessant impulses to scream, to shriek, to collapse into the snow, to put her hands over her eyes and turn and run blindly away, into the forest, anywhere, away. It was only by a supreme effort of soul that she was able to keep upright and go on and do what she had to do. And in the midst of it all she was grateful to Dennin for the way he helped her.

"Lend me a hand," he said to Hans, with whose assistance he managed to mount the barrel.

He bent over so that Edith could adjust the rope about his neck. Then he stood upright while Hans drew the rope taut across the overhead branch.

"Michael Dennin, have you anything to say?" Edith asked in a clear voice that shook in spite of her.

Dennin shuffled his feet on the barrel, looked down bashfully like a man making his maiden speech, and cleared his throat.

"I'm glad it's over with," he said. "You've treated me like a Christian, an' I'm thankin' you hearty for your kindness."

"Then may God receive you, a repentant sinner," she said.

"Ay," he answered, his deep voice as a response to her thin one, "may God receive me, a repentant sinner."

"Good-by, Michael," she cried, and her voice sounded desperate.

She threw her weight against the barrel, but it did not overturn.

"Hans! Quick! Help me!" she cried faintly.

She could feel her last strength going, and the barrel resisted her. Hans hurried to her, and the barrel went out from under Michael Dennin.

She turned her back, thrusting her fingers into her ears. Then she began to laugh, harshly, sharply, metallically; and Hans was shocked as he had not been shocked through the whole tragedy. Edith Nelson's breakdown had come. Even in her hysteria

she knew it, and she was glad that she had been able to hold up under the strain until everything had been accomplished. She reeled toward Hans.

"Take me to the cabin, Hans," she managed to articulate.

"And let me rest," she added. "Just let me rest, and rest, and rest."

With Hans's arm around her, supporting her weight and directing her helpless steps, she went off across the snow. But the Indians remained solemnly to watch the working of the white man's law that compelled a man to dance upon the air.



# MRS. ARCHER'S FEELINGS

BY

ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

AUTHOR OF "THE GENEROUS MR. DEAN"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GLACKENS



OTHERLY old maids are plentiful (and provident nature be thanked for it, since few women in these days seem able to care unaided for a houseful of children). Besides, we are so habituated to thinking of nature's law of love and parenthood as absolutely universal that we are constantly detecting (or imagining) in the celibate, signs of unsatisfied domestic tendencies. But one does not often think of a married woman as having missed her vocation. And yet that was exactly what struck one about Mrs. Archer. Mrs. Archer was unconvertibly, or, if you prefer, incorruptibly, maidenly. She had no babies to teach her either the sweetness or the indifference of the fact that we are all one flesh. After seventeen years of marriage she would no more have thought of sharing a hand-towel with her husband than of discussing her digestion. This super-refinement gave a pale halo to her personality, a delicate fragrance to her life and her homelife. But it was the perfume of the pot-pourri rather than of the fresh rose. She lived an embalmed youth instead of a green maturity. She never progressed from the standpoint of the sweetheart to that of the wife. If you had met her as *Miss Somebody*, with her tall slenderness, the exquisite appropriateness of it would have appealed to you; her sentiments were so fine and so detached; she did not need the real thing.

And there! When you say *sentiments*, you have epitomized Mrs. Archer. Life to her was not acts nor things nor thoughts, nor even anything so vital as emotions; it was sentiments. And she had the same set of them at thirty-seven that she had selected at twenty.

The first evening she and Archer spent in their new home, Mrs. Archer hung up over the library hearth an illuminated motto which she had herself done in water-colors: "ZWEI HERZEN UND EIN SCHLAG" (a verse not then so threadbare), wreathed in flowers that were probably celestial, since they certainly had never bloomed in any earthly garden.

"No, no, Carl. Let me. I want to do it," she laughed softly. She climbed down from the chair, stepped back to see if it was straight, went to shift it another micron, retreated, put her head on one side again, and, satisfied, turned to him expectantly.

And Archer made it evident that he thought *her* a dear.

It was after the fifth or sixth annual housecleaning that Archer stood one night before this their altar to Vesta, regarding the familiar decoration. "I say, Delia, the old text is looking pretty faded, isn't it? Even the posies. Why don't you make a new one?"

There was a pause before Delia, behind him, spoke — as if her mouth were full, he noticed, without really noticing it until afterward. "Would you want it different?"

"Surely. How about the one word 'TOGETHER'? Do you know, I think that's the nicest word in the language." He turned to smile his meaning at her, and saw her twisting fingers, the heat of hurt tears in her face. "Oh, I say, Delia, you know I didn't mean that. But a matrimonial platform ought to be as progressive as any other, now oughtn't it?"

Her silence did not seem like consent, and the idea, once called to his attention, now seemed to crop out all around him, as new knowledge always does, that everything else about the house was just the same as it had always been, in just the same place. What



“‘No, no, Carl. Let me. I want to do it’.”

had worn out or been broken had been duplicated as nearly as possible.

“Every trifle means so much, I couldn’t bear any change,” Mrs. Archer murmured. “I want things always as they were when we were first so happy.”

“Oh,” said Archer. A new significance struck him in the fact that the hand he had caught still wore the ring he had given her when they were both at school. Too small now even for the little finger to which it had been forced, it was a cheap ring, a child’s ring, and he thought, amused but touched, that it looked just that — childish. “So you don’t like my advanced ideas?” He yielded them, soothingly. “Why, my motto is simply yours in a new, up-to-date suit. It seems to me a real Union is an Alliance of two Powers, not an Absorption of either. I want us to feel connected by an elastic band, not like the Siamese twins.”

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It seemed to him a matrimonial platform should be as progressive as any other. The Union that at first had meant a Single Identity, at five years meant a Federation; and at fifteen years he would have proposed as the working formula of the same old code, “RECIPROCITY AND NON-INTERFERENCE.” But to Mrs. Archer, not one jot or tittle of the Confession of Faith was alterable, and the constitution followed the flag.

Once, eight or nine years after their marriage, he noticed her drooping for days, and on the quivering verge of tears, especially when he petted her and asked if anything — what — was the matter? By the time he was really worried and a bit fretted about it, her sentiment of endurance gave way before her sentiment of grief. *He had taken her picture from his desk!* (It was her portrait just before their wedding, now fading, and an example of an inferior photographic day :

the clothes looked queer; the likeness was outgrown.) *He had taken her picture from his desk. Didn't he love her any more then?*

"Why, Delia! My Dear Old Girl! I was just straightening the office generally, and clearing out a lot of old things, and I thought — why should I want it around when I have the real you, as you really look, with me right along? Love you any more? Why, I care for you now, as you are at present, more than I could possibly care for a mere girl I was in love with. I don't understand. . . ."

"Exactly," she agreed, with the reproach of patience. Her light sigh breathed pity for herself. The touch of her fingers on his hair felt like pity for him. Her manner seemed to add, "And, of course, if one doesn't understand those things naturally, there is no more use trying to explain than to describe a perfume."

He supposed he must be very coarse-grained and stupid.

He was sure of it, when, after he had re-established the image in its restored shrine, it disappeared quietly, permanently.

He ought to have known better in the first place! But he couldn't yet always remember. And he never could always foresee.

"I hate to leave you alone," he said the first morning after the fall that had sprained her ankle. With an impulse of tenderness and protection even stronger than usual, he kissed her on brow, eyes, ears, lips, heart — "a seven-fold charm against all evil." He kissed her and left her in a glow.

It was such trifles that made her happy! Why couldn't he gratify her? he asked himself affectionately, but it was impatient

affection, and answered itself. Her very avidity repelled him.

Next morning as, starting off late and hurried, he merely brushed her soft cheek good-by with his fingers, he was checked sharply by the disappointment of her look.

She had at once expected the whole rite daily, as if it must be "always May."

Her expectation amounted to requirement, robbed an act of the grace of spontaneity, stereotyped a mood into a habit, a precedent. He felt that she refined sentiment to the point of sterilization.

Moreover her expectation, amounting to requirement, made him rebellious. He couldn't always think to bring her something from a trip or for an anniversary, or, if he remembered, he couldn't think what to

bring. It suggested buying his welcome anyway. "And besides," he asked her, "why should I give you gifts when you have a checking right to the full extent of my own? To be exact, how can I, when it's all as much yours as mine?"

He asked the question, and Mrs. Archer only looked at him.

He asked the question with that jocularity with which, when one is a trifle irritated, he tries at once to make light of it to himself and to hide it from the other.

And because he did speak humorously, Mrs. Archer looked at him

dubiously, not sure whether he was trying to warn her and ease her disappointment, or was teasing her to whet her interests.

It was the anniversary of their engagement.

The truth was that Archer had come home deliberately, stubbornly, empty-handed, and



"He had taken her picture from his desk. Didn't he love her any more then?"

was already shamed by her festive preparations, her gala self, the special dishes he liked (or had once liked; there was no difference to Mrs. Archer), a boutonnière of the particular rose she had used to break for him at the gate and had pinned on him for the first time "that night."

He regarded it as nothing short of a special providence that, just before dinner was announced, he was called up from the office, and could tell her he must rush downtown again. "I won't be long, just long enough to put the final edge to both our appetites," he assured her, with unmistakably double meaning, and left her face bright as a child's.

Into a shop to be relied on for high prices, novelty, and "the thing," he dived long enough to buy the first article he saw that cost enough.

Back at the house he even ran up-stairs as if it had been there all along, and so finally presented to her a squat grass-green vase with yellow marguerites, pink wild roses, and red berries, moulded in projecting, life-size bunches around it.

For one moment Mrs. Archer forgot to guard her face.

"I asked you to give me, to choose from, a list of things you would like," he cried quickly, accusingly.

"Oh! and spoil the spirit of it all."

"Well," his humor, momentarily checked, sought its level again, "it seems to be a choice of what you most prefer right, the spirit or the gift."

"The gift's all right, too." She caught it gallantly to her breast. "I noticed this ware at Darr's, and I know how expensive these imported things are." She did not mention that she had priced several pieces in sheer wonder as to what value they could have to any one. "It shall have the place of honor to-night." She transferred the dinner flowers to it. "Oh, how nice and low it is!" she exclaimed. "And I do so prefer flat decorations."

There was such sudden relief in her voice at the possibility of its own sincere enthusiasm, that Archer laughed. But his eyes were tender.

He knew she would use that vase conspicuously, and would explain at every opportunity (or lack of it) that it was a present from Mr. Archer, his selection. But when her guest would look up with the twinkle of mutual understanding, she would

find Mrs. Archer proudly, seriously, unconscious. It was her way of defending both herself and him.

He knew, too, that if even her ingenuity and loyalty had failed to find some use for his offering, she would have hoarded it. She never threw away anything given her, even when worn out. He could not help seeing, with a sort of protesting admiration, that she was mercenary only for the tribute of the spirit.

"Don't you like to be told and shown?" she reminded him, across the "flat decoration" of flowers (natural and art-nouveau).

"Yes, of course, dear. But to me it's the atmosphere of affection that counts most, and the little things in which you yourself don't know you're showing it. To talk so much about it, and try so hard, seems to belong to the time when we were not sure — nor half so happy."

And she thought he had no sentiment!

The trouble was that they didn't like the same brand of sentiment, or want the same amount of it for seasoning.

She was always trying to perpetuate the thrill of the first kiss; he was content with the peace of the last one.

It seemed to him they dragged a steadily lengthening string of outgrown shells, instead of meeting each new year free and building for it fresh.

To-night she was so gay and so pleased, he thought the diplomatic moment had arrived for which he had been waiting to make a suggestion. Now he ventured in his lightest manner, "My dear, the table is a dream, the service Aladdin-like, and the food so appetizing that — I would enjoy my soup in a bowl instead of a cup, and I would like roast for dinner always, whether there's an entrée or not."

There was a moment's silence. Her hands and eyelids began to quiver; then her voice, "I'm sorry," she said, very low. "It won't happen again." And she looked like a summer flower after a frost.

"Now Delia!" he protested quickly, feeling himself a brute to want anything more than her smiles and her roses. "It's not so serious as that."

She did not answer. She dared not attempt to. And he sat helpless, both annoyed and sorry, the dinner spoiled, and the evening.

She *would* take criticism of anything connected with her as criticism of herself! The



*"He sat helpless, both annoyed and sorry, the dinner spoiled, and the evening"*

most oblique hint of criticism struck her like a touch of cold to an exposed nerve. And her nerves seemed chronically unprotected.

In the middle of the night he was roused by the sobs she could no longer stifle. She was sorry she was such a bad housekeeper, such a failure of a wife! Oh, yes, she was! She knew it herself; she knew every fault and mistake of hers. Oh, yes, it did matter! It was serious. It was her business to have things right, and — her highest ambition.

He hardly knew whether he most wanted to shake or kiss her.

It was a shadowy and wavering line that distinguished between sensibility and selfism.

But certainly for such a trifle as hunger it was not worth while to make her, and himself, so uncomfortable. Consequently, for the most part, things did "happen again," and again unchallenged.

Now if he had said, "The table is a dream, the service Aladdin-like, and the food appetizing," and stopped there, she would have

blossomed like a window plant turned toward the south. She had as many feelers as a centipede. She was as sensitive as a thermometer. Her nature ran all to little tendrils, reaching toward the sunshine of love and praise. She had a way of saying that she would do anything for gentleness and appreciation, and could do nothing without them; that she never forgot or protested a debt of kindness. But the initial kindness she asked was constant approval. She went ever so alertly mendicant for affection and admiration, that, by logical paradox, she seemed to be looking for their opposites.

It is often so. One travels so far west that he finds himself in the east. There is no truth which, in its logical extreme, is not false; no virtue that exaggeration will not make into a vice.

The situation called for too much forbearance, and that on both sides. For secretly Mrs. Archer felt that she belonged to the noble army of the martyrs composed of that precious, pathetic sisterhood of the

Candidas and Noras, of the modern woman who, by special evolution, is a race superior to her contemporary man. It was not so much that Mrs. Archer thought herself misunderstood, as not understood. She felt that she passed a dual existence: one, on the material plane where she cared for her husband's creature comforts and received from him merely human companionship; the other, in those rare altitudes of thought and spirit, where she really lived — alone! It was very sad — which gave it the last touch of beauty!

Indeed, the situation required too much forbearance. Giving up cannot make happiness in life; at best it only prevents unhappiness. She fretted him, he hurt her; her idealizations were overtaxed and his humor. They *were* fond of each other; each valued and prized the other, but —

The Archers had run into a blind alley. They were unhappy apart, but they could not be happy together.

One blazing noon when Archer dragged himself into the house, the luncheon-table was waiting for him. So was Mrs. Archer, in a house-gown that was the very materialization of coolness and rest. Her clothes were always symphonies of the season.

"I don't think I want any luncheon," he said. Face, lips even, were ashen. "Unless it's a cup of something hot, tea."

"Oh, yes you will! You should. But not hot, surely, to-day. I ordered sherbet to bring with, especially for you."

He sank down, tasted it once or twice, played with it.

"What's the matter? Don't you like it? Isn't it nice?"

He braced himself to lay down the spoon. "Really I don't want anything, Delia. I'm not feeling very well. This heat —" He got up uncertainly. "I must — lie down." He turned toward a couch, with one thought, to get there quickly.

"Well, come up-stairs, then." The bright reception in her face was blurred by disappointment.

The idea that he *must* was strong enough to take him up.

He dropped on the bed inert. "This heat!" he breathed. "Get me a little whisky."

"Stimulants?" she contradicted him. "In addition to the sun!" She rang for ice-water and bathed his head. At the first

cold touch his eyes opened quickly, startled; his lips parted to speak. But she looked so eagerly concerned, so modestly important, so positively bright with that secondary happiness one has in doing an unpleasant thing nicely, in being graceful in an unfortunate situation, that he only turned his head away.

She roused him to slip the covers down, to get his clothes off, to make him to roll to the other side of the bed and then back so that she could spread a clean sheet as she had seen it done at an infirmary. She left him while she got a few roses from the shady side of the house to stand beside him. In the intervals she renewed the cold cloths, and he stirred restlessly and moaned a little now and then.

But only at last when she brought shaved ice did he ward the spoon from his lips with a feeble, falling hand.

He might as well have struck her. For a moment she stood perfectly still steadying herself. Then she put the glass down with gentle dignity and left the room.

But outside the solitude and silence felt uneasy. And, to be sure, he was ill: one must make allowances. She slipped back. He lay blue and stiff. She was frightened.

She was fanning him frantically when Dr. Hays got there.

"Great Heavens, Mrs. Archer!" he blustered the minute he looked at the man. "What are you doing? And ice? Do you want to kill him? You couldn't have done anything worse!" She shrank from him physically. He was a rough man, Doctor Hays. He had a way of stripping the sheet from the patient, and the cover from the indulgence that caused the disease; he used the knife as casually as the fever-thermometer. But there was no one who did get at both the cause and the cure like old Dr. Hays. People grumbled equally at his brigand ways and bills, but they sent for him in a hurry next time. "Ice forsooth! Get me some whisky, and something hot. Bottles. Quick!" He pushed the rose vase aside to make room on the stand, upset it, and, with a sweep of his arm and a dreadful word not even under his breath, he cleared the whole mess of rubbish out of his way. He never noticed her, nor how he got the things he called for. But he muttered once as he worked over the unconscious man, "I can't imagine *Archer's* being such a fool as not to know better than that."

As Mrs. Archer kept the servants and herself flying or ready at hand, her facile self-blame and self-depreciation grew to a passion, a torture. Oh! What had she done? But even in that anguish she carried herself with conscious dignity and magnanimity. After all, she had done her best. She was always the first to admit her errors, to try to amend them; she exacted more of herself than any

"Fudge!" said Doctor Hays. "How about your feelings?"

He straightened up.

Mrs. Archer was standing on the other side of the bed.

He would not have been the physician he was had he failed to observe her look. The sheet had been stripped from her; the probe had gone to the very heart of her life at full



*"Doctor Hays took exactly the same notice of her, of her debasement, and of her condescension, that he did of the bottles"*

one else could. He need not have added brutality to her distress. But then, of course, it was Doctor Hays.

And Doctor Hays took exactly the same notice of her, of her debasement, and of her condescension that he did of the bottles.

When Carl's eyes opened at last, the doctor looked at him glumly. "Well, Archer, I'm glad to say howdy to you again, but you don't deserve it. Any idiot would have known —"

"S-h, s-h!" Carl cautioned him hastily, looking apprehensively around the field of his vision. "S-h, doctor. I wouldn't hurt Mrs. Archer's feelings for anything."

beat. Only a moment before she was still self-serene, sweetly impervious to any inkling of her impression on others, of the badness of her goodness. But now! "I wouldn't hurt Mrs. Archer's feelings for anything." — "You couldn't have done anything worse." — "I can't imagine Archer's being such a fool as not to know better than that." — "Whisky . . . something hot." — "I wouldn't hurt Mrs. Archer's feelings for anything."

Her very soul seemed to curl up, yellowed under a finger of flame. The pervasive refinement that always seemed such a distinction looked now meager, superficial, barren. Her whole life looked barren. For

the first time she saw barrenness as a reproach, as a sign of arrested development, of unfitness. She saw all her standards go like cobwebs in a gale. She had tried to sail her ship with gauze. But worse still, she had so cultivated her delicate perceptions and responsiveness that she had grown like a jellyfish, excruciatingly sensitive herself, and retaliating for the slightest interference with blistering poison.

But Doctor Hays had no concern with her tragedy.

"I'll send you a nurse," he said.

"Why, no, doctor." It was the old Mrs. Archer who spoke instinctively. "Do you suppose I'll let any one take my place with my husband at such a time?"

"I'll send you a nurse," he repeated. "Don't touch him till she gets here. I must have some one who knows and will obey orders."

He would have pushed by her brusquely, but Mrs. Archer had stepped out of the way. "Certainly, certainly. Whatever is best for him," she gasped.

At her voice Carl had turned enough to see her, and he saw. "Oh! Delia, dear," he said faintly, between twinges of pain, for neuralgia had set in from the chilling in his depleted state, "you did the best you knew."

She slipped down beside him, but not even laying the weight of her arm on him. The familiar torrent of self-accusation that was only indirect self-justification and a bid for justification from others did not come. "Yes," she said, with a quiet simplicity that had a new note in it. "But I know better—about several things—now. I'm sorry. It won't ever happen again."

"I hope not indeed!" he smiled.

But they both understood.





"'I says to 'im,' says Sadie, 'ain't you the fresh thing' '"

## THE TRIMMED LAMP

BY

O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "THE FOUR MILLION," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

OF course there are two sides to the question. Let us look at the other. We often hear "shop-girls" spoken of. No such persons exist. There are girls who work in shops. They make their living that way. But why turn their occupation into an adjective? Let us be fair. We do not refer to the girls who live on Fifth Avenue as "marriage-girls."

Lou and Nancy were chums. They came to the big city to find work because there was not enough to eat at home to go around. Nancy was nineteen; Lou was twenty. Both were pretty, active, country girls who had no ambition to go on the stage.

The little cherub that sits up aloft guided them to a cheap and respectable boarding-house. Both found positions and became wage-earners. They remained chums. It is at the end of six months that I would beg you to step forward and be introduced to them. Gentle Reader: My lady friends, Miss Nancy and Miss Lou. While you are shaking hands please take notice—cautiously—of their attire. Yes, cautiously;

for they are as quick to resent a stare as a lady in a box at the horse show.

Lou is a piece-work ironer in a hand laundry. She is clothed in a badly-fitting purple dress, and her hat plume is four inches too long; but her ermine muff and scarf cost \$25, and its fellow beasts will be ticketed in the windows at \$7.98 before the season is over. Her cheeks are pink, and her light blue eyes bright. Contentment radiates from her.

Nancy you would call a shop-girl—because you have the habit. There is no type; but a perverse generation is always seeking a type; so this is what the type should be. She has the high-rattled pompadour, and the exaggerated straight-front. Her skirt is shoddy, but has the correct flare. No furs protect her against the bitter spring air, but she wears her short broadcloth jacket as jauntily as though it were Persian lamb! On her face and in her eyes, remorseless type-seeker, is the typical shop-girl expression. It is a look of silent but contemptuous revolt against cheated womanhood; of

sad prophecy of the vengeance to come. When she laughs her loudest the look is still there. The same look can be seen in the eyes of Russian peasants; and those of us left will see it some day on Gabriel's face when he comes to blow us up. It is a look that should wither and abash man; but he has been known to smirk at it and offer flowers — with a string tied to them.

Now lift your hat and come away, while you receive Lou's cheery "See you again," and the sardonic, sweet smile of Nancy that seems, somehow, to miss you and go fluttering like a white moth up over the rooftops to the stars.

The two waited on the corner for Dan. Dan was Lou's steady company. Faithful? Well he was on hand when Mary would have had to hire a dozen subpoena servers to find her lamb.

"Ain't you cold, Nance?" said Lou. "Say, what a chump you are for working in that old store for \$8. a week! I made \$18.50 last week. Of course ironing ain't as swell work as selling lace behind a counter, but it pays. None of us ironers make less than \$10. And I don't know that it's any less respectful work, either."

"You can have it," said Nancy, with up-lifted nose. "I'll take my eight a week and hall bedroom. I like to be among nice things and swell people. And look what a chance I've got! Why, one of our glove girls married a Pittsburg — steel maker, or blacksmith or something — the other day worth a million dollars. I'll catch a swell myself some time. I ain't bragging on my looks or anything; but I'll take my chances where there's big prizes offered. What show would a girl have in a laundry?"

"Why, that's where I met Dan," said Lou, triumphantly. "He came in for his Sunday shirt and collars and saw me at the first board, ironing. We all try to get to work at the first board. Ella Maginnis was sick that day, and I had her place. He said he noticed my arms first, how round and white they was. I had my sleeves rolled up. Some nice fellows come into laundries. You can tell 'em by their bringing their clothes in suit cases, and turning in the door sharp and sudden."

"How can you wear a waist like that, Lou?" said Nancy gazing down at the offending article with sweet scorn in her heavy-lidded eyes. "It shows fierce taste."

"This waist?" cried Lou, with wide-eyed indignation. "Why, I paid \$16. for this waist. It's worth twenty-five. A woman left it to be laundered, and never called for it. The boss sold it to me. It's got yards and yards of hand embroidery on it. Better talk about that ugly, plain thing you've got on."

"This ugly, plain thing," said Nancy, calmly, "was copied from one that Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher was wearing. The girls say her bill in the store last year was \$12,000. I made mine, myself. It cost me \$1.50. Ten feet away you couldn't tell it from hers."

"Oh, well," said Lou, good-naturedly, "if you want to starve and put on airs, go ahead. But I'll take my job and good wages; and after hours give me something as fancy and attractive to wear as I am able to buy."

But just then Dan came — a serious young man with a ready-made necktie, who had escaped the city's brand of frivolity — an electrician earning \$30. per week who looked upon Lou with the sad eyes of Romeo, and thought her embroidered waist a web in which any fly should delight to be caught.

"My friend, Mr. Owens — shake hands with Miss Danforth," said Lou.

"I'm mighty glad to know you, Miss Danforth," said Dan, with outstretched hand. "I've heard Lou speak of you so often."

"Thanks," said Nancy, touching his fingers with the tips of her cool ones, "I've heard her mention you — a few times."

Lou giggled.

"Did you get that handshake from Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher, Nance?" she asked.

"If I did, you can feel safe in copying it," said Nancy.

"Oh, I couldn't use it at all. It's too stylish for me. It's intended to set off diamond rings, that high shake is. Wait till I get a few and then I'll try it."

"Learn it first," said Nancy wisely, "and you'll be more likely to get the rings."

"Now, to settle this argument," said Dan, with his ready, cheerful smile, "let me make a proposition. As I can't take both of you up to Tiffany's and do the right thing, what do you say to a little vaudeville? I've got the tickets. How about looking at stage diamonds since we can't shake hands with the real sparklers?"



"WOODED HER ACROSS THE COUNTER WITH A KING COPHETUA AIR"

The faithful squire took his place close to the curb; Lou next, a little peacocky in her bright and pretty clothes; Nancy on the inside, slender, and soberly clothed as the sparrow, but with the true Van Alstyne Fisher walk — thus they set out for their evening's moderate diversion.

I do not suppose that many look upon a great department store as an educational institution. But the one in which Nancy worked was something like that to her. She was surrounded by beautiful things that breathed of taste and refinement. If you live in an atmosphere of luxury, luxury is yours whether your money pays for it, or another's.

The people she served were mostly women whose dress, manners, and position in the social world were quoted as criterions. From them Nancy began to take toll — the best from each according to her view.

From one she would copy and practice a gesture, from another an eloquent lifting of an eyebrow, from others, a manner of walking, of carrying a purse, of smiling, of greeting a friend, of addressing "inferiors in station." From her best beloved model, Mrs Van Alstyne Fisher, she made requisition for that excellent thing, a soft, low voice as clear as silver and as perfect in articulation as the notes of a thrush. Suffused in the aura of this high social refinement and good breeding, it was impossible for her to escape a deeper effect of it. As good habits are said to be better than good principles, so, perhaps, good manners are better than good habits. The teachings of your parents may not keep alive your New England conscience; but if you sit on a straight-back chair and repeat the words "prisms and pilgrims" forty times the devil will flee from you. And when Nancy spoke in the Van Alstyne Fisher tones she felt the thrill of *noblesse oblige* to her very bones.

There was another source of learning in the great departmental school. Whenever you see three or four shop-girls gather in a bunch, and jingle their wire bracelets as an accompaniment to apparently frivolous conversation, do not think that they are there for the purpose of criticizing the way Ethel does her back hair. The meeting may lack the dignity of the deliberative bodies of man; but it has all the importance of the occasion on which Eve and her first daughter first put their heads together to make Adam

understand his proper place in the household. It is Woman's Conference for Common Defense and Exchange of Strategical Theories of Attack and Repulse upon and against the World, which is a Stage, and Man, its Chief Usher, who Persists in Throwing Bouquets Thereupon. Woman, the most helpless of the young of any animal — with the fawn's grace but without its fleetness; with the bird's beauty but without its power of flight; with the honey-bee's burden of sweetness but without its — Oh, let's drop the similes — some of us may have been stung.

During this council of war they pass weapons one to another, and exchange stratagems that each has devised and formulated out of the tactics of life.

"I says to 'im," says Sadie, "ain't you the fresh thing! Who do you suppose I am, to be addressing such a remark to me? And what do you think he says back to me?"

The heads, brown, black, flaxen, red, and yellow bob together; the answer is given; and the parry to the thrust is decided upon, to be used by each thereafter in passages-at-arms with the common enemy, man.

Thus Nancy learned the art of defense; and to a woman successful defense means victory.

The curriculum of a department store is a wide one. Perhaps no other college could have fitted her as well for her life's ambition — the drawing of a matrimonial prize.

Her station in the store was a favored one. The music room was near enough for her to hear and become familiar with the works of the best composers — at least to acquire the familiarity that passed for appreciation in the social world in which she was vaguely trying to set a tentative and aspiring foot. She absorbed the educating influence of art wares, of costly and dainty fabrics, of adornments that are almost culture to women.

The other girls soon became aware of Nancy's ambition. "Here comes your millionaire, Nance," they would call to her whenever any man who looked the rôle approached her counter. It got to be a habit of men, who were hanging about while their women folk were shopping, to stroll over to the handkerchief counter and dawdle over the cambric squares. Nancy's imitation, high-bred air and genuine dainty beauty was what attracted. Many men thus came to display their graces before her. Some of them may

have been millionaires; others were certainly no more than their sedulous apes. Nancy learned to discriminate. There was a window at the end of the handkerchief counter; and she could see the rows of vehicles waiting for the shoppers in the street below. She looked, and perceived that automobiles differ as well as do their owners.

Once a fascinating gentleman bought four dozen handkerchiefs, and wooed her across the counter with a King Cophetua air. When he had gone one of the girls said:

"What's wrong, Nance, that you didn't warm up to that fellow? He looks the swell article, all right, to me."

"Him?" said Nancy, with her coolest, sweetest, most impersonal, Van Alstyne Fisher smile; "not for mine. I saw him drive up outside. A 12 H. P. machine and an Irish chauffeur! And you saw what kind of handkerchiefs he bought — silk! And he's got dactylis on him. Give me the real thing or nothing, if you please."

Two of the most "refined" women in the store — a forelady and a cashier — had a few "swell gentlemen friends" with whom they now and then dined. Once they included Nancy in an invitation. The dinner took place in a spectacular café whose tables are engaged for New Year's eve a year in advance. There were two "gentlemen friends" — one without any hair on his head — high living ungrew it; and we can prove it — the other a young man whose worth and sophistication he impressed upon you in two convincing ways — he swore that all the wine was corked; and he wore diamond cuff buttons. This young man perceived irresistible excellencies in Nancy. His taste ran to shop-girls; and here was one that added the voice and manners of his high social world to the franker charms of her own caste. So, on the following day, he appeared in the store and made her a serious proposal of marriage over a box of hemstitched, grass-bleached Irish linens. Nancy declined. A brown pompadour ten feet away had been using her eyes and ears. When the rejected suitor had gone she heaped carboys of upbraidings and horror upon Nancy's head.

"What a terrible little fool you are! That fellow's a millionaire — he's a nephew of old Van Skittles himself. And he was talking on the level, too. Have you gone crazy, Nance?"

"Have I?" said Nancy. "I didn't take him, did I? He isn't a millionaire so hard that you could notice it, anyhow. His family only allows him \$20,000. a year to spend. The bald-headed fellow was guying him about it the other night at supper."

The brown pompadour came nearer and narrowed her eyes.

"Say, what do you want?" she inquired, in a voice hoarse for lack of chewing-gum. "Ain't that enough for you? Do you want to be a Mormon, and marry Rockefeller and Gladstone Dowie and the King of Spain and the whole bunch? Ain't \$20,000. a year good enough for you?"

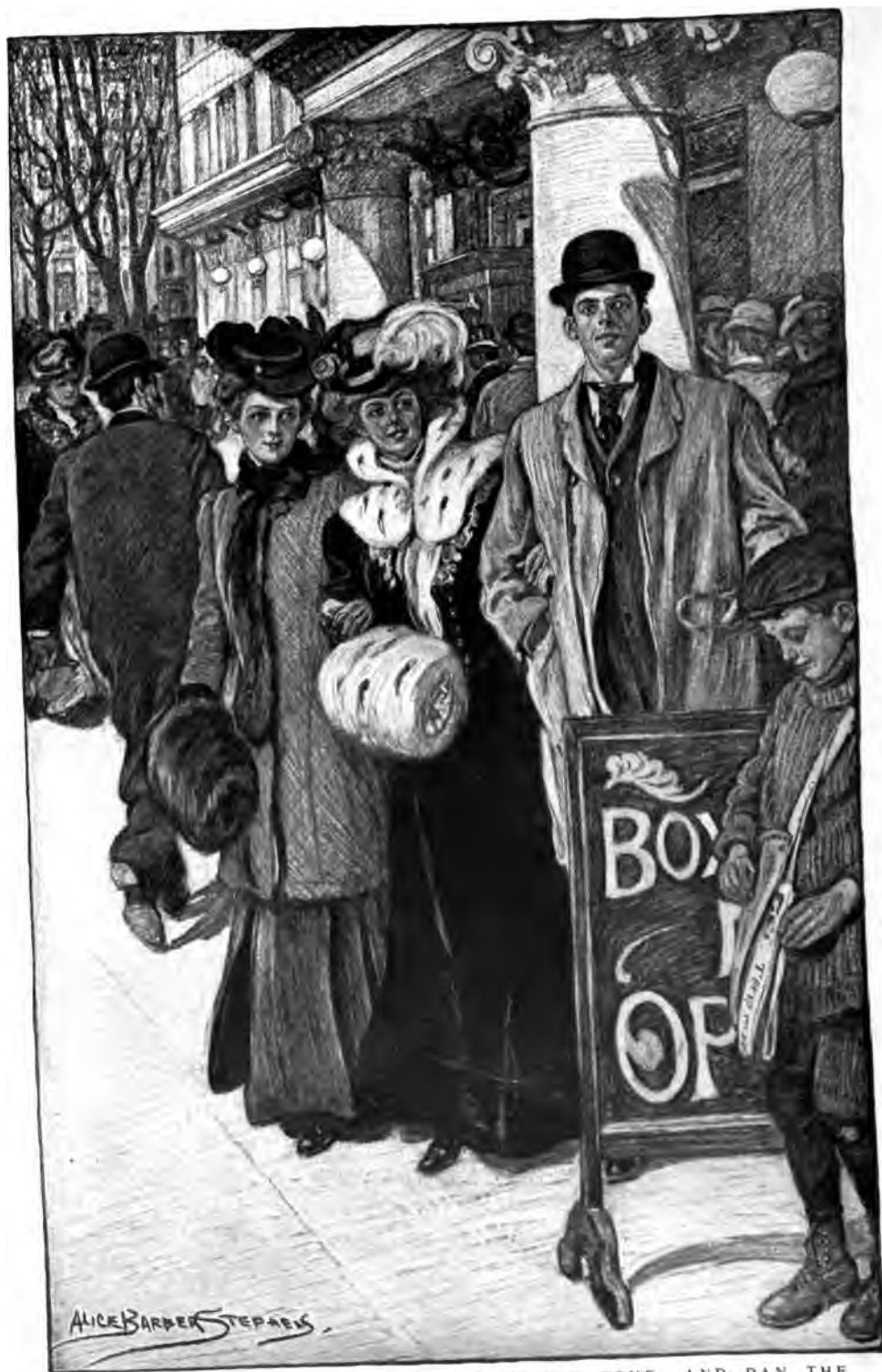
Nancy flushed a little under the level gaze of the black, shallow eyes.

"It wasn't altogether the money, Carrie," she explained. "His friend caught him in a rank lie the other night at dinner. It was about some girl he said he hadn't been to the theater with. Well, I can't stand a liar. Put everything together — I don't like him; and that settles it. When I sell out it's not going to be on any bargain day. I've got to have something that sits up in a chair like a man, anyhow. Yes, I'm looking out for a catch; but it's got to be able to do something more than make a noise like a toy bank."

"The physiopathic ward for yours!" said the brown pompadour, walking away.

These high ideas, if not ideals — Nancy continued to cultivate on \$8. per week. She bivouacked on the trail of the great unknown "catch," eating her dry bread and tightening her belt day by day. On her face was the faint, soldierly, sweet, grim smile of the preordained man-hunter. The store was her forest; and many times she raised her rifle at game that seemed broad-antlered and big; but always some deep unerring instinct — perhaps of the huntress, perhaps of the woman — made her hold her fire and take up the trail again.

Lou flourished in the laundry. Out of her \$18.50 per week she paid \$6. for her room and board. The rest went mainly for clothes. Her opportunities for bettering her taste and manners were few compared with Nancy's. In the steaming laundry there was nothing but work, work and her thoughts of the evening pleasures to come. Many costly and showy fabrics passed under her iron; and it may be that her growing fondness for dress was thus transmitted to her through the conducting metal.



"LOU FURNISHED THE COLOR, NANCY THE TONE, AND DAN THE  
WEIGHT OF THE DISTRACT ON-SEEKING TRIO"

When the day's work was over Dan awaited her outside, her faithful shadow in whatever light she stood.

Sometimes he cast an honest and troubled glance at Lou's clothes, that increased in conspicuity rather than in style; but this was no disloyalty; he deprecated the attention they called to her in the streets.

And Lou was no less faithful to her chum. There was a law that Nancy should go with them on whatsoever outings they might take. Dan bore the extra burden heartily and in good cheer. It might be said that Lou furnished the color, Nancy the tone, and Dan the weight of the distraction-seeking trio. The escort, in his neat but obviously ready-made suit, his ready-made tie and unfailing, genial, ready-made wit never startled or clashed. He was of that good kind that you are likely to forget while they are present, but remember distinctly after they are gone.

To Nancy's superior taste the flavor of these ready-made pleasures was sometimes a little bitter: but she was young; and youth is a gourmand, when it cannot be a gourmet.

"Dan is always wanting me to marry him right away," Lou told her once. "But why should I? I'm independent. I can do as I please with the money I earn; and he never would agree for me to keep on working afterward. And say, Nance, what do you want to stick to that old store for, and half starve and half dress yourself? I could get you a place in the laundry right now if you'd come. It seems to me that you could afford to be a little less stuck-up if you could make a good deal more money."

"I don't think I'm stuck-up, Lou," said Nancy, "but I'd rather live on half rations and stay where I am. I suppose I've got the nabit. It's the chance that I want. I don't expect to be always behind a counter. I'm learning something new every day. I'm right up against refined and rich people all the time — even if I do only wait on them; and I'm not missing any pointers that I see passing around."

"Caught your millionaire yet?" asked Lou with her teasing laugh.

"I haven't selected one yet," answered Nancy. "I've been looking them over."

"Goodness! the idea of picking over 'em! Don't you ever let one get by you Nance — even if he's a few dollars shy. But

of course you're joking — millionaires don't think about working girls like us."

"It might be better for them if they did," said Nancy, with cool wisdom. "Some of us could teach them how to take care of their money."

"If one was to speak to me," laughed Lou, "I know I'd have a duck-fit."

"That's because you don't know any. The only difference between swells and other people is you have to watch 'em closer. Don't you think that red silk lining is just a little bit too bright for that coat, Lou?"

Lou looked at the plain, dull olive jacket of her friend.

"Well, no I don't — but it may seem so beside that faded-looking thing you've got on."

"This jacket," said Nancy, complacently, "has exactly the cut and fit of one that Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher was wearing the other day. The material cost me \$3.98. I suppose hers cost about \$100. more."

"Oh, well," said Lou lightly, "it don't strike me as millionaire bait. Shoul'n't wonder if I catch one before you do, anyway."

Truly it would have taken a philosopher to decide upon the values of the theories held by the two friends. Lou, lacking that certain pride and fastidiousness that keeps stores and desks filled with girls working for the barest living, thumped away gaily with her iron in the noisy and stifling laundry. Her wages supported her even beyond the point of comfort; so that her dress profited until sometimes she cast a sidelong glance of impatience at the neat but inelegant apparel of Dan — Dan the constant, the immutable, the undeviating.

As for Nancy, her case was one of tens of thousands. Silk and jewels and laces and ornaments and the perfume and music of the fine world of good-breeding and taste — these were made for woman; they are her equitable portion. Let her keep near them if they are a part of life to her, and if she will. She is no traitor to herself, as Esau was; for she keeps her birthright and the pottage she earns is often very scant.

In this atmosphere Nancy belonged; and she throve in it and ate her frugal meals and schemed over her cheap dresses with a determined and contented mind. She already knew woman; and she was studying man,

the animal, both as to his habits and eligibility. Some day she would bring down the game that she wanted; but she promised herself it would be what seemed to her the biggest and the best, and nothing smaller.

Thus she kept her lamp trimmed and burning to receive the bridegroom when he should come.

But, another lesson she learned, perhaps unconsciously. Her standard of values began to shift and change. Sometimes the dollar-mark grew blurred in her mind's eye, and shaped itself into letters that spelled such words as "truth" and "honor" and now and then just "kindness." Let us make a likeness of one who hunts the moose or elk in some mighty wood. He sees a little dell, mossy and embowered, where a rill trickles, babbling to him of rest and comfort. At these times the spear of Nimrod himself grows blunt.

So, Nancy wondered sometimes if Persian lamb was always quoted at its market value by the hearts that it covered.

One Thursday evening Nancy left the store and turned across Sixth Avenue westward to the laundry. She was expected to go with Lou and Dan to a musical comedy.

Dan was just coming out of the laundry when she arrived. There was a queer, strained look on his face.

"I thought I would drop around to see if they had heard from her," he said.

"Heard from who?" asked Nancy. "Isn't Lou there?"

"I thought you knew," said Dan. "She hasn't been here or at the house where she lived since Monday. She moved all her things from there. She told one of the girls in the laundry she might be going to Europe."

"Hasn't anybody seen her anywhere?" asked Nancy.

Dan looked at her with his jaw set grimly, and a steely gleam in his steady gray eyes.

"They told me in the laundry," he said, harshly, "that they saw her pass yesterday — in an automobile. With one of the millionaires, I suppose, that you and Lou were forever busying your brains about."

For the first time Nancy quailed before a man. She laid her hand that trembled slightly on Dan's sleeve.

"You've no right to say such a thing to me Dan — as if I had anything to do with it!"

"I didn't mean it that way," said Dan, softening. He fumbled in his vest pocket.

"I've got the tickets for the show to-night," he said, with a gallant show of lightness. "If you —"

Nancy admired pluck whenever she saw it.

"I'll go with you, Dan," she said.

Three months went by before Nancy saw Lou again.

At twilight one evening the shop-girl was hurrying home along the border of a little quiet park. She heard her name called, and wheeled about in time to catch Lou rushing into her arms.

After the first embrace they drew their heads back as serpents do, ready to attack or to charm, with a thousand questions trembling on their swift tongues. And then Nancy noticed that prosperity had descended upon Lou, manifesting itself in costly furs, flashing gems, and creations of the tailors' art.

"You little fool!" cried Lou, loudly and affectionately. "I see you are still working in that store, and as shabby as ever. And how about that big catch you were going to make — nothing doing yet, I suppose?"

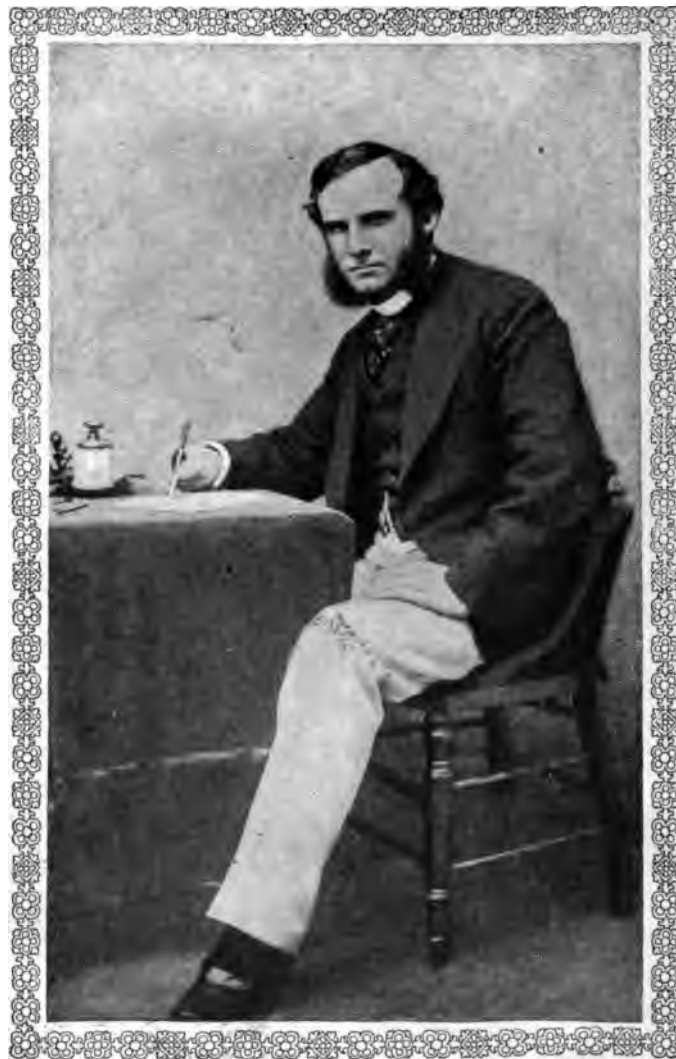
And then Lou looked, and saw that something better than prosperity had descended upon Nancy — something that shone brighter than gems in her eyes and redder than a rose in her cheeks, and that danced like electricity anxious to be loosed from the tip of her tongue.

"Yes, I'm still in the store," said Nancy, "but I'm going to leave it next week. I've made my catch — the biggest catch in the world. You won't mind now Lou, will you? — I'm going to be married to Dan — to Dan! — he's my Dan now — why, Lou!"

Around the corner of the park strolled one of those new-crop, smooth-faced young policemen that are making the force more enduring — at least to the eye. He saw a woman with an expensive fur coat and diamond-ringed hands crouching down against the iron fence of the park sobbing turbulently, while a slender, plainly-dressed working girl leaned close, trying to console her. But the Gibsonian cop, being of the new order, passed on, pretending not to notice, for he was wise enough to know that these matters are beyond help, so far as the power he represents is concerned, though he rap the pavement with his nightstick till the sound goes up to the furthestmost stars.



"A SLENDER, PLAINLY-DRESSED WORKING GIRL LEANED CLOSE, TRYING TO CONSOLE HER"



HENRY B. HYDE IN 1868

*The Tontine system as originated and practised by Henry B. Hyde, represented a complete perversion of all the principles and objects of good life-insurance. It was, in effect, a huge gamble on human lives, in which poor women and children were deprived wholesale of paid-for insurance protection, in order to furnish "investment returns" to more fortunate members. Tontine enabled Hyde to build up an enormous so-called surplus from which he appropriated, under a fictitious contract, about 2 1-2 per cent yearly. It also enabled him to conceal the drain that his system of high commissions to agents was making upon the Equitable's resources. Hyde's Tontine was a clever adaptation to modern conditions of a scheme first used by Louis XIV, in 1689, but conceived and developed by an Italian adventurer, Lorenzo Tonti, in 1656*

# THE STORY OF LIFE-INSURANCE

BY

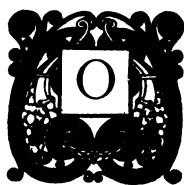
BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE ASTOR FORTUNE," ETC.

IV

## THE GREAT TONTINE GAMBLE

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PORTRAIT



ONE of the most conspicuous hangers-on of the early court of Louis XIV was a certain Lorenzo Tonti, a Neapolitan banker. Tonti was one of that numerous brood of speculators who found so fruitful a field for exploitation in the European courts of the seventeenth century. Of an adventurous disposition, unlimited personal resource, and unbounded confidence in himself and his schemes, he readily wormed his way into the royal favor, became a confidential secretary to Cardinal Mazarin, a pensioner of the crown and a valued adviser on all financial affairs. He abounded in ingenious devices for increasing the national revenue, paying off the debts of the clergy, erecting great public works, and building up the foreign trade, especially in the East Indies and the South Seas. At one time, he aroused much speculative interest in a plan for stimulating the growth of silk worms, by planting mulberry trees on all the highways of France. His fame rests almost entirely upon the fact, however, that he was the inventor of that scheme of gambling on human lives now generally known as Tontine.

Tonti first proposed this plan to Mazarin in 1656. Like Mazarin, however, he was an Italian and therefore personally unpopular. Parliament refused to register the undertaking; and the public, in a spirit of ridicule, gave it its present nickname of Tontine. Tonti himself soon forfeited the royal patronage; lost his pension, and, for

some reason now unknown, landed as a prisoner in the Bastille. Thence he indited many appealing letters to the King and Colbert, describing his misery and poverty and continually harping upon the advantages of Tontine. Tonti's death, which took place toward the end of the seventeenth century, is another of the many mysteries enveloping the Bastille. One of his sons was that Chevalier Tonti, whose adventures among the Indians of the Northwest with La Salle and Iberville is one of the romances of early American history.

King Louis, although he neglected poor Tonti himself, never entirely abandoned his scheme. In 1689, when surrounded by a European coalition, harassed for money and unable to borrow further from the bankers or to wring another penny in taxes from his exhausted peasantry, he raised 1,400,000 livres on the Tontine plan. He followed precisely the program mapped out by Tonti more than thirty years before. He invited subscriptions, at 300 livres each, to a general fund. He agreed to pay the total interest on this fund to all surviving subscribers. Each member's share of the income was to cease at death and revert to those who still lived. Each member's income, that is, increased in proportion to the deaths of his associates. It was clearly a lottery in annuities, in which the prizes went to the long-lived members. It acquired popularity because of this gambling feature, and because it apparently promised a provision for old age. Its essential advantage to the King was that the capital fund itself need never be redeemed. It was

a state loan, that is, upon which interest only was paid, and which was entirely liquidated when the final survivor died.

King Louis' first Tontine apparently had a successful career. It met all its obligations fairly and continued until 1726. The solitary survivor was a widow, one Charlotte Barbier, who died in her ninety-sixth year. At that time she drew an annual income of 73,000 livres, in return for an original subscription of 300. King Louis and his successors frequently utilized this method of supplementing the public funds. In the eighteenth century private speculators also established a large number of Tontines; in France there was little less than a Tontine craze. Nearly all these private undertakings, however, ended disastrously. In most instances the Tontine managers were dishonest. The greatest private Tontine, the Caisse La Farge, cheated the public out of nearly 60,000,000 francs. Dishonesty was inherent in the plan itself. Tonti did not devise his original scheme in the interest of the people, but of the government. "I believe this is an easy way," he wrote to Colbert from the Bastille, "whereby the King may get several millions from his people which would never be subject to redemption. The King might use them to redeem his domain, and for the execution of other designs. This might be done without its being known. It transforms France into a gold mine for the monarchy." Private capitalists adopted the plan in an identical spirit; to get a large capital fund which they might use for their own immediate purposes; and which they never need pay back. Their swindlings became so outrageous that ultimately the state prohibited Tontines by law. In England and America the idea was chiefly utilized as a method of raising money for public buildings and hotels. In this case the property was held intact and ultimately divided among certain nominated survivors. The Tontine Coffee House, in New York, at Wall and Pearl Streets, was constructed on this basis. These enterprises also usually failed of complete success. Toward the close of the eighteenth century there was no more odious word in Europe than Tontine.

#### *Hyde Adds the Tontine System to Life-Insurance*

About 1868, some ingenious person directed Henry B. Hyde's attention to the

career of this same Lorenzo Tonti. We might not inappropriately compare the Equitable Society in 1868 with the French government in 1689; and Hyde's financial position with that of Louis XIV. Like the French king, Hyde had outlined a long and expensive campaign of conquest. He sought to humble all his competitors; to give the Equitable the leadership among American life-insurance companies. Like Louis, too, he had deeply invaded his treasury by bitterly contested wars and needed money supplies for their further prosecution. Hyde was thus in a mood to adopt almost any new insurance scheme, especially when, in addition to these purposes, it seemed likely to increase his own annual income.

In 1868, therefore, the Equitable announced, with much expensive advertising, a new "discovery in life-insurance." It flooded the country with circulars duly setting forth the "greatest reform thus far promulgated by any life-insurance company." Up to that time the Equitable had dealt only in straight, conventional life-insurance. It had issued only life, endowment, and term policies. Now, however, it radically changed its program, and began to handle an entirely novel brand. It offered a new form of policy, and named it Tontine in honor of the Italian adventurer whose theories it embodied. This policy combined two distinct principles; the payment of a definite sum in the event of death, and the chance at a money prize in case the insured survived a stipulated period. The insurance indemnity was, of course, a fixed sum — the face of the policy; the amount to be won by the survivors, however, was indefinite, or depended upon several contingencies. Hyde did not call this ultimate payment to survivors, however, a "prize"; he called it an "investment return."

In order to add a Tontine attraction to the regulation life-insurance policy, Hyde necessarily had to make important modifications. According to the original French idea you subscribed a stipulated amount and reaped incommensurate rewards if you outlived your associates. Your income began coincidentally with your entrance into the pool; its increase only depended upon continued survivorship. Hyde, however, proposed to adopt arbitrarily a certain period during which the Tontine fund should accumulate. Each year he grouped

the Tontine policy-holders in three separate classes — those who elected to remain in the pool ten, fifteen and twenty years. In 1870, for example, Hyde may have had 15,000 Tontine policy-holders. Of these perhaps 5,000 entered the ten-year class. This group would have a separate Tontine fund, which would be divided among all who were alive in 1880, and had kept up their premium payments. Another 5,000 may have adopted the fifteen-year class. For them also would be accumulated another Tontine fund, divisible among the survivors in 1885. The last 5,000 may have chosen the twenty-year class. These would divide up their Tontine prizes in 1890. Meanwhile, if any member in good standing — if he had regularly paid his premiums, in other words — died at any time, his family received the amount for which he had insured; if he lived until his period expired, he got his share of the Tontine winnings; if he failed to pay the premiums, he got nothing at all. Ostensibly the purpose of arranging ten, fifteen and twenty year classes was to accommodate the periods to the ages of the insured. A young man might reasonably enter the twenty year class, because of his natural hopes of survival; an old man the ten or fifteen, because his chances of survival were not so promising.

Herein, therefore, we have three separate classes each year. In reality Hyde proposed an even more bewildering number of groupings. He added his Tontine feature to all kinds of policies; endowments, ten payments, fifteen payments and so on. Had he actually maintained his program, he might have had in the neighborhood of 200 classifications in a number of years. In practice, however, Hyde ignored these distributions. All Tontine policy-holders on all plans he grouped together, and distributed the winnings among them practically as he pleased.

#### *Tontine Fund Heaped up from Forfeitures*

The essential feature of the plan was the abandonment of the annual dividend system, which the Equitable had adopted in 1866. Tontine policy-holders, instead of receiving back the excess cost of their insurance every year, agreed to forego it for ten, fifteen or twenty years, according to the particular class they elected to enter. Under the original Tontine plan, there were two great sources of accretion to the Tontine surplus; the amounts usually paid as "surrender

values" to retiring members, and the amounts popularly known as "dividends." In other words, Hyde fed the Tontine fund from the two great life-insurance accumulations: "reserve" and "surplus." The reserve has already been described as the deduction made from the premiums paid in the early years to cover the increased insurance cost of the later. It is the inevitable consequence of the modern level premium system, the only one which has thus far proved practically successful. In order that one may pay the same sum every year and not one annually increasing, the actuaries "average the matter up." At age forty, the usual net price charged per \$1,000. for straight life-insurance is \$23. Its actual cost at that age is about \$9. The difference, \$14., is the amount you contribute to the insurance expense of those later years when the actual cost exceeds the premium charged. This excess is called the "reserve." If you drop the policy you are thus in this position: You have paid the full cost of your insurance for the years it has been in force, and have contributed a reserve which, in part, is to meet the expense of later years. If you drop your policy obviously, justice demands that you take this reserve cost with you. If it is not paid back, clearly you have contributed money for which you have received no insurance equivalent. Inasmuch as a mutual company ostensibly seeks to furnish insurance at its actual cost and give value received for every penny paid in, surrender values are an essential part of its structure.

Up to 1861 most companies ignored this simple principle. For generations this fact has been the standing reproach of life-insurance. In England, especially in the first half of the nineteenth century, the managers of life companies had waxed fat and wealthy by forfeiting the reserves of their retiring members. In America, thanks to the sleepless work of Elizur Wright, their claims had for the first time received general recognition. He had secured the passage of the first non-forfeiture law in 1861; and had gradually educated policy-holders to demand, in case of withdrawal, a certain percentage of what they had paid in. The Massachusetts companies, because of the non-forfeiture features of their policies, became widely popular. New York State had passed no non-forfeiture law, but competition had compelled the New York companies, including the

Equitable, to adopt a modified non-forfeiture system. The lapse rate in the latter sixties, however, was enormous. Of every 100 policies issued, only about 10 per cent expired by death or maturity. The rest were surrendered or lapsed for non-payment of premium. Herein Hyde found his great opportunity. He proposed to stop paying surrender values to his lapsing Tontine policy-holders, and to contribute the amounts which lapsing members would ordinarily have received to his Tontine fund.

Let us consider in some detail precisely what this meant. Below is given a table of surrender values and their equivalents in insurance now paid at various periods upon a \$10,000. ordinary life policy issued at ages forty and fifty : \*

If Lapsed	Age 40 Surrender value	Paid up Insurance
After 5 years	\$ 670.	\$1400.
" 10 "	1770.	3190.
" 15 "	2780.	4560.
" 20 "	3830.	5750.
	Age 50	
After 5 years	\$ 990.	\$1820.
" 10 "	2510.	3760.
" 15 "	3780.	5220.
" 20 "	4980.	6410.

In other words if you insure at age forty for \$10,000., pay for twenty years and then drop out, you are entitled to a cash value of \$3,830., or a paid up policy of \$5,750. If you insure under similar conditions at age fifty, and discontinue after twenty years, you take either \$4,980. cash or a paid up policy for \$6,410. These are your mathematical equities, under contract, after the company has deducted the cost of carrying your insurance for twenty years. The payment of these equities is no more than life-insurance justice; anything else, in a mutual company, is little better than robbery.

#### *Family Protection a Stake in a Huge Gamble*

Under the Tontine plan, you forfeited, on lapse, your whole money interest in the policy. This surrender value was usually paid, not in cash, but in insurance. Thus, if forced out, you obtained, in addition to the insurance during the period the policy ran, a paid up policy which was the insurance equivalent of your reserve accumulation. If you remained in for any considerable

period, that policy, as we have seen, might represent a considerable amount. It was the only financial protection your family held against your death. Hyde now calmly proposed that you place this insurance in jeopardy; make your family protection a stake in his Tontine lottery. If you lost in this game — dropped out, that is, before the Tontine period expired — you left your wife and children absolutely unprovided for; if you won — stayed in until the end — your family received the insurance for which your own premiums had paid, and its proportion of the insurance paid for by the premiums of those who had been closed out. Manifestly the odds stood strongly in favor of the rich. Those who discontinued their payments usually did so through poverty. The richer policy-holders, however, had no difficulty in keeping up their premiums. Obviously, therefore, Tontine was merely a plan by which the more affluent policy-holders could appropriate the insurance of their less fortunate associates.

#### *All "Dividends" diverted to the Tontine Pool*

Hyde also heaped up his Tontine fund by generally forfeiting "dividends." Again we must keep clearly in mind precisely what this "dividend" is. The word, as explained in a previous article, is an unfortunate misnomer. If it could be eliminated from the nomenclature of life-insurance, the situation would clear immensely. Life-insurance prices are based upon two fundamental assumptions: that a certain number of people will die every year, and that the money laid aside as reserve will earn a certain rate of interest. To the premium thus ascertained, the company adds a certain percentage for expenses, called the loading. If the anticipated deaths occurred precisely as indicated; if exactly the expected interest on reserve were earned; if the managements spent for administrative purposes and commissions the sum provided by the premium loadings — the cost of the insurance would be identically what was charged. Inasmuch as all these elements vary, the actual cost of insurance varies also. In order to safeguard itself against fluctuations, however, the company always charges an excess price. Thus, at the end of every year, it finds itself in possession of a certain sum of money over and above the actual cost of that year's insurance and reserve. This

\* The figures are those paid at present by the Equitable.

excess cost is the so-called surplus; its repayment to policy-holders the "dividend." The dividend, therefore, it cannot be too frequently insisted upon, is not a dividend at all, but merely the return of an overpayment.

In Hyde's early Equitable days, these "dividends" or overpayments, were accumulated for five year periods, and then returned. In the early years, Hyde unquestionably largely drew upon them to pay agents' commissions, percentages and other management expenses. In other words he brought in his new policy-holders at the expense of the old. He could safely do this so long as the dividend distributions were postponed for considerable periods, inasmuch as his practice would not be readily detected. But, in 1866, competition with the Mutual Life compelled him to return these overpayments every year. The small "dividends" then paid clearly showed that he had drawn upon them heavily for acquisition expenses of new business. "Mr. Hyde frequently told me," said John A. McCall, in effect at the recent New York insurance investigation, "that he had to abandon the annual dividend system simply because he could not meet the competition of the Mutual Life." The Equitable's great lapse rate for the years from 1866 to 1868 — its annual dividend period — clearly reflects the existing dissatisfaction. Manifestly the honest practice would have been a general retrenchment of expenses, and the return to all policy-holders of their annual overpayments. That, however, did not coincide with Hyde's ambitions. Instead, he decided to drop the annual system entirely, and to add these dividends, or overpayments, to the Tontine fund. If you died before your Tontine period expired, you obtained no "dividends" at all; if you lapsed you also forfeited them. Your "dividends," in either of these events, went into the Tontine surplus for division among the survivors.

Briefly, therefore, the theory of the Tontine program may thus be summarized:

A. *If you died before the end of the Tontine period, your beneficiaries received the face of the policy; but no "dividends."*

B. *If you lapsed, you got no "dividends" and no "surrender value." You lost every cent you had paid, and the insurance which it would have purchased.*

C. *If you lived to the end of the Tontine period and regularly paid your premiums, you*

*got your own dividends and your share of (a) the "dividends" of those who had died; and (b) the "dividends" and surrender values, or reserves, of those who had lapsed — all accumulated at compound interest.\**

### *Only One Out of Three Could Win*

In this great gamble Hyde had carefully calculated the chances of success. He presented figures, professedly based upon general experience, showing the expected number of lapses and deaths. He declared — and, in fact, recommended his new insurance on this ground — that, of every 1,000 at age thirty-seven who began the game, and elected the twenty year period, only 353 would survive to divide up the profits. That is to say, only about one man in three could possibly win. His leading actuary apologetically said that, in all probability, not even this many would survive; that his estimates had been extremely conservative, and based upon figures "less favorable" than those experienced by other companies. By "less favorable" he meant that more lapses would probably take place than he had counted upon; that is, that more families would forfeit their insurance; and that the prizes for the persistent members, consequently, would be larger.

In this lottery, moreover, you played for an indefinite stake. In other gambling games, you usually know what, in case of success, you are to receive. You put ten dollars on this horse; you lay twenty on the turn of a particular card. If your horse wins, you get your ten dollars; if your card turns up, you pocket your twenty. Any other policy would be an incitement to riot. In Tontine, however, you laid down a specific sum every year; but, even though fortune went your way, you hadn't the slightest idea what the prize would be. It was a blind pool with a vengeance. Hyde guaranteed no winnings. He stipulated in every contract — every policy, that is — that, at the expiration of the Tontine period,

\* The Tontine policy must not be confused with an ordinary endowment. An endowment is a perfectly legitimate, though somewhat expensive, form of life-insurance. It guarantees the payment of a particular sum in case of death or the survival to the end of a particular period. The amount, in both cases, is clearly specified in the contract. A Tontine policy specifies the amount to be paid at death; but makes no guarantee concerning the amount to be paid on survival. The Tontine nature had absolutely no connection with life-insurance; it was a special fund, devised as described above, for division among those who remained in the pool. It was added to endowment policies as well as to ordinary life. Endowments also accumulate reserves and dividends; Tontine funds were accumulated from them and divided among the surviving endowment policy-holders, precisely as in the case of ordinary life.

each survivor's share "should be equitably apportioned by the company." In other words, the company — that is, Hyde himself — could give you just as much, or just as little, as they chose. If it handed over nothing at all, the policy-holder had absolutely no redress. As we shall see, many disgruntled prize winners, when their bonuses fell so far below their anticipations, appealed to the courts for a more "equitable" share. The learned judges informed them that the company had absolute jurisdiction over the distribution; that the policy-holders may have made a foolish and one-sided contract, but that they had made a contract all the same. Any gambling-house conducted "on the level" assumes direct obligations to the winners, but the Equitable did not. Hyde held the advantageous position of a stake-holder in a bet, who had secretly arranged the program so that he could himself manipulate the money in hand, and pay over to the successful gambler precisely as much, or as little, as he willed. Many policy-holders, finally waking up, attempted to retire. They then discovered that Hyde had safely locked them up for anywhere from ten to twenty years. Their only revenge was to cease paying premiums. That was precisely what the Equitable above all desired; for then, everything they had paid was immediately swallowed by the Tontine pool.

#### *One Half the Policy-Holders Deprived of Paid-for Insurance*

Hyde's Tontine scheme thus ostentatiously deprived one-half his policy-holders of their paid-for insurance. Its success depended upon the number of widows and children it left unprovided for. The more lapses Hyde secured; the more helpless families he despoiled, the greater company the Equitable became. He accompanied his Tontine announcement with certain estimates as to possible Tontine profits. Eminent mathematicians have calculated the amount of suffering which he thus proposed. He figured, for example, that every policy-holder aged thirty who insured for \$10,000. and who managed to live and keep up his premiums for twenty years, would receive a cash prize of \$7,120. If 10,000 men insured on that basis, precisely 6,882 would have to forfeit all their insurance in order to give the remaining 2,498\*

\* 620 would die.

that additional bonus. This minority would divide up some \$7,400,000. cash, forfeited by those forced out of the pool. That \$7,400,000. would have provided at least \$17,000,000. of paid up insurance. As the amount of the average policy was about \$2,000. that would have provided insurance protection for 8,500. helpless families. For the last few years the Equitable has written in the neighborhood of \$300,000,000. of insurance a year. To realize the expected Tontine profits on that amount, Hyde would have confiscated at least \$57,000,000. of paid-for insurance — or, on the basis given above, the insurance protection of 25,500 families. Precisely what was the lapse rate on Tontine policies we probably shall never know. On this subject, Henry B. Hyde was questioned at length at the New York Insurance Investigation of 1877. Did he know the number of Tontine policies which had been forfeited in 1876? No, sir, he did not. Did he know the number and amount of Tontine policies which had been forfeited since the system began? No, sir, he did not. Had he any intention of making public these facts? No, sir, he had not. In 1885, the New York and Ohio legislatures appointed committees to discover this and other facts concerning Tontine; but without result. The lapse rate, however, must have been enormous. From 1870, when the Tontine scheme began, until 1885, when the issuing of full Tontine policies ceased, the Equitable wrote \$613,000,000. of new insurance; in the same period it lapsed \$400,000,000. — or 65 per cent of the whole. Probably at least two-thirds of this was Tontine.

#### *The Tontine Fund Drawn Upon for Agents' Commissions*

What was Hyde's purpose in thus degrading the very purpose of life-insurance itself? In the first place, as we have seen, he wished to escape comparisons, as to dividends earned, with other companies. By postponing them for long periods he cleverly concealed the real situation; and meanwhile talked loudly as to what they would be, when those periods expired. Again, he needed a large surplus upon which he could draw for management expenses; especially in his war with the Mutual Life. Hyde, as has been proved, neatly escaped all responsibility for these Tontine dividends. Thus he had a huge reserve war

chest, which he could draw upon as occasion required. He could use it in paying excessive agents commissions, salaries, bonuses and prizes; in reckless advertising and in other expensive methods of insurance propagandism. In other words, that he might build up a great institution and kill off his competitors, he proposed to pay part of his policy-holders' dividends and the surrender values of lapsing members to his faithful agents. He made this surplus serve other purposes. He found it extremely useful as an advertisement. As its size increased year by year, he pointed to it as a sign of impregnable financial strength. He compared it with the smaller surpluses heaped up by annual dividend companies, omitting all reference, of course, to the salient point—that he had a large surplus because he withheld his dividends; and that his rivals had proportionately small ones because they distributed them every year. He found his campaign cry "Surplus is Strength" an eloquent enticement to new business. Here once more he contradicted himself. On the one hand he declared again and again that his surplus all belonged to present policy-holders and could not be used for other purposes. On the other he sedulously cultivated the idea that the surplus, in case of necessity, could be drawn upon to strengthen the Equitable's reserves. Again, he made new policy-holders believe that here was a huge dividend fund in which they might participate; while, according to his original theory, the surplus represented accumulations on the funds of old policy-holders, among whom it must be eventually divided.

#### *A Source of Private Gain to Hyde*

From the very first, the surplus proved a source of personal gain. The Tontine system automatically increased the annual compensation of the Equitable's chief executive officers. In addition to his salary, Hyde received  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of the surplus every year.\* James W. Alexander, at the same time, received one-half of one per cent; and George W. Phillips, the actuary, an identical amount. Manifestly, the larger the surplus, the larger this annual

percentage. If Hyde distributed this surplus annually, however, his profits would never be abnormally large, because the surplus itself would be comparatively small. But if he accumulated it for twenty years, what limitless possibilities of gain! Hyde proposed for all his policy-holders a ten, fifteen or twenty year division; but intended, as usual, to take his own percentage every year. He wished to place his insured upon the deferred dividend basis; but the annual system was still good enough for him. Observe how this Tontine system increased his annual earnings. Under the annual system, for example, you received, perhaps, a first year's dividend of \$100. Hyde would get  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of that, or \$2.50. That ended his participation. But, if you took a twenty year Tontine, that \$100. remained in the pool for twenty years, and Hyde got his \$2.50 every year. In the second year, you received a dividend of \$125. Under the annual system, Hyde could get just a single percentage, or \$3.12. But, under the Tontine scheme, he would get that \$3.12 for nineteen years. Thus every year Hyde, Alexander and Phillips appropriated together  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of the surplus. As the Equitable earned only a little more than 5, this left only about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of the interest increase for the insured. And yet one of the chief sources of Tontine winnings, according to Hyde's representations, were the "wonderful results accomplished by compound interest." In fact, Tontine did very largely increase Hyde's annual income. His "extra compensation" jumped, under the Tontine stimulus, from \$6,000. to \$50,000. per annum. Its ultimate discovery, and the great scandal caused thereby, led to its abandonment. Actually, however, Hyde never gave it up; it was ostensibly in exchange for this "surrendered contract"—which as we have seen, was never a contract, but a "verbal understanding"—that his wife received, after his death, her \$25,000. pension. This "contract," if in force now, would entitle the President of the Equitable to \$1,000,000. a year. Thus may be traced the genesis of the deferred dividend system to a percentage on the surplus secretly enjoyed by Henry B. Hyde. Hyde personally profited by the surplus in other ways, as will duly appear; but, at the very beginning, it was thus immediately identified with his private fortunes.

\* Testimony of Henry B. Hyde at the Insurance Investigation of 1877. Page 38 (Manning's edition).

Q. That was on the basis of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of the surplus?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. In the hands of the company at the end of each year?

A. Yes, sir.

*Why the Tontine Surplus was Made an Asset*

Others have detected, in the Tontine scheme, an even more far reaching plan. They have declared that Hyde aimed at heaping up a huge surplus, the ownership of which would ultimately vest in the holders of Equitable stock, that is, in Hyde himself.

This interpretation is apparently supported by the fact that the Equitable for many years has carried its Tontine surplus not as a liability which, of course, it is, but as an asset. The present writer does not believe that this was Hyde's original idea. Temperamentally he was incapable of any such far reaching plan. He lived entirely in the present; and never mapped out a program more than a year ahead. He was essentially an opportunist. He adopted Tontine — to sum up the situation — to save the Equitable from threatened bankruptcy, to avoid unfavorable comparisons with other companies, to obtain a large fund for expenses, to get a basis for glittering promises of profits and thus entice new business; and also, unquestionably, to increase his own annual income. These were the immediate necessities of the moment; beyond that, Hyde seldom gave a thought. Afterwards the Equitable management also found it a convenient protection against their own dishonesty. Had it not been for the Tontine surplus the Equitable unquestionably would have gone to the scrap-heap years ago. Scores of other companies which imitated Hyde's agency methods failed in the '70's; had they adopted Tontine they probably would have weathered the storm. Some strangely perverted casuists advance this as an argument in favor of Tontine. But these companies became embarrassed because of wild extravagance and dishonesty; and went down because they could not recoup with the forfeited dividends of their insured. The Equitable's management also became extravagant and dishonest, but Hyde made good the hiatus with the Tontine accumulations. Manifestly the cure really demanded was not Tontine, but the reform of the original abuses. Hyde made this surplus an asset, in order to save the Equitable from insolvency.

This change was made in 1877. That was a terrible year in life-insurance history. Almost every month some company

collapsed. The Equitable's policy-holders lived in daily dread. The society was investigated three times in as many months; once by the insurance committee of the New York Senate, once by its own policy-holders and once by the insurance department. "I can't transact any business," said Hyde, "I spend all my time being investigated." John A. McCall, then deputy superintendent made the official examination. The Equitable's liabilities, according to the rigid Massachusetts standard, were \$29,425,650. Its assets were \$30,872,374. Included in the latter were the New York and Boston buildings, grossly overvalued at more than \$5,000,000., and the stock of the Mercantile Trust Company at \$1,525,405. The value of that stock at that time was problematical; a year or two before the Mercantile Trust Company had been on the brink of insolvency itself. Even accepting the New York liberal standard of valuation, which placed the liabilities at \$26,231,141., the showing was not at all favorable. In order to make the society solvent beyond dispute, Mr. McCall quietly transferred the Tontine surplus, then amounting to \$2,193,577., from the column of liabilities to that of assets. It has remained there ever since.

Hyde found several obstacles in the way of his reform. His own charter, as we have seen, required the distribution of surplus once in every five years. Hyde succeeded in getting through a law which changed all that. No one at the time suspected his purpose; his law seemed the perfection of innocence. It was entitled: "A law authorizing the payment of annual dividends." It was thus a sneak bill; it provided that any life-insurance corporation "which, by its charter, or articles of association, is restricted to making a dividend only once in two or more years, may hereafter, notwithstanding anything to the contrary in such charter or articles, make and pay over dividends annually, or at longer intervals," etc. Thus Hyde, in a law which on its face authorized annual dividends, interjected a clause which apparently permitted him to declare them at such intervals as he chose — and, for that matter, not at all. The influences back of this measure are obscure. The insurance papers of the day make not the slightest comment on it; the insurance report of 1869 has only a perfunctory reference. No insurance law, however, has had more far-reaching and unfortunate

consequences; it has been appealed to for years as the legal support of the deferred dividend system. Eminent authorities, however, have always questioned whether it actually authorized Tontine; many still maintain that the Equitable and other New York companies, in deferring dividends, have persistently violated their own charters.

Hyde's first Tontine plan, proposed in 1868, was a little too complicated, and the public did not readily catch on. Not until 1871 did he begin to make great headway. In that year he recast and rechristened it. He announced, with a great flourish of trumpets, his celebrated "Tontine Savings Fund Policy." His pamphlet for that year is one of the curiosities of life-insurance literature. In this Hyde boldly announced his abandonment of all conservative life-insurance principles. "It will be seen," he said, "that the Tontine principle is precisely the reverse of that upon which Life Assurance is based. In the former case the motive is essentially selfish; in the latter, it is the result of one of the noblest and most unselfish aspirations which can animate the human breast — the desire for securing a provision for those who are dependent upon our exertions for support when death shall have called us away." And yet Hyde now proclaimed his abandonment of this high ideal; and his adoption of the system which was "essentially selfish" and the "reverse" of "the principle upon which Life Assurance was based." His arguments were ingeniously specious. Under his Tontine plan, he declared, the great end of life-insurance was achieved; that is, in case of death, the actual face value of the policy was paid. He simply proposed to withhold from those who died early all dividends, and to pay them, together with the accumulations from lapses, to those who survived the Tontine period. Thus, said Hyde, he equalized the burdens of life-insurance. The injustice of the old system rested upon the fact that those who died early paid very small amounts for the benefits their families received; while those who lived long frequently paid in more than the face of the policies. By withholding all surplus from the former and paying it to the latter he thus secured a fine balance of justice. Hyde knew, of course, the fallacy and absurdity of this argument. As has previously been explained, no one ever cheats a life-insurance company; whether

he dies ten minutes after obtaining his policy, or fifty years afterwards, he pays the company precisely what it costs to carry his insurance. In making up its rates the company figures upon so many deaths the first year, so many the second, and so on. It makes no difference whether *you* die that first year or *I*; the company has simply realized the death it had prepared for and upon which it has based its charges. Hyde, however, saw the great popular value of this argument; it met the vulgar objection to life-insurance that "you had to die to win." Hyde had more difficulty in excusing the greatest iniquity of his system: his wholesale confiscation of the reserves of lapsing members. By stigmatizing these as "deserters," as renegades, who, having abandoned their policies, had no claim upon the company's consideration, he even blinded the public on this score. These deserters, however, as has already been said, formed more than 90 per cent of all policyholders of the time; and were the unfortunate classes who were usually forced by unexpected poverty to cease their payments.

#### *"Expert" Endorsements of Tontine*

Hyde gathered to his support the most influential people in society and finance. He widely advertised the endorsement of twenty-one of the leading merchants and bankers of New York City. He also backed up Tontine by much actuarial authority. He had annexed Sheppard Homans to the Equitable after the latter's quarrel with the Mutual Life. Homans' reputation stood high; next to Elizur Wright, he was probably the foremost American authority. Homans had much to do with formulating the original scheme; and from the first remained its warmest sponsor. The New York Life, which immediately followed the Equitable, retained Elizur Wright as a possible defender. Wright gave a characteristic opinion. He endorsed the mathematical accuracy of the computations; but followed this with a whole-souled condemnation of the plan. The New York Life never published this "endorsement." In public Wright denounced Tontine as "life-insurance cannibalism." "Its sole and only function," he added, "is to make the richer part of the company richer by making the poorer part poorer. It is as if a temperance society should endeavor to promote its cause by establishing a liquor saloon

under its lecture-room, or a church should support its minister by a lottery." Others, however, Hyde found more amenable. He early enlisted the support of William Barnes, the New York Superintendent of Insurance. "The Tontine system," said Mr. Barnes, in a letter which Equitable agents extensively used in soliciting Tontine business, "seems so natural and applicable to certain classes of policy-holders, that like many important discoveries in science and art, the wonder is how it could have remained so long dormant and undiscovered. Especial credit is due to the man or men, who conceived the thought of collecting the *Tontine tendencies* of men and applying this momentum to the development and spreading of Life Assurance." Mr. Barnes was the son-in-law of Thurlow Weed, and high in the councils of the Republican party. He is now more than eighty years old, but has never lost his interest in insurance or politics. He has lately acquired much notoriety as the defender of modern life-insurance methods, and is as strenuously the champion of the deferred dividend system as he was thirty-eight years ago.

Hyde fortified these arguments by the most extravagant estimates of what the Tontine winnings would be. He baited in thousands by making promises which he never fulfilled, and which, at the time, he must have known he never could make good. No patent medicine was ever more extravagantly advertised. Our old friend Charlotte Barbier, the fortunate widow who under Louis XIV's first Tontine obtained an annual revenue of 74,000 livres in return for a subscription of 300, was pushed to the front, in Equitable literature, on all possible occasions. Men who had taken Tontines, with satisfactory results, wrote letters which were widely published as advertisements — another adaptation of a popular patent medicine device. Hyde called the Tontine policy "endowment insurance at life rates." He asserted, that is, that, for an ordinary life premium, the accumulated surplus and reserve, at the end of the period, would equal the face of the policy — that is, be the same as an endowment. He declared that this same surplus would purchase an annuity large enough to pay all future premiums and a life income besides! Under a Tontine policy, that is, you ceased paying after twenty years; but your insurance still

went on, and you got an income in addition. "After the dividends arrived," said an official Equitable circular, "there would be the requirement of no more premiums, the assurant receiving, instead, a considerable annuity commencing just at the time when age begins to impair the faculties"! Hyde declared again and again that a Tontine policy was safer and more profitable than a United States gold bond. He claimed that the Tontine dividends would be *three or four* times as large as those paid on the annual plan. He especially recommended a Tontine policy to those who had mortgaged homes. Insure, he said, for the amount of the mortgage; if you die, the policy will pay it off; if you live, the dividends will not only pay the interest, but a fair size annuity.

#### *The "Blue Books" of Estimates*

Even more mendacious were the famous "blue books" which Hyde placed in every agent's hands. He originated that practice, since become so general, of showing prospective policy-holders written estimates of "investment" returns. Hyde's actuaries had worked the whole thing out in detail; and formulated precise figures for every age and every period and every form of policy. Hyde had sufficient shrewdness, however, never to guarantee these figures; and guardedly informed the agents that they were only "estimates." On this ground the Equitable sought to escape responsibility when the actual dividends fell so far below Hyde's glowing anticipations. That, however, has never been accepted as a satisfactory excuse. Here was a great life-insurance company; on its surface, a great trust institution, whose every word should have been honor and truth and justice; and now it placed in the hands of thousands of agents, many ignorant, many untruthful, most having in view only a single end — a commission — a book containing in detail the most extravagant promises. Was it to be expected that, competition being what it was, they should inform their clients that these figures were only "estimates"? Of course they carefully avoided this particular point. Conservatism has never been a striking characteristic of Equitable agents; and their clients almost invariably regarded the figures furnished them as actual guarantees. They did not know that these estimates were never

incorporated in the policy; that the agent's glib promises in no way legally bound the company; and that, far from receiving the promised bonuses, the Equitable had not contracted to pay them anything at all. Neither did they know that the agent had been admonished to sell nothing but Tontine policies; that he was paid extravagant commissions for doing so; and that these commissions usually exceeded these paid on old line insurance. As always, the agent was some particular friend; and was relied upon implicitly for advice as to the most desirable form of policy. In this country to-day are thousands who were taken in by this glowing propaganda of the early 70's; many are probably reading these very lines. Leading experts warned them time and time again, but unavailing, that their expectations could never be realized. Eminent actuaries, here and in Europe, riddled the "blue books," demonstrating their bad faith. The life-insurance surplus, as already explained, is derived from three sources — excess interest on reserve, excess loadings for expenses and decreased mortality. In the old Tontine days, the profits from lapses also went in. Hyde based his Tontine estimate on a 6 per cent interest rate; at that time the Equitable earned something more than five — and regularly earned less in the succeeding years. Hyde figured upon the usual number of lapses, ignoring the fact that the Tontine scheme, by so heavily penalizing withdrawals, would tend to keep people in. Above all, he based his great profits upon expected retrenchments in management expenses! He figured upon a 12½ per cent expense rate; at that very time the Equitable spent 16 per cent of its premium income and, in succeeding years, ran it up to 25. Shepard Homans is generally credited with having prepared these estimates. In this one act he irretrievably ruined his reputation. He became, afterwards, merely a hanger-on of Hyde; his widow, up to a few months ago, drew a pension from the Equitable. Homans' original estimates were much larger than those actually published; and were cut down at the suggestion of J. G. Van Cise, at that time a clerk in the Equitable's actuarial department.

### *Three Different Blue Books in One Year*

That these estimates could never have been honestly made is evident from the fact

that in 1886, the Equitable had three separate blue books in the agents' hands. On January 1, 1886, Hyde issued an entirely new volume of estimates. This made so considerable a reduction that the agents raised a great howl. As a result it was withdrawn, after having been in circulation less than a month, and the agents directed to solicit business on the estimates of 1883. In the fall, Hyde withdrew this book and issued another, giving entirely new estimates. For example, in January the Equitable informed a prospective \$10,000. policyholder, aged forty, that in twenty years his cash profit would amount to \$3,795.70. "We can't get business on so low an estimate as that!" shouted the agents. The Equitable, therefore, authorized the promise of a cash bonus of \$7,166. In October, the society split the difference between these two estimates and placed the figure at \$5,925.70.

### *Appealing to the "Tontine Tendencies" of Men.*

We must thank William Barnes for one telling phrase, which in itself sufficiently explains the Equitable's success. Hyde had "collected the Tontine tendencies of men." He had appealed, that is, to their gambling instinct. Into every hamlet went his agents with their "blue books," selling not primarily family protection but possible prizes in a great insurance lottery. They always tellingly appealed to the individual man. "Take a Tontine policy," they said. "Look at the enormous returns if you survive this Tontine period. You will get not only your own profits, but part of the profits of all that die! *You* will not die; *you* are strong, in good health — *you* will be sure to live. But thousands in your class will die, and by every one of those deaths you will profit. Moreover, look at the enormous number who will lapse their policies. Do you know that nine out of every ten who purchase life-insurance drop out? Under our Tontine scheme these poor devils won't get a cent; everything they have paid goes into the surplus to be divided among the survivors. Of course *you* won't drop out. *You* are well-to-do; and will have no trouble in meeting all your payments." This appeal took like wild-fire. As long as human nature retains its gambling instinct, it always will. Thousand willingly staked their own chances of living

and paying against the similar chances of their fellow-insurers. They readily risked all their own life-insurance, for a possibility of getting a part of that of their less fortunate associates.

Thus Hyde placed in the hands of hundreds of agents his "blue books" and sent them forth to preach the gospel of Tontine. He raided the leading offices; got away the best men, paying them unheard of commissions—made possible, of course, by this Tontine fund. He astounded the public by his lavish advertisements—the money also drawn from the Tontine fund. Into every state and territory his "blue books" found their way. In the early '70's he invaded Europe. His "blue books" appeared in every English parish and every French and German village. Foreigners opened their eyes at this speculative insurance; and, in spite of the frantic protests of the home companies, purchased Tontine policies by the thousand. Thus in twenty years, by virtue of Tontine, Hyde made the Equitable the biggest life-insurance company in the world. He had accomplished the revenge of his boyhood—had built up a larger company than the Mutual Life. Frederick S. Winston, who shut his door upon young Hyde that eventful March night in 1859, finally died in 1885, disappointed and embittered. At Hyde's own death in 1899, he had accumulated assets of more than \$304,000,000.; a surplus of more than \$65,000,000.; and had more than a billion dollars worth of insurance in force. He could hardly find a spot on the world's map where the Equitable Society was not known. Americans, Englishmen, Germans, Spaniards, Chinamen, Japanese and Malay Islanders—all entered the mad race for Tontine. He had erected his tremendous monument on the basis of misrepresentations. By this time, too, he had debauched the whole life-insurance system in this country. For how many disappointed lives; how many

desolate homes Henry B. Hyde was responsible; how many millions of dollars he diverted from the hands of their owners into his Tontine pool—these things can never be accurately told. For his influence extended far beyond the Equitable. He corrupted not only his own company but scores of others. He pursued his scheme so successfully; he accumulated such enormous funds which he used in propagating his own ideas, that the great majority of companies were forced to follow his example. Twenty years after he first adopted the Tontine system, four-fifths of all the other companies had followed suit. The New York Life fell into line immediately, in 1871; the Mutual, after attacking for years what it called the "Tontine game," ate its own words after President Winston's death and became a Tontine company itself. The Northwestern of Milwaukee fell into line in 1881; the Penn Mutual about the same time. The smaller New York companies—the Home, the Washington Life, the Manhattan, the Germania—these were all forced, many of them say against their will, to become Tontine companies. Under all sorts of names—reserve dividend, life rate endowment, dividend investment, dividend endowment—Tontine became the predominant idea in American life-insurance. Hyde did not win this great triumph, however, without a hard battle. There were a few companies and a few men who kept the faith; who fought, against overwhelming odds, his demoralizing innovations; and who maintained the old ideals until the end. Only three companies kept themselves entirely free from Tontine; the Mutual Benefit of New Jersey, the Connecticut Mutual of Hartford and the Provident Life and Trust of Philadelphia. How bravely these opponents struggled; what they suffered; how they had to wait, for their complete justification, until this year of grace 1906—this story will be told in the succeeding article.



# Robin Goodfellow — His Friends

by  
Rudyard Kipling

Illustrated by André Castaigne

## IV Hal o' the Draft



RAINY afternoon drove Dan and Una over to play pirates in the Little Mill. If you don't mind rats on the rafters and oats in your shoes, the mill-attic, with its trapdoors and inscriptions

on beams about floods and sweethearts, is a splendid place. It is lighted by a foot-square window, called Duck Window, that looks across to Little Lindens Farm, and the place where Jack Cade was killed.

As they climbed the attic ladder (they called it the mainmast tree, out of the ballad of Sir Andrew Barton, and Dan "swarved it with might and main," as the ballad says) they saw a man sitting on the window-sill. He was dressed in a plum-colored doublet and tight plum-colored hose, and he drew busily in a red-edged book.

"Sit ye! Sit ye!" Puck cried from a rafter overhead. "See what it is to be beautiful! Master Harry Dawe — pardon, Hal — says I am the very image of a head for a gargoyle."

The man laughed and raised his dark velvet cap to the children, and his grizzled hair bristled out in a stormy fringe. He was old — forty at least — but his eyes were young, with funny little wrinkles all round them. A satchel of embroidered leather hung from his broad belt, which looked interesting.

"May we see?" said Una, coming forward.

"Surely — sure-ly!" he said, moving up on the window-seat, and returned to his work with the silver-pointed pencil. Puck sat as though the grin were fixed for ever on his broad face, while they watched the quick, certain fingers that copied it. Presently the man took a reed pen from his satchel, and trimmed it with a little ivory knife, carved in the semblance of a fish.

"Oh, what a beauty!" cried Dan.

"Ware fingers! That blade is perilous sharp. I made it myself of the best Low Country cross-bow steel. And so, too, this fish. When his back-fin travels to his tail — so — he swallows up the blade, even as the whale swallowed Gaffer Jonah . . . Yes, and that's my ink-horn. I made the four silver apostles round it. Press Luke's head. It opens, and then —" He dipped the trimmed pen, and with careful boldness began to put in the essential lines of Puck's rugged face, that had been but faintly revealed by the silver point.

The children gasped for it fairly leaped from the page.

As he worked, and the rain fell, he talked — now clearly, now muttering, now breaking off to frown or smile at his work. He told them he was born at Little Lindens Farm, and his father used to beat him for drawing things instead of doing things, till an old priest called Father Roger, who drew illuminated

letters in rich people's books, coaxed the parents to let him take the boy as a sort of painter's apprentice. Then he went with Father Roger to Oxford, where he cleaned plates and carried cloaks and shoes for the scholars of Merton College.

"Didn't you hate that?" said Dan.

"I never thought on't. Half Oxford was building new colleges or beautifying the old, and she had called to her aid the master-craftsmen of all Christendie — kings in their trade and honored of Kings. I knew them: I worked for them: that was enough. No wonder —" He stopped.

"You became a great man," said Puck.

"They said so. Even Bramante said so."

"Why? What did you do?" Dan asked.

The artist looked at him queerly. "Things in stone and such, up and down England. You would not have heard of 'em. To come nearer home, I rebuilt this little St. Bartholomew church of ours. It cost me more trouble and sorrow than aught I've touched in my life. But 'twas a sound lesson."

"Um," said Dan. "We had lessons this morning, please."

"I'll not afflict ye, lad," said Hal, while Puck roared; "only 'tis strange to think how that little church was rebuilt, re-roofed, and made glorious, thanks to some few godly Sussex ironmasters, a Bristow sailor lad, a proud ass called Hal o' the Draft because, d'you see, he was always drawing and drafting; and" — he dragged the words slowly — "and a Scotch pirate."

"Pirate?" said Dan. He wriggled like a hooked fish.

"Even that Andrew Barton you were singing of on the stair just now." He dipped again in the ink-well, and held his breath over a sweeping line.

"Pirates don't build churches, do they?" said Dan. "Or *do* they?"

"They helped mightily," Hal laughed. "But you were at your lessons this morn."

"Oh, pirates aren't lessons. It was only Bruce and his silly old spider," said Una. "Why did Sir Andrew Barton help you?"

"I question whether he ever knew it," said Hal, twinkling. "Robin, how a mischief's name am I to tell these innocents what comes of sinful pride?"

"Oh, we know all about *that*," said Una. "If you get too beany — that's cheeky — you get sat upon, of course."

Hal considered a moment, pen in air, and Puck said some long words.

"Aha! That was my case, too," he cried. "I was proud of — of such things as porches — a Galilee porch at Lincoln for choice — proud of Torrigiano's arm on my shoulder, proud of my knighthood when I made the gilt scrollwork for 'The Sovereign' — our King's ship. But Father Roger sitting in Merton Library, he did not forget me. At the top of my pride when I should have builded the porch at Lincoln, he laid it on me with a terrible forefinger to go back to my Sussex clays and rebuild, at my own charges, my own church, where us Dawes have been buried for ten generations. 'Out! Son of my Art!' said he. 'Fight the Devil at home ere you call yourself a man and a craftsman.' And I quaked, and I went . . . How's yon, Robin?" He flourished the finished sketch before Puck.

"Me! Me past peradventure," said Puck, smirking like a man at a mirror. "Ah, see! The rain has took off! I hate housen in daylight."

"Whoop! Holiday!" cried Hal, leaping up. "Who's for my Little Lindens? We can talk there."

They tumbled down-stairs, and turned past the dripping willows by the sunny mill dam.

"Body o' me," said Hal, staring at the hop-garden, where the hops were just ready to blossom. "What are these vines? No, not vines, and they twine the wrong way to beans." He began to draw in this book.

"Hops. New since your day," said Puck. "They're an herb of Mars, and their flowers dried flavor ale. We say: —

*Turkeys, heresy, bops, and beer,  
Came into England all in one year.*

"Heresy I know. I've seen Hops — God be praised for their beauty! What is Turkis?"

The children laughed. They knew the Lindens turkeys, and as soon as they reached Lindens orchard on the hill the full flock charged at them.

Out came Hal's book at once. "Hoity-toity!" he cried. "Here's Pride in purple feathers! Here's wrathful Contempt and the Poms of the Flesh! How d'you call them?"

"Turkeys! Turkeys!" the children shouted, as the old gobbler raved and flamed against Hal's plum-colored hose.

"Save Your Magnificence!" he said. "I've drafted two good new things to-day." And he doffed his cap to the bubbling bird.

Then they came through the grass to the knoll where Lindens stands. The old farmhouse, weather-tiled to the ground, took almost the color of a blood ruby in the afternoon light. The pigeons pecked at the mortar in the chimney-stacks; the bees that had lived under the tiles for generations filled the hot August air with their booming; and the smell of the box-tree by the dairy window mixed with the smell of earth after rain, bread after baking, and a tickle of wood-smoke.

The farmer's wife came to the door, baby on arm, shaded her brows against the sun, stooped to pluck a sprig of rosemary, and turned down the orchard. The old spaniel in his barrel barked once or twice to show he was in charge of the empty house. Puck clicked back the garden-gate.

"D'you marvel that I love it?" said Hal, in a whisper. "What can town folk know of the nature of housen — or land?"

They perched themselves a-row on the old hacked oak bench in Lindens garden, looking across the valley of the brook at the fern-covered dimples and hollows behind old Hobden's cottage. The old man was cutting a faggot there. It was quite a second after his chopper fell that the chump of the blow reached their lazy ears.

"Eh — yeh," said Hal. "I mind when where that old gaffer stands was Nether Forge — Master John Collins's foundry. Many a night has his big trip-hammer shook me in my bed here. *Boom-bitty! Boom-bitty!* If the wind was east, I could hear Master Tom Collins's forge at Stockens answering his brother, *Boom-ooop! Boom-ooop!* and midway between Sir John Pelham's sledge-hammers at Brightling would strike in like a pack o' scholars, and *Hic-haec-hoc!* they'd say, *Hic-haec-hoc!* till I fell asleep. Yes. The valley was full o' forges as a shaw o' cuckoos. All gone to grass now!"

"What did they make?" said Dan.

"Guns for the King's ships — and for others. Serpentes and demi-cannon mostly. When the guns were cast, down would come the King's Officers, and take our plow-oxen to haul them to the coast. Look! Here's one of the first and finest craftsmen of the Sea!"

He fluttered back a page, and showed them a young man's head. Underneath was written: "Sebastianus."

"He came down with a King's order on Master John Collins for twenty serpentes (wicked little cannons they be!) to furnish a venture of ships. I drew him sitting by our fire telling Mother of the new lands he'd find the far side of the world. And he found them, too! There's a nose to cleave through unknown seas! Cabot was his name — a Bristow lad — half a foreigner. I set a heap by him. He helped me to my church-building."

"I thought that was Sir Andrew Barton," said Dan.

"Ay, but foundations before roofs," Hal answered. "Sebastian first put me in the way of it. I had come down here, not to serve God as a craftsman should, but to show my people how great a craftsman I was. They cared not, and it served me right, one split straw for my craft or my greatness. What a murrain call had I, they said, to mell with old St. Bartholomew's? Ruinous she had been since the Black Death, and ruinous she should remain; and I could hang myself in my new scaffold-ropes. Gentle and simple, high and low — the Hayes, the Fowles, the Tanners, the Collinses — they were all in a tale against me. Only Sir John Pelham at Brightling bade me heart-up and go on. Yet how could I? Did I ask Master Collins for his timber-tug to haul a beam? The oxen had gone to Lewes after lime. Did he promise me a set of iron cramps or ties for the roof? They never came to hand, or else they were spaulty or cracked. So with everything. Nothing said, but naught done except I stood by them, and then done amiss. I thought the countryside was fair bewitched."

"It was surely," said Puck, knees under chin. "Did you never suspect any one?"

"Not till Sebastian came for his guns, and John Collins played him the same dog's tricks as he'd played on me with my iron-work. Week in, week out, two of three serpentes would be flawed in the casting, and only fit to be remelted. Then John Collins would shake his head, and vow he could pass no cannon for the King's service that were not perfect. Saints, how Sebastian stormed! I know, for we sat on this bench, sharing our sorrows intercommon."

"When Sebastian had fumed away six weeks at Lindens and gotten just six

serpentine, Dirk Brenzett, master of the "Cygnet," sends me word that the block of stone he was fetching me from France for our new font, he'd hove overboard to lighten his ship, chased by Andrew Barton up to Rye Port."

"Ah! The pirate!" said Dan.

"Yes. While I am tearing my hair over this, Ticehurst Will, my best mason, comes to me shaking, and swearing that the Devil, horned, tailed, and chained, has run out on him from the church tower, and the men would work there no more. So I took 'em off the foundation, which we were strengthening, and went into the Bell Tavern for a cup of ale. Says Master John Collins: 'Have it your own way, lad; but if I was you, I'd take the sinnification o' the sign, and leave old Bartholomew's church alone!' And they all wagged their heads, and agreed. Less afraid of the Devil than of me — as I saw later.

"When I brought my sweet news to Lindens, Sebastian was limewashing the kitchen-beams for Mother. He loved her like a son.

"'Cheer up, lad,' he says. 'God's where He was. Only you and I chance to be pure pute asses. We've been tricked, Hal, and more shame to me, a sailor, that I did not guess it before. You must leave your belfry alone, because the Devil is loose there; and I cannot get my serpentine because John Collins cannot cast them aright. Meantime Andrew Barton lies off the Port of Rye. What for? To take those very serpentine which poor Cabot must whistle for; the said serpentine, I'll wager my share of new continents, being now hid away in Harry Dawe his church tower. Clear as the Irish coast at noonday.'

"'But selling cannon to the King's enemies is black treason — hanging and fine!' I said.

"'It is large, sure profit. I have been a trader myself,' says he. 'We must be upsides with 'em for the honor of Bristow.'

"Then he hatched a plot, sitting on the limewash bucket. We gave out to ride o' Tuesday to London and made a show of farewells in the street — especially to Master Collins. But in Wadhurst Woods we turned; rode home to the Watermeadows, hid our horses in a willow tod at the foot of the glebe, and stole a-tiptoe up hill to the church again. A thick mist, and a moon coming through.

"I had no sooner locked the tower-door behind us than Sebastian goes over fall length in the dark.

"'Pest!' he says. 'Step high and feel low, Hal. I've stumbled over guns before.'

"I groped, and one by one — the tower was pitchy dark — I counted the lither barrels of twenty serpentine laid out on pease straw — no conceal at all.

"'There's two demi-cannon my end,' says Sebastian, slapping metal. 'They'll be for Andrew Barton's lower deck. Honest — honest John Collins! So, this is his warehouse, his arsenal, his armory! Now, see you why your pokings and prying have raised the Devil in Sussex. You've hindered John's lawful trade for months,' and he laughed.

"A clay-cold tower is no fireside at midnight, so we climbed the stairs to the bells, and there Sebastian trips over a cow-hide with its horns and tail.

"'Aha! The Devil has left his doublet! Does it become me, Hal?' He draws it on and capers in the slits of window moonlight — won'erful devilish-like. Then he sits on the stairs, rapping with his tail on a board, and his back-aspect was dreader than his front, and a howlet lit in, and screeched at the horns of him.

"'If you'd keep out the Devil, shut the door,' he whispered. 'And that's another false proverb, Hal, for I can hear your tower door opening.'

"'I locked it. Who a plague has another key, then?' I said.

"'All the congregation, to judge by their feet,' he says, and peers into the blackness. 'Still! Still, Hal! Hear them grunt! That's more o' my serpentine. One — two — three — four they bear in! Faith, Andrew equips himself like an admiral! Twenty-four serpentine!'

"As if it had been an echo, we heard John Collins's voice boom up all hollow: 'Twenty-four serpentine and two demi-cannon. That's the full tally for Sir Andrew Barton.'

"'Courtesy costs naught,' whispers Sebastian. 'Shall I drop my dagger on his head?'

"'They go over to Rye o' Thursday in the wool-wains, hid under the wool packs. Dirk Brenzett meets them at Udimore, as before,' says John.

"'Lord! what a worn, handsmooth trade it is!' says Sebastian. 'I lay we are the sole two babes in the village that have not our lawful share in the venture.'



'HE CLEANED PLATES AND CARRIED CLOAKS AND SHOES FOR  
THE SCHOLARS OF MERTON COLLEGE'

"There was a full score folk below, talking like Robertsbridge market. We counted them by voice.

"Master John Collins pipes: 'The guns for the French carack must lie here next month. Will, when does your young fool (me, so please you!) come back from Lunnon?'

"'No odds,' I heard Ticehurst Will answer. 'Lay 'em just where you've a mind. Mus' Collins. We're all too afraid o' the Devil to mell with the tower.' And the knave laughed.

"'Ah! 'tis easy enow for you to raise the Devil, Will,' says another — Ralph Hobden by his cough.

"'Aaa-men!' roars Sebastian, and ere I could check him, he leaps down the stairs — won'erful devilish-like — howling no bounds. He had scarce time to lay out for the nearest than they ran. Lord, how they ran! We heard them pound on the door of the Bell Tavern and, then we ran, too.

"'What's next?' says Sebastian, looping up his cow-tail as he leaped the briars. 'I've broke honest John's head.'

"'Get to Sir John Pelham's,' I said. 'He is the only one that ever stood by me.'

"We rode to Brightling, and past Sir John's lodges, where the keepers would have shot at us for deer-stealers, and we had Sir John down into his Great Hall, and when we had told him our tale and showed him the cow-hide which Sebastian wore still girt about him, he laughed till the tears ran.

"'Welsa-wel!' he says. 'I'll see justice done before daylight. What's your complaint?' Master Collins is my old friend.

"'None of mine,' I cried. 'When I think how he and his likes have banished and derided and extorted me at every turn over the church — and I choked.

"'Ah, but ye see now they needed it for another use,' says he smoothly.

"So then did my lamentation. Sebastian cries: 'I should be half across the Western Ocean by now if my guns had been ready.' But they're sold to a Scotch pirate.

"'Where's your proof?' says Sir John, coming to his seat.

"I told my story over them, but two Scots said: 'No, no, no! You give us no word when they were to be taken,' says Sebastian.

"'Words! Words only,' says Sir John. 'Master Collins is somewhat of a liar, but not a liar.'

"He carried it so gravely that for the moment I thought he was dipped in this secret traffic, too, and that there was not an honest ironmaster in Sussex.

"'Name o' Reason!' says Sebastian, and raps with his cow-tail on the table, 'Whose guns are they, then?'

"'Yours, manifestly,' says Sir John. 'You come with a King's order for 'em, and Master Collins casts them in his foundry. If he chooses to bring them up from Nether Forge and lay 'em side by side in the church tower, why they are so much the nearer to the main road and you are saved a day's hauling. What a coil to make of a mere act of neighborly kindness, lad!'

"'I fear I requited him very scurvily,' says Sebastian, looking at his knuckles. 'But what of the demi-cannon? They are not in my order.'

"'Kindness — loving-kindness,' says Sir John. 'Questionless, in his zeal for the King and his love for you, John adds those two cannon as a gift. 'Tis as plain as this coming daylight, ye stockfish.'

"'So it is,' says Sebastian. 'Oh, Sir John, Sir John, why did you never use the sea? You are lost ashore.' And he looked on him with great love.

"'I do my best in my station,' Sir John strokes his beard again. 'But — suffer me! — you two lads, on some midnight frolic into which I probe not, roystering around the taverns, surprise Master Collins — he thinks a moment — at his good deeds done by stealth. Ye surprise him cruelly.'

"'Truth, Sir John. If you had seen him run!' says Sebastian.

"'On this you ride breakneck to me with a tale of pirates and wool-wains, and cow-hides which, though it hath moved my wrath as a man, offendeth my reason as a magistrate. So I will e'en accompany you back to the tower with some few of my own people, and three or four wool-wains, and be your warrant that Master John Collins will freely give you your guns, Master Sebastian. He brags back into his natural voice — warmer the old red and his neighbors long ago that they'd come to trouble, but would not for a man Sussex hanged for a long time past. 'Ye be decent, lads?'

"'A decent reason for two demi-cannon,' says Sebastian.

"'Ye have us compounded with treason-queens, ye be some tribe,' says Sir John. 'We require to know the get the guns.'"



“HE HAD SCARCE TIME TO LAY OUT FOR THE NEAREST THAN  
THEY RAN. LORD, HOW THEY RAN!”

"But Master Collins meant the guns for Andrew Barton all along, didn't he?" said Dan.

"Questionless, that he did," said Hal. "But he lost them. We poured into the village on the red edge of dawn, Sir John horsed, in half armor, his pennon flying; behind him thirty stout Brightling knaves, four abreast; behind them four wool-wains, and behind them four trumpets to triumph over the jest, blowing: *Our King went forth to Normandie*. When we halted and rolled the ringing guns out of the tower, 'twas for all the world like Friar Roger's picture of the French siege in the Queen's Missal-book."

"And what did we — I mean, what did our village do?" said Dan.

"Oh! Bore it nobly — nobly," said Hal. "Though they had tricked me, I was proud of them. They came out of our houses, looked at that little army as though it had been a post, and went their shut-mouthed way. Never a sign. Never a word. They'd have perished sooner than let Brightling overcrow them. Even that villain, Ticehurst Will, coming out of the Bell for his morning ale, he all but ran under Sir John's horse."

"'Ware, Sirrah Devil!' cries Sir John, reining back."

"'Oh!' says Will. 'Market day, is it? And all the bullocks from Brightling here.'"

"I spared him his belting for that — the brazen knave!"

"But John Collins was our masterpiece! He happened along-street (his jaw tied up where Sebastian had clouted him) when we were trundling the first demi-cannon through the lych-gate."

"'I reckon you'll find her heavy,' he says. 'If you've a mind to pay, I'll loan ye my timber-tug. She won't lie easy on any wool-wain.'"

"That was the one time I saw Sebastian taken flat aback. He opened and shut his mouth, fishy-like."

"'No offense,' says Master John. 'You've got her so cheap I thought ye might not grudge me a groat if I help move her.' Ah, he was a masterpiece! They say that morning's work cost John two hundred pounds, and he never winked an eyelid, not even when he saw the guns rolled off to Lewes."

"Neither then nor later?" said Puck.

"Once. 'Twas after he gave St. Bartholomew's the chime of bells. (Oh, there was nothing the Collinses, or the Hayes, or the Fowles, or the Fanners would not do for the church *then*! 'Ask and have' was their song.) We had rung 'em in, and he was in the tower with black Ralph Fowle, that gave us the rood-screen. The old man pinches the bell-rope one hand and scratches his neck with t'other. 'Sconer she was pulling yon clapper than my neck,' he says. That was all. That was Sussex — seely Sussex for everlastin'!"

"And what happened after?" said Una.

"I went back into England," said Hal, slowly. "But they tell me I left St. Bartholomew's a jewel — justabout a jewel! Wel-a-wel! 'Twas done for and among my own people, and — Father Roger was right — I never knew such trouble or such triumph since. That's the nature o' things. A dear — dear land." He dropped his chin on his chest.

"What's your Father talking to old Hobden about?" said Puck, opening his hand with three leaves in it.

Dan looked toward the cottage.

"Oh, I know. It's that old oak lying across the brook. Pater always wants it grubbed."

In the still evening they could hear old Hobden's deep rumble.

"Have it as you've a mind to," he was saying. "But the vivers of her roots they hold the bank together. If you grub her out she'll all come tearin' down, an' next floods the brook'll swarve up. But have it as you've a mind. The mistuss she sets 'a heap by the ferns on the trunk."

"Oh! I'll think it over," said the Pater.

Una laughed a little bubbling chuckle.

"What Devil's in that belfry?" said Hal, laughing. "I should know the voice."

"Why, the oak is the regular bridge for all the rabbits between the Three Acre and our meadow. The best place for wires on the farm, Hobden says. He's got two there." Una answered. "He won't let it be grubbed!"

"Ah, Sussex! Silly Sussex for everlastin'," murmured Hal; and the next moment their Father's voice calling up to little Lindens broke the spell.



## ARCHIE'S BABY

BY

VIOLA ROSEBORO'

AUTHOR OF "THE JOYOUS HEART," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHN

THEY were a family group of English young people, and they were plying with tea a lady whom they delighted to call the Californian. Through the windows one could see a green, green lawn sloping down to a belt of old trees, storm-riven oaks and close-knit English elms, and beyond hung the gray tower of a little old stone church the Normans had raised on foundations the Saxons had laid.

One of the girls was having a birthday, and she happened to be telling the exotic guest that she was born in the big southeast chamber called the Still-room; some ancestress had once upon a time indulged therein a fad for distilling perfumes and brewing cordials.

"And is that flowery old chintz the very same you opened your eyes upon?" asked the lady.

Why, yes; from a little discussion and comparison of dates it developed that it was; and the Californian smiled as one who ponders and is pleased.

There was that in her smile caught her boyish host's hopeful attention: "Oh, what's the difference," he cried with brotherly brusqueness, "whether Frances was born in the blue bed or the brown? I'd wager you came into the world — do you know I've always fancied you must have been the first white child born somewhere? If you tell me you were not," he went on with plaintive hesitancy, "I must — I must warn you I shall feel my affections have been betrayed."

"But I was," declared the Californian, and gratification as at a fitting turn in a play filled the English faces. "I was the first child, white or in colors, born in the Big Hope mining camp. And now if you knew enough you could unmask my pretensions. Though I make it my *metier*, in geographical strictness I'm not a Californian, for the Big Hope was east of the Divide."

It must have been something like forty years before that the Big Hope had been

blessed with the gracious advent. Yet the lady looked as if she stood upon the crowning point of life. Perhaps her beauty and her temperament had conferred that triumphant aspect upon her long ago, but at any rate it could never have been more convincing than now. It was attained by no misleading conjurings against time; there was nothing about her of the pickled youth of the woman who is laboriously "well-preserved." On the contrary she looked her vigorous years, and as with a man, any man typical of his favored sex, her years served to vivify and enrich her. She was a white and gold beauty, with the thick calla-lily skin that defies so many enemies, and she was given to cultivating her type in white gowns; she wore one now. Despite the academic distinction she had just made she was eminently Californian, but Californians range wide, and it might paradoxically be said that she was the more Californian in that she breathed an aroma of distinguished old-world, cosmopolite experience. Mingled with the fresh tang of her native democracy it was as if you smelled at once a rose and the good earth that grew it.

The circle about her now had drunk in more than one strange yarn of her's before, and it was not hard for so appreciative an audience to get her to tell the tale that had lit her reminiscent eyes when she named the name of the Big Hope Camp. She settled herself in the embrace of her easy-chair, and looked about her and smiled to herself; and it was with her eyes turned through a window on the green, green turf and the gray Norman tower that she began her story.

My father was mining at the Big Hope. There was only one other thing to do there, and he was doing that, too. He had a train of burros, and was beginning his career as a magnate of transportation. He bosses more railroads now, I'd have you know, than any other man in the world. But his great distinction in those days was that he had a wife on the spot — it was no distinction to have a wife or wives back East. My mother was the only woman in the camp. I'm glad to know she liked it. I have my daddy's word for it, for I've no shadow of recollection of her myself. I know the Big Hope, though. It was on a spur of mountain that jutted out into the desert, snowy sierras in the clouds above it, and their dark green ramparts rising steep behind; a boundless sea of sand

and mirages opened wide to the illimitable sky in front; the camp hung between, like some tiny disturbance of nature made by beavers, or ants, if you like.

The long sluice-boxes running down the mountain were rotting to pieces when I first saw the place to remember it; the claims were played out, and only a few Chinamen were pegging away at the tailings. But I saw the log house I was born in.

And now comes the story. When I was eighteen months old my girl-mother, still but for me, the only woman creature in Big Hope, bore her second child, and both she and the new baby died. Little father was a terror-stricken lad as well as a broken-hearted. He was well-nigh paralyzed with the fear that now I, too, must die for lack of something or other a dollar would buy at any cross-roads in Christendom. The gay audacity of his youth perished. It never returned as regards anything about women and children. Its only play since then has been in the field of transportation — he always talks of transportation rather than of railroads, because you see he dealt so much with burros and stages and pony express before he came to railroads. His pet charities are maternity and children's hospitals, and I, fragile being that I am, must cable him every day that I'm alive, though he, at sixty-odd, refuses to be bothered wiring me oftener than once a week.

Well, now you see, I, in my turn, was the only woman in camp. My reign lasted a month. Packers walked me to sleep, miners rocked my cradle and were full of witticisms, I am told, on this continuance of their professional labors — even *you* know, don't you that you rock a cradle in placer mining? I was recognized as a valuable nugget. But my father was preparing as best he could to part with me. I must be sent through the desert to the pass, over the Sierra Nevadas, then across California, and down the Santa Clara Valley, a month's journey all told, to Monterey. Dad had a sister whose husband was "in cattle" down there, living in the midst of civilization, not more than fifty miles by stage from a graduated doctor. Daddy has a reverential awe of a graduated doctor to this day, though in his own fields he's supposed to be properly skeptical of mere sheepskin. He was in a terrible case, for he could not go with me, could not take me to the aunt I must reach. His partner was sick, very sick; the poor little man could not

well leave him, he could not think of leaving the sick man's precarious interests to suffer, and to tell the truth he could far from afford to let his own go to pot for two months while he took a mighty expensive journey. And in the meanwhile, he could not sleep till I was gotten into some graduated doctor's sphere of influence.

Children, children, of a British nursery, what do you suppose was done?

Enter the hero of my tale, Archibald Hamilton Douglas Graham (perhaps I may leave you to infer the nationality of his forbears), burro packer, aged twenty-two.

Both Archie and my dad were as American Americans as ever fought Indians, yet I've a notion that the Scotchness of Archie's name helped to bring his fate upon him. My father's Scotch comes from generations back, but a little of that blood goes a long way and is thicker than water to the last. He puts it that Archie lived up to his name, and came out ahead in the competitive examination he was privately holding, while he watched the men's methods with me during that month that he waited for the spring to pass into the settled open weather of summer. Archie it seems did not want to get rid of me when I cried. He wanted, instead, to find the pin; he was a profound believer in the pin. Considering who dressed me, I dare say there were grounds for his faith. I understand that these sentiments and opinions made him a marked man for the whole camp from the start. And at the last — the last! Well, the real last was a long way off, sixteen years after he and I left Big Hope, he walking beside the responsible burro upon whose back my condensed milk, my wardrobe, my bottles and my safety-pins were packed with the diamond hitch. For Archie was the boy, God bless him, that took that eighteen months' baby in his arms and hit the wildest trail such a pair ever traveled. Beside burros, on horseback, in stages, for four weeks I was hardly out of those arms four hours. He washed me and dressed me, cleaned my bottles and my clothes, sang me to sleep, and all the time carried me, carried me while he walked behind the burro train on the edge of precipices and through the desert, carried me on one arm and guided a horse with the other, and held me close while those old stage coaches swayed and bumped along and the driver kept his lookout for road-agents and bad Indians. What's the use of expecting me to be like other people after a start like

that! Don't mind! I always do swell up inside with little weeps when I talk about it. I don't know why, for what I feel is a desire to shout, to talk like the Bad Man of Calaveras County, and to charter an ocean steamer and go home!

Please see that new flight into Egypt, that piteous, absurd little caravan, without a madonna. There were the Sierras, rearing themselves to the sky about us, and the ribbony, rocky trail circling out from Big Hope around them, and on the other hand space, naked space, and far down naked desert, stretching gray and blue-opaline and violet around the few far mesas — to the end of the world. Mesas, my dears, are just great splinters and chunks of the planet left over when the world was made, and thrown in the desert to be out of the way. I had on a bright pink calico frock and red shoes. Daddy has them now, but he never saw them for sixteen years after that morning. The camp turned out to see us off, of course. The burro train and the other drivers went on ahead, and my father, the little powerful dynamic boss, walked silent behind the last, my burro, with Archie. My Daddy carried me till they came to the edge of the camp, and the start of the ribbony rocky trail around the spur; the men had stopped fifty yards away; they gave me three cheers and then punctiliously turned their backs and went about their business, while my father loosened my hold on his red shirt's neck-band and handed me over to Archie, and Archie hurriedly dangled before me his watch, and when I had grabbed it, clasped hands with Dad, and they parted without a word. Dad watched us till we turned out of sight around the great green mountain. I got all these details out of him when I was a little girl, all except the scenery, and that I looked up years after for myself; dead mining camps don't do much to alter the everlasting hills and the eternal desert.

Dad to this day when we talk about that trip always repeats that Archie Graham was an able chap. I dare say he has been heard to declare that I showed myself at the same time an able infant. He called it able when Archie found the pins that were sticking me. And now that Archie was striding away with me, a pink calico speck, his ability was all Dad had to comfort him. He mentions it now in reminiscent fear and trembling for the same purpose — to comfort himself. It is solid enough comfort now; it was well



Drawn by E. L. Bumschtein

ARCHIE'S BABY

proven. If it is not able to take care of a baby like that, on a trip like that, pins and colic and bottles, bears and catamounts and Indians and all, I don't know what is. I can't tell you so much about the trip. I had Dad to cross-question at the proper age, at seven say, when questioning comes easy, when you talk naturally in interrogation points, but I had no such chance at Archie Graham. I know we bivouacked nights in the desert before we came to another camp. There's the flight into Egypt for you; fire is the most beautiful thing in the world, and it is never so beautiful as in the blue twilight of the desert. The other men had to wait on Archie like bond slaves, while Archie waited on me. They told that when they got back to Big Hope. "It was right and fittin'," they said, but it would have come hard if Archie's head had swelled as might have been expected. But Archie's head they granted, was "tol'able hard"; which seems to me a tribute equally honorable to those who gave and to him who received it. Archie must have been a master of tact, able in that, too, for he got all kinds of favors. Seats surrendered to him in full stages, beds in full taverns, errands done, privileges at kitchen fires, and he seems to have been mighty chary of anything but coin in return. There was no passing of me from hand to hand. The rare men who were allowed to hold me, were under stern orders to let no one else touch me; and they minded as if they were green-horns handling dynamite. When we got into range of feminine council Archie braced up even against woman's natural airs of professional superiority, and would take advice only for what he thought it was worth.

But it was before there were any such clashes of expert opinion that he achieved what was, all things considered, his most surprising feat. He had me christened. I was baptized in a bar-room. It was at the camp where we took our first stage, the stage over the Divide. It was a real *bona fide* christening, only not Presbyterian, as any man himself named Archibald Hamilton Douglas must naturally have preferred. He explained and apologized for the liberty taken when he got to Monterey. The explanation was that he felt as if he ought to do all he could to make things right, he was easier in his mind to have it done. I gather he felt that the Lord could be more reasonably expected to look after His own, than after a baby of no religious affiliations. But the apology seems

to have been pretty much all spent on the theological phase of the matter; it was hard luck and he was sorry, but a Methodist preacher was all there was, and wonder enough to get him. I've a notion myself that Methodist preachers are usually the easiest come by in such hard fields as frontier mining-camps. This one was on the way somewhere else, but he had embraced the chance, real Methodist fashion, to stop over and talk to the boys. The boys only woke up to an appreciation of their privileges when I came into the game. It was a popular occasion, my christening was. My poor little mother had named me Juanita Marie, something foreign seeming to her suitable and romantic, and she being too new to the country to sympathize with the current prejudice against Greasers. Archie knew I had been called Nita, and he said that was all he knew. I don't believe myself that whatever his information he'd ever have brought out a Greaser name for that ceremony. He and the preacher fixed it up between them and they named me Anita.

No, you've never heard it, nor anybody else for many a year, except lawyers and people who have listened to this yarn, but that's what my sponsors bestowed on me in baptism. My Aunt said she had some sense of the fitness of things and that she could not call a great, fat, quiet, blonde child a little, quick, dark name like Anita, and it wasn't what my mother had named me anyway. She found equally good reasons, it appeared, for not calling me what my mother had named me; and the outcome was that as soon as Archie's back was turned, for she would not hurt his feelings, she addressed me as Mary, and Mary I've been ever since; Mary, with occasional relapses back to Marie, and all the time my name is Anita, and sixty-three men, beside a fringe of Greasers and Chinamen, saw it given to me.

I'm going to cut this second-hand testimony short and get down to things I can remember myself, only you must hear how bitter hard a thing it was for Archie to part with me. He hung around for three days, and my aunt said she was never so sorry for any one in her life. You see God so made the world that you can't go on for days and weeks taking care of a baby without giving it the heart out of your breast. Aunt Tishia always told how Archie was a born gentleman, modest, self-effacing, and how yet he was tormented to that degree as to how she

washed my milk-bottles, and as to whether she kept on my flannel band at night, that he was forced with blushing pain to pursue curious investigations. He tried to apologize on the ground that she had no children of her own. She made the obvious rejoinder that neither had he; but she did her best to come up to his standard as a nursery maid. After this dangling around he melted away with no announced good-bys — unless they were breathed to me in confidence. I respected all his confidences, poor lad, though my Aunt thought she found suspicious tear spots on the breast of my little pinny once when he had had me off to himself in the garden.

Well, he went and I never saw him again. But wait, that is not the end of the story nor the end of my part of it.

Archie never held the pen of a ready writer, but for years at long intervals he wrote to me, and as I got to be a big girl I learned to print mis-spelled messages to him. By the time I was ten my father's fortune was piling up — transportation was transporting us far; and it was decided that I be sent to Paris and put to school in the convent of the *Sacré Cœur*.

Archie Graham and the flight into Egypt had made the romance of my childhood; it takes a child to simply lave in undiluted, unmodulated romance; and life at the Convent, instead of weaning me from my sentimental attachment to my Uncle Archie, did just the other thing. At first the poor little wild Californian nearly died of homesickness, and Uncle Archie, who existed for me only in dreams, was the one part of my old life that I could still cherish unchanged. Then when I began to come to and take an interest in the game, it transpired that Uncle Archie and my little embroidered Odyssey of our travels, and Uncle Archie's queer presents were my long suit. I began to trade on being a wild Californian; poor little lonely chick. I wanted to be liked for something! I fancy I've gone on trading with the same stock ever since. But I never did better with it than then. It was not of course as if I'd been a boy. It is the most touching thing in the world the way boys, any boys, even little polished, hat-lifting continentals, will take fire at the mention of red Indians. I fancy I could have been the hero of a decade in any boy's school in France; but even as it was I became fashion's favorite. Archie's presents, old and new, the gold nugget, the rattlesnake rattles, the beaded moccasins, the

buckskin shirt — these were the distinguished possessions with which I outshone powers and principalities.

But the years went on, and the past faded, and the wild West treasures though still treasured, played a smaller and smaller part on the little French girl's stage; and the letters that came and went between Paris and Red Dog or Hangtown or whatever might be temporarily Archie's outlandish post-office grew fewer and fewer, and stopped, first his and then mine, as the "cat dies" when you are swinging.

My heart was not unfaithful, but Archie was become part of a great myth — the myth of America, of California, of kin; and, poor little soul, I was sick of letters! I wanted to go back and find it all, if it was truly real and could be found.

When I was seventeen I went, and a French governess and a French maid went with the convent-bred *jeune fille*. My darling Daddy met us in New York, and we traveled across the continent in a special car. He kept a wistful awe of me till we struck the desert, the desert that had stamped its brand on me before I could remember, and burned it in with more than one strange adventure, after I came to consciousness. Like the ocean, the desert can have no rivals; it is akin to nothing else in creation; and it had been part of my life when I was little!

As the train drew out into that endless sea of sand, under that vast sky, into a World as unlike anything made for man as the dead moon, no plate-glass windows could shut out the awful matchless wildness of it; and with the sting of the alkali in my nostrils, Paris and the convent passed away, and like the prodigal son I arose and went unto my father; away from those *triste* Frenchwomen, in the smoking-room, I howled, simply howled like a hound with emotion, as I threw myself on his neck. He understood, and that was when we really met, that was when my native tongue (perhaps I'd better not call it English) really came back to me, as I sat on his lap amid all that luxury and wept for a burro and a frying-pan and a camp where I could hear the coyote's cry. Now we talked out everything that had been shut up in our hearts before, and soon I asked about Archie Graham. Dad had lost sight of him, too. That is Dad had been in New York most of the time for five years, and had heard nothing about or from him.

That meant nothing more than the chances of a day, as you might say. He expected to pick him up around the corner any time. Archie had never allowed Dad to do anything special for him. He rolled around the wide West, prosperous enough it seemed, unmarried, adventurous, mining, speculating, buying and selling claims. Dad said we'd hunt him up when he got around to it.

Well, very soon strange things happened, as if in a play, and there was no need to hunt.

Dad got a wire at some water-tank calling him back to New York, and I was left to stare at the wonderful desert out of my plate-glass windows alone; that is the French women stared anywhere else, at their own little high-heeled bottines, rather than at the gray dead ocean, where, running along with us, I could follow the old emigrants' tragic trail by the bones that still lay bleaching upon it.

At Reno a friend of my father's, Mr. Clay Chisholm, came to see me, just to shake hands and look me over, for the ten minutes of the train's stop. Five of the ten had passed when he remarked, "'Lucky chance,' I said to myself when I heard your car was to be with this train, for I just happened to be down here; came down from Virginia City this morning, and I've got to get back there this evening for a murder trial to-morrow." Mr. Clay Chisholm was a lawyer, you see.

"Who killed who?" I asked, feeling — I remember it so well — that the story might help me to get back to this country of mine I was so hungry to understand again.

"Well," began Mr. Chisholm, "I'm on the defense this time, though I don't usually go in for criminal practice." It makes me shiver now when I think how slow and digressively he talked, and how our three or four minutes were flying. "It was a gambling row and that makes it bad for my client. I'm afraid they'll hang him. They come mighty near doing it before, this is his second trial. You see we are getting too proper and civilized to like that kind of thing, though to his own mind my friend Graham acted in self-defense. Well, little girl —" he was looking at his watch and rising from his seat.

"What's his other name?" I asked, sitting still and staring at him.

"His? Graham's? Archibald Hamilton Douglas, he's —"

But I was on my feet clutching him with both hands: "Archie Graham, it's my Uncle Archie, and they'll hang him; and he

took care of me for a whole month all by himself when I was a baby; he —" I choked on my sobs.

"What's that?" cried the lawyer so sharply that my nerves twanged in my body. Some one outside called, "All aboard! all aboard!" and the man started and glared about him; then catching my arm he fired at me the question — "Was he the boy that took you to Monterey?"

With my answer he was transformed.

"Quiet down, Miss Mary," he said gently, "I'm not going to get off here, I'll go on with you. Yes, I'll look out for Archie all right. That's just what I am doing. We pass the East-bound train somewhere between here and the summit — I'll fix it. I can catch a freight out of Reno some time to-night. And now," he was very suave and gentle with me, "now you are going to sit down and tell me all about your's and Uncle Archie's trip across the Divide."

I was puzzled and impatient. I wanted to know about Archie. He told me very succinctly. He had been a year and a half in jail, and the confinement had broken down his health. The trouble about clearing him was that the country was anxious to show Eastern capital how reformed and refined it was by hanging some one, and Archie was the convenient scapegoat at hand.

"It was self-defense," said Mr. Chisholm, "but we can never prove it; we've simply got to get the jury on our side on general principles, and the trouble is all the popular general principles just now turn the other way. I ought to be able to get two or three men on that jury who'd refuse to hang a man that could shoot as good as that — I'll show you how it was done. But one or two men trying to stand out would have a rough time of it. I'd hate to trust to 'em. I want something better than that. The shots were like this," and he demonstrated the superiority of Archie's gun-play with serious enthusiasm. Archie was playing poker and sitting between two men whom he caught cheating; presumably all three tried to draw their revolvers, but Archie got the drop on one, fired, and then, literally quicker than sight, turned his pistol over his shoulder — no time to turn himself — and fired again; and each shot killed his man. It was the second that was making him trouble. It was granted the first man was reaching for his gun, and he was a known bad man who when he reached meant death; but the other man, though

the cards up his sleeve proved collusion with number one, had no killings to his account, and how did Archie know he was even pulling his gun when he didn't see him, was facing the other way, and fired over his shoulder? Now Archie knew it, and so did every one else by the light of experience and common sense. An armed man with cards up his sleeve was not going to see his partner shot, not then and there, without trying to save himself, and the only way to save himself was to shoot first. It was all according to a code about as definite as a French duel's. But a New York capitalist who was on the ground had been scared away, people said, by this unseemly bloodshed in the midst of their rising school-houses and multiplying churches; and Archie had the "business sentiment" against him. Archie, Mr. Chisholm remarked sorrowfully, had simply failed to keep up with the procession.

Then brightening again he appealed to me once more for the story of the flight into Egypt.

I began to understand dimly what you divined at his first sign of interest in that history, that it had a bearing on practical politics, in your lingo that it suited his book — in talking about Archie I can't seem to speak anything but United States. It flowed then, did my United States, coming back fuller and freer as I went on; and I told him what I've been telling you. He listened with silent passionate attention; and when Archie had landed and left me at Monterey, he sprang from his seat and lifted me with him right off my feet, as if I were four years old.

"By the Great Horn Spoon," he cried, "you've done it, you've saved him!"

I suppose I stared, bewildered as well as happy, my little feminine mind not comprehending the larger logic of trial by jury. He misapprehended my difficulty.

"Oh," said he, "we may go back on the finest double shot seen this side of the Rockies since the railroad came through, but Eastern capital can't preach down the Western heart

when it comes to a kid story like that! And I'll get that to the jury — the judge don't judge that can keep me from ringing that in on those twelve good men and true!"

And with these reassurances, obscure to my intelligence, but nevertheless comforting to my heart, he swung off to catch his East-bound train.

Of course he was right about the Western heart, the dear, romantic Western heart. He was a very artful gentleman, was Mr. Clay Chisholm, and he said not a word of me to Archie. In his final summing up he brought in my Odyssey, and my poor prisoner, sitting there in the dock, broken, ill, and on trial for his life, was taken unawares with the dearest memory of his youth. The iron melted and when he heard — it was in the speech — that I was in the country, caring, crying for him, he cried, too.

The jury was out ten minutes. Oh, I love a jury! What are law and evidence in the teeth of the eternal verities!

When he clasped hands with Chisholm, a free man, all Archie said, all he could say in his breaking voice, was, "I knew when you told about her — I knew my baby would save me!"

No, strange as it seems, I never saw him again, never after he left his baby at Monterey. He was dying with consumption, and though it was too late, my father hurried him down into the sunshine of New Mexico. I wanted to go to him, but I was a *jeune fille*, and one thing and another interfered. I know now the truth; the older heads, the older hearts were against the meeting. The little one that has grown up is gone, vanished — vanished beyond all other possessions of the past. A strange young lady seen in the flesh, coming to him under the name that long ago in the mountain bar-room he had given his baby — she could but have wrecked the dream child he cherished.

When he was gone a wee pink calico frock and two red shoes were found among his scant, rough bachelor possessions.

# THE LADY PEDDLER AND THE DIPLOMATS

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW MISSIONER," "THE RETURN OF THE GYPSY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



MRS. EVANS gave a final tap with her hammer to the wheel of an old buckboard which she had just succeeded in patching together with rude skill, and then stepped back to view the result of her labor.

"I guess that's good for several trips yet," she remarked with evident satisfaction, "if that mule just holds out," turning a doubting eye on an old gray horse with spavined knees and a blind eye, now sunk in relaxed and listless slumber.

"Oh, he'll get along all right, and I'll go with you to hist him up whenever he stumbles," replied Mrs. Nitschkan, who leaned comfortably against a huge, pink boulder on the rocky hillside behind them.

"He'd better hold out," Mrs. Evans bestowed a menacing glance at the animal. "How'd ever I get 'Vitina' fer man an' beast, applied external and internal, to all the poor sufferers through this camp an' up an' down these mountains if he don't?"

As she stood, with hands on hips, considering the question, she formed a complete contrast to her friend. A wide sombrero was thrust jauntily on one side of her sleek, brown head and a trim gingham gown of starched freshness was belted tightly about her compact, little waist. A determined, bird-like creature with quick, darting movements, she seemed the very embodiment of force and energy.

Mrs. Nitschkan, on the other hand, was a sturdy, devil-may-care daughter of the mountains; her very costume expressing her complete indifference to all prevailing conventions.

Her dress consisted of a man's coat thrown loosely over a man's flannel shirt open at the

throat, and a short skirt which entirely failed to conceal her heavy miner's boots. A soft hat was pushed far back on her curly, brown head, and in her sun-burned face twinkled a pair of bright, blue eyes, while her frequent smile displayed small, milk-white teeth.

"I guess we'd best climb up and try that seat," suggested Mrs. Evans. "If it's goin' to give way with us, I'd rather it'd do it here than any old place along the road, probably just in front of the post-office."

They were about to attempt this somewhat hazardous feat when, hearing shouts, they turned quickly to see two of their friends hastening down the mountain road and gesticulating in such a manner as to convey the fact that they bore news of especial importance.

"Well, what do you think?" cried Mrs. Thomas as she drew near, her round pink-and-white face all aglow with excitement.

"Yes, vat you tink?" echoed Mrs. Landvetter, a huge feather pillow of a woman, spotlessly Dutch.

"What?" exclaimed both women.

"There ain't nothin' happened to Sile at the Mont d'Or Mill is there?" breathlessly from Mrs. Evans.

"Nor to Jack in the Gold Bug?" from Mrs. Nitschkan.

"Oh, Land, no! Get your men folks out of your heads fer onc't, It's just this," fluttered Mrs. Thomas, "I seen Rufe Hayes, that drives the hack up from the station, an' he says that a lady peddler's jus' come up on the train. Rufe says she was peart as could be, talkin' to every one on the hack an' offerin' 'em free samples of medicine."

"Medicine!" for a moment, Mrs. Evans's face fell, then her unfaltering courage expressed itself in a firmer set of the lips. "What kind?" she demanded briskly.

"All kinds," explained Mrs. Thomas volubly. "A black case full of 'em. She says that this thing of givin' one kind of medicine fer all diseases is clean out of date. She says, this peddler does, that different diseases require different remedies."

"She does," repeated Mrs. Evans with superior scorn. "Well, it's plain to be seen that she's not on to the newest thing in medicine, and," with some heat, "if anybody's goin' to get out of this game, it ain't me, an' you can tell her so with my compliments. It's a matter of principle with me. I know I got a good thing in 'Vitina,' an' something that the folks here needs. That's the only reason that I took the agency fer it. It's the best medicine fer man an' beast that ever was put up. You girls know what a way we got to live here. The nearest doctor seven miles off over the Pass, an' us either dead or got well by the time he gets here."

"Now if this peddler can work any such miracles in this camp as I've done with 'Vitina,' all right. I'm ready to make my bow and get out, but I guess my standin' 's such that folks here know I'm no faker."

But in spite of a stiff upper lip, she was considerably perturbed in spirit. She knew her Zenith, as the little village far up in the Rockies was called, and Zenith was but an epitome of the fickle world, which lavishes its adulation upon the unfortunate objects of its interest only to cast them heedlessly upon the rocks or into the lions' den when a new favorite captures its attention.

Yet not for one moment did she show a shadow of turning. As the days went by, she importuned her customers as ceaselessly as ever, although her quick wits divined indifference in lieu of the enthusiasm with which "Vitina" had once been received; and slowly but surely was she forced to face the unwelcome truth that her rival was, as she expressed it, "fully on to her job."

Daily the tide set more strongly against her, but steadfastly, she refused to accept ultimate defeat. Fully awake to the necessity of some strategic manoeuvre, she attempted to enhance the attractions of "Vitina" by surrounding it with soaps, perfumes, essences, and a souvenir spoon thrown in now and then; but the ensuing revival of interest was merely temporary and quickly dissipated by a little hot shot from the enemy, to the effect that that particular kind of soap would crack open the hands, that the essences were poison, the spoons

tin, and the perfumes of a variety whose vogue had long passed.

Knowing the intense and almost feverish rivalry which existed between the two vendors of medicine, it was with some trepidation that Mrs. Thomas addressed her friend, a month later, as the women climbed the mountain side leading the old horse whose strength was not equal to the task of drawing four of them. "Do you think you'll go to the church social in the Town Hall tomorrow night, Mis' Evans?"

It was a shimmering, sparkling morning and the road wound up over "the range" with the dim, purple vistas, where the eye plunged happily into the depths of deer-haunted shadow, and then glanced upward to white, majestic peaks towering remotely above them. Even purveyors of "Vitina," it would seem, must feel the awe and splendor of the scene and pay it the fleeting tribute of silence; but these mountain women were used to scenic interruptions.

"Do I think I'll go to the church social?" returned Mrs. Evans haughtily. "What for should I be driven from my own church social by a creature like that? Perhaps I ain't got a plaid silk waist an' a string o' pink beads knockin' against my knees every step I take, but my hair an' my teeth, an' my figure's my own, an' I guess one that's born a McKenzie can hold up her head with the best."

"You're all right, Evans," exclaimed Mrs. Nitschkan admiringly, "and if you get into a scrap with her, jus' give me a wink an' I'll do her up."

"They won't be no call for that," replied Mrs. Evans mysteriously. "I got other plans in my head."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed Mrs. Nitschkan. "Mis' Evans's got one of her little games on hand."

"An' right enough, too," sympathized Mrs. Thomas. "How'd ever us poor women —"

"What plans you got to drive her out, Effie?" interrupted Mrs. Nitschkan with eager interest.

"She ain't a-goin' to be druv," replied Mrs. Evans with succinct emphasis.

"Ain't a-goin' to be druv!" echoed her companions in bewildered amazement.

"No, sir," Mrs. Evans paused in the roadway and thrust her arms akimbo, "she's a-goin' to stay right here an' get married."

"Get married! Who to?" chorused the listeners.

"Willie Barker over to Mt. Tabor," with nonchalant assurance. "He's got a nice drug store there, an' if he marries a dressy wife that's fond of spendin', he'll get that bee outen his bonnet that's always a-buzzin' to him to start a branch store here in Zenith."

"There ain't a man goin' to look at her," scoffed Mrs. Thomas, secure in her own opulent attractions, "a pinched-up wrinkled piece of scrawniness. Leastways," with a pouting expression of mutiny, "I don't think you've any call to hit on Willie Barker. There's others that haven't got his manners that'd do fer her. I never go to his store that he don't set up the soda-water or a sack of candy."

"Look here, Marthy Thomas," Mrs. Evans's voice was stern, "I've done a good turn for you now and again, and I'm callin' on you now to remember it. You're promised to Dan Mayhew, an' you can keep your eyes off Willie Barker."

"I'm 'fraid," mused Mrs. Nitschkan doubtfully, "that it's goin' to be the toughest job we ever tackled."

"My Gawd, Sadie Nitschkan," exclaimed Mrs. Evans wearily, "an' you can say that, knowin' men as you'd ought to! They're jus' like a flock o' sheep. Now what us girls's got to do is to talk her up grand. Make the boys think she runs 300 to the ounce."

Mrs. Landvetter clicked her lace needles. "Vell, you can't neffer tell," she remarked, somewhat vaguely. "Ven you talks it, it sounds great; but ven you tink how she look, it sounds bad."

The next evening, Miss Polk attended the social in company with the woman at whose house she lodged. They had arrived early, and the three horny-handed musicians were but tuning up their instruments when the lady peddler took her seat in one of the chairs ranged about the wall. Tall, gaunt, slightly gray, but eternally kittenish, with the trained vivacity of the experienced saleswoman, she sat gazing out upon the highly waxed but uneven floor illumined by glass lamps about the walls, with a set smile of anxious anticipation. This faded into an expression of intense surprise as Mrs. Evans bustled up to her, and grasping her hand voiced her pleasure at seeing Miss Polk present.

"Thanks," responded the lady peddler, recovering her vivacity. "Thanks Mis' Evans, you an' me ought to have a lot in common, both in the same line of business."

The little woman she addressed cocked her bird-like head and looked up with quick, cool eyes. "In business!" with light surprise, "you're clean off, Miss Polk. I got a husband to support me, an' a house and children to look after. I ain't got no time fer peddlin' pills. I jus' accommodate a few of my friends with 'Vitina,' the best remedy fer man an' beast applied internal and external that ever was invented."

A certain shrewd sparkle suddenly shone in Miss Polk's eyes and there was a slight squaring of the jaw beneath her good-natured smile.

"Well, it's my work an' I like it," she affirmed, "but bein' as it's jus' play to you I'd like to rent your horse and cart for the summer. There's such a demand for my pills that I just can't get around to folks fast enough."

This return fire was so rapid and effective that to Mrs. Nitschkan, at her friend's elbow, "a scrap" seemed inevitable; but although Mrs. Evans's lips compressed to a thin scarlet line, and there were white dents about her nostrils, she held herself well in hand.

"Oh, Mr. Evans wouldn't never hear of that," lightly. "An' now, Miss Polk, us girls want to do all we can to give you a good time in Zenith. Have you met all the boys yet?"

Miss Polk ran her eyes hastily over the groups of miners standing about the hall. "Mercy no!" with a little gasp, "not half of 'em."

"Well, us girls'll see that you do" announced the tiny woman. "Wait till I get Elzevir down," depositing the sleeping child on a chair, "an' I'll bring some of 'em up." With that, she bustled away. "Here, Jim," accosting the first man she met, "I want you to come an' meet the lady peddler, she's a mighty nice girl."

"Girl!" echoed the reluctant miner.

"Oh, well, she ain't so young and perhaps not to say pretty," admitted Mrs. Evans, with frankness, "but Jim, she's certainly got style. Kind o' citified lookin' you know, an' yet she don't put on no airs."

"An' she's so bright, too," cooed Mrs. Thomas, joining them. "She jus' keeps me in the giggles all the time. Here Tom," stopping a sturdy fellow as he passed them, "you want to hurry up quick an' get a dance promised with the lady peddler. Them Mt. Tabor folks'll be here in a minute, an' Willie Barker'll like as not take every

dance. You know they'll have so much in common, all their different pills to talk over."

Tom's expression of reluctance vanished. There was a feud of long standing between Willie Barker and himself. "Well, Willie Barker won't get nary a dance, if I can help it," truculently. "Anyways," moved by a chivalrous instinct, "if all you ladies say is true, she must be better'n she looks."

So well did the little band employ their energies in arousing an interest in Miss Polk, that long before the party arrived from Mt. Tabor the lady peddler knew for the first time in her existence the excited joy of halving her dances.

Having sown the seed, Mrs. Evans was naturally anxious to discover whether it had fallen upon fertile soil, so on the homeward way she inquired of Mr. Evans his impressions of Miss Polk.

"Oh, she's all right," he replied indifferently, "the boys didn't seem to think she was pretty; but kind o' citified and stylish and she don't put on no airs." His wife smiled triumphantly in the darkness.

"An' she's bright, too," continued Evans with more warmth in his tone, and a reminiscent chuckle, "why, when you was a-waltzin' with Willie Barker her'n me most died laughin'. I thought she'd choke. She said: 'That's the funniest thing I ever saw. How Mrs. Evans is able to keep her feet on the ground with him takin' them kangaroo hops is more'n I can understand.'"

Mrs. Evans compressed her lips. "So you couldn't find nothing better to do, Sile Evans, than to sit there pokin' fun at your own wife an' Willie Barker. Maybe Willie Barker does dance kind o' funny; but I guess in the sight of the Lord, his dancin's as good or better'n yours. You needn't get set up 'cause the lady peddler talked to you ten minutes, and she needn't get set up 'cause the boys paid her a little attention, for she's goin' to marry Willie Barker."

"Marry Willie Barker!" exclaimed Evans.

"Yes, marry Willie Barker. Here was I workin' up a trade an' it was doin' good, too, an' I was savin' up toward that piece of black silk in Swanstrom's window, an' havin' the children's teeth fixed, an' I ain't goin' to have it snatched out of my hands."

"How do you know Willie will want her, or she'll want Willie?" asked Mr. Evans stupidly.

"How'd I know anything? If you don't believe me, you just sit still and watch how things go."

Apparently, things went very well. The entertaining became very brisk; Zenith was evidently in the throes of a social season, such as it had never known before, and Miss Polk received enough attention to turn her head, a result which Mrs. Thomas declared had been achieved. "I talked Willie Barker up to her as good as the best," said that lady aggrievedly, "an' what did I get?"

"Oh," she says, tossin' her head, "I couldn't think of lettin' anything interfere with my c'reer."

"What's a c'reer?" asked Mrs. Nitschkan.

"It seems to be some kind of dinky work you're doin' when you ain't got no show to get married," responded Mrs. Thomas cautiously, as one not sure of her ground. "You talk a lot about it, an' how you wouldn't give it up for nothin'."

"There's a lot in the askin'," said Mrs. Evans sententiously. "Things certainly is goin' well; but I mos' wish I'd been born a atheist. They can go round an' enjoy themselves with no thought of their responsibilities or the Judgment Day; but for a Christian an' a perfesser it's different. You got to manage things fer folks an' bear their burdens till the cows come home."

"You certainly are a manager, Evans," admired Mrs. Nitschkan.

"Some has to be," with a resigned sigh, "I often think that when I reach the other shore, I'll get a good deal of comfort out of comparin' notes with Noah. I know what a time he had herdin' those animals into the Ark."

But in spite of her skill in adjusting the affairs of others, Mrs. Evans was about to make a startling and disconcerting discovery. For the first time in her experience, she was to learn how powerless we are to control the forces we lightly set in motion.

If Miss Polk's belleship had in a sense been thrust upon her, and had been achieved by press agents and spurious methods, the woman herself was possessed of sufficient shrewdness and mother wit to see her opportunity and make the most of it. This hard-working, old-young, neglected creature had blossomed under the sunshine of masculine approbation, into a maturity far more attractive than her starved, sharp-angled, disappointed youth had ever been. She did not lose her head, neither did she adopt the capricious wiles of youthful coquetry. On the contrary, in this atmosphere of new and exotic appreciation, her individuality seemed



*Walter Lloyd*

"LEADING THE OLD HORSE WHOSE STRENGTH WAS NOT EQUAL TO THE  
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to broaden, develop and expand, and the qualities she possessed were those that won their way with the mountain people. She had a gift of give and take repartee, eminently good-natured, without bitterness or sarcasm; she was sympathetic and tactful, and a shrewd knowledge of human nature gained by her years of canvassing had supplied her with a fund of humorous anecdote.

Consequently, during the long summer months, the porch of the cabin where she lodged was usually filled to overflowing. It had become the natural and accepted thing for Miss Mayme Polk to entertain from twenty to thirty young miners every evening.

As regularly as the clock ticked, Willie Barker drove over from Mt. Tabor; and when the sun slowly sank behind the peaks, Rufe Hayes might be seen starting from his lonely cabin on Corona Mountain to begin his sheer three-mile walk to the village.

The dances became more frequent; picnics were the order of the day: Miss Mayme Polk was enjoying such a belleship as she had never dreamed of in her most ecstatic moments.

"It do beat all," said the village Solon, squinting his eyes at the distant peaks from the window of the assayer's office, "it do beat all, how men an' brothers 'll go crazy in bunches over some piece of bone and gristle that's begun to grow yellow behind the ears. An' the reason is this. Take a girl, she shows her preferences right off. 'I'm fer Jack,' says she, 'the rest kin go hang.' But you take a old thing like this one, an' she's the same to all, to Harry that's flat broke, an' to Dick that's got the best showin' of ore in the camp; but all the time she's doin' some tall thinkin'."

Mrs. Evans's smile of elation at the success of her plans had gradually grown less confident. Something of puzzle, almost of bewilderment had crept into it and a tiny network of perplexed lines was showing on her smooth brow.

In the meantime Miss Polk's sale of drugs was phenomenal, record breaking. The miners bought steadily, consumingly, and the "hack" was so overloaded with the boxes of medicine which came up from Denver each day, that the passengers were seriously incommoded.

In fact Miss Mayme Polk's popularity was something of a landslide, and Mrs. Evans was beginning to feel as if she might be crushed beneath the avalanche.

For the first time she was tasting the

bitterness of success. Obedient to her will, events had arranged themselves — with a mathematical precision. Everything had turned out exactly as she had planned. Willie Barker stood ready to offer the lady peddler his hand and heart, and all his worldly possessions, and not only Willie Barker but Rufe Hayes, Jimmy Johnson and a score of others; but the taste of her fruit of fulfilment was as dust and ashes in Mrs. Evans's mouth.

It was upon this scurvy jest of fate that she pondered, one evening, as she lighted the lamp, and drew out the contents of her mending basket; but not long was she left to her own meditations. Presently there was a knock upon the outer door, and it swung open to admit her three friends and counselors.

"Gee!" exclaimed Mrs. Nitschkan fanning herself with her hat. "It's a warm night. There ain't scarce a breath from the peaks stirrin'. Well, Mis' Evans," gazing admiringly at her friend, "you certainly done it. I jus' come past Mis' T. R. Warden's an' I'm a-tellin' you true, the porch is jus' black with the boys."

Mrs. Thomas's round, good-humored face did not relax from the faintly displeased lines into which it had recently fallen.

"It sure looks as if she might get Willie Barker after all," advanced Mrs. Evans with a rather nervous assumption of impatience.

"Gosh A'mighty, woman!" Mrs. Nitschkan's tones were more robust than usual, "Willie Barker? Why, she's got her pick of the whole camp. They're hers at bargain prices. She kin take 'em or leave 'em as she chooses."

Mrs. Thomas twisted pettishly in her chair. "The boys in this camp are clear gone crazy." Then with cutting emphasis, "I guess, Mis' Evans, you've gone too far — I guess you've done more'n you bargained for this time. A woman's place is the home, but you can't never be contented with your speere. You're always tryin' to play Gawd."

For once Mrs. Evans's habitual, cool self-control deserted her. She threw her work to the floor with a gesture of despair. "I never see anything like it," she exclaimed. "I expected to realize on my 'Vitina' this summer so's I could get that piece of black silk in Swanstrom's window, an' Celora's teeth fixed — an' what's happened? Folks is so took with this lady peddler's pills that 'Vitina's' jus' fell dead. You can't give a

bottle away, an' that mule's in the shed eating his head off, an' now" — bursting into shrill tears — "Sile's took to going down to see this Polk about three evenings a week. He sits here for 'bout an hour after supper, an' kicks his feet up an' down on the stove an' then makes some excuse about havin' to see one or 'nother of the boys about the ore or about some haulin' to the mill or something, an' then he comes home here three or four hours later lookin' as good humored as you please, an' sayin' the only place he could find the boys was at Warden's. An'," with a final burst of tears, "I jus' sit round here, an' can't do nothin'. I ain't got no inventiveness. I don't know what's come to me; but I ain't got no inventiveness."

"You ain't no call to do all the roarin', Mis' Evans," said Mrs. Thomas severely. "It's bad enough when husbands takes on that way, but what is it when the gentleman you're engaged to cuts up the same capers?" Then she, too, subsided into tears.

Mrs. Nitschkan looked from one to another of her weeping friends. "Gosh A-mighty!" with a low whistle. "So that's the way the wind blows!" Then the surprise on her face giving place to decision, she slowly rolled up her sleeve and felt of her great, swelling muscles.

"Stop bawlin', girls," she continued authoritatively, "an' listen to me. I've heard the boys talk about this here what-do-you-call-it — diplomacy game, an' I've heard of the big stick, too. Now Mrs. Evans has been tryin' the diplomacy game, an' it ain't worked, so I'm a-goin' to see what the big stick'll do. Now, I'll tell you what. We'll jus' sit where we are till Miss Polk's callers is through callin' an' then we'll creep down there an' Miss Lady Peddler'll be given till the six o'clock train to-morrow morning to get out of Zenith."

But scarcely had she finished speaking when there came the sound of laughter and of footsteps without. Then a knock, and Miss Polk herself entered accompanied by a middle-aged, dark, pompous stranger.

To the women who rose suddenly to their feet, she appeared a vision of the style they adored. A poppy-strewn organdie, a poppy-wreathed hat, scarlet ribbons and long gloves completed a costume whose elegance awed them into momentary silence.

Miss Polk advanced smilingly. "Mr. Leffingwell, ladies," indicating the stranger in her wake. "I just ran off a minute," she

continued volubly, "an' left Mis' T. R. Warden to entertain the boys; but you folks have all been so nice to me that I couldn't go away without telling you good-by."

"Good-by!" gasped the women.

"Yes," smiled Miss Polk. "My sales have been so awful good up here that Mr. Leffingwell," smiling at that gentleman from under the poppy-wreathed hat, "has offered me a permanent agency."

"Then, you ain't a-goin' to marry Willie Barker, nor Rufe Hayes, nor none of the boys here?" faltered Mrs. Evans.

"Oh, dear me, no," with a conscious giggle. "No, indeed," smoothing her gloves. "They're lovely gentlemen, every one of 'em; but I got my c'reer, you know."

Mr. Leffingwell coughed slightly, it may be significantly, for Miss Polk tossed her head and bridled.

"Yes, Mr. Leffingwell's got to leave to-morrow, and he wants me to go right down with him, an' take charge of the office — the work's pressing; but I will say, I'm sorry to leave, for as I said to Mr. Leffingwell, coming up here, 'Well, of all the hospitable, kind-hearted ladies, Mis' Evans, and her crowd takes the cake. Why, these ladies, Mr. Leffingwell, have just turned themselves inside out to give me a good time.'" She spoke with evident sincerity. "And now, Mis' Evans, that I've got this chance, I want you to take up the agency for my pills — you could handle them right along with 'Vitina,'"

Mrs. Nitschkan slapped the lady peddler upon the back with a heartiness which set every poppy on the hat quivering.

"That's what I call white, woman dear, that's what I call white, and Effie Evans you ain't got no Christian spirit if you don't take up her offer."

But Mrs. Evans, too overcome to speak, had dropped into a chair and now sobbed audibly in her apron.

"She'll take you up all right," assured Mrs. Thomas, soothingly. "It's just a touch of the strikes, from the shock-like of your goin' so sudden."

"Well, then that's settled, an' I got to run," replied Miss Polk, patting Mrs. Evans's shoulder. "Good luck to you all, and good-by." She gathered up her scarlet and white skirts and paused a moment in the doorway. "I will say, Mis' Evans, if there was more folks like you, always tryin' to help others an' make things pleasant for 'em, this world would be a better an' a happier place."



"TO THE WOMEN WHO ROSE SUDDENLY TO THEIR FEET, SHE APPEARED  
A VISION OF THE STYLE THEY ADORED"

# CANCER—CAN IT BE CURED?\*

BY

C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S. (EDIN.)



AS in the case of the fabled shepherd of our youth, who cried "Wolf" when there was no wolf, and was ultimately left to be consumed, the incessant reiteration of lies is apt to throw discredit upon the truth. It is in the nature of cancer to lend itself peculiarly to exploitation by the charlatan. It is a disease in which all are interested and from which any of us may suffer, years bringing not immunity but increased susceptibility. And, indeed, it need hardly be said that the charlatan has not been slow to avail himself of his opportunities. He has discovered innumerable cures, which agree only in this, that they do not cure. Similarly, sincere but deluded investigators have discovered innumerable microbes which agree only in this — that their presence in cases of the disease is inconstant, accidental and irrelevant. Hence it needs some courage to assert that the conquest of cancer is now an immediate possibility, and I feel that a personal explanation is desirable. Dr. John Beard, Lecturer in Comparative Embryology in the University of Edinburgh, is the worker with whose results we are here concerned. Trypsin, the substance which occupies the place of honor, has been known to physiologists for many years and can readily be obtained anywhere.

It is customary to speak of a man's motive as if motives were not almost invariably multiple. Nevertheless, my chief motive in the present instance is the belief that medicine has lately become possessed of a new method of treatment for cancer, and indeed all forms of malignant tumor, for the want of which many person's in many parts of the world

may now be hastening to a not-inevitable grave. This is no time for hiding such a light under a bushel. The facts which I am to recount may be due to a series of miraculous interventions with the course of nature. Or they may be no facts, but dependent upon the simultaneous loss of reason by the various persons who have observed them. There are now too many of them, and they are too consistent, for any one to believe that they are to be explained as a series of unprecedented coincidences. The other hypotheses being incredible, I, for one, have no choice but to believe that I am now privileged to describe a number of facts, our knowledge of which not merely marks an epoch in embryology, but promises to put an end forever to what is perhaps the most appalling of all the ills that flesh is heir to.

## *One Death in Forty Due to Cancer*

Cancer is an extremely common disease, causing more than one in forty of all deaths. Its frequency is generally believed to be rapidly increasing, though such a belief is an illegitimate inference from the statistical figures. Many observers, however, believe that though the disease may not actually be increasing in the sense in which that word is usually understood, yet the greater expectation of life which now falls to the members of civilized communities, implies that a larger proportion of them than formerly reach the ages at which this disease most commonly appears. If you live long enough, so to speak, you will probably die of cancer.

The most superficial forms of this disease have lately been found to be controllable, some by radium, some by the Röntgen rays. These very cases, however, are readily accessible to the knife, and if secondary growths

\* This article has been corrected and approved by Dr. Beard, himself.

have occurred, the therapeutic agent cannot follow them with any more success than can the surgeon. These trivial exceptions apart, the only known cure for cancer is the knife. This being so, it is natural that modern surgery, empowered with anaesthesia and antiseptics, should have yearly sought, and with ever-increasing success, to effect radical cures of this otherwise incurable malady. Doubtless the patient re-enters into life maimed and halt, yet so are we made that this is a welcome alternative to death. But whilst all praise must be given to surgeons for their efforts, and whilst their frequent success in greatly prolonging life, and their occasional success in extirpating the tumor, root and branch, must be acknowledged, yet it is unfortunately true that surgery is a desperate remedy for a desperate disease, and that despair is only too constantly justified.

Whither, then, must we turn? Surely pathology will give us an answer. Of what does cancer consist? What is its origin and history? How may we break the chain of its causation?

There is now-a-days no pathology but the cellular pathology founded by Virchow. Every kind of malignant tumor consists of living cells which multiply at the expense of their surroundings and, after long battenning upon their host, finally kill him, thereby putting a term to their own life. None of the tissues of the host can withstand them, and Dr. Beard holds that their action is due to their possession of a ferment which he calls "malignin" and which digests and destroys the living molecules of the cells of the host. This ferment was discovered by Eugen Petry in 1899. Plainly, the next question is to ascertain, if possible, the *differentia* of the malignant cell, and its historical origin. Is it, for instance, a cell derived from without the body; in other words, is it the result of an infection?

#### *Cancer Not the Result of Infection*

To this most important question a positive answer may be returned. A cancer, naturally arising, is *not* the result of an infection. Its parent cell or cells have existed, in innocence, in the body which they ultimately destroy. But before dismissing this matter we may note the results of the splendid work of Professor Jensen of Copenhagen, whose labors have just been recognized in Great Britain by the award of a valuable prize. There have been innumerable

attempts to transfer portions of cancerous growths from the human patient to the lower animals; and these have one and all failed. But Jensen and others have found that it is possible, with care, to transplant portions of a malignant growth from a given animal to another animal of the same or a closely allied species. For instance, there is now in existence the remarkable tumor which is known as Jensen's mouse-tumor. Having taken its origin about four years ago in a mouse, it has since been transplanted into some three thousand mice successively, having killed all *except two*.\* Of these, much more anon. This work of Jensen's has enabled the study of the essential properties of cancer to proceed at a rate otherwise impossible. Apart from this practical issue, it is of great interest to know that the body of a mouse of one kind may serve to nourish the cancerous cells derived from the body of a similar mouse, but will not sustain the life of cells derived from a rat or a mouse of a different variety.

Granted, then, that the cells of a malignant tumor are naturally native to their host, we must ask ourselves at least three questions. Dr. Beard believes that he has answered the first of these; the second is readily answerable; and to the third no certain answer can yet be returned. We may take them up in the reverse order.

The third question is this: What are the circumstances which, in a given part of a given individual, cause the growth and multiplication of cells which have always been present in him, but have hitherto been quiescent? We are beginning to guess, but we do not know. Hence if we are to use the word "cause" in the ridiculous fashion of common speech, which assumes that, for any given fact, there is only one cause — as if the universal past were not the cause of any one fact — we may say that the cause of cancer remains unknown. Why certain cells, latent from the first, should multiply and become patent at this place but not at that, at this age but not at that, in your neighbor but not in you — we cannot say. *But so far as the control of cancer is concerned, our ignorance does not matter.*

#### *Characters of a Cancer Cell*

The second question we must ask is this: What are the characters of the cancer cell which distinguish it from those of the

\* Several have been cured since these words were written.

normal body cell? These characters have long been known in a general way. If it be adequately nourished from without, the cancer cell is capable of indefinite multiplication. It is of an extremely low order, being incapable of differentiating itself; it cannot form tissues; the blood-vessels within the midst of a cancer have grown into it from without; no cancer cell is capable of giving rise to anything but another cell like itself. This absence of any power of differentiation distinguishes the cancer cell. It is also distinguished, curiously enough, by its low vitality. Though it produces substances which enable it to destroy every living tissue with which it comes in contact, including even bone, yet it is itself readily susceptible to the action of deleterious agencies. Cancer cells die in large numbers as the results of the attacks of microbes, thus giving rise to many of the most distressing symptoms of the disease and producing poisons which are absorbed, causing the chronic poisoning of the patient.

Hence we must ask ourselves the question which is logically first. What is the nature of the cell or cells from which a cancer arises? Two answers are possible. It may be that the cancerous cell, the parent of a tumor, was once a normal body cell, and that, owing to obscure causes, it has reverted to a lower type in which, according to the Spencerian law, the power of genesis is gained at the expense of the power of individuation, so that the cell, having lost its individual rank, has regained the power of indefinite multiplication, which is characteristic of microbes and countless other lowly cells. In the past many observers have inclined to the view that a cancer takes origin in such degenerate cells — that a cancer is the result of a local cellular reversion.

On the other hand, it may be that the parental cell of a cancer was, in the beginning, different from the cells surrounding it. This view has also been popular. The pathologist Cohnheim, for instance, conceived the theory of what are called "embryonic rests" — the word being better translated as *residues*. Cohnheim supposed that, in the course of development, certain cells from the external or epiblastic layer of the embryo for instance, have become misplaced, lying perhaps in tissues formed from a different layer, such as the middle layer or mesoblast. Such embryonic residues, Cohnheim supposed, might lie dormant for years,

giving rise to trouble only when some special cause excited them to growth. The cause of such excitement might conceivably be infection by some special kind of microbe, and it need hardly be said that students have again and again deceived themselves with the belief which we have already dismissed.

#### *Parent Cancer Cell Has Always Been in the Body*

Dr. Beard holds the latter of these two views — that the parent cell of a cancer was different, at the very first, from its neighbors. He believes, indeed, that the parent cancer cell has always been *in the body but not of it*.

And now we must leave the subject of cancer altogether, as it would appear, and must turn to embryology, which will lead us to an explanation of the words italicized and which has now enabled Dr. Beard not only to cure two mice, otherwise doomed, but also several human beings, stricken with this terrible disease. Ranking ourselves with Dr. Beard as, for the nonce, comparative embryologists, and scientific investigators, let us consider the history of individual development as it is seen in a very large number of the lower animals and plants. In these there is found a fact which is technically known as the *alternation of generations*. The best popular description of it that I am acquainted with is to be found in the fifteenth chapter of Professors Geddes and Thomson's "Evolution of Sex" (Revised Edition). It is often found that the immediate descendant of a pair of organisms, male and female, is not a creature like one of themselves, but is a sexless being whose progeny, in their turn, reproduce the sexual state of their grandparents. Space is not here available for the discussion of the various forms of this phenomenon. Many years ago, however, Dr. Beard declared, that, even in the higher animals which we call vertebrates, there is a disguised alternation of generations, just as there is in flowering plants. I have before me, as I write, twenty-three papers of various lengths which have been published by Dr. Beard during the last seventeen years, the first being communicated by Professor Huxley to the Royal Society and received April 20, 1889. In that paper Dr. Beard first described the presence within the Bill-fish, *Lepidosteus osseus* and other fishes, of certain curious cells, which seemed to play a

temporary part in development and then totally disappeared. Three years later he published at Jena a paper on "A Supposed Law of Metazoan Development," which contains the first enunciation of his theory that even in the Metazoa or higher animals the process of alternation of generations occurs. I may quote a few words from that remarkable paper. After describing the presence of the larval or asexual form in many of the lower Metazoa, and pointing out "the analogy which would obtain between the suggested mode of Metazoan development and the accepted fact of an alternation of generations in the life histories of all plants above the lowest Thallophytes," Dr. Beard says:

*Facts of Embryology Upon Which Theory of Treatment is Based*

"I venture to attach most weight to the application of the principle to the vertebrata . . . It is undoubtedly the obstacles offered by the phenomena of vertebrate development which have hitherto prevented the enunciation of the law of development as an alternation of generations. Larvae are so commonly encountered among the invertebrata that the wonder is that no one has inquired why they are so rare in any guise in the vertebrata." Dr. Beard goes on to assert that larval structures can be found in several Amphibia and fishes, and that these degenerate. Speaking of one such structure, he says: "It is gradually broken down by some ferment action." Dr. Beard's conclusion is that "Metazoan development appears to me to be by means of an alternation of generations in that, from the fertilized organism arises the larva, upon which, in one way or another, according to the circumstances of each case, a new form, the adult or imago, takes its origin." Fourteen years have elapsed. It has been found that, just as in various of the vertebrates, the egg gives rise to a larva which does not directly develop into the new organism, but "serves as the foundation on which the development recommences, as it were *de novo*"; so, according to Dr. Beard, in such vertebrates as the skate and chick, there is found to be an asexual larval stage, upon which the embryo proper develops. Such are the embryological beginnings which have in all probability led, as we shall see, to the conquest of cancer.

It is Dr. Beard's belief that the alternation of generations is common to all vertebrates

including man. What then becomes of the asexual stage or generation, since there is no sign of it in the adult individual? In the case of the skate and the chick, Dr. Beard has discovered what he calls a "critical period," which marks the beginning of the disappearance of the transitory larval generation that has hitherto been growing. We may call the characteristic tissue of which this structure is composed by the convenient name of *trophoblast*. Dr. Beard appears to have shown that up to the critical period in the case, for instance, of the fish, all the digestive processes have depended upon an acid, intracellular digestion, very similar to that which occurs in the stomach of the adult. The critical period is determined by the development in the embryo of a new organ called the pancreas (or sweetbread). In each of us this is the most important organ of digestion. It produces various ferments, the most important of which is known as trypsin. This substance acts only in an alkaline medium, being thus contrasted with pepsin. Writing in the *Lancet* rather more than a year ago, Dr. Beard said:

"At this epoch, the critical period, the fish commences to feed itself on yolk, not by an (intracellular) acid, peptic digestion, but by an alkaline, pancreatic one. The commencing activities of the pancreas during foetal life initiate an alkaline digestion by the means of the most powerful and important of all the digestive juices, the pancreatic . . . If the secretion be absent, neither the asexual structures of a fish development nor the cells of chorio-epithelioma [a tumor] do or can degenerate. The solution of the problem of the functional relation of embryo and trophoblast — how the latter nourishes itself by an (intracellular) acid digestion and degenerates slowly by a pancreatic digestion — becomes at the same time the embryological, if not the medical, resolution of the problems of malignant neoplasms . . ."

*Theory of Misplaced Germ-Cells*

And now let us return to cancer. What are we to regard as the nature of a cancer, in the light of our discovery of trophoblast? The answer which Dr. Beard returns is that cancerous tissue is none other than "irresponsible trophoblast." In order that the justification for this dictum may be advanced, we must consider our modern knowledge of

germ-cells. That this term corresponds to a reality, Weismann and Beard have definitely taught us. Every individual, produced as the higher animals are produced, is derived from a united pair of germ-cells. The old view was, that these are derived from the individual who bears them; but Weismann taught us that this is not so. He has familiarized us with what he calls the "continuity of the germ-plasm." From the point of view of the race, the individual is merely the ephemeral bearer of the immortal germ-plasm, which is as old as the race and is subject to no law of death. Weismann employs the phrase germ-plasm since he is unable to demonstrate the actual continuity of germ-cells in every case. Dr. Beard, however, believes that he has demonstrated the actual continuity of germ-cells *as cells* from generation to generation. If we take a special instance, such as the smooth skate (*Raja batis*) which Dr. Beard began to study nearly twenty years ago, we find, according to him, that an actual continuity of germ-cells is demonstrable. When he studies the very young skate—and the same is true of many other fishes and of the chick—he finds that the germ-cells are by no means confined to their proper and characteristic site in the body. He has found them in the head, the skin, the gill region, the liver, the blood, "in fine, there is hardly a place in the whole trunk or head in which such aberrant germ-cells have not been observed." He has figured them again and again. There is no possibility of mistaking their identity under the microscope. Where have these aberrant germ-cells come from—these cells, the malign possibilities of which are soon to be indicated? The common view would be that they had wandered from the part of the body of the embryo which gives rise to the germ-cells. But to Dr. Beard such an assertion is nonsensical; the germ-cells are older than the embryo. They are not products of any part of the body of the individual; they have arisen outside the embryo and have migrated into it. Dr. Beard has proved that this is so. In the smallest embryos of the skate no germ-cells are visible. Later on, germ-cells appear, but only a very few of them are found in their characteristic site in the body. For instance, in embryos 20 millimeter long 50 per cent of the germ-cells are misplaced, whilst in embryos half as long again only about 30 per cent are misplaced. In the very youngest embryos,

containing no germ-cells, hosts of germ-cells are to be found lying in the tissue immediately outside the embryo and preparing to enter it. In a word, the germ-cells precede the embryo and gradually wander into it as it develops. Many of the germ-cells never reach the proper position. They wander along what is called the germinal path, but may find themselves misplaced in all parts of the body. Commonly their fate is to degenerate, but apparently they do not always do so.

It follows that the germ-cells, not being developed from the embryo, are direct products of the original cell (of bisexual origin) which gives rise, on the one hand, to them, and on the other hand to the embryo itself. Thus the germ-cells within the embryo are its own immature "twin" brothers and sisters. In other words, the embryo is the product of one of the primary germ-cells, whilst the remainder come to be regarded, quite erroneously, as its own sexual products.

According to Dr. Beard, all malignant tumors are products of aberrant germ-cells, so that a death from cancer is, so to speak, a case of fratricide, since the individual and the tumor which kills him are both derived alike from one parent-cell. There are a host of instances in the lower animals, if not also in man, of the development of these aberrant germ-cells into tumors which show distinct signs of the attempt to produce a second individual.

Of these extraordinary cases Dr. Beard seems to have provided an explanation. But far more commonly such an aberrant germ-cell does not give rise to any such tumor, but passes on to the asexual stage or generation, producing the trophoblastic tissue of which we have already heard. In a word, a cancer results from the attempt of an aberrant germ-cell to continue its life cycle, the attempt having ended merely in the indefinite production of larval, asexual or trophoblastic tissue.

If this theory be correct, the conditions which lead to the destruction, digestion, and complete absorption of the normal trophoblastic tissue that begins to vanish at the "critical period," should have similar effects upon "irresponsible trophoblast." In a word, *trypsin should cure cancer by digesting its cells*. The rest of the pancreatic secretion should destroy and dispose of the products of this digestion.

*Dr. Beard's First Experiments with Animals*

Plainly this was a matter that must be put to the test, and Dr. Beard forthwith proceeded to do so, availing himself of the work of Professor Jensen, and with the assistance of Dr. H. Wade. Several mice were inoculated with tissue from the mouse-tumor to which we have already referred. After about five weeks, when a number of them had well-marked tumors, two were selected for treatment, their history being carefully compared with that of the untreated mice whose tumors were of the same age. A solution of trypsin was employed for injection into the two mice in question. Says Dr. Beard: "After ten days, when four injections in all had been made into each mouse, one of them was found dead by the laboratory servant. The post-mortem examination made by Dr. Wade revealed no cause of death. But for the presence of a tumor mass the mouse appeared to be quite healthy. The laboratory attendant thought that it had got caught between the cage and food vessel, and so (when intoxicated?) had caused its own death. The microscopical examination demonstrated that every single cell of the tumor was in degeneration, fully half of them being represented by shapeless masses of particles, probably remains of nuclei, and all the rest were mere skeletons of cells. Even these seemed in very many cases to be crumbling and falling rapidly away, as though in a hurry to quit the scene. The somatic tissues of this mouse, as represented by the leucocytes and connective-tissue stroma cells, were quite normal, and in the following instance also. The treatment of the second mouse lasted for twenty-two days, when it was killed, since on that day one of the untreated mice died of its tumor. In the case of that mouse the tumor was as large as the last segment of a man's thumb, whilst in the treated mouse it was only as big as a lentil. Microscopically this latter apology for a tumor was in advanced degeneration, shrinking away to nothingness and quite harmless. . . . Even without further treatment the tumor would have in all probability been absorbed shortly or its remains cast out."

The conclusion from these experiments, which are now, of course, being repeated, was that "the action of trypsin upon the cancer cell is to pull down the cancer albumin —

a living substance — and the cancer ferment — malignin — produced by this. . . . In addition to their confirmation of the conclusion that trypsin is the substance which will destroy the cancer cell with ease, and without danger to the individual (Beard and Shaw Mackenzie), these experiments go far to prove that in its nature cancer is neither germinal nor somatic, for trypsin, the architect of the soma [the body], does not in life destroy the soma or sexual individual or its sexual products, whilst its action is direct and utterly ruinous upon trophoblast or asexual generation." (*British Medical Journal*, January 20, 1906.)

*What Trypsin Has Done for Man*

Can trypsin do for man what it did for these two mice? In the above quotation there is the assertion that it can. Dr. Shaw Mackenzie, to whom the reference is made, has obtained apparently satisfactory results from the administration of trypsin in man, in order to prevent the recurrence of cancers after operation. Evidently, however, this is not a conclusive or satisfactory means of demonstrating the value of trypsin in man, if it has any. Its value must be tested in cases of present cancer, the diagnosis and the active growth of which at the time of treatment are beyond dispute. For preference, we must choose cases in which the growth is visible and the results, therefore, more certain. On the other hand, it is necessary also to choose cases in which the growth is inaccessible, so that we may test the value of the treatment where the local application of trypsin is impracticable. Trial is now being made in many parts of the world, and the present writer's personal knowledge of the results warrants him, he considers, in giving publicity to the whole matter. Warrants, indeed, is too weak a word. The giving of the widest and most immediate publicity to these facts seems to be a proceeding from which it would be cruel and cowardly to refrain, even though absolutely dogmatic and final statements cannot yet be made, and even though one may be accused of rushing in where wiser people fear to tread. If the cases I have seen be not miraculous in the common sense of the term — that is to say, due to Divine interference with natural law — one has no choice but to speak.

By the courtesy of the physician in charge, to whose notice I first brought the trypsin

treatment, and solely for my own pleasure and instruction, I have personally watched, from the first, the treatment of a case of cancer in an outlying district of London. The diagnosis was beyond dispute and had been independently confirmed at two hospitals — one of them world-famous. The growth was visible and evidently full of vitality. The surgeons had pronounced the case inoperable, and the patient was evidently sinking. Writing two days less than four weeks after the tentative and partial commencement of treatment by trypsin, I am able to report that, so far as all the indications go (and they are abundant), the tumor has already been killed outright. The patient is now apparently on the high road to recovery, though some difficulty has yet to be apprehended by reason of the poisonous action of the disintegration products of the growth. So far as my small experience goes, this is certainly the most amazing thing I have ever seen. Several practising physicians — not mere on-lookers like myself — have already made similar reports to Dr. Beard. Erroneous diagnosis, coincidence, miracle, spontaneous death of the tumors — none of these explanations is adequate in these cases, any more than in the two mice of happy memory.

I might quote another case of the same kind which I have myself seen but I prefer merely to mention another which, at the time of writing, has been under treatment for six weeks, three successive operations having been performed by a distinguished surgeon who declined to undertake a fourth. In this case it is possible to say, even at this stage, not only that the growth of the tumor has been arrested but that it is now dead. The patient is apparently making a rapid recovery and it is expected that in a few weeks more, no signs of the tumor will be discoverable.

#### *Methods of Treatment*

In the present tentative and merely experimental stage of the treatment, the plain duty of any one who tries it, is to adopt all the possible means of bringing the action of this potent ferment to bear upon the cancerous cells. Those practising pioneers who have already ventured to act upon the Augustinian advice to prove all things, are therefore administering trypsin or pancreatic extract by the mouth, under the skin and, where possible, by local application. My

interest here is merely, having seen what I can scarcely believe myself to have seen, to avail myself of my peculiar opportunity to perform what I believe to be a public service. It is not for me to state doses and methods. Dr. Beard has formed provisional opinions upon these, but his practical experience and authority are superior to mine by only the measure of two mice. His advice, however, is at the service of all properly qualified physicians in any land who care to avail themselves of it. The treatment has to be seriously undertaken. In all probability Dr. Beard is correct when he asserts that trypsin exerts no action whatever upon the cells of the sexual generation of vertebrates, such as we represent. This must indeed be so, since trypsin in considerable strength passes from the pancreas of each of us, yet causes no injury. On the other hand, if there be a cancer or "irresponsible trophoblast," nourishing itself upon the tissues of the body, and if this be destroyed by trypsin, the products of its digestion must be absorbed and must give rise to disturbance. Hence very marked symptoms of poisoning or auto-intoxication are witnessed at first in human patients. Similar symptoms were observed in Dr. Beard's mice, being due, he believes, to poisoning by some product, possibly an alcohol, of the tryptic digestion of the tumor. A healthy mouse, similarly treated with trypsin, never displayed any symptoms. Hence, at present, important difficulties are to be expected in the application of the treatment, though the case I have myself watched shows that they are surmountable. This is another reason for haste, if my beliefs are correct. If the treatment does all that we hope, it will shortly be applied, in early stages, when the tumor mass is of inconsiderable size and the products of its digestion negligible.\*

Dr. Beard is naturally far too busy with his work, for him to assume the labor of publishing his results broadcast. It is by his wish that I am undertaking this task, from which practising members of my profession are excluded by that extremely necessary and admirable professional etiquette, which is so constantly misunderstood and maligned by the public, in whose interests it exists and whom it most effectually serves. If Dr. Beard is right he could well afford to

\* It is now found that if all pancreatic ferments be employed the symptoms of poisoning are averted.

wait for his inevitable reward of glory. If he be wrong, such an article as this can only injure him. But he prefers to take his chance since, whilst he can afford to wait, the victim of cancer cannot; and, besides, what we call a chance is for Dr. Beard a certainty. The event will prove. I will refrain from laudation or words of triumph and even from what would be peculiarly attractive to me — a discussion of the manner in which a worker in pure science has been enabled, after nearly twenty years, to contribute to a

practical subject of which he had no thought in starting, and the connection of which with his own work it has remained for that work itself to elucidate. If, as I believe, there is a moral here, it must be pointed out in due course. Meanwhile, I submit to the civilized world generally, the proposition that the "trypsin" or pancreatic treatment of cancer is worthy of immediate trial in the behalf of the many persons to whom it alone offers a possible chance of escape from an otherwise inexorable fate.

## CASABIANCA

BY

MONTAGUE GLASS



R. GOODEL'S desk reflected, in its littered disorder, the need of an office boy, and to the end that one should be procured, he had inserted an advertisement in the morning paper. The applicants blocked the corridor, and from the odor and hue of the atmosphere, the majority of them had been smoking cigarettes, a practice which Mr. Goodel abominated.

At the end of the line that reached from the door to the elevator, stood a shawl-wrapped figure clasping a youth of fourteen by the hand. Mr. Goodel had almost fallen over the latter who reached approximately to his knee and as he forced his way past the candidates for employment, it occurred to him that it might be a good thing to supplement his own feeble ideas of discipline by the stern parental authority which evidenced itself in the forbidding countenance of the lady near the elevator.

He accordingly invited her to enter with her charge, who made the journey to Mr. Goodel's sanctum by a series of short energetic jerks in the wake of his mother.

"Is this your son?" he asked mildly.

"Yes, sir," she replied and then addressing the boy, "Take yer hands out'n yer pockets, you."

He obeyed with an alacrity that augured well for Mr. Goodel's service.

"How old is he?" Mr. Goodel went on.

"Fourteen," she replied, "an' he just graduated from the grammar-school."

"Is he a good boy?" he inquired perfunctorily.

"He will be *that*," she said with a tightening of the corners of her mouth. "An' if he ain't," she continued, "just let me know, that's all."

Mr. Goodel tried to think of something else to say and then turned to his desk.

"All right," he said, "I'll engage him."

The lady bowed austerely.

"Thank ye kindly," she murmured.

"Now pay attention to the gentleman, Jimmy," she said to the boy, "An' do wot he tells yer. D'ye mind me?"

She nodded again and swept out of the office.

"Sit down at the desk outside, boy," said Mr. Goodel, "and when I want you, I'll ring."

A muffled buzz of conversation without, reminded Mr. Goodel of the unsuccessful candidates.

"Here, boy," he called. "Run outside and tell 'em all to go away."

Jimmy disappeared and an instant later a piping voice was heard in the corridor.

"Beat it youse," it said. "I got de job."

"Then began a tramping of feet and the sound of scuffling followed by Jimmy's re-appearance smoothing his hair with one hand and tenderly fingering a rapidly swelling lip with the other.

Mr. Goodel looked up sharply.

"Boy," he said, severely, "where's your necktie?"

"Oh, Gee!" Jimmy exclaimed and ran out into the hall again returning with his necktie adjusted.

"I dropped it outside," he muttered. It was one of the kind that fasten with an elastic loop to the collar button.

"Can you copy letters?" Mr. Goodel demanded.

"I dunno. Mebbe I could if I seen it foist," he answered.

There was not the faintest trace of impudence on his thin face when he spoke and Goodel, without further comment, showed him how to make a transfer of the letter into a tissue-paper book by means of the conventional copying-press in the corner.

"Now copy this one and let's see how you do it."

Goodel handed him a second letter which Jimmy proceeded to copy in the manner exemplified by his employer. "Evidently he is observant," thought Mr. Goodel. "But a trifle uncouth. He shall be taught politeness."

"Boy," he called again. "What's your name?"

"Jimmy," the boy replied, omitting the expected "Sir."

"Jimmy what?"

"Jimmy Brennan," he replied glibly.

"Look here, boy," Goodel thundered. "When you speak to me, say 'Sir.' Do you hear me?"

Jimmy flushed in embarrassment.

"Yes, sir," he muttered.

"Now go out and mail these letters," Goodel concluded and leaned back in his chair.

Mr. Goodel was on the threshold of forty and had the appearance of well-fed prosperity that betokens an easy conscience and no wife. The sign on the door read, "Investment Securities & Commercial Paper," but the care of an estate of some magnitude,

inherited from his father, absorbed as much of his time as was not taken up with half a dozen clubs and a taste for writing innocuous verse.

Once in a while, he bought a note of some sound mercantile house, well endorsed, and occasionally purchased railroad bonds and other securities technically known as gilt-edged. Unfortunately for the leisure that he loved, his patrimony had consisted mostly of real property which demanded much of his attention and contrived to detain him from his office; hence the advent of Jimmy as office boy.

When Jimmy returned it was close on to noon and Mr. Goodel rose and prepared to leave for luncheon.

"I shall be back at two," he said. "If any one calls, get them to stay until I return, or leave a message. Do you understand?"

He delivered this injunction with an air of solemnity that made the words sink in.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, dutifully.

"All right," Goodel replied and left the office.

At a quarter to two a messenger-boy came with a draft from Mr. Goodel's bank. He was a slender young man of mild and engaging manner, attired in well-pressed garments. He stood perhaps a head taller than Jimmy who was easily his superior, however, in general physique.

"Is Mr. Goodel in?" the messenger inquired.

"Nah, he ain't," Jimmy replied. "Won't be in till two o'clock."

"All right, I'll be in later," said the messenger.

"D'hell yer will," rejoined Jimmy. "Yer'll sit here till he comes back or leave a message."

"What's that?" asked the messenger.

"I said," replied Jimmy slowly, "yer got ter leave a message."

"Got to, hey?" the messenger jeered.

"Dat's wot I said," Jimmy answered. "Yer gotter leave a message or stay here till he comes back. Dem's my instructions."

He had risen and stood menacingly between the door and the messenger, who attempted to brush by him. Then followed a very pretty bout, catch-as-catch-can, which ended by Jimmy putting the messenger neatly on his back in the middle of the floor. He was sitting in triumph on his vanquished foe's chest as Mr. Goodel opened the door.

"What's all this about," he shouted. "Get up from there, you young dog."

Jimmy rose to his feet and brushed the dust from his clothes, and the messenger picked himself up painfully.

"What's all this about?" Goodel demanded.

"Dat guy dere wouldn't leave no message and he wouldn't wait till yer came back," Jimmy replied.

"What of that?" Goodel continued.

"Well, you said fer to get 'em to stay or leave a message, an' dat's wot I was doin'," Jimmy said, and commenced to snifle. He had seen his duty plain before him and the injustice of this rebuke cut him to the heart.

"He's bigger dan I am, anyway," he whimpered.

Mr. Goodel scratched his chin. He distinctly remembered his parting injunctions, and could not therefore blame Jimmy for so literal a construction of them. He took his pocket-book out of his trousers.

"What's the damage?" he inquired of the messenger-boy and without waiting for answer, thrust a five-dollar bill into his hand.

"Don't ever fight in here again," he said to Jimmy, severely, "or I'll fire you on the spot. Now go to lunch."

In hiring an office boy, he hadn't bargained for a Casabianca, but felt well satisfied nevertheless.

"Got any money?" he asked Jimmy, who was going out of the door.

"No, sir," Jimmy replied.

"Well, here's a quarter. Hurry back."

Jimmy took the quarter, and returned in ten minutes wiping the crumbs from his mouth. He handed Goodel twenty cents.

"What's this?" Goodel asked.

"Dat's de change, sir," Jimmy said, and sat down at his desk.

Goodel prepared to go out again.

"Jimmy," he said severely. "I'm going uptown and I'll return at five. If any one calls, ask 'em to leave a message. If they won't do that, ask 'em their names and make a note of it. If they won't leave their names, ask 'em to return and if they won't return — well — if they won't return, I guess you'll have to let it go at that."

"All right, sir," Jimmy said, and smiled for the first time that day.

Mr. Goodel returned at five and with him there entered a benevolent looking man of middle age. Ponderous and dignified was his person and he sat down in Mr. Goodel's

easy-chair with the calmness and solidity of three hundred pounds.

"The bonds, Mr. Goodel, are absolutely beyond cavail. It is true the concern is not well known," he went on. "But to a person of your financial acumen, investigation as to its condition will present no difficulties."

"Fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Petrie, is a large sum," Goodel replied. "However, I inquired of Mathias & Company this afternoon and they think well of your proposition. If I confirm their information to-night, I shall send you a certified check to-morrow morning and shall expect to receive the bonds in return."

Mr. Petrie bowed and rose to take leave.

"To-morrow morning at eleven, then, I'll leave you this bond to aid you in your examination," he said and passed heavily out of the room. As he closed the office door behind him, he executed four or five fancy dancing steps with surprising agility for a man of his bulk, and repaired with all haste to his elaborately furnished office on lower Broadway.

Awaiting him there were two gentlemen whose noses negated the dictum of Burke that a curved line is the foundation of all beauty. They were not beautiful; they were not even passably good looking, but what had been denied them in that respect was compensated for by a very keen gift for trafficking and barter.

"Mr. Feldstein and Mr. Levy I believe," said Mr. Petrie. "I asked you to call so that we might go into the matter of the office fixtures. I have accepted your figure at \$500. and shall be ready to give you possession at half past eleven to-morrow morning when I shall expect you to move everything without delay."

He then sat down at his desk and examined, with chuckling satisfaction, forty-eight bonds of the Niagara & Northwestern Power Company for \$1,000. each, printed fresh that morning at his request, by his brother in Brooklyn, and one bond of the same company, the handiwork of a reputable bank-note company and authorized by the officers of the Power Corporation.

At a quarter to eleven the next morning, Mr. Goodel called Jimmy into his private office.

"Jimmy," he said carefully, "you followed my instructions yesterday minutely. To-day I desire you to do so absolutely. Here is a

certified check for \$50,000. and one bond. You are to receive from Mr. Petrie at his office No. 40½ Broadway, forty-nine bonds the same as this which I give you. If they're all right let him have the check."

He looked Jimmy squarely in the eye.

"Do you understand me," he said slowly.

"Yes, sir," Jimmy replied, and went out without further ado.

Goodel smiled as the door closed behind him. He had no doubt of Petrie's standing and the bonds were gilt-edged.

Jimmy had been gone about ten minutes when a man burst wildly into the office.

"Goodel, about those bonds, Petrie's a sharper. We just found it out."

"Great Heavens! Mathias," Goodel cried. "The boy is down there now with the check. He's given it to Petrie by this."

He rose and grabbed his hat.

"Let's go down there and see if we can intercept the scoundrel."

He sprang for the office door and caught an elevator on the run.

In the meantime Jimmy had entered Petrie's luxurious office and was met by Petrie himself.

"Well boy," he demanded, "got the check?"

"Wot's all the sweat?" Jimmy replied calmly. "Gimme a look at the bonds."

"Here's one of 'em and here are the rest. Look at 'em quick. Now gimme the check," Petrie cried and then muttered under his breath. "Damned young pup!"

Jimmy compared the two genuine bonds leisurely.

"Now gimme de udder ones," he said.

"You young brat," Petrie snorted thoroughly aroused, "give me that check."

He grasped the boy by the shoulder.

"Quit dat, yer fat slob," Jimmy cried, "An' let me see 'em."

Reluctantly he surrendered the remaining bonds and Jimmy thumbed them carefully.

"Well what's the matter with them?" Petrie growled.

"I ain't seen but one uv 'em," Jimmy said calmly, "I'm lookin' at the rest now."

Petrie could stand no more.

"Give me the check I say," he almost screamed, and sprang at Jimmy. They fell heavily to the floor, Jimmy underneath and there they rolled and scuffled for some minutes. To Petrie's surprise, Jimmy made no outcry but kicked and fought with all the vigor of his East-Side training. At length Petrie stunned him with the butt of his revolver just as Goodel and Mathias broke in the door.

Both made a rush for him at once, a fatal move, for he evaded the common onslaught and, as their heads came together with a star-flashing bump, he sprang out of the office and took the stairs three at a jump. Goodel lifted Jimmy whose face showed a ghastly white where it wasn't hidden by blood.

"Did he hurt you?" Goodel cried.

Jimmy shook his head and opening his mouth, voided a little wad of paper.

"No, sir," he said politely, "I ain't hoited."

Goodel undid the wad with trembling fingers. It was a certified check for \$50,000.

## THE AFTER-GLOW ON THE HEIGHT

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

My twilit mountains,—how the night sweeps up  
And fills with cloudy glory the valley's god-like cup.  
Look! how the sunset lingers on that snowy height,  
Like a clear-tinted Dream that will not vanish quite,  
A hovering Brightness more mysterious than shade,  
A beckon of Joy ethereal, unafraid,  
More solemn than the music that in Silence lies  
Or that last Vision which we see when death shall dim our eyes.

# MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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*The Last Stand*

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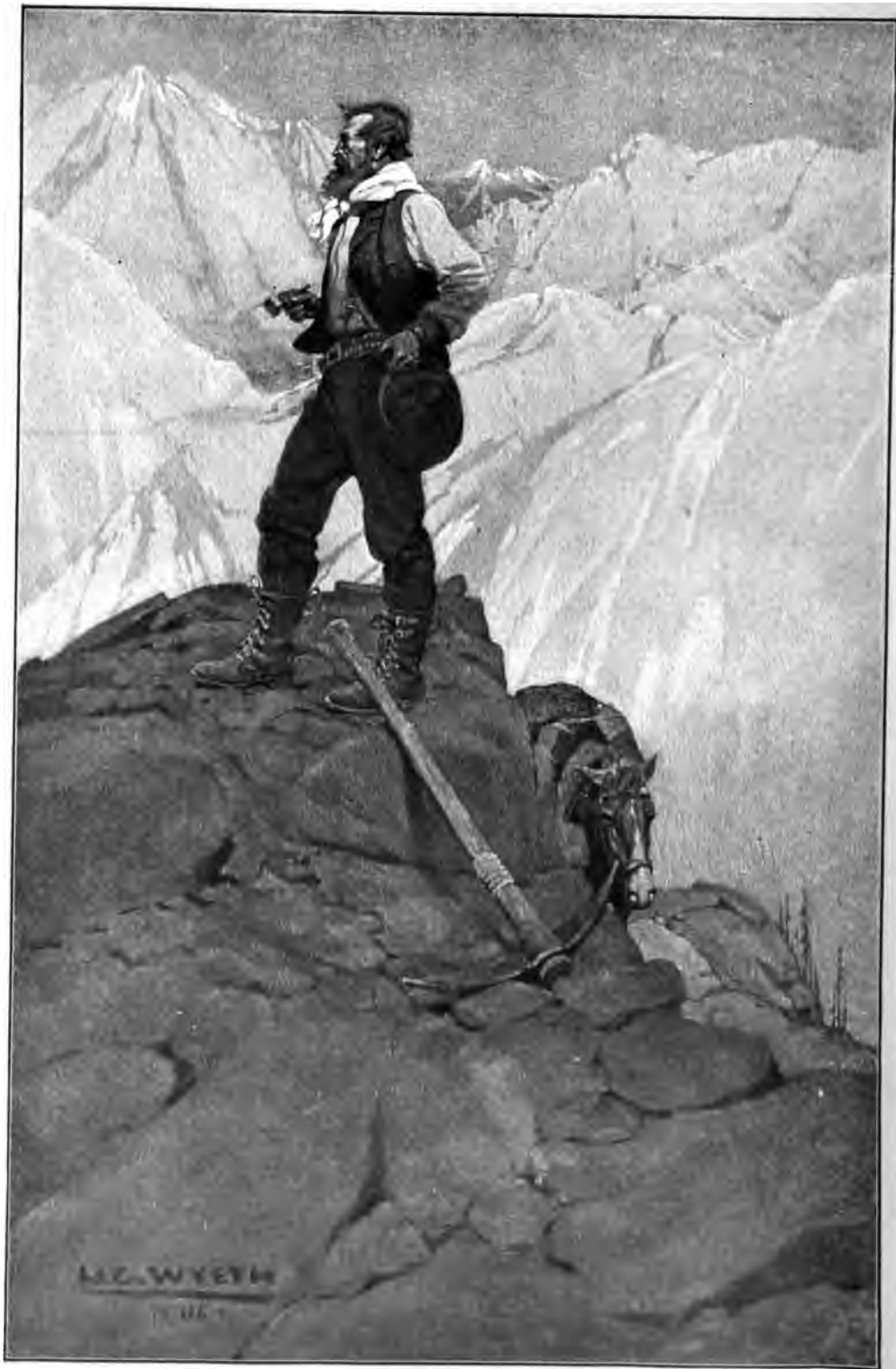
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**Be Clean**

**USE HAND**  
**SAPOLIO**





DRAWN BY N. C. WYETH

## THE PROSPECTOR

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVII SEPTEMBER, 1906 No. 5

## THE STORY OF MONTANA

BY

C. P. CONNOLLY

II

### THE TREASURE OF BUTTE HILL AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE GREAT COPPER INDUSTRY—BEGINNINGS OF THE CLARK-DALY FEUD

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

THE placer-mines of Montana disgorged its immense wealth. The greatest deposit of placer-gold, next to that at Alder Gulch, was in Last Chance Gulch, where Helena, the capital of the State, now stands. It was named "Last Chance" because it was the forlorn hope of the prospectors who discovered it. It produced sixty millions of gold. Placer-mining had its brief but flourishing day. The miners worked the placers out before they attempted quartz-mining because the placer-gold lies close to the surface, is easily accessible, and may be secured without the draining expenditures of quartz-mining. Placer-mining is now practically extinct in Montana. And with the passing of the placers the story of the "Old West" drew to a close in Montana. The game of chance, with all its picturesque conditions, its appeal to the imagination, and its incidental bloodshed and violence, was played out, and organized industries took its place.

When the miners had exhausted the placer-beds, they naturally sought for the hidden veins, and quartz-mining — the extraction of the metals from within the mountains by the sinking of shafts — became in time the foremost industry of the Rockies. It was this form of mining that created in a day the millionaires of the West. The mere location of the surface outcrop, or apex of the vein, gave into the possession of the discoverer all the wealth between its walls, down as far as Chinese territory, without regard to the vein's devious wanderings. The refugee from Eastern civilization



BILL FAIRWEATHER

*The man who first discovered the Alder Gulch placer deposits of gold*



THE BLEAK

*Where the people who work the richest copper camps in the country live, surrounded by the smoke of smelters, total supply of the world —*

who to-day lounges around the Montana gambling saloon, spurned like an ownerless dog, may to-morrow discover in the hills a mine worth millions, and become a power in affairs around him. On the other hand there are prospectors all through the West who spend precious years drilling through rock which every geologist condemns as hopelessly barren. The dream of the prospector is unfading. He haunts the old cabin in the hills, living on flour and bacon; and only the grave snuffs out hope.

"Let me have thirty dollars," said a prospector one day to a lawyer friend. "I must have powder and grub. I'll pay you back within a week. I've struck it rich. I'm within three feet of a million dollars." Two weeks later the lawyer, who had accommodated his friend, met him on the street. The prospector seemed anxious to avoid his creditor. "The last time I saw you, you were within three feet of a million dollars," remarked the lawyer. "What's the news now?" "Oh, h —," said the prospector, "I'm not within a million feet of three dollars."

It was the discovery of copper, however, that gave to Montana the name of the Treasure State. Around the Butte hill, which during the past fifteen years has produced one-third of the copper supply of the world, has centered one of the most fascinating conflicts, and at the same time one of the most corrupt political and commercial conflicts, known to history. This struggle between mining kings of limitless wealth

made hundreds of men, and ruined thousands; it perverted the moral sense of entire communities; it placed scores of prominent men within the shadow of prison-walls; it destroyed promising political careers, and checked worthy names from the scroll of state and national fame. It sent nondescripts afloat upon the sea of national politics, corrupted the machinery of justice to the core, and placed the law-making power of the State upon the auction block.

Fifty millions of dollars annually has been the average output of this marvelous deposit of copper which lies within six hundred acres of mountain — the area of a good-sized farm. Nine hundred millions of dollars in twenty years is the official government estimate of its product. Another hundred millions has doubtless failed of accounting, or has been lost to computation in the general riot of production. This was the prize around which was waged during later years the most prolonged and bitter struggle ever witnessed in American politics.

The richness of the Butte hill surpasses the treasure of Monte Cristo, and the story of the crimes and passions which seethed about it makes a narrative almost as romantic as the adventures of Edmond Dantès. Miners have packed their blankets on foot into Butte and within a year have ridden out in Pullman coaches, independently rich, bound for the alluring cities of the Pacific coast. Had the Government of the United States withheld this strip of territory,



CITY OF BUTTE

*and where grass never grows. This hill produces \$50,000,000's worth of copper a year — about a third of the from an area of 600 acres*

instead of parting with it to its discoverers for five dollars an acre, it could have paid off the national debt. Its total output would have carried on the wars of Napoleon.

Inseparably linked with the discovery and development of this treasure-trove of the hills is the name of Marcus Daly, one of the most remarkable men who ever came to the West, and one of the two great protagonists whose personal feud is a large part of Montana's history. Through the treasure of the Butte hill, Daly was suddenly elevated from the ranks of the miners to the most powerful sway any individual ever achieved over a western American community. No multi-millionaire ever came into closer contact with all the elements of a turbid and unblending population, or exerted such influence upon them. Around him were his old companions of the mining levels of the Comstock in Nevada, whom he had known in his early struggles. Daly was big-hearted and generous, and he assisted these cronies by giving them temporary leases on portions of his property, allowing them to enter the ground and take out wealth enough to live in luxury for the remainder of their days. Oftentimes he did not know or care how much they took. These men in turn emulated the generosity of their patron, and Butte in time became known for many an odd tale of extravagance, and many a touching story of charity.

Miles Finlen made a colossal fortune out of a lease given him by Marcus Daly. A few years ago, just before Christmas time,

an old lady opened a little news stand on one of the street corners of Butte. The weather was cold, and the woman looked pinched and depressed. Finlen happened along, bought an evening paper, and, pulling out a roll of bills, asked the old lady how much it would take to get her a comfortable room and pay her expenses through the winter. The old woman had never seen Finlen before and, somewhat dumfounded, said she didn't know. "Well," said Finlen, "here is three hundred dollars." "God bless you," said the old woman; "that will take me to California, where my cough will be better, and where I can be near my daughter."

#### *Marcus Daly and William A. Clark*

The story of copper is largely woven around the passions, hatreds, and ambitions of two men who by nature were antagonists — Marcus Daly and William A. Clark. To understand the story, one must understand the men. No two men of rival prominence in the world's affairs ever differed more strikingly in their whole physical and mental make-up. They would have been enemies had they never met, for each represented all that the other most despised and distrusted.

Clark was an undersized man, wiry of figure and rather delicately built. He was fond of art, a judge of good pictures, and had been from his boyhood a student. He had studied law in early life, had perfected himself in French, and had a smattering of other languages. From the beginning



MARCUS DALY IN 1863, AND HIS FRIEND BILL SKYRME

*A likeness of Daly in the days when he was working in the Comstock lode in Nevada, before he went to Butte. The man seated is Bill Skyrme who started Daly in life by giving him a mine contract at Virginia City. Skyrme knew Daly better than any one else. The photograph was taken in San Francisco, to record Daly's possession of a top hat—the first one he ever owned*

of his prosperity he traveled extensively and spent much of his time in Paris where he had a residence. Inordinately vain, he loved the flattery and adulation of women. He was a Beau Brummel in the midst of the awkward inelegance of the West. His taste and cultivation made him conspicuous among the miner-millionaires of Montana, and his intelligence would have won for him the respect of all his fellows had it not been offset by a cold and treacherous temperament and a certain narrowness and selfishness which marked all his dealings with men. With all his wealth — and after his acquisition of the United Verde mine at Jerome, Arizona, it came to exceed Daly's by far — he had the reputation of being extremely close-fisted in his business relations and in his occasional contributions to public funds. This was true of him at all times, except when his own political interests seemed in jeopardy, or when Daly goaded him to the point of revenge. Even in politics he made himself unpopular by the bluntness of his bribes and his subsequent coldness toward those who had served him loyally. Men who had made personal sacrifices for him in politics often found it difficult to obtain ordinary business favors from him. His contributions to political committees were small.

Yet, withal, Clark had staunch and tried friends in those early days — some who were attached to him personally, others who looked jealously upon the growing power of Daly.

Daly resorted to bribery of a different sort. Vast sums of money left his purse which he must have known would find their way into questionable channels. In the capital fight of 1894 between Helena and Anaconda, he spent over a million dollars. But if he ever bribed men in high places, the fact never became public property, nor were such things even whispered, much less openly alluded to in the public press. Daly's popularity among the miners and business men of those sections of the State in which his vast interests lay, obviated the necessity of expending large sums of money to secure their political support.

Daly made a point of coming continually into personal contact with his miners. They might often be heard in eulogy of him. Clark directed his affairs largely from his office. He affected art and costly paintings. Daly found his recreation at his Bitter Root

Ranch among his famous thoroughbreds. Clark sought political office. Daly was ambitious for the satisfying things that go with political power — outside of mere office-holding — the power to assist others politically, to win the gratitude of men for favors conferred, and to draw the good-will that goes out to the man who, though he has influence, has no ambition for office.

"I admire the men like Hoar and Morgan and Vest who have made public affairs a study and are equipped by early training for those duties," said Daly. "I know my shortcomings. In the Senate I would be out of my element. When the business magnates of the country cross the continent, they run their private cars into Anaconda to call on me. They respect me in my proper sphere. That is enough satisfaction for a man who started out in the world with as little capital as I had."

### *Two Kinds of Self-Made Men*

Daly was a man of medium height and stocky figure. A splendid, full-rounded head topped a well-knit body. His eye was marvelously clear, and his voice, in conversation, was low and mellow. His feet were small and his hands, despite the hardships of his early life, were delicate and shapely as a woman's. He had had no early advantages. He was born in Ireland and left that country when he was not yet fifteen. He sold newspapers in New York and later obtained employment as messenger in a mercantile or banking-house in that city, where he saved enough money to take him by water to California. From there he drifted up to the Comstock in Nevada, and then went to Montana. He would have forced himself up through poverty and obscurity had he never discovered the Butte hill. No man was shrewder in his every-day intercourse with men. Few knew the real workings of his mind — he seemed to divine the mental processes of others. He did not belong to that race of poverty-stricken and superior men who, as Balzac said, can do everything for the fortunes of others but nothing for their own.

Daly's ranch in the Bitter Root Valley, 150 miles west of Butte, was his favorite hobby. It was six miles in length and as wide as the valley that is hemmed by the shadow-draped, crepuscular mountains which rise sheer and somber into the sky above it. Here was

the famous "Tammany Hall," a stable that housed Hamburg, Ogden, Inverness, Bathampton, and Tammany. Here these turf heroes were groomed and pampered like the horses of oriental kings. Miles of electric-light wires and water-pipes connected the different stables and covered trotting tracks. Dotted the great expanse of foothill and prairie were the arbor-shaded lodges of the foremen and keepers of the ranch, gemming the fields with clustering islands of green, and ornamenting the deep vistas of the drive-ways. Along these were deer friths, where the game of the hills frolicked and sported in heedless captivity. This was the summer home of the copper king, and here he secluded himself from the turmoil of the mines and entertained his

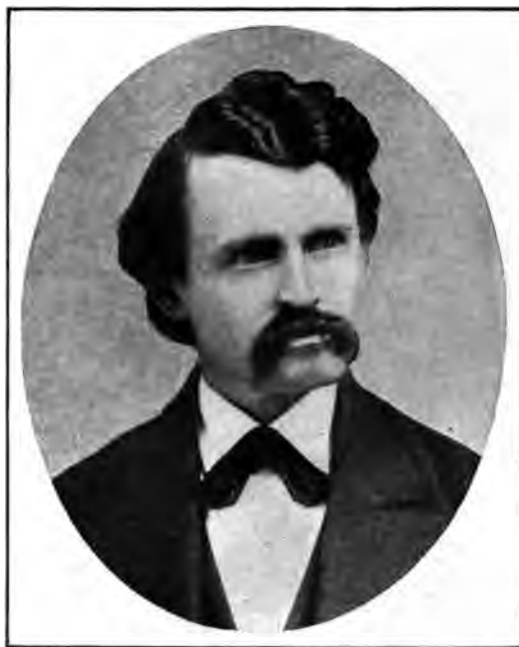
friends. On this ranch he spent millions. A single irrigating ditch cost him \$200,000.

There was a "stub" that ran from Anaconda, Daly's winter home, to the main line of the Northern Pacific at Garrison, where it connected with those splendidly-equipped trains, serpentine voyagers upon the prairie-sea, that leave St. Paul and swing across the continent through cañon, forest, and plain, dropping headlong down the west slope of the Cascade Range into Seattle the third day out. These trains went west by way of Missoula, near Daly's ranch home. In winter, storms in Dakota delayed these flyers; in spring, the freshets; in summer, heavy passenger travel; and in the fall, the cumbrous movement of the harvests.

Daly was once on the witness-stand and under cross-examining fire by a legal representative of the Northern Pacific Railroad. "Where do you live?" the first question

was sharply asked. "I have a residence at Anaconda and one at Hamilton," replied Daly. "Well," impatiently queried the lawyer, "where do you spend most of your time?" Quick as the flash of a quail's wing came the answer: "At Garrison, waiting for Northern Pacific trains."

William A. Clark taught school and studied law in Missouri. He was born in Pennsylvania of Irish ancestry. He had, as a boy, ambitions which have moved the best of men. The determination to acquire knowledge of all kinds, but especially that which was most useful to him at the moment, is responsible, in great measure, for his immense wealth. Long after he came West, he took a course of mining engineering in the Columbia School of Mines, leaving his business in



WILLIAM A. CLARK

*From a photograph taken at Deer Lodge when Clark was employed in Robert W. Donnell's bank*

the hands of others while he pursued his studies in New York. His knowledge of mining enabled him to check and tally the reports of his own experts and to detect the flaws in a mining venture even after a favorable report. It was this technical expertness that induced him to develop the famous United Verde mine at Jerome, Arizona, after others had condemned it.

Clark was reticent and exclusive — by nature rather than from policy. His manner had something of the dreamer. He lacked Daly's tremendous energy and personal magnetism. He lacked also his ready wit and the slashing force which accomplished big things on the stroke of the clock. But he was a man of quiet, earnest persistence and when forced to the wall, rarely gave up the struggle without showing fighting-teeth and leaving a trail of havoc.

*Beginnings of Two Great Fortunes*

Clark had been a clerk for Robert W. Donnell, one of the early pioneers of Montana, who accumulated a fortune as a merchant during the first gold excitements in the Rocky Mountains. Donnell opened a small banking-house in Deer Lodge, Montana, and afterwards established the firm of Donnell, Lawson & Simpson, at 102 Broadway, New York, which failed in the Wall Street panic of 1884. When Robert W. Donnell was about to go to New York to establish his house there, he opened a branch house at Butte, taking into partnership W. A. Clark and another of his clerks, S. E. Larabee. Clark took charge of the Butte bank and acquired Donnell's interest after the failure of the New York house.

Donnell, Clark & Larabee had loaned, in the course of their banking business at Butte, some thirty thousand dollars to William L. Farlin, an intimate friend of Clark. Farlin had located several claims on the Butte hill, and one down below the town called the Trevonia. The Trevonia was promising. Farlin started to develop it and, in order to do so, borrowed the money from Donnell, Clark & Larabee at Butte.

When the loan came due, Farlin was unable to meet it, and in order to secure his friend Clark, placed all his mining property

in Clark's hands with the understanding that Clark should work the properties to the best advantage, pay off the indebtedness, and restore the claims to Farlin. Instead of working the Trevonia, the most promising, Clark leisurely prospected the other claims — realizing nothing, of course — and at the expiration of his trusteeship claimed forfeit of everything Farlin owned. Larabee looked upon Clark's mineral holdings with distrust, and in a settlement between the two, took a band of valuable horses belonging to the firm in exchange for his half-interest in the mines which had once belonged to Farlin. Clark thus became the sole owner of the interests which laid the foundation of his great fortune.

Marcus Daly went to Butte in 1876 as the representative of the Walker Brothers of Salt Lake City, large mining investors. He bought for Walker Brothers the Alice mine, afterwards one of the great silver mines of the State.

It was about 1880 that Daly became interested in the Anaconda mine, which lay lower down than the Alice, and near the foot of the Butte hill. He bought it for \$30,000 from Michael A. Hickey, who, with his brother, Edward, and Charles X. Larabee, had located it on government ground. Hickey gave his discovery the name

## THE GREAT ANACONDA MINE

*The biggest producer on Butte hill, the second mine Daly owned and the foundation of his fortunes. Butte was a silver camp until the ore in the Anaconda proved Daly's theory that the hill was full of copper. He kept the secret to himself, and quickly bought in all the adjacent mines at low prices*



"Anaconda" because, when a soldier in the army of the Potomac, he had read one of Horace Greeley's editorials which said that McClellan was enveloping Lee's army "like a giant anaconda." The word lodged in Hickey's memory, and when he located his claim, he gave it the name which had quickened his fancy as a soldier. It has since become a name to conjure with in the copper world.

When Daly bought the Anaconda, it was, like the Alice, a silver property. George Hearst, the California mine-owner, father of William Randolph Hearst, was an early business associate of Daly's, and through Hearst, James B. Haggin and Lloyd Tevis became interested in the purchase of the Anaconda mine. This group of California capitalists were at the time negotiating for a now-forgotten mining property near Helena, seventy miles north of Butte. The experts sent by them from California reported favorably on the Helena property and unfavorably on the Anaconda. But Marcus Daly, though an unlettered miner, had the confidence of Hearst and Haggin, and his unfavorable report on the Helena property condemned it and led to their purchase, with Daly, of the Butte property.

#### *How Daly Proved Butte was a Copper Camp*

When Daly discovered that the Anaconda was a copper mine, he believed that his theories of the Butte hill were verified. He was convinced it was one of the greatest copper deposits in the world. In mining, he was a genius. He had the intuition of a woman, the prescience of the seer. In his earlier career in Nevada he had studied rocks and soils, their forms and affinities, as men read books. He saw through the earth the dim signal-lights of the depths.

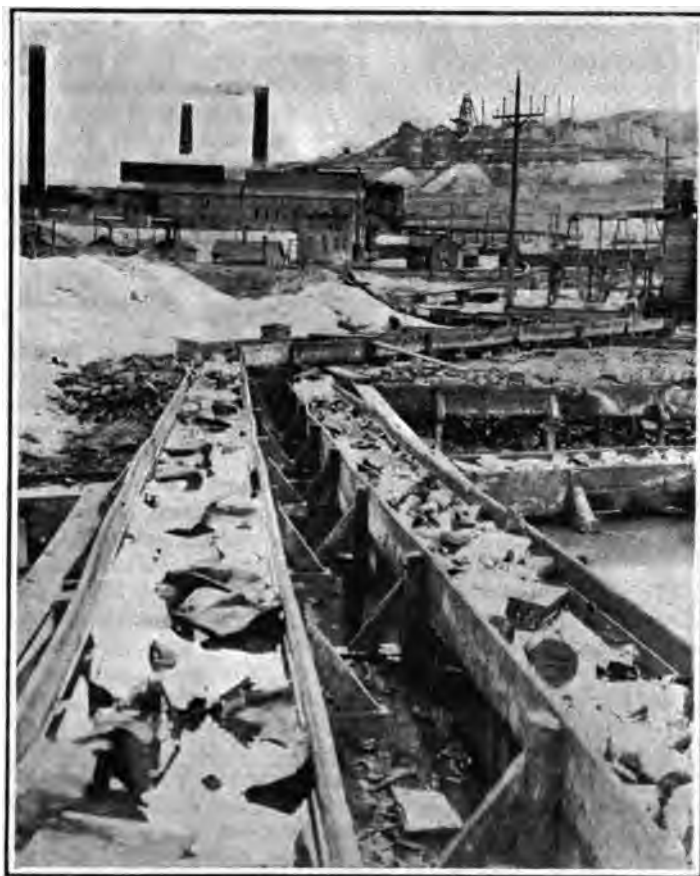
Nearly every mining engineer of note condemned the Butte hill, laughed at Daly, and called his theories absurd. Subsequently these authorities republished their text-books to meet the new geological conditions which the unlettered miner had disclosed to the world.

The first move Daly made was to pull the pumps and close down the Anaconda. If this hill was the treasure house he foresaw, the race would be to the swift. Soon rumors were current that the Anaconda was a mare's nest and worthless. Daly's agents then bought up properties adjoining the mine for

a song, and Daly and his friends became the owners of practically all that part of the Butte hill which they believed to be valuable. In the meantime, business in Butte was at a standstill.

When Daly had acquired the properties surrounding the Anaconda, he opened up the Butte hill. One must have a vivid imagination to picture to himself the growth of Butte from that time on during Marcus Daly's life. Fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended into the mines daily to strip them of their treasure; huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stull and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above — for these copper veins are often one hundred feet wide. Immense smokestacks began to vomit their clouds of smudge from scores of furnaces scattered over the hill; the moan and clank of huge pumps could be heard in the depths, forcing the water to the surface; the pound of hammers and the steady impact of drills sounded everywhere, while the earth trembled and bellowed with distant underground explosions. Great hollows, like cathedral naves, were scooped out, where the treasure had lain in the rock-ribbed earth. Horses and mules were blindfolded and lowered into the mines — where their hides, like the gray beards of the old miners, soon took on the greenish color of the copper which saturates everything below the surface. The Butte hill soon became a veritable underground city.

Even the waste of these mines was precious. "Jim" Ledford was a luckless character who had run the gamut of Western experiences. He finally settled down with his wife in a little cabin on the outskirts of Butte. Up above, on the high hill behind his home, the great engines of the Anaconda mine throbbed ceaselessly and whirled the ore up from its depths at railroad speed. The water from the mine found a fresh outlet above Ledford's cabin and ran down, making a gully through his back yard. Ledford's yard contained a pile of tin cans and iron rubbish, and through these fragments the water from the Anaconda seeped. One morning Ledford found a slushy deposit of pure copper where the worthless tin cans had been before. An assay of the stuff showed 98 per cent copper. Ledford kept his secret to himself and secured from the Anaconda company a written lease for one year of all the water flowing



A TIN CAN PRECIPITATING PLANT

*Even the water that is pumped out of the Butte hill mines is worth millions. A stream chanced to trickle through the can heap in the back yard of an early miner, and left there a precious deposit of pure copper; since then all the scrap iron of the country has been used to form precipitating plants like the above, and no mine water goes to waste*

from the Anaconda mine. For a dozen years it had been flowing on its course unyexed to the sea, wasting its millions. Ledford then ransacked Butte and adjacent towns for tin cans and old metal of all descriptions, damned up the stream with square boxes filled with this litter, and netted \$100,000 before his lease had expired. Scattered over the Butte hill now are numbers of precipitating plants where every conceivable form of scrap-iron is piled mountain high, waiting to be fed to the copper water. The metal simply extracts the copper, leaving the water to flow on in its poverty. The metallic rubbish is consumed in the process.

Wages were high in the Butte hill. Three dollars and a half a day was the lowest paid to any miner — and it is the prevailing scale to-day. Daly could never be

brought to consent to a reduction of the wages of his men. He fought against the efforts of other mine-owners in the camp to reduce the wage-scale. He encountered opposition in the board of directors of his own company in New York, and uniformly met these protests by offering to purchase the stock of any dissatisfied director at an advance rather than be a party to the reduction of wages. Daly argued that good wages made prosperous communities, and the more prosperous the community, the safer his rights and properties were from the assaults of agitators. (And whether it was this generous policy or whether from other causes, it is a fact that there has never been a strike in the history of the Butte mines. The Miners' Union of Butte has been the most conservative labor organization in the West. The agitator in its ranks.)

whose bent was discontent and discord, usually emigrated to other mining-camps in the West where the management was less popular with the men.

### *Beginning of the Clark-Daly Feud*

The feud that shortened Daly's life and made of Clark's name a reproach, originated in Clark's inherent narrowness and in his jealousy of Daly. In politics both men were Democrats.

Had Clark been a bigger, broader, or manlier character, he would never have been compelled to resort to bribery to realize his political ambitions.

Probably the first event of any importance in this feud occurred in the late '70's. Daly was managing the Alice mine for the Walker Brothers of Salt Lake City. Clark, without request and without excuse, save the fact that Walker Brothers were neighboring bankers, wrote them a letter, saying that Daly's management of the Alice was extravagant and unbusinesslike. The Walker Brothers promptly remailed the letter to Daly.

After Daly had secured the coöperation of Haggin, Hearst, and Tevis for the development of the Anaconda, Clark opened a correspondence with James B. Haggin, in which he used every stratagem to discredit Daly. The only result was that Haggin loosened his purse-strings the more, and Daly was finally given *carte blanche*.

There is no question that Clark made it a practice to refer to Daly slightly, ridiculing his uncouthness and explaining his discovery of the Butte hill as an accident. These remarks were foolishly carried to Daly.

The first opportunity Daly had to take his revenge on Clark came in the Congressional election of 1888. Montana was then a territory, not being admitted to the Union until a year later. The Congressional representative from Montana was then but a Territorial Delegate, with a voice, but without vote in the House of Representatives. Clark had two overweening ambitions in life — to be considered one of the wealthiest men in the world, and to occupy a position of political prominence. His wealth made the nominating conventions of his party eager to encourage his candidacy for any office.

Clark was nominated for Delegate in Congress in 1888 by the territorial Democratic convention. In order to insure Daly's

support, a meeting of prominent Democrats was held during the campaign at the Democratic headquarters in Helena, and a promise was exacted from Daly that he would support Clark at the polls. Daly was certain to control the vote of three of the most populous counties in the Territory, and his support seemed all that was needed to assure Clark's success.

### *Clark's First Defeat*

Thomas H. Carter, since twice elected United States Senator, was nominated by the Republicans as the candidate against Clark. He was a young lawyer, thirty-four years old, shrewd, able, and diplomatic. Clark, with his wealth and Daly's support, would have been, ordinarily, invincible in any campaign; and with an unbroken series of Democratic victories behind him, his defeat was not considered for a moment. Carter, however, was elected by five thousand majority. Butte, Clark's home — even his own ward — repudiated him. Daly's strongholds gave Carter immense majorities, although Carter was practically a stranger to Daly. Clark suffered for the first time the sting of humiliation which he was to feel so often during his contests with Daly.

Witnesses of the struggle between these two antagonists saw a partial truce for the next few years. A year after Clark's defeat, Montana was admitted to the Union. Clark had been president of the convention which promulgated Montana's constitution. Far abler men took part in its deliberations, but Clark was a good presiding officer, and came out of the discussions of that body with honor and credit. After his defeat for Congress he had started out, nothing daunted, to master the rudiments of politics. He had learned the wisdom of "staying with" the things of his brain, the creations of his ambition. His persistence has always been one of his most effective weapons.

When the State was admitted, there was hatched the first of that series of political plagues, which, as a result of the relentless feud of these two men, for so long cursed Montana. The only Democrat elected on the State ticket was Joseph K. Toole, the candidate for Governor. The legislature was in doubt. There were scenes of disorder and rumblings of a conflict, which was averted by the contending forces agreeing to disagree. Two distinct legislative bodies were held without any attempt

at the legislation which the new State so sadly needed after its thirty years of territorial dependence. The Democratic legislative branch sent to the United States Senate W. A. Clark and Martin Maginnis — the latter one of the able men of the State, and Territorial Delegate of Montana in Congress for twelve years. The Republican branch sent Col. Wilbur F. Sanders and Thomas C. Power. The seating of Sanders and Power was a foregone conclusion, and this was doubtless known to Daly, for he made no attempt to thwart Clark's ambition for this empty honor.

Sanders and Power drew lots and the short term of four years fell to the former. In 1893 Sanders's term expired, and all eyes were upon the legislature, which was politically doubtful. Neither Republicans nor Democrats had an absolute majority. The Populists, the disciples of the new political creed which was beginning to shake the West, held the balance of power, and with these Daly dickered and organized a Democratic-Populist majority.

#### *Clark's First Campaigns for the Senate*

For sixty days the legislature was in the throes of the Clark and Daly feud. Helena, the capital, was then, as it always had been, for Clark. Daly had no business interests in the town, was not well known personally, and many people there accused him of having dealt treacherously with Clark in the campaign of 1888.

Rumors of legislative corruption were rife. William Wirt Dixon was the principal Daly candidate opposed to Clark. Clark pursued, in this legislative campaign, those revolting tactics which provoked such bitter feeling against him. Men whose lives had been clean were corrupted not only by the use of

money, but in worse ways. Questionable resorts were chartered and debaucheries ensued which shocked not only the high-minded but the indifferently scrupulous.

It was rumored that in several cases where Clark bought up legislators, the Daly forces paid a like amount to buy back their allegiance, or to get them to leave the State. Several Republicans voted for Clark during the session. On Saturday, February 11, 1893, five Republicans voted for him on joint



CURIOUS FORMATIONS OF COPPER

*The water in the mines is so thoroughly impregnated with copper salts that it frequently forms stalactites where it drips from the roof timbers*

ballot. A Republican caucus was then hastily called, and at this caucus one or two Republican deserters, who attempted to make rather lame explanations of their votes for Clark, were handled pretty roughly. All agreed that there should be no more Republican votes cast for Clark. The promise was kept the following legislative day, when Clark's total dropped to twenty-four. The Clark forces insisted that these votes were bound to them beyond the possibility of release, and that they were simply scattering them temporarily, awaiting the signal for concerted action. This proved true.

C. L. Coder, one of the Republican members who had voted for Clark, had told United States Senator W. F. Sanders, in the early days of the legislative session, that he had been offered a bribe by the Clark forces. Sanders met Coder in the lobby of the Helena Hotel after his vote had been cast for Clark. "I tell you, Coder," said Sanders, "that I have done my part with other men in ridding this country of road-agents and robbers. We accomplished that when we had to deal with sterner men than you are; and I tell you that this State will not hold the Republican who, in the presence of stalking bribery, votes for a Democrat."

Col. D. J. Tallant, of Cascade County, on Monday, February 20th, made a speech in the joint assembly in which he said: "The very air surrounding this city seems to be foul and corrupt. For several weeks the vile odor of political corruption has tainted the atmosphere, and yet not a word has been said on the floor of this joint assembly on the subject."

On Wednesday, February 22nd, Coder, the representative from Fergus County whom Senator Sanders had publicly pilloried and branded as a bribe-taker, left Helena. He announced that his child was dying, but a telegram received the same day from a prominent citizen of Lewistown, near Coder's home, contradicted this statement, saying there was absolutely no sickness whatever in the Coder family.

As the session drew to a close, the excitement in the capital city was intense. There were no scenes like the thrilling ones of later years, when the war between these two millionaires reached its climax, and when Clark played with men's honor as with poker-chips, and had his agents in the field buying up the public representatives like so many cattle on the hoof, driven into the market-place, weighed, tested, marked, and paid for. There were rumors of bribery, but no open admissions and defense of it as in later campaigns. The public realized that there was an irreconcilable conflict between these two powerful mining magnates from Butte, and that while Clark seemed to have the larger following in the State, Daly's home forces were more loyal, and Daly was by far the better general. Appeals from prominent Democrats throughout the country were sent to Clark and Daly, urging them to compromise their differences, and not to let slip the opportunity to elect

a Democrat to the United States Senate. In response to these telegrams the followers of Judge W. W. Dixon, representing the Daly forces, offered to vote for any Democrat but W. A. Clark. Clark might have dictated the election of a United States Senator, but his temperament is sanguine, and his contests have always narrowed down to W. A. Clark or no one. This position was also the one assumed by his constituents who felt that Clark's withdrawal would be a victory for Daly.

### *A Spectacular Defeat*

The last day of the session came. The legislature adjourned to the Auditorium in the heart of the city. The aisles and galleries were crowded. Three thousand people were present. Word had gone out from the Clark camp that everything was in readiness for the final coup; that the earlier disappointments of the session — when the announcement had been made that Clark would be elected on certain ballots — only made it the more certain that now Clark had secured a final strangle-hold on his enemy. The people turned out in response to these assurances, and Helena awaited the signal to celebrate Clark's triumph.

Six Republicans voted for Clark on the last ballot. They were: George M. Hatch, Joseph Annear, S. W. Graves, C. L. Coder, Thomas H. Lewis, and Paul Van Cleve. Coder of Fergus had returned and faced the wrath of his Republican friends. Clark also secured the vote of Bonner of Granite County, a strong Daly supporter who had denounced Clark all through the session up to the last ballot — when he made a strong speech, which the Clark forces declared cost them ten thousand dollars. At the end of this speech he cast his vote for Clark, and this vote, the Clark faction claimed, cost them ten thousand dollars more.

Clark sat in the front row of seats, just under the presiding officer, ready with the manuscript of his speech of acceptance, so certain was he of election. But he had not yet wholly mastered the game. He bought only what he thought he needed, making no provision against contingencies.

S. W. Graves, Republican, of Silver Bow County, said it was the last day on which a Senator could be elected. He thought it better for the interests of Montana that a Democrat should be chosen in order that he might be in accord with the administration at



IN THE BOWELS OF A COPPER MINE

*On the left is the great pump, literally the heart of the mine, which sends to the surface the inflowing water that would otherwise quickly flood the mine. In the background is the air drill, which eats blast holes out of the rock as if by magic. In the lower levels the heat is so intense that the men work stripped*

Washington. "Traitor, traitor!" yelled Tallant, of Cascade. Beecher, another member, lifted his heavy cane to strike Tallant on the head. Representative Walkup caught the cane and wrenched it from Beecher's hand.

The result of the final ballot found Clark three votes short of the number necessary to a choice.

Then came the climax of the session. E. D. Matts, State Senator from Missoula County, who sat beside Clark, rose and with vehement eloquence, referred to what he called Clark's notorious bribery. In tones that could be heard throughout the great hall, he denounced his methods, while Clark sat, bowed and broken at his failure and apparently unconscious of the words of the speaker or of the scene about him. "I want to see no man representing this State in the Senate," shouted Matts, pointing his finger at Clark, "who obtains votes by force or fraud. I want to see a man elected to the

United States Senate who is not tainted by fraud, bribery, or corruption." At the end of his speech, Matts moved the final adjournment of the joint session, the vote was carried, and Montana was without representation in the United States Senate for four years.

The time soon came when not only all Democrats but all Republicans in the State were either Clark or Daly men, willing to sink or swim with the fortunes of one or the other, and subordinating all party prejudices to their allegiance to the war-slogans of these two mercenary chiefs.

Many incidents occurred in connection with this session which illustrated Clark's and Daly's dissimilar methods of handling men. A certain member of the legislature, from Jefferson County, voted consistently, and without compensation, for his friend W. A. Clark. This member was a timber contractor. Shortly after the adjournment of the legislature, attachments aggregating

\$15,000 were threatened against him. He had large quantities of timber at a place called Bernice, and if this were attached and sold at a sacrifice, he would lose heavily. The timber was more than ample security for the amount of his debts. This legislator sought W. A. Clark at his Butte office, laid his exigency before him, and asked for a loan of \$15,000, agreeing to pledge his timber as security. Clark curtly informed him that that kind of financiering was not in his line. The anxious timber contractor took train for Anaconda, twenty-eight miles away. He saw Daly, whom he had fought bitterly during the legislature, explained his predicament, and was promptly given, without security, \$15,000.

### *The State Capital Fight*

The next struggle between Clark and Daly took place in the summer and fall of the following year, 1894. Helena had been, for a generation, the capital of the Territory. The Constitutional Convention that sat in 1889 provided that the question of the permanent location of the seat of Government should be submitted to the qualified electors of the State at the general election in 1892. No city received a majority of votes in 1892, but Helena, and Anaconda — Daly's home city, where his smelters were located — became rivals in 1894 for the permanent seat of government.

Helena is a city of unique charm. It basks in a perpetual glow of sunlight. Cool in summer, tingling and invigorating in winter, its climate is well-nigh ideal.

The straggling mining-camp which became the city of Helena had its early growth high up in "Last Chance" gulch, and the town has since spread and widened over the clinging foothills. The early gold-seekers paused here to make one last stand against fate before quitting the scenes which had endeared to them the golden beauties of the West. Tired with wandering over the trackless earth in quest of gold, these Argonauts settled down to the building of permanent homes.

Culture and refinement soon developed. Helena, in time, had its mining kings, its cattle kings, its wealthy sheep men — liberal, democratic, and whole-souled — until it claimed to be the wealthiest community of its size on the globe. From the driving of the golden spike which completed the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1883, until

1890, Helena experienced that inflated growth common to western towns. Silver then began to decline, and with it the city that hitherto had manifested such impetuous energy. Butte became the commercial and financial center of the State, and left to Helena only its tradition of social supremacy and the capital which it was struggling to retain.

Marcus Daly, thrilled with the sense of his power, reached out for the possession of the capital, the last remnant of Helena's vanished splendors. From that time forth, his name was anathematized there. But for Clark, Daly's capital contest would have proved disastrous to the city. Clark became Helena's hero and to his fortunes her loyalty was pledged.

Anaconda was the home of the great Anaconda Copper Mining Company, with all its allied interests and concerns, its powerful influence and irresistible sway. Many people feared the clutch of this tremendous power upon the hearth-stone of the State. Into the capital contest were dragged all the fierce hatreds of the Clark-Daly fight which had already begun to cast its sinister shadow over all public questions. The Helena Capital Committee, realizing the personal popularity of Marcus Daly, ignored him and attacked James B. Haggin, Daly's principal business partner, who was a man of the quiet, skull-cap order, about whom little was known except that he was rich, powerful, and taciturn, and therefore easily a mark for public execration. Haggin was accredited with a controlling interest in the Homestake mining enterprises of the Black Hills. The Helena committee gathered into effective campaign material every act of that corporation hostile to the public good, and eloquently pictured these oppressions as the future heritage of Montana in the event of corporate influences capping the dome of its State house.

All through the summer of 1894 and the early stages of this campaign, Clark remained quiescent. Notwithstanding the fact that in the senatorial campaign of the year before, Ex-Governor Samuel T. Hauser, a prominent Democratic candidate for senatorial honors, had withdrawn in Clark's favor under a promise from Clark to support Helena, Clark put in a large part of the summer of 1894 in the endeavor to secure Daly's future political support in exchange for his cooperation with Daly in the capital fight.

Unsuccessful in this, a month before the election he threw overboard every pound of ballast and set his sails to the Helena breeze. He admitted before the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the United States Senate that he had spent \$100,000 in the capital fight. John R. Toole, Marcus Daly's chief lieutenant in the capital fight, testified before the Helena grand jury, which pretended to investigate Clark's bribery scandals, to an expenditure in behalf of the Anaconda capital committee of \$500,000; but Governor Hauser, in his testimony before the senatorial committee in Washington, gave the figures as over a million. Taking into consideration the vast sums of money which Daly afterwards gave away by farming out leases to his supporters, as rewards for their loyalty in this contest, it cost him, in round numbers, over \$2,500,000, and Clark must have spent not less than \$400,000. The vote of the State did not exceed 50,000 in that election. The cost of each vote would be, therefore, approximately \$38.

In the early afternoon of the election day, an enthusiastic votary of Anaconda went down Main Street in Helena shouting, "Hurrah for Anaconda!" He was mobbed and then thrown into jail. Within an hour after his arrest, Daly chartered a special train in Butte and sent two of his ablest legal representatives, and some personal friends to Helena, to sue out a writ of habeas corpus in behalf of this stranger about whom he knew nothing except his enthusiasm. The man

was released. Daly afterwards gave this election day furioso a lease on some Butte copper property which netted him \$60,000; and then stopped his income only because he was squandering it in dissipation. \*

Helena won the capital fight by something like 1,400 majority. Clark's money was a powerful ally, but the editorials of his Butte paper, the *Miner*, did even more. John M. Quinn, an editorial writer of dash and power, now a New York State Senator from the sixteenth district, was then editor of the *Miner*. Quinn's editorials were striking in their clarion eloquence. There were thousands of voters who were not venal and who were not unfriendly to Daly, who yet hesitated to place the keeping of the great seal of the State in the possession of any corporation, and these the arguments of Clark's newspaper reached and converted. These men came out into the open and fought, not for Clark nor against Daly, but for the integrity of the State itself — young, full of promise, and dear to them as the home of brief but cherished traditions.

When the fight was won, Helena sent for Clark and Quinn and gave them the most royal ovation ever seen in the West. They unharnessed the horses from the carriage and hauled their heroes through the streets amid a carnival of fireworks that illuminated the mountain passes ten miles away. They placed the mock body of Daly, clad in funeral garments, in an improvised catafalque and jeered it through the streets — an insult Daly never forgot.

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*The next instalment of The Story of Montana will take up the campaign of 1898 — with its incidental bloodshed — and Clark's determination to reach the United States Senate at any cost; the appointment by the State Legislature of a committee to investigate rumors of bribery; the Whiteside exposure of attempts to purchase legislators; and the exhibition before the joint session of the legislature of \$30,000 in bank-notes which had been paid by the Clark faction to secure the votes of three members.*

# THE TRADER OF LAST NOTCH

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "VROUW GROEFELAAR AND HER LEADING CASES," ETC.



**I**N Manicaland summer wears the livery of the tropics. At the foot of the hills north of Macequece every yard of earth is vocal with life, and the bush is brave with color.

Where the earth shows, it is red, as though a wound bled. The mimosas have not yet come to flower, but amid their delicate green the long thorns, straight or curved like claws, gleam with the flash of silver. Palms poise aloft, brilliant and delicate, and under foot flowers are abroad. The flame-blossom blazes in scarlet. The sangdiou burns in sullen vermilion. Insects fill the world with the noise of their business — spiders, butterflies, and centipedes, ants, beetles, and flies, and mysterious entities that crawl nameless underfoot. A peahen shrieks in the grass, and a kite whistles aloft. A remote speck in the sky denotes a vulture, alert for any mishap to the citizens of the woods, and a crash of twigs may mean anything from a buck to a rhinoceros. There is a hectic on the face of nature.

The trader of Last Notch went homewards to his store through such a maze of urgent life, and panted in the heat. He had been out to shoot guinea-fowl, had shot none and expended all his cartridges, and his gun, glinting in the strong light as he walked, was heavy to his shoulder and hot to his hand. His mood was one of patient protest, for the sun found him an easy prey and he had yet some miles to go. When another man would have said, "Damn the heat," and done with it, John Mills, the trader, tasted the word on his lip, forbore to slip it, and counted it to himself for virtue. He set a large value on restraint, which, in view of his strength and resolute daring, was perhaps not wholly false. He was a large man, more noticeable for a sturdy solidness of

proportion than for height, and his strong face was won to pleasantness by a brown beard, which he wore "navy fash." His store, five big huts above the kloof known as Last Notch, was at the heart of a large Kafir population; and the natives, agriculturists by convention and warriors between whites, patronized him very liberally. The Englishmen and Portuguese of the country held him in favor, and he enjoyed that esteem which a strong quiet man, who has proved himself to have reserves of violence, commonly wins from turbulent neighbors.

He was trying for a short cut home, and purposed to wade the Revue River wherever he should strike it. Over the low bush about him he could see his hills yet a couple of hours off, and he sighed for thirst and extreme discomfort. No one, he knew, lived thereabouts — no one, at least, who was likely to have whisky at hand, though, for the matter of that, he would have welcomed a hut and a draught of Kafir *itywala*. His surprise was the greater, then, when there appeared from the growth beside his path as white a man as himself, a tall, somewhat ragged figure — but rags tell no news at all in Manicaland — who wore a large black mustache and smiled affably on him.

He noted that the stranger was a fine figure of a man, tall and slim, with clear dark eyes and tanned face, and he saw, too, that he wore a heavy Webley on his right hip. The new-comer continued to smile as Mills scanned him over, and waited for the trader to speak first.

"Hullo!" said Mills at length.

"Ullo!" replied the stranger, smiling still. He had a capital smile, and Mills was captivated into smiling in sympathy.

"Who may you be?" he asked agreeably; "didn't expect to meet no white men about here. Where's your boys?"

The tall man waved his hand vaguely in the direction of the coast, as though to imply that he had carriers somewhere in that part of the world.

"Yais," he said pleasantly. "An' you are Jone Mills, eh?"

"That's me," said Mills promptly, lowering the butt of his gun to the ground and resting both hands on the muzzle. The stranger started slightly, but did not cease to smile.

"I don't seem to know you," pondered Mills. "I can't fix you at all."

"Ah, but you will. Le' me see. Was it Beira, eh?"

Mills shook his head decidedly. "I never was in Beira," he said.

"Not Beira?" queried the stranger, "Oh, but surelee. No? Well, Mandega's, per'aps?"

"Mandega's? Yes, I was there for a bit. I had a block of claims on the ditch next to old Jimmy Ryan's."

"Ah, yais," said the tall man eagerly. "I know 'im. An' there you shoot the Intendente, not? That was ver' fine. I see you coom down all quiet, an' shoot 'im in the 'ead. It was done ver' nice, eh?"

Mills's face darkened. "He was robbin' me, the swine," he answered. "He'd been robbin' me for six months. But that's nobody's business but mine, and anyhow I didn't shoot him in the head. It was in the chest. An' now, who the blazes are you?"

"You do' know me?" smiled the stranger; "but I know you. Oh, ver' well. I see you ver' often. You see? My name is Jacques."

"Jack what?" demanded Mills.

"Not Jack — Jacques. Tha's all. All the people call me Frenchy, eh? You don't remember?"

"No," said Mills thoughtfully; "but then I seen a good many chaps, and I'd be like to forget some o' them. You doin' anything round here?"

The man who called himself Jacques held up a finger. "Ah, you wan' to know, eh? Well, I don' tell you. I fin' anything, don't tell all the people: I don't blow the gaff. I sit still, eh? I lie low, eh? I keep 'im all for me, eh? You see?"

"Well, of course," agreed Mills; "struck a pocket, I suppose. I shouldn't have thought you'd have found much here. But then, of course, you're not going to give your

game away. Where's your camp? I could do with a drink."

"Back there," said the Frenchman, pointing in the direction whence Mills had come. "'Bout five miles. You don't want to come, eh? Too far, eh?"

"Yes, I reckon it's too far," replied Mills. "I'm not more than four miles from my own *kia* now. You goin' on?"

"Yais," agreed the Frenchman, "I go a leetle bit. Not too far, eh?"

They moved on through the bush. Mills shifted his gun from shoulder to shoulder, and suffered still from heat and sweat. His taller companion went more easily, striding along as Mills thought, glancing at him, "like a fox." The warmth appeared not to distress him in the least.

"By Jove," exclaimed the trader. "You're the build of man for this blooming country. You travel as if you was born to it. Don't the heat trouble you at all?"

"Oh, no," answered the Frenchman carelessly. "You see, I come from a 'ot country. In France it is ver' often 'ot. But you don't like it, eh?"

"No," said the trader, with emphasis. "I was after peahen, or you wouldn't see me out this time o' the day. English chaps can't stand it."

"Eh?"

"English chaps can't stand it, I said," repeated Mills. "They mos'ly lie up till it's cooler."

"Ah, yais."

They were now nearing the river. A steam rose over the bushes and spiraled into the air, and the hum of water going slowly was audible. A few minutes of walking brought them to its banks. The stream flowed greasily and dark, some forty yards wide, but in the middle it forked about a spit of sand not more than ten paces broad. It was a very Lethe of a river, running oilily and with a slumberous sound, and its reputation for crocodiles was vile.

Mills sat down and began to pull off his boots.

"As well here as anywhere," he said. "I'll try it anyhow."

"I go back now," said the Frenchman. "Some day I come up an' see you, eh? You like that?"

"Come along any time," replied Mills cheerfully, as he slung his boots across his shoulders. "You don't think that island's a quicksand, eh?"

The Frenchman turned and stared at it. "I do' know," he answered. "Per'aps. You goin' to try, eh?"

"Yes, I'll have a shot at it. You can mos'ly trust yourself on 'em if you walk light an' quick. But we'll see."

The Frenchman watched him as he waded out. The black water reached no higher than his knees, but the ground was soft underfoot, and he floundered anxiously.

"It sucks at you," he called. "It's all greasy."

He moved on, and came to the sand island.

"It's better here," he called. "I'll be all right now."

The Frenchman jumped to his feet.

"Look out!" he shouted, gesticulating violently. "You go down; walk off 'im!"

Mills glanced down, and saw that the creeping sand had him knee-deep. He dragged his right foot forth and plunged forward, but with the action his left leg sank to the crutch, and he only kept his balance with a violent effort.

The Frenchman danced on the bank. "Throw you' gun down," he shouted. "Throw you' boots down. You' in to the waist now. Push yo'self back to the water. Push hard."

He wrung his hands together with excitement.

Mills threw down his rifle, and the sand swallowed it at once. He turned his head to the man at the bank.

"It's no good, chum," he said quietly. "I reckon you better take a shot at me with that revolver."

The sand was in his armpits. The Frenchman ceased to jump and wring his hands, and smiled at him oddly. Mills, in the midst of his trouble, felt an odd sense of outraged propriety. The smile, he reflected, was ill-timed — and he was sinking deeper.

"What you grinning at?" he gasped. "Shoot, can't you?"

"I coom pull you out," said the Frenchman, fumbling at the buckle of his belt, and he forthwith stepped into the water.

He waded swiftly to within five feet of the shrinking man and flung him the end of the belt. Mills failed to catch it, and the Frenchman shifted his feet cautiously and flung again.

"Now," he shouted as the trader gripped it, "catch 'old tight," and he started to drag him bodily forwards.

"Careful," cried Mills; "you're sinking!"

The Frenchman stepped free hastily, and strained on the belt again. Mills endeavored to kick with his entombed legs, and called a warning as his rescuer sunk in the sands. Thus they wrestled, and at length Mills found his head in the water and his body free.

He rose, and they waded to he bank.

"Of all the quicksands I ever saw," said the trader slowly, as he sat down and gazed at the place that had so nearly been his grave, "that one's the worst."

"'Orrid," agreed the Frenchman, smiling amicably. "You was ver' near buried, eh?"

"Yes," said the trader thoughtfully. "I suppose any one 'ud say you saved my life, Frenchy?"

"Yes," replied the other.

"Exactly," said Mills. "Well, there's my hand for you, Frenchy. You done me a good turn. I'll do as much for you one of these days."

"Eh?" said the Frenchman as he shook hands.

"You've got a nasty habit of saying 'Eh?' " retorted the trader. "I said I'd do as much for you one of these days. Comprenny?"

"Oh, yais," smiled the Frenchman. "I think you will. Tha's all right."

"Well," said Mills, "I wish you'd come up and see me at my *kia*. Sure you can't come now?"

"Yais, I coom now," answered the other.

Mills stared. "'Fraid you can't trust me to go alone, are you?" he queried. "'Cause, if so —"

"Tha's all right," interrupted the Frenchman. "I coom now."

"Right you are," said Mills heartily. "Come along then!"

They strode off in the direction of the drift, Mills going thoughtfully, with an occasional glance at his companion. The Frenchman smiled perpetually, and once he laughed out.

"What's the joke?" demanded the trader.

"I think I do a good piece of business to-day," replied the Frenchman.

"H'm, yes," continued Mills suspiciously.

It was a longish uphill walk to the trader's store, and the night fell while they were yet on the way. With the darkness there came a breeze, cool and refreshing; the sky filled with sharp points of light, and the bush woke

with new life. The crackle of their boots on the stiff grass as they walked, sent live things scattering to left and right, and once a night-adder hissed malevolently at the Frenchman's heel. They talked little as they went, but Mills noticed that now and again his companion appeared to check a laugh. He experienced a feeling of vague indignation against the man who had saved his life; he was selfish in not sharing his point of view and the thoughts which amused him. At times reserve can be the most selfish thing imaginable, and one might as well be reticent on a desert island as in Manicaland. Moreover, despite the tolerant manners of the country, Mills was conscious of something unexplained in his companion — something which engendered a suspicion on general grounds.

The circle of big dome-shaped huts which constituted the store of Last Notch came into view against a sky of dull velvet as they breasted the last rise. The indescribable homely smell of a fire greeted the nostrils with the force of a spoken welcome. They could hear the gabble of the Kafirs at their supper and the noise of their shrill, empty laughter.

"That's home," said Mills, breaking a long silence.

"Yais," murmured the Frenchman; "'ome, eh? Yais. Ver' naice."

"You may say what you like," continued the trader aggressively. "Home is something. Though ever so 'umble, ye know, there's no place like home."

"Tha's all right," assented the other gaily. "I know a man name' Albert Smith, an' 'e sing that in the jail at Beira. Sing all the night till I stop 'im with a broom. Yais."

Mills grunted, and they entered the *skoff kia* — the largest of the huts, sacred to the uses of a dining-room. It contained two canvas chairs, a camp table, a variety of boxes to sit upon, and some picture-paper illustrations on the mud wall. A candle in a bottle illuminated it, and a bird in the thatch overhead twittered volubly at their presence. Some tattered books lay in the corner.

They washed in the open air, sluicing themselves from buckets, and dressed again in clean dungarees in another hut.

"*Skoff* [food] 'll be ready by now," said Mills, "but I think a gargle's the first thing. You'll have whisky or gin?"

The Frenchman pronounced for whisky, and took it neat. Mills stared.

"If I took off a dose like that," he observed, "I should be as drunk as an owl. You know how to shift it!"

"Eh?"

"Gimme patience," prayed the trader. "You bleat like a yowe. I said you can take it, the drink. Savvy? *Wena poosa meningi sterrik*. Have some more?"

"Oh, yais," smiled the guest. "Ver' good w'isky, eh?"

He tossed off another four fingers of the liquor, and they sat down to their meal. The food was such as most tables in Manicaland offered. Everything was tinned, and the *menu* ran the gamut of edibles from roast capon (cold) to *pâté de foie gras* in a pot. When they had finished Mills passed over his tobacco and sat back. He watched the other light up and blow a white cloud, and then spoke.

"Look here, Frenchy," he said, looking at him steadily; "I don't quite cotton to you, and I think it proper you should say a bit more than you have said."

"Eh?" queried the other smiling.

Mills glowered, but restrained himself. "I want to know who you are, and I guess I mean to know, too, so out with it!"

"Ah, yais," replied the Frenchman, and removed his pipe from his mouth. He trimmed the bowl fastidiously with his thumb, smiling the while. Of a sudden he looked up, and the smile was gone. He gave Mills back a look as purposeful as his own.

"I'm the man that save you in the river," he said meaningly.

"Well," began the trader hotly, but stopped. "That's true," he answered thoughtfully, as though speaking to himself. "Yes, that's true. You've got me, Frenchy."

"Yais," went on the Frenchman, leaning forward across the table, and speaking with an emphasis that was like an insult. "You sink there in the sand. I stop and save you. I stop, you see, although the men from Mace-quece coom after me and want to kill me. But I don't run away; I don't say to you, 'I can' stop. You go down; you die.' I don't say that. I stop. I save you. An' now you say to me, 'Frenchy, 'oo the 'ell are you?' Yais."

Mills shrugged protestingly. The appeal was to the core of his nature; the demand was one he could not dishonor.

"I didn't say just that," he urged. "But what are the chaps from Macequece after you for?"

"Tha's all right," replied the Frenchman with a wave of his hand. "You say, 'Frenchy, I don't like you. Dam you, Frenchy!' Ver' well. The men coom, you give me to them. They shoot me. Tha's all right; yais."

He replaced his pipe and commenced again to smoke with an expression of weary indifference.

"I'm not that sort," said Mills. "I'm open to admit I didn't quite take to you — at first. I can't say fairer than that. But tell me what you done to rile the chaps. Did you kill a bloke, or what?"

"Jone Mills," said the Frenchman — "Jone Mills shoot the Intendente at Mandega's. Kill 'im dead. Dead as pork. They don' chase Jone Mills. They don' wan' to shoot Jone Mills. No. Frenchy — po' ol' Frenchy — 'e shoot a man in Macequece. Shoot 'im dead. Dead as pork. Then they all coom after 'im. Wan' to shoot 'im. An' po' ol' Frenchy, 'e stop to pull Jone Mills out of the river. 'E save Jone Mills. Jone squeak an' say, 'Shoot me quick befo' I choke.' But Frenchy stop an' pull 'im out. Yais. An' then they shoot Frenchy. Yais!" He blew a huge volume of smoke and lay back serenely.

"Look 'ere, Frenchy," cried Mills, stretching his hand across the table, "I'm in this. They won't catch you here, old son. Savvy? There's my hand for you."

"Eh?"

"There's my hand, I'm tellin' you. Shake hands, old son. You may be a hard case, but you *did* save my life, and it's up to me to see you through. We'll be able to call quits then."

The Frenchman rose with a serious face, and the two shook hands over the candle. The Frenchman held Mill's hand a moment longer.

"I know you," he said. "You do' kno' me. I trust you, Jone. I know yo' a good man."

He sat back again, and Mills turned matters over. In that rough community no man would own himself devoid of gratitude. "I'll do as much for you," was the common acknowledgment of a favor. It appeared to Mills that his new acquaintance might be a precious scoundrel, but that point was not at present in issue, and there remained

a debt to be satisfied before he could raise that point. The knowledge that Frenchy had shot a man did not trouble him in the least, so long as the accompanying circumstances and the motive were in accordance with the simple standards of Manicaland. Here came in the doubt, engendered by nothing more concrete or citable than a trifle of mystery in the man's manner, and some undefined quality that disagreed with the trader. He glanced over to him; the Frenchman was blowing rings of smoke and smiling at them. There was nothing in his face but innocent and boyish amusement.

"Gad, you're a cool hand!" exclaimed Mills. "How d'you reckon we better work it?"

"I do' know," replied the other indifferently.

"You don't, eh? Well, d'you think they'll follow you all night?"

"I don' think," said the Frenchman, with confidence and a swelling of his chest — "I don' think they wan' to meet me in the night. Not ver' naice, eh? Leetle dangerous."

"H'm. You've got a bit of an opinion of yerself, anyhow. If that's all right, it'll be time enough to clear by daylight. Did you bolt just as you are — no niggers, no *skoff*, no anything?"

"No time," was the answer. "So I coom out without everything. Just like this."

"I can get you a couple of niggers," mused Mills, "an' you'll want a gun. Then with *skoff* for a fortnight, you ought to be up at the Mazoe before they find your spoor. What do you think?"

"I think i's ver' naice," smiled the other.

"Then we'll *bamba lala*" [go to sleep], said Mills rising. "I don't know how you feel, but I'm just done up."

A bed was soon fixed for the Frenchman, who retired with a light-hearted "goo'night"; Mills, keeping full in view his guest's awkward position, and the necessity for packing him off at daylight, determined not to sleep. He went out of the kraal and listened to the night. It spoke with a thousand voices; the great factory of days and nights was in full swing; but he caught no sound of human approach, and returned to the huts to prepare his guest's kit for the departure. He found and partially cleaned an old rifle, and unpacked a generous donation of cartridges. Meal for the carriers, blankets and tinned meats for the Frenchman, were all at hand.

Candles, a lantern, matches, gin, a pannikin, a pair of pots, and so on, soon completed the outfit. Packing is generally an interesting operation, and Mills was an expert in it. He forgot most of his perplexity and ill-ease as he adjusted the bundles and measured the commodities. He had the whole of the gear spread out on the floor of the *skoff kia* when a voice accosted him.

"You needn't bother no more, Jack," it said softly.

A man tiptoed in. He was short and lightly built, and carried a sporting rifle in his hand. His reddish mustache was dragged with dew, and his clothes were soaked in it. He looked at Mills with gleeful blue eyes.

"Where's Frenchy?" he asked softly.

Mills labored to express surprise.

"What're you talkin' about?" he demanded loudly.

"Don't shout, blast yer!" whispered the other vehemently. "We saw yer go up 'ere together, Jack, and nobody ain't gone away since. There's five of us, Jack, and we want that swine — we want 'im bad."

"What for?" asked Mills desperately, without lowering his voice.

The other made an impatient gesture for silence, but his words were arrested by a clamor in the yard. There were shouts and curses and the sound of blows.

"We've got 'im, Charley," shouted some one triumphantly.

The smaller man rushed out, and Mills followed swiftly. There was a blackness of moving forms in the open, and some one struck a match. The man called Charley stepped forward. Mills saw the face and hand of a man standing upright, brilliantly illuminated by the flame of the match; and on the ground three men, who knelt on and about a prostrate figure. One was busy with some cord. In the background stood Mills's Kafirs. The match burned down to the holder's fingers, and he dropped it.

"Well, Dave," said Mills, "what's the meanin' o' this game o' yours — comin' to a man's *kia* in the middle o' the night, and ropin' his mate out o' bed?"

The man who had lit the match laughed. "That you, Jack?" he said. "Well, you wouldn't be so ready to call this bloke 'mate' if you knew what he'd been up to."

"The — swine!" commented Charley.

"Get a lantern," commanded Mills to the Kafirs. "What d'you mean?" he asked of the tall man.

"He shot a *woman*!" said Dave. The tone was eloquent of the speaker's rage and disgust.

Mills stared open-mouthed. "A *woman*!" he gasped.

"A woman," replied Dave. "Shot her, as bold as the devil, *on* the street, *in* the daytime, and did a bolt for the bush. Every man that could put foot to the ground is out after him."

A Kafir arrived then with the lantern Mills had designed for the Frenchman, and by its light he was able to see the faces of the men. They were all known to him. The man who was cording the prisoner's arms had seen his daring work at Mandega's. He knelt on the prostrate form as he worked, and the Frenchman's face showed like a waxen mask on the ground. Blood was running from a deep cut on his cheek.

"I save yo' life, Jone," he gasped.

"Shut up!" snapped one of the men, and struck him on the mouth.

"Here," protested Mills; "go slow, can't you! There's no call to bang him about."

They stared at him with astonishment. "Why, man," exclaimed Charley, "didn't we tell you he shot a woman?"

"What's that he said about savin' your life?" demanded Dave.

"He did," explained Mills. He told them the story, and they listened without sympathy.

"It was a bloomin' plucky thing to do," concluded the trader. "I'd ha' bin dead by now but for him, and I owe 'im one for it."

"Oh, nobody's sayin' he isn't plucky," said the man who had been tying the Frenchman's arms, as he rose to his feet. "He's the dare-devilst swine alive, but he's done with it now."

Dave came round and clapped Mills on the shoulder.

"It's worked you a bit soft, old man," he said. "Why, hang it all, you wouldn't have us let him go after shooting a woman, would you?"

"Oh! stow it," broke in one of the others. "If it wasn't that 'e's got to go back to Macequece to be shot, I'd blow his head off now."

"I'm not asking you to let him go," cried Mills. "But give the bloke a chance, give 'im a run for it. Why, I wouldn't kill a dog so; it's awful — an' — an' — he saved my life, chaps, he saved my life."

"But he shot a woman," said Charley.

That closed the case — the man had committed the ultimate crime. Nothing could avail him now. He shot a woman — he must suffer.

"Jone," moaned the Frenchman — the cords were eating into his flesh — "Jone, I saved yo' life."

"Why couldn't you tell me?" cried Mills passionately; "why couldn't you trust me? I could ha' got you away."

"That'll do," interrupted Dave, thrusting Mills aside. "We'll trouble you for a drink and a bite, old boy, an' then we'll start back."

Mills led the way to the *skoff kia* in silence. There was food and drink still on the table, and the men sat down to it at once. The Frenchman lay in the middle of the kraal, bound; his captors' weapons lay at their feet. He was as effectually a prisoner as if their five barrels were covering him. Mills stood moodily watching the men eat, his brain drumming on the anguished problem of the Frenchman's life or death without effort or volition on his part.

"Got any more *poosa*, old boy?" asked Dave, setting down the whisky bottle empty.

"Yes," said Mills thoughtfully. "Plenty." He shouted for a boy, and one came running.

"Go to the store-hut," ordered Mills slowly, "and bring a bottle of whisky." He spoke the "kitchen-Kafir" that every one in Manicaland understands.

"Yes, baas," said the native.

"But first," said Mills, still speaking slowly and quietly, "take a knife and cut loose the man on the ground. *Quick!*" The last word was a shout.

Dave sprang to his feet and stood motionless. The others were arrested in the action of rising or reaching their weapons. From the wall beside him Mills had reached a revolver and held them covered. The barrel moved over them, presenting its black, threatening mouth to one after the other. It moved in jerks, but not without purpose. It held them all subject, and the first movement doomed.

"Jack!" cried Dave.

"Shut up!" commanded Mills. "Don't move now. For God's sake don't move. I'll shoot the first one that does."

"He shot a woman," they protested.

"He saved my life," said Mills. "Are you all right, Frenchy?"

"Yais," came the answer, and with it the ghost of a laugh.

Mills did not look round, and the steady, remorseless barrel still sailed to and fro across the faces of the men in the hut.

"Clear out, then," he shouted. "I'll only give you five minutes. You shot a woman. And Frenchy —"

"Yais, Jone."

"This makes us quits, see?"

"Ver' good, Jone. Good-by."

"Good-by, Frenchy."

Dave ripped out a curse, and shifted slightly. The barrel sprang round to him, and he froze into stillness.

"Don't do that again, Davy," warned Mills.

"You'll catch it hot for this," snarled one of them.

"Very like," replied the trader.

He counted a liberal five minutes by guess. He dared not look away from his men. At last he spoke.

"It was up to me, boys," he said with a sigh. "I couldn't do no less. If it 'ad been a man 'e shot I'd ha' kept you here all day. But I've done enough, I reckon, seein' it was a woman."

He dropped the revolver to the ground.

"Now!" he said.

They sat down and stared at him. For full a minute no one spoke. Mills gave them back their eyes gloomily, leaning with folded arms against the wall. Then Dave drew a long breath, a very sigh.

"Well, Jack," he said, shaking his head. "I didn't think it of you — I didn't indeed. A skunk like that! a woman-shooter, and a Frenchman!! You didn't use to be like this."

"We're quits now, him and me," answered Mills. "He saved my life, and I'm satisfied. So if you've got anything to say — or do — then get it over."

Charley burst out at this in a fuss of anger. "You ought to be shot," he shouted. "That's all you're fit for."

"Charley's right," growled one of the others.

"Oh, cut it off," cried Dave impatiently; "we're not going to shoot Jack. But I guess we won't say we've lost the Frenchman yet."

He lowered his brows and turned his eyes on Mills.

"You an' him's quits, Jack," he said "What do you think about it?"

Mills looked up slowly, like a man newly awaked from a dream.

"You might get a shot at him from the path," he answered musingly. "That is, if he's keeping north. I'll show you the place."

"You don't think we'd have a chance of catching him?"

"Not a ghost," replied the trader decisively. "Once you get into the kloof, he's lost. All you can do is wait till he breaks cover down below, an' try a long shot. By God!" he cried with sudden energy, "I'll try a lick at him myself. We're quits now, the — the woman-shooter!"

He snatched a rifle and led the way, the others tumbling after him. Some hundred yards beyond the kraal the footpath dipped abruptly toward the valley, and at an angle of it there was to be gained a clear view of the bush beneath, where it surged at the foot of the hill and ran down the kloof: at the lower part of the kloof it ceased, and the ground was bare red earth for a space of some thousand yards. Mills sat down on a stone. Dave squatted beside him, and the others grouped themselves on adjacent boulders.

The sun was well into the sky by now — it was about six o'clock in the morning. The air was of diamond, and the chill of the night had already passed. The men glued their eyes on the bare patch and waited.

"Funny game you played up there," whispered Dave to the trader.

Mills nodded without speaking.

"I'm not blaming you," continued the other. "I reckon I understand, old boy. But are you goin' to shoot at him?"

"I am that," was the reply.

"Well, I hope you get him," said Dave. "The chaps'll forget the other business then. They didn't like it, you know — nobody would."

"It's not because I care for them or what they think," began Mills.

"I know it's not," interrupted Dave. "You know all the ranges, I suppose?"

"Nine hundred yards to that black spot," said Mills. "The spot's a bit of a hole in the ground. Twelve hundred to the big boulder."

He rose off the stone he was sitting on and lay down on the path, belly-under, and ran up the back-sight of his weapon with care. Flinging back the bolt, he blew into the chamber and thrust a cartridge in; tested the air with a wet finger, and wriggled the butt home into his shoulder. Dave watched him in silence: Mills was, he knew, a good shot, and he was now preparing, with all the little tricks and graces of the rifle-range, to pull trigger on the man he had risked — nay, almost thrown away — his life to save from the consequences of an unspeakable crime.

"Ah!" breathed Mills, with an artist's luxurious satisfaction.

Down the valley a figure had broken from the bush, and was plainly to be seen against the red ground. The men on the hill flopped down and prepared to shoot.

"Don't fire," Dave warned the others. He was watching Mills. The trader's face bore no signs of his recent mental struggle. It carried no expression whatever save one of cool interest, just touched with a craftsman's confidence. His barrel was steady as his head. The little figure below was moving over the rough ground toward the black spot. They could see its legs working grotesquely, like a mechanical toy.

"So," murmured Mills. "Now just a *little* farther. So!"

He fired.

There was no leap into the air, no tragic bound and sprawling tumble. The little figure in the valley fell where it was, and never moved.

Mills jerked open his breech.

"I'll bet that took him in the spine," he said.



"SEVEN THOUSAND TONS OF WATER FALLING EVERY SECOND"

"You will walk down to the little railed-off corner of the American Falls. There is Goat Island; beyond it the skimpy fall over the Terrapin Rocks; beyond it the Canadian Falls, the real Falls, with the white cloud rising up. You are confronting the most wonderful spectacle on the continent."

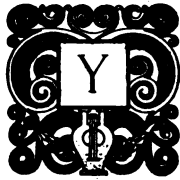
# NIAGARA

BY

## EUGENE WOOD

AUTHOR OF "BACK HOME," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

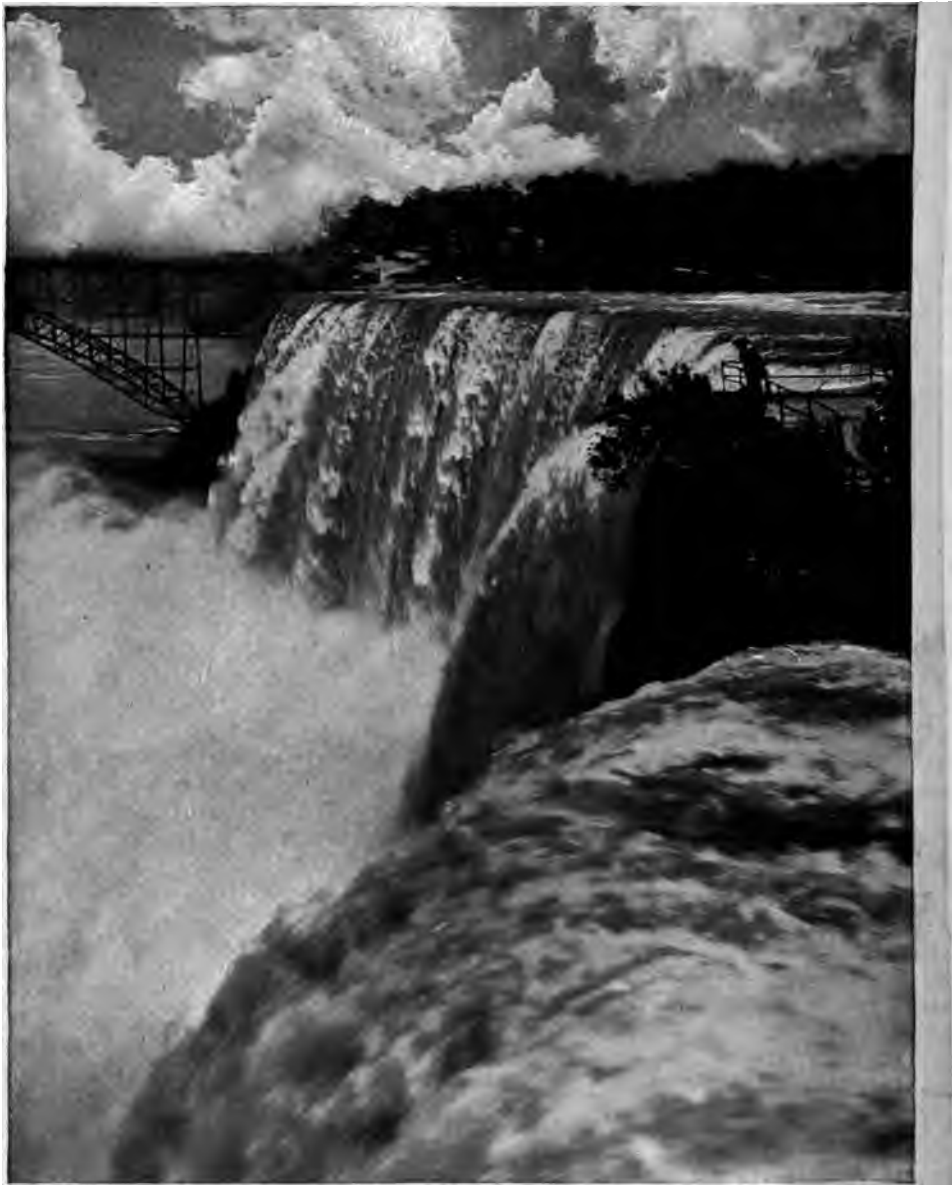


YOU know how boys snap a snake's head off with a jerk. Well, the motorman on the big yellow car that starts every half hour from Court and Main Streets, Buffalo, comes as near as he dares to doing the same thing for his passengers when he gets them out where there aren't many houses and he can go full tilt around the kinks and corners of the twistiest trolley line ever built. You catch glimpses now and again of a broad, full river, but after he snatches you up and down the bridge over the railroad tracks (you catching your breath and holding hard), you are never long out of sight of it; a broad, full, shining river, not given to wild enthusiasm in March, or profound depression in August, but a staid and steady river, going right along without any fuss. It doesn't seem to care two pins what's going to happen before long. It's an old story to it, for every component drop has over and over again had a greater come-down, from the clouds — no less. And that's quite a ways to fall, when you come to consider. A calm, smooth, steady, shining river, with steamboats running excursions on it, and folks out in small boats, and the cows wading in the flood to drink of it, never once remembering that the water ought to be boiled first.

Right after you have successfully resisted the motorman's last attempt to send your head bouncing down the aisle of the car, you pass a lot of factories, notable chiefly in that all but one are chimneyless. This one down at the end of the line has a big blue-and-brown panache of soft, coal smoke flaunting from its tall shaft close by the mountain of small logs. But there are no rhythmic puffs of steam, like ostrich-tips, to tell you that inside the engine-house a piston-rod is madly darting to and fro on jerky errands from

cylinder to fly-wheel. Ordinarily you do not ask why there should be a smoke-stack to a factory; in this case you do. They want the steam's moist heat there to cook the stew of ground-up log, but not its mighty kick to turn the rolls that press the stew into thin sheets for books and newspapers and magazines.

You are yet a long walk on a hot day from the end of your ride when your neighbor in the car nods at a group of noble gray stone buildings and says: "There's the power house." In there is what has put the nose of the steam-engine out of joint. A canal has been dug to the broad and shining river, and then, 141 feet below, a tube a mile and a quarter long has been bored through the rock, coming out just below the bridge. Down in the dark there Samson is grinding in the prison-house. The power of water falling all that way is changed by witchcraft into that which makes a cat's back crackle when you stroke her in cold, dry weather. The crackle of the cat's back is charmed into thick strands that loop between the poles along the wayside. The touch of a magic wand atop the car in which you rode made the wheels of it spin round, and without horses to your chariot you traveled faster than the swiftest steed. If it had been dark outside the car would have been flooded with a golden radiance; if it had been cold outside, the car would have been warm — in spots. And all by the power of water falling. Not only here where you are, but wherever the thick strands go, the same power of falling water, turned into the crackle of a cat's back, spins the misty buzz-saw, and drives the thunderous planers, makes the dark streets gay and cheerful, and does the cooking and general housework. Back there in that factory that smells so dry and choking, this same mysterious stuff cleaves asunder chemical combinations, and



*Photograph by George P. Hall*

**"THE HANGING WHITE DRAPERY OF THE AMERICAN FALLS"**

*"This sheet that slides so quickly over the verge is nearer your mental grasp"*

in that factory whose waste-pile glistens so, it makes a heat so hot that sand boils off in vapor as water in a tea-kettle.

When a man works cheaper than we can afford to work, we bat him on the head with a piece of 2 x 4 stuff to show him the

contempt we hold him in. This stuff that makes a cat's back crackle; that makes a rubber comb pick up bits of paper; that makes pins fawn upon knife-blades; that jerks our wrists when we take hold of the handles of the machine at the County Fair; that tells us

right away when Aunt Jane gets to Chicago safe, although it is a twenty hours' ride back to us again; that lets us hear a human voice a thousand miles away; that does so many, many wondrous things for us, and, day by day, is finding new achievements — electricity, in a word — works at less wages and does more than any men, or horses, or even steam-engines can. We do not chase it through the streets and call it "scab." We do not bat it on the head with pieces of 2 x 4. Far otherwise. Hercules was a fine figure of a man. He was muscled like a physical culture advertisement. He had a personal encounter once with Antaeus, you recollect, whom he could not faze until he got Antaeus up in the air. The funeral did not take place until after Antaeus lost his ground connection. It's the other way round these days. Antaeus might dangle all day from these overhead wires — if the Company would let him — and be as safe as in a church, but let him touch but a toe to ground ever so gently and this mysterious stuff that works so cheaply would hit him a clout such as forty Herculesees could not compass with their clubs. It is this causes us to be respectful to this "scab." Will you come away from that electric light pole? Yes, I know, but it makes me nervous. You don't know what might happen.

The car stops in the station. You read the insolent command over the door: "This way out," and humbly obey. You look up and down the street rather sheepishly. They have all sorts of junk to sell you as souvenirs. Some don't approve of this, but I think it's a good idea. If you didn't buy a red-glass tumbler, with your name written on it in Spencerian characters while you wait, you'd forget all about ever having been to Niagara. As it is, when people ask you: "Have you seen the Falls?" you inquire: "Niagara Falls? Niagara Falls? Name sounds familiar somehow. Mother, were we ever at the Falls?" And she answers: "Why, yes, dear. Don't you remember? You got that red-glass cup there." And you say: "Oh yes, yes, yes. Why certainly. Very pretty view there, as I recall it." I stick up for souvenirs.

You cross the street and go into the park there. You see people with their baskets, picnicking. They have hard-boiled eggs, and pickles, and cheese sandwiches, and fried chicken, and three kinds of cakes just like folks, but you don't know a living soul. It

makes you feel green and embarrassed, and like a perfect stranger. You have the sensation in your back that they are looking at you, and noticing that you toe in a little with your right foot and that your necktie is climbing your collar. And then all of a sudden, your self-respect shoots up like a sky-rocket. There are people there greener than you are, for one of them asks you timidly: "Mister, is this the right way to the Falls?" What a question! It isn't a very wide park, and the Falls of Niagara are the biggest on the continent. Searching for them is something like looking for an arc-light at night.

And yet, come to think of it, the question isn't so foolish. The man expected to be led to the Falls by "the thunders of Niagara." He had been reading about "the thunders of Niagara" ever since he could read anything more difficult than "See the cat on the mat." The phrase was invented before sash-door-and-blind factories, boiler-shops, and railroad trains. After you have ridden more than an hour in a trolley-car you need not expect to be shocked by "the thunders of Niagara." If you could import the noise of the Falls to Broadway, nobody would ever notice it. Maybe it sounded big to the first man that heard it, a savage to whom the sudden snap of a twig gave heart-failure, but pshaw! Do you want to know what it puts me most in mind of? The man in the flat overhead getting ready for a bath.

As you stroll along the gravel path, you cast a glance to westward. "There," says you. "If that isn't just my luck! It's going to rain hard in a minute. And I wanted it to be a fine day." Take good heed of this, for if you're anything like me on your first visit, it will be the only bright spot in the memory of the day. On the way home I suddenly woke up to the sell that old Dame Nature had worked on me. That wasn't a thunderhead at all; it was the cloud of dust rising where so much water was being dumped.

Yes, that will be about the only bright spot in the day's recollection. You will walk down to the little railed-off corner of the American Falls. The water slides over the brown, slippery rocks out of sight. The spray rises and gets on your glasses. There is Goat Island; beyond it the skimpy fall over the Terrapin Rocks; beyond it the Canadian Falls, the real Falls, with the white cloud rising up. You are confronting what everybody says is the most wonderful spectacle on the continent. You pause. You

shut out from your mental vision the other men and women that stand beside you. You exclude from your consideration the people with the ninety-seven cent cameras that are snap-shotting the view; the lady with the thick waist and the thin side-whiskers; the two men with the badges of the National Convention of Pump-washer Manufacturers; and the couple that shed rice at every step. You are alone, you and your soul, before this scene of beauty and magnificence. You hearken to the inward voice; you listen to what your soul would say to you.

It says: "M-hm. Very nice. Just exactly like the pictures."

With a numb feeling in your mind you turn to gaze down into the Gorge beneath. As you lean upon the railing, a rainbow swims before you on the gauzy mist. You give your soul a hunch with your elbow. "See that?" And your soul replies: "Well, ain't that funny? When I was coming through Pearl Street this morning I saw a boy washing a window with a hose, and the spray made that very identical kind of a rainbow. Kind of a coincidence, ain't it?"

Across on the other side of the Gorge they are building something, and the place doesn't look very swept up. The Gorge itself is some bigger than Main Street at home as viewed from the the top of the American House. Yes, I guess it must be considerably bigger, judging by the looks of that little tug down there bouncing around. The water on the floor of the Gorge looks just the color of old man Hickey's regalia that he gets out every Patrick's Day, faded so that you can't tell whether it's blue or green. Streaked up with foam a good deal, the water is . . .

Oh, this won't do. This won't do. Perhaps if we go down the inclined road and look up, it might help things. You do get a little thrill on the trip. It is based upon this awe-inspiring thought: "S'posin' the cable should break."

You clamber out upon the rocks and try to peer through the thick veil that hides the mystery of the Fall itself. You wait and hearken to the inward voice. Not a peep.

"Here you!" you say right sharply to your nobler self. "What's the matter with

#### A STEP IN THE TRANSFORMATION OF NIAGARA

*Not the Grand Dukes but the petty lords of the land have done this*



you? This is Niagara, d' y' understand? This is the mighty cataract you've heard so much about . . . Well? . . . Say something, can't you?"

Thus adjured, your soul makes an effort. It hums and haws for a while. "Er . . . Er . . ." And then it strikes its gait quite cheerfully. "Say! Did you ever hear what the Irishman said when he stood here and looked up at the water coming down? Well, he looked up, he did, and saw the water coming down and he says, says he: 'Well, what's to hinder?'"

(It needed that; it needed just that.)

You take passage on the "Maid of the Mist" (That's a pretty name. I wonder who thought of it) and put on one of the raincoats and stand out on the upper deck hanging on to a stay, hoping against hope that, on the trip up to the point where the current gets too strong for the engines, some impression will stir your inmost being to its deepest depths. And nothing happens! You do manage to get one moment of relief from the joke about "What's to hinder?" which your foolish other self keeps repeating with all the changes, now as a minstrel colloquy: "Mistah Intahlocutaw, kin you . . kin you tell me what the l'ishman sayed when he see Niagara Falls for the fust time?" "No, Mister Bones, I cannot tell what the Irishman said when he saw the Falls for the first time. What *did* the Irishman say when he saw the Falls for the first time?" Now as a sidewalk conversation on the vaudeville stage (green whiskers, you know, and all that).

"I hod the pleasure o' Misther Regan's company whin I wint to the Falls th' oother daa —"

"What had ye o' Regan's whin ye came away?"

"Whisht! What talk have ye? We stud there watchin' —"

"Who was watchin'? The polis?"

"No. Me an' him."

"Ye needed watchin', the two of yees."

"We stud there luckin' at the wather pourin' down —"

"'Twas more than wather that was pourin' down or I don't know Regan."

"An' I says to 'm, 'Regan,' says I, 'ain't it grand?' I says."

"I know that one. 'No,' says he, 'it's Houston; the next is Grand.'"

"Don't be intherruptin'. And Regan says —" etc., etc., till you're tired to death

of the joke. One moment of relief, such as it is, comes, I say, and that is the thought that when they fixed the boundary line, the American Commissioner must have been a soft-head to let the Canucks have all the best of it the way they have, and the United States get this little side-show of a falls.

Gorge ride? No! If the sight of the water falling has no more effect on me than this, why do you suppose I care to see the water running away after it has fallen? You may have my ticket; I don't want it. Let me see. If I go back to Buffalo now, I'll just about have time to see that man before the train goes . . . Yes, it is a kind of a disappointment. I wouldn't say it isn't as represented. It looks exactly like the pictures, but still . . . Well, I tell you: it'll do well enough for people from the country districts that have never traveled much or seen anything, don't you know, but for you and me, don't you know — oh, nothing to get excited about.

## II

And then one day when you should be thinking of ten and ten and five off for cash, or informing Mr. John Jones of Jonesville, Tenn., that you have his favor of the eigh-téenth, and would say in reply to same — your mind slips all holds, and is gone from the work-a-day world. There comes a glowing center to your inward vision, and as it brightens and clears, you see a far-off notch of apple-green and silver, a green the like of which is not on earth, and frosted silver such as no human artificer can rival. It is the Falls come back to you. The loveliest sight! The loveliest sight!

Your stenographer seizes the opportunity to touch up her notes. You pay no heed but sit there tranced, imaging again the waters bending as they reach the verge, apple-green and silver, apple-green and silver . . . Tall spires leap up in a sort of rhythm, up . . . up . . . almost to the height from which they lately fell; tall, frosted spires, gleaming in the sun. Beneath them billows the cloud of water shattered into tiny crumbs, each crumb the pivot of a fan with seven sticks, each stick a color of the rainbow.

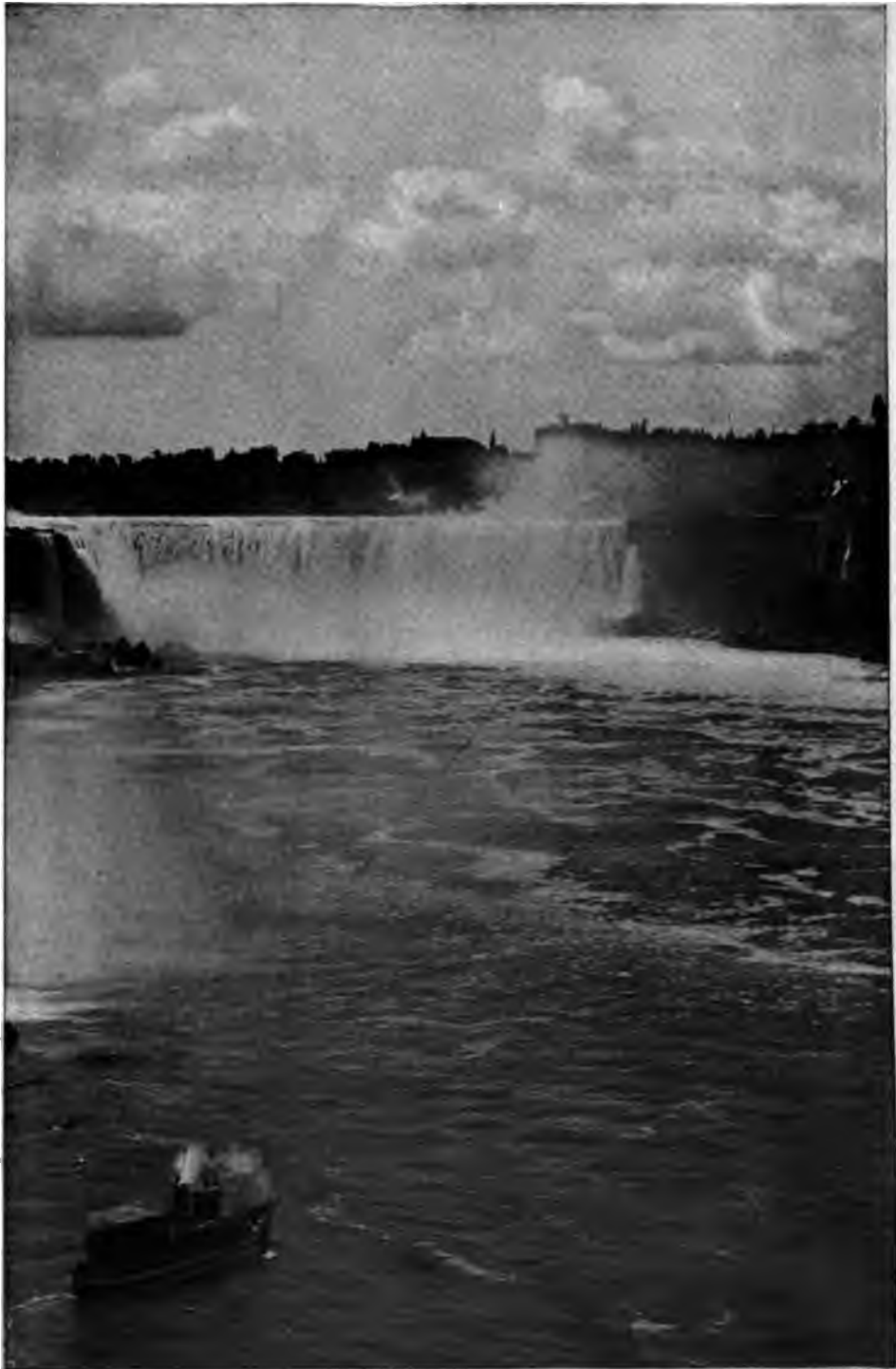
The stenographer has sharpened all her pencils and gently clears her throat. You heed her not. Again you stand upon the fearful brink. The voice of many waters,



*Photograph by George P. Hall*

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

*"When it gets so that every horse-power in the Falls can be sold for money, then if you think that*



**TO-DAY IMPERILLED**

*individual rights are all the rights there are, Niagara will be left as dry as the big road in August"*

speaks to you as you gaze downward through the faint arch of air-drawn mother-of-pearl ; downward upon the floor of peacock blue, milk-white where it emerges from the secret cavern which none may look upon and live. The voice of many waters ! It is no thudding thunder, as of the pedal C in some great organ. That is but one voice, and though it may afflict the ear far more than all Niagara, a very slender stream of water with no great fall may actuate it. It is but one, while this is the voice of many waters ; the voice of all the raindrops falling upon that empire that on every side slopes toward America's unsalted seas ; the voice of every rill that ripples over pebbles and under weedy banks in whose brown shadows fishes lurk ; the voice of every river in that empire and every wave that beats upon the yellow beach. It speaks of the thirsty land refreshed by showers and the lush, green grass that cattle crop. It speaks of waving wheat and rustling pennons in the corn-field, of mill-wheels grinding golden grain, of the countless millions of living things that drink and lave ; it speaks of canoes that slip silently along, of oar-locks thumping, of the furrows turned by sail-boats, and the far-off flutings of the great steamers that seem to float above the horizon line, tangled in the skeins of their own smoke, mothering treasures from port to port. It is the word of the voice of many waters that our life is wholly water-borne, inwardly and outwardly.

But in the multitude of whisperings, and rustlings, and gurglings, it is not all the speech of life and summer-time. There is the shining frost and the long wales of drifted snow, blue in the shadows ; there is the black ice, creaking and snapping, locking the harbors, and stilling the noisy mill-wheels ; there is the crash of tall, taunt ships against the cruel rocks ; there is the bubbling of the drowning man, and his agonizing struggle as he dies, slain by the fear of the water that stops his heart more than by the waters themselves that drag him down and babble sweetly over where he sways among the rushes. The terror of the waters ! Therein lies Niagara's enchantment. This vision full of beauty, this envisaging again of that notch of apple-green and silver, the loveliest sight that man ever beheld, is not the first recurrence since your visit. Last night you dreamed of it ; and it was not its beauty you beheld, but you were wading in its rushing waters on the slippery brown rocks, the

current tugging at you for your life. **It got you, and you wakened with a strangling cry** — to find the bedclothes twisted about your feet.

Your stenographer coughs again : "**Would say in reply to same —**"

"Read that last sentence over," you **speak up, coming out of your trance. But all** through the letter, and all that day, it **comes** to you : "**I must see Niagara again . . . I must see Niagara again.**"

Know this : A pint-cup can hold **but the** full of a pint-cup at any time. **There is no** human mind can sense Niagara in its **entirety** at a glance.

So far from feeling a little bit set up by its failure to stun you, it dawns upon you that you had better keep that to yourself. It's something like not knowing how to act in company. It's a sign you aren't very civilized. It was only the other day, so to speak, that men took any account of nature's beauty, rocks, and trees, and clouds, and things without a definite regular pattern. It was only the other day that the Alps quit being a confounded nuisance, and became another word for overwhelming, awful splendor. Pattern and color? Why, we know almost to the minute when the sense that could appreciate them entered the world ; when insects first appeared in the Early Tertiary. It is only man that can find pleasure in a landscape or a waterscape, and man has to be so civilized that he isn't always hungry, that he has clothes on his back, a return trip ticket in his pocket, and the knowledge in his head that there aren't boogers lurking in every corner ready to snatch him, and that if there were he knows enough white magic to beat them off.

You think that perhaps so much talking about Niagara has kind of dulled the edge of your appreciation of it. I don't believe it. The first man that saw it probably said : "**What's to hinder?**" and didn't stare at it very long. Nothing to eat there, and it looked spooky, and anyhow standing where it was so damp would probably give him rheumatism. It tells in the guide-book how a man in the early days went to see the place, but it was a very cold night, and the tavern was comfortable, so he sent a boy to see if it was worth while. The boy came back and said it wasn't much ; just a lot of **water fall-**ing, and it was colder than all **get-out, and he** wouldn't advise it. I can quite **under-**stand that just as I can understand **that**



*Photograph by George F. Hall*

THE CANADIAN FALLS

*"Something of the magnificence of the Horseshoe"*

there are folks to whom the use of napkins seems a piece of affectation. Only, it's something that we ought to try to hide from others.

So a day comes when you stand again in the doorway of the station and look out upon the park at the people with their mouths full of hard-boiled egg, and you aren't the least bit embarrassed. You even grin at the girl that starts to make fun of you to her mother, and she turns red and gets interested in the stuffed olives. Pretty girl, too, or would be if she wasn't so freckled. She's just about beau-high.

On this trip you begin to realize that there is a good deal to Niagara, when you come to look into it. I don't mean the Falls alone, although when you get over on the Canadian side, and sloop around on the planks laid over the mud-puddles, there come moments of exaltation at the sight, when you realize that if your soul doesn't carry on a lively conversation it is because there aren't words that will do the subject justice; but I mean that the rapids above the Falls you gave a mere glance to on your first trip, impress you as being worth while. One way, it seems a kind of pity that there should be any such rapids. The water ought by good rights to come right to the edge of the stone shelf and then drop. That's the way they have it at the Falls of the Zambesi in Africa (this is only what I've read; I've never been to see), but they say that the current isn't any swifter; it just runs along at about five miles an hour, which is the rate of Niagara above the upper rapids, and then it drops. But the pint-cup cannot hold more than the full of the pint-cup, and as you lean upon the parapet of the stone bridge over to Goat Island, and see the waters rush beneath, and leap up into snowy cliffs with the dazzling foam breaking as if it would run back up stream; as you wander down on the gently sloping lawn — don't look for a minute, but if ever you saw a couple of spoons, they're over there under that willow — as you tread the springy turf you can watch the swirling torrent and get some notion of the immense power of the falling water. You can take the cataract apart, so to speak, and then mentally combine the pieces and see how tremendous it must all be. You can see how near allied your admiration is to terror, for momentarily the thought comes into your mind how futile would be your struggle in that stream. You can see yourself madly struggling

and yet borne away by a force so great that all your battling would not stir the water.

The tiny views you get, the little fragments of Niagara, are more nearly your mental size, and so, when I had clambered over the rocks of the Three Sisters Islands, and seen the black water boil up between them, had noted all the little cataracts and minor falls, Niagaras in miniature, I wondered at the crass stupidity of those who stuck fast in the carry-all, and would not alight to look upon that which, to my mind, is the most illuminative and explanatory of the whole sight. Some of my indignation, I admit, was due to the fact that if they didn't get out I couldn't get in, and I was tired walking, but nevertheless I will contend that I got more from that stop at the Three Sisters than I did any place else.

And yet, the walk out on the wooden bridge to the Terrapin Rocks is full of meaning. There you sense the hanging, white drapery of the American Falls; there you get something of the magnificence of the Horseshoe, but then again this sheet, that slides so quickly over the verge, is nearer to your mental grasp. The brown and slippery rocks are just like those that flooded the creek back home, the creek that had crawfish under stones, crawfish that made your mother jump when she went through your pockets nights.

There is a log jammed almost on the very brink and the clear wave gurgles over it in a manner you can understand. The mass that curves over the Horseshoe's verge is quite beyond your understanding. And here's something I'd like to have you look a little into, and when you have it explained I wish you'd make it clear to me. There are fellows with their shoes and stockings off wading around there in the shallow water where it is quite safe. What do they do it for?

"Oh, just to show off," the reservation policeman told me.

"But it's safe, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's safe enough," he answered contemptuously of them.

I was afraid he would be contemptuous of me, if I should press my questioning of how anybody could show off doing a perfectly safe thing. He didn't look to me, either, like a man that could tell me what is the motive for "showing off" before perfect strangers, who do not admire the heroes, but rather



*Photograph by George P. Hall*

#### THE ROCK OF AGES

*A piece of the shelf which, worn away by the water, broke off. Slowly the Falls are thus receding*

think them silly. That they should always be young fellows, seems to indicate it is an instinct connected in some way with attracting the girls, but it is all a dark mystery to me. Out farther than where they puddle around are logs that have lodged in between rocks. I should say it was dangerous to get out to

them, but these logs are all covered with initials cut into them with pocket-knives. I see myself taking chances on going over and never being found again short of the Whirlpool, just for the sake of carving E. W. in sprawling capitals on those logs. I wouldn't do it for a million dollars, and I need just about that sum.

And it would be my luck, too, to have Elias Wright, or Ephraim Wiggins, or Ebenezer Whitmore blowing that it was he that did it.

### III

I have never been at the Falls in mid-winter. People have told me that I have missed half my life by not seeing the icicles glittering in the sun. They say it is real slightly. I know in a general way that it runs all the year round, but I always think of the Falls as operating only when there are leaves on the trees and the green grass and flowers in bloom. I always think of them in connection with people with colored satin badges pinned on their coat lapels, and on the bosom of their frocks; with folks that are highly tanned from working out of doors, that walk as if they knew how plowed ground felt under the feet, and that say: "How do you do, sir?" to total strangers whom they meet as they walk along. I associate it with young women whose look says "I got him after all," even if their clothes did not betray them, and young men who hold hands every chance they get, and are under the impression that it is they who are the conquerors. It is a thought that I find hard to think, that when there is nobody there, in that vague middle of the night when every place is lone and empty, that the Falls go on just the same. It is a still harder thought to think that the matchless beauty of it all was there before there ever was an eye that had a mind behind it to think of it as beautiful, or even fearful. When you arrive at this stage, it is time for you to take the Gorge ride.

You can do it before then, but there is so much that the Gorge has to tell, when you are ready to hear it, that I wonder the trolley company does not put on every car, not merely a man to take the fares and punch the tickets till they look as if they might be good to paste on a lame back, but a man with a megaphone to interpret what this wild cañon has to say about the long gone past. We need a little showing where to look, and what to look for, even when what we seek is right before our eyes. As I stood on the verge of the precipice above the Whirlpool, where logs and trash were solemnly milling around, I hunted with my eyes in vain for that great river bed in which ages ago a greater flood than Niagara had rolled, and though it lay right spang before me, I couldn't see it. A man came up to me and entered into conversation. He couldn't help me out much, for he

had a puzzle of his own to solve. "I s'pose," he ventured with the air of one who takes an extreme position from which he is prepared to recede, if it should get too hot to hold, "I s'pose they's some kind of a lake or 'nother 'round here that all this dreens off into."

We're all from Missouri; we all say "Show me." And I think it is no more than right that the trolley company should have a man to tell the people that they won't find any place else on earth a rocky cañon, dug by a river, making a square corner. It isn't a happen-so, not worth considering. It has vitally to do with the man's query if there wasn't some lake or other that all this "dreens off into," and it gives us something to go on, in our ciphering out how long this green and silver flood has bent itself over the shelving rock, and sent its pingacles of dazzling white leaping rhythmically in air.

The first men of our race and kind that looked upon the sight simply stood and looked. They did not take accurate triangulations of every point. That wasn't done until 1827. Then again in 1875 another set of measurements was made from which we may form an estimate of how fast the Falls move backward and dig out the Gorge. I mean the Canadian Falls. The American takes off a shaving of perhaps six inches a year, and hasn't noticeably changed since 1827. The Horseshoe digs a hole beneath itself perhaps 100 feet deeper than Lake Ontario. Seven thousand tons of water falling every second cuts out the sandstone on the under side of the rock, letting the hard Niagara limestone stick out like a shelf until it breaks off and tumbles down. In forty-eight years the Horseshoe cut back 220 feet; in a hundred years it probably cuts back about 450 feet. How long has Niagara been in business? It isn't a simple matter of taking a tape line and measuring how many feet it is from the Falls along the Gorge to Lake Ontario, and then dividing that by 450. The everlasting hills aren't everlasting by a long shot; the solid earth squirms and hitches about a good deal, and thus complicates the problem.

To begin with, this was all ocean bottom a good many times. Salt-water mud made all these rocks. When land finally came out from under sea for good, there was an entirely different set of rivers from any we have now. The pit wherein the logs and trash solemnly mill round and round in the Whirlpool is older far than Niagara. An ancient river dug a cañon through the rock from the



Photograph by George P. Hall

#### THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS

*"Such frantic leapings of the waves, such rolling billows, such momentary weavings of the brittle water into cone-shaped textures that glitter in the sun"*

Whirlpool to near about St. David's, some three miles west of where the Niagara empties into Lake Ontario. There were several spells of right sharp weather along about that time, when the thick ice in summer-time melted only when it reached about where the Great Lakes are now. Long Island is all made of the sand and dornicks that these glaciers carried down from the north and dropped in melting. When the surface rock north of this wavering line cross country is bared of its soil, you can see the parallel scratches in it made by the sharp, hard stones shoved over it by the crawling ice. The glaciers drew back and came again, drew back and came again, and, in one period of mild weather, filled up the channel of this ancient river with sand and stones. You can dig down a hundred feet in the shallow gully at the head of the Whirlpool, the gully that the trestle

work of the trolley line goes over, the gully that I couldn't see when I was looking straight at it, and that a man on the car with a megaphone and a good loud voice ought really to tell you all about — I say you can dig down a hundred feet into this sand and gravel before you get to rock. From the Whirlpool back to the Falls is what Niagara as we know it has done in the way of cutting a channel, and you can figure out that just about 2,962 years ago the Falls were at the Whirlpool. Let's see; when was that? If we go by Varro's figures, Romulus laid out Rome (and incidentally laid out Remus for laughing at it) about 2,658 years ago. About as long before the founding of Rome as Shakspeare's writing of *The Merchant of Venice* is before our time, the Falls were at the Whirlpool.

When the glaciers went away for good, and left a lot of sloppy country behind them,

the Great Lakes were much bigger than they are now, and "dreened off" differently from the way they do now. Some of the water, for example, went out through the Mohawk Valley into the Hudson and so into the ocean; some went off up to the northward. There were all sorts of ways, and as a consequence the Niagara River carried only the overflow of Lake Erie, and was scarcely a big-

there was where this small Niagara started up in business which the geologists figure out was just about 7800 years ago. Whether the solid earth felt so lively after the glacier got off it, or whether the glacier got off because the earth felt lively, I don't know, but it began rising toward the northeast, and sinking toward the southwest (which it is still doing), and one by one the other ways for the water



THE GORGE RIDE

*"There is so much that the Gorge has to tell . . . that I wonder the trolley company does not put on every car . . . a man with a megaphone to interpret what the wild cañon has to say about the long gone past"*

ger stream than that which runs over the American Falls to-day. You know where you got off to see Brock's monument, and to be impressed with the fact that we Americans do not always get the best of it in war, you are on the edge of a high bluff, and through the open spaces in the trees you get a view exactly like what you would get in a real, hand-painted-in-oils picture that the man asks \$3.00 for, including the frame, the old stand-by of a river, the color of a blue blotting-pad, zigzagging between wooden points of land, with here and there a white sail-boat flashing in the sun. Right above

of the Great Lakes to run off by rose up too high for it to do that and the whole flood came through Niagara River. It crashed through the wall of rock between the old, old water-course of the ancient river and the shallow stream of the little Niagara, and that is why there is this right-angled turn in the cañon; that is why the current in the upper gorge is seemingly so still though here and there you see the crinkling circles that tell how, in spite of the fact that from the surface of the water right under the Falls it is farther downward to the rocky bed than it is upward to

the verge from which it tumbles, the calming depth is not enough to sooth the nervous shudder of the water; that is why, when on your ride returning on the American side you pass the Whirlpool Rapids almost close enough to reach out and touch them, the sight fetches you to your feet, and makes you suck your breath in with amaze. Such frantic leapings of the waves, such rolling billows, such momentary weavings of the brittle water into cone-shaped textures that glitter in the sun like giant electric lights, can only come when all the torrents that fall upon the tributary empire of the Great Lakes are forced into the shallow channel chiseled by a smaller stream in the far-off days or ever Goat Island peered above the lake.

As a spectacle nothing can excel it, and yet the spectacle is, in a manner of speaking, but the literary style in which is couched the telling of a tale of time so old that all our measurements fall short. Add to the years it took to carve the Upper Gorge, the seven milleniums and more required to cut the Lower Gorge; then add to that the time in which the ancient buried river dug its way through to St. David's, and you have a period variously estimated at from 23,000 to 36,000 years. How long ago that was! And yet how brief a time it was!

Call this present time the noonday. Yesterday at noon, we'll say, the first mud settled in the first ocean to make the oldest rock there is. Bits of men's bones, all crystallized to stone, and mingled with the bones of animals ages ago extinct, have been found deep in gravel. This overlaid again with two hundred feet of lava, and this again, cut down by rivers into valleys. How long ago it must have been since living muscles moved those bones, and glittering eyes peered from beneath those beetling brows! Yet these were men that formed and fashioned well-made tools of flint, skilled mechanics, far above the brutes. Figure the longest possible time that man has been on earth, and yet that period, in the day of four and twenty hours between the noon that now is and the noon when the first rocks were laid, is but four seconds and a half!

You have some notion now how long Niagara has lasted; how long, you ask, will it endure? Lake Erie now is only nine feet lower than Lake Michigan, and as the earth is still rising to the northeast, a time will come when it will rise high enough to turn the current the other way and send it into

the Mississippi, perhaps through the Drainage Canal at Chicago. That's a long way to look ahead. At the rate of — but that's not what you want to hear about. How much longer will it be before it is taken away from us?

That's for you to say.

I beg to call your attention to the fact that this 7,000 tons of water falling 160 feet every second is equal in power to 200,000 tons of coal a day, or 3,000,000 horse-power. That's quite a lot. Until just recently that could not have been used. But it is now possible to change by magic the force of falling water into the stuff that makes a cat's back crackle, and thence to change it into whatever energy you need; into the energy that cleaves asunder the most intimate of chemical unions; into the energy that makes refractory sand boil off in vapor like water in a kettle; into the energy that changes midnight into artificial day; into the energy that does the heaviest work that we can set for it, and nowadays the limits to which this mysterious power that is to Work what money is to Wealth (the medium of exchange), are being wonderfully extended. The Grand Dukes look with hungry eyes upon the Falls. Up to now whenever they have wanted anything they have gone and taken it. Up to now they have —

Er . . . Er . . . Do you remember the old pictures of Niagara there used to be in the set of stereoscopic views on the marble-topped center-table? You looked at them to pass the time while She was up-stairs primping for the strawberry festival at Center Street M. E. There was an ugly old stob of a tree sticking up at what is now Prospect Point. There was no railing. It was a shabby place in those days. The rapacity of the hackman was a national joke, just as the rapacity of the Grand Dukes is a national joke to-day. I don't know that you have ever stopped to consider the paradox, but when we begin to joke about a thing it is becoming a serious matter. You can stand pinching but you can't stand tickling.

There are still hackmen at Niagara. What do they charge? Five cents — ten cents, and nothing doing at that. The old stob is gone, there are railings at the dangerous places; there are all sorts of conveniences, and in spite of the picnickers it all looks swept up and tidy — on the American side, I mean. What has made the difference? Instead of being run as a private enterprise, purely to make money and to gouge the last cent out of

every visitor, it is now run for the good of all. The State of New York and the Dominion of Canada own the Falls. That is, they own it in a kind of a way. They own what they haven't given away or sold to the Grand Dukes. New York gave away what belongs to the people of this whole country and the world. It gave part of the Falls to men who, in grateful return, charge the city of Buffalo just twice as much for each electric light run by free water-power as the city of Springfield, Illinois, pays for the same kind of light run by engines with boilers and coal shoveled under them by hand, coal that had to be hauled on railroad cars. Up to now, the Grand Dukes have taken whatever they wanted and we have stood around with our fingers in our mouth, and have let them take it.

Up to Now . . .

But I want you to understand that Now is the greatest moment in the greatest age the world has ever seen. I'll tell you. The progress of the race is like that of a sail-boat beating. It stands so long on this tack, and then there comes a time when it must come up into the wind with a terrific rattling of the tackle and a shifting of the people in it, and then it stands off on another tack, all the time nearing the harbor, although the bow is pointing a little away from it on each tack. The haven where we would be is the greatest good to the greatest number. That's the port we're bound for, and we'll make it, with the help of God. It was absolutely necessary that we take the tack of the sacredness of private property, the right of a man to do his will with his own. It had to be that way, for we couldn't get ahead unless we were assured of the possession of what we had toiled so to acquire. It seems an axiomatic truth that a man has an inborn right to that which is his own, but it isn't so. Nobody has any rights against the welfare of us all. Individual rights to property is sound doctrine, so long as it conserves the general good—and not a second longer. When it gets to be so that the strict doctrine makes us exist for the use and comfort of the Grand Dukes only, it begins to dawn upon us that, scattered here and there, may be a common right. Mr. Steffens has had something to say of late, and Miss Tarbell has contributed a few words and Mr. Baker has added his part to the discussion. You can be right sure that if the people of this country had not been thinking dimly the very same things, Mr. Steffens, and Miss Tarbell, and Mr. Baker

would never in the round world have got a chance to say them definitely.

The Grand Dukes, if you will let them, will take the Falls away from you. Maybe not right away, because those who have the concessions now will want to keep the other fellows out of it. But Albany exists, and when "the other fellows" make it worth the legislators' while, you know as well as I do what will happen. When it gets so that every horse-power in the Falls can be sold for money, then if you think that individual rights are all the rights there are, Niagara will be left as dry as the big road in August. The present Grand Dukes could be left as high and dry when "the other fellows" get around to it. They are using a fall of 150 feet only. But from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario is a fall of 327 feet, and it is only about twenty-five miles across the neck of land. An artificial canal from one lake to the other—Do you see the possibilities?

I looked upon the crowds that visited Niagara. I saw sun-burned men and women, and understood how a good harvest and slowly rising prosperity had made it possible for them to do this summer what they had planned all their lives long. I saw the endless line of those whose hungry souls fed on this sacrament of awful beauty, and went away refreshed. I saw the newly-wedded couples whose love each for the other hallowed the scene, for the mating of men and women is a grander thing by far than even Niagara. I saw the fluttering of badges, and heard the blaring of the bands, but beneath the fooleries and trivialities I got the grace to see what this one spot must be to us and all the world. I don't believe we'll ever let the Grand Dukes take it from us. I don't believe it.

Up to Now they might have. But Now the word is, "Stand by to go about!"

We have been long enough on the one tack. There'll be a lot of noise. You'll think the Ship is being shaken into bits. Ah, no! ah, no! I have more confidence in the Builder than that. It's only the rattle of the tackle as we come up into the wind. This confusion is only the shifting of the live ballast. Soon the sails will fill and we shall stand away upon the other tack as steady as a church.

*Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee — are all with thee!*

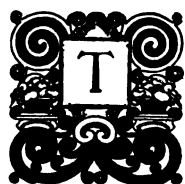
# SOME BENEVOLENT ASSIMILATION

BY

JAMES HOPPER

AUTHOR OF "THE JUDGMENT OF MAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HATHERELL, R. I.



HAT by teaching to the Filipinos the American branch of the English language, it was expected to transfuse into them the customs, ideas, and ideals of the speakers of that tongue, the Maestro vaguely knew. But that this method would meet with the vigorous and somewhat eccentric success that it did in Señorita Constanca de la Rama, the Visayan young lady whom he had trained to take charge of his girls' school, he had not dreamed. So, taken unaware by the news, he flopped down on a chair with a low whistle that finished off into something like a groan as the situation presented itself to him in its full beauty. And then, taken by that perverse desire which, in time of catastrophe, impels us to rehearse all of the elements that go to make our woe particularly unbearable, he began to question the urchin who had brought the note from Mauro Ledesma, one of the native assistant teachers of the boys' school.

"Señor Ledesma gave you that note, Isidro?"

"Yes, Señor Pablo, the little Filipino maestro gave it to me," answered Isidro, careful in his discrimination of masters.

"Where was he; in the house?"

"Oh, yes, Señor Pablo, he was in the house—he was altogether inside of the house!"

The Maestro eyed the boy with sudden suspicion. He thought that he had detected a joyous note in the statement of the native teacher's whereabouts. But Isidro's return glance was liquid with innocence.

"And he called you?" went on the Maestro.

"Oh, no, Señor Pablo, he did not call me! Ambrosio, his muchacho, called me! Señor Ledesma, he stayed inside!"

Again the Maestro started, for Isidro's sentence formation seemed suspiciously appreciative. But the little face he searched was wooden.

"He called you from the door?"

"From the window, Señor Pablo. The door, it was locked. He called this way" (here Isidro described with his right arm a furious moulinet). "He said, 'Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh,' and then he moved his arm this way" (again the moulinet), "and then he stopped his arm and moved his finger this way" (here Isidro held up his hand before his face and moved the index finger several times toward his nose in a gesture full of mysterious significance).

"And then you went in?"

"Yes, Señor Pablo. They opened the door, oh, just a little, like that" (Isidro placed his hands palm to palm with an interstice between them just wide enough to allow the wiggling through of a very lean serpent), "and I went in, and they shut the door again and put the bed up against it."

"Well, well; and Maestro Ledesma, he was inside?"

"Oh, yes, Señor Pablo, he was inside. He was writing this letter. And I think Señor Ledesma is very sick, Señor Pablo, because when he was writing he was all the time saying 'Madre de Dios' and 'Jesus-Maria-Joseph!' and making noises like this."

And Isidro convulsed himself in an effort that resulted in a vague imitation of the wail of a caribou calf.

"And he gave you the letter when he had finished?"

"Yes, Señor Pablo, that is the letter," said Isidro, pointing to the note on the table which had been the Maestro's before-breakfast thunderbolt. "He said, 'Run and give this letter to Maestro Pablo'; and so, I went, but I did not go out by the door."

"You didn't?"

"No, Señor Pablo. Maestro Ledesma, he said I must not go out by the door. So they tied a rope around me, and I went out by the window, in back, and I ran here, and I did not stop to play cibay on the way, Señor Pablo."

But Isidro's virtue was destined to go unrewarded. The Maestro was deep in a re-reading of the disastrous missive:

MUCH SEÑOR MINE AND REVERED TEACHER AND ADVISER IN MY TIMES OF CALAMITY

I beseech you, my venerated Teacher and in many ways Ancestor to come to my succor in this my most deplorable state, and pull away from me the blackness of Despair that is at the all-around of me.

I am a prisoner in my own house. In fear and trembling I dare not sleep, I dare not eat, and I cannot leave my habitation to go to the school and perform my sacred duties of teaching the ignorant and unhappy youth of my sore-tried country the blessings and deliverance of the great country under the rustling shadows of the stars and spangles which you have come so many miles across the wetness of the sea to pull the black veil of ignorance from our eyes.

Your Maestra, the Señorita Constanca de la Rama y Lacson, is camped in my sugar-fields, in front of my house, and she will not decamp.

With loud threats of vengeance and audacious accusation she declares that she will marry me.

But I do not want to marry her, most excellent sir, I do not want to marry your Maestra, the Señorita Constanca de la Rama y Lacson!

O sir, my revered Master, I am all alone, my ancestral father and mother being for a few weeks at our other hacienda, and I implore you to save me from this my desperate state. Come to me, oh please, and drive the she-wolf from my door, and you shall ever receive a gentle rain of unspeakable gratitude from

The Sore Heart of

Your humble Pupil

And Beseecher

MAURO LEDESMA Y GOLES.

P.S. Viva America in Philippines! Viva Philippines in America! M. L. Y G.

"Go to school, Isidro," said the Maestro when he was through, in a voice so weak that the boy looked up quickly, wondering whether every one was ill that fine, fragrant morning. "Tell Señor Abada to take charge till I come."

The Maestro felt the necessity of some deep, careful thinking. For certainly, of all the difficulties which, in his two years' career he had alertly fought and conquered, none of such delicate nature had ever confronted him.

II

It's always when you think that you have at last mastered the problem of this life and

evolved a system that promises smooth going the rest of the way, that the skies tumble down upon you.

Thus it was with the Maestro. Just when he had brought the school system of his pueblo to the point where, he fondly dreamed, he could sit back and watch it run along the nickel-plated tracks that he had so carefully laid, there came the wash-out and the promise of wreck.

The blow was a hard one, and for a while, much contrary to his custom, the Maestro buried himself in thought of past achievements, and his heart softened toward himself in a great burst of self-compassion.

He thought of the fight, the long, bitter, patient fight he had had to find a Maestra and get his girls' school started. The hunt for a Maestra, what an Iliad, and what an Odyssey! First the careful canvass of the pueblo, the horror of the chosen at the thought of degrading themselves to the point of teaching in a public school, the rebuffs of parents, the tearful indignation of mothers; then, the pueblo proving impossible, the long rides into the surrounding country, to far haciendas in search of the longed-for Being! Once he had crossed the swollen Ilog, and had been nearly drowned with his horse, to find the fair one of whom he had heard glowing reports — she was very well educated, si Señor, had been to collegio in Manila for four years, yes, four years; and she could play the piano, ah, divinely, and she could sew and weave jusi, just like the mother of God — to find this marvel deaf, deaf as a post!

And then, suddenly, he had met Her!

His being still thrilled at the memory. He had met her, Constanca de la Rama, at a baile. She was dancing the escupiton, and right away he saw that she was not as the others. The grace of her balancing waist, of the airy arm-gestures was not rounded and timid as that of her sisters — her grace was angular. Her black eyes did not fix a hypothetical point between her shilena-shod little feet; they looked holdly at those who addressed her. She did not squirm and giggle at compliments, but accepted them freely and boisterously. And the Maestro had the irritating sense of having met her somewhere, sometime, before.

He had danced with her. In honor of the Americano, rigidon, escupiton, dreamy waltz had been abolished in favor of a Sousa march played in rag-time. They had danced the two-step together, and with stupor he

had found himself led. It was she who determined the length of the glide, the way they should turn, how the cape of chairs should be doubled. And so they had slid along the whole floor in three steps, had whirled like tops, and his final desperate attempt to take command had resulted in a woeful lurch and tangle.

And as she stalked in her long, loose stride toward the dressing-room to readjust her saya, somewhat in distress from the Maestro's last effort, it had suddenly flashed upon him where he had seen her before. He had seen her, not in the Philippines, but in the United States, not as an individual, but as a type. He had seen her type in the co-educational colleges of his own country. She was a co-ed, that's what she was!

When she came out again he asked her to be his Maestra.

"Forty pesos a month," she said dreamily. "And you would teach me American?"

"You would have to study English and teach it at the school."

"I will begin Monday," she said.

She had not even asked the consent of her parents. At the time, how pleased he had been at this refreshing independence, and yet, in the light of later events, how ominous it really was!

It was a time of joy. She had attacked her new task with alert energy. From the first the Girls' School had become the envy of the maestros of the whole province. He could see her yet leading her stolid little brownies in song.

"Chi-rrries rri-pa! Chi-rries rri-pa! Woo weel buy my chi-rrries rri-pa!" she tremoloed in piercing falsetto, beating up a small typhoon with her baton of sugar-cane; "chee-rries rri-pa — go on! sing! all too-gidderrr! louderrr! sing, I say you! — chee-rries rri-pa, chee-rries rri-pa —!"

And then, charging a little girl, her right arm and index finger stiffened out like a lance,

"Hao menny ligs has ddee cao?" she screeched.

"Dee cao has too-a, too-a legs," stammered the little brown maiden, annihilated by the sudden attack.

"Ah, 'sus! Hao menny ligs?" she screeched higher, presenting her lance farther down the line.

"Ddee cao hes *trree* legs!"

"Hao menny ligs? Hao menny ligs? Dee cao hes *trree* ligs? Count! Count! Wan,

too-a, trrrree, four! Dee cao hes *four* ligs. Wow! 'Sus-Maria-Joseph!"

From the first she had taken an ardent liking for all American institutions. The liberty of women especially, as she gleaned it from her readings and from sundry discreet questions put to the Maestro, enchanted her.

"Señor Maestro, in America, the young ladies, they go out in the street, all alone?"

"Well, yes; it's considered all right for them to do so, in the West at least."

"And they go out all alone," she repeated pensively, in the awed tone that we are taught to use in a cathedral or pantheon.

And a few days later:

"Señor Maestro, in America, the young girls, they go out with the young men, all alone?"

"Well, yes, that is — yes; it's considered all right for young people to walk together."

"And they go out, in the evening, when the moon is shining, and walk together?"

"Well, yes, some do. You see, it's very different in America from the Philippines. You see, in America, the young men and women are more like brothers and sisters."

"Oh, they do not marry then?"

So that the Maestro's feelings while watching this Americanization were somewhat mixed; especially so when the town council came to him, in horror-stricken deputation, and advised him of the fact that his Maestra was scandalizing the pueblo by walking along the river banks with a young man in the evenings. The Maestra was no dreamy theorist. After that, the Maestro was more careful in his inoculation of American virus.

"No, sir," said the Maestro to himself, rising from his chair and stretching, his self-examination finished; "no, sir; since that night the shocked council called on me I've been good. I've been almighty careful not to put new ideas into her blooming young head. I've been the acme of prudence. I've —"

And suddenly he tumbled back into his chair, and his heart sank slowly down into his heels. For, he remembered, only a few days ago, in the Teachers' class, the subject of leap-year had come up, and his exposition had been — not exclusively astronomical. No, he must admit it, with that deplorable desire to astonish that possesses most of us, he had — well, his account of a certain custom had been somewhat colored, and more emphatic than the custom itself —

"Thunder!" ejaculated the Maestro, a new cold wave showering him. He rushed to the calendar tacked to the wall and turned the pages swiftly.

He stood before the date, petrified.

It was the twenty-ninth of February.

### III

The Maestro seized a cap upon the table, plumped it upon his head, and hop-skipped-jumped down the stairs. "Action, action," his whole being cried. He glanced into the girls' school-house as he passed. The second maestra was sitting apathetically in a chair, her baby at her breast; and the little girls, tight up against each other on their high benches, their hands folded upon their bright patadyons, looked like some little strawberry-hued birds that he had seen once in the window of an animal store, a thousand on one perch. The silence, the inaction of the place hurt him to the core, and the remark that suddenly ripped the somnolent atmosphere was so electric that the Maestra sprang to her feet.

"Do you see dde hhatt?" she said lamely, pointing to a pear-tree on the chart.

But she might have saved herself the trouble. The head from which had come the remark had disappeared from the door. The Maestro was already fifty yards away, eating up the distance with long, nervous strides. He enfiladed a lane, between fields of high sugar-cane, and finally came to the little plaza where throned the Ledesma nipamansion. The doors, the shutters were closed tight as if to shut out the pestilence, and there was no sound, no movement, no sign of life. The Maestro looked about him carefully, then began to walk along the edge of the open space, peering along the vistas between the rows of cane. Soon he came upon the Maestra.

The first glance told him the magnitude of the task ahead; for the little recess in the canes had all the signs of cool and determined occupation. A red-and-white patate was spread upon the ground. On one of the corners were carefully heaped a few of the Señorita's worldly goods—a camphor-wood chest, the size of a doll's trunk; a piña camisa tied up in a bandana handkerchief; and another handkerchief bulging and running out with a few handfuls of palay. Off the mat, on a little fire of twigs, the breakfast rice was bubbling in a big black pot.

The Maestra was seated in the center of the mat, her limbs drawn up beneath her bright patadyon in a certain kittenish grace. She was in morning negligé, and her loose hair fell down over her shoulders in a glistening black cascade. As the Maestro approached her from behind, he heard a rustling of paper and, looking down over her head, he saw that she was reading. The Maestro blushed, not at his indiscretion, but at sight of big black lines announcing the name of the publication. The Maestra was reading the *Hearth Companion*. With remorse the Maestro remembered how once, in the heat of his proselytism, he had recommended to all his Filipino teachers to subscribe to American periodicals. It was a bitter backward path that his mind was treading as he went further into this affair, tracing back to his well-meant efforts so many unexpected results.

"Good morning, Miss de la Rama," he said gravely.

But she read on for several lines, then, seemingly having come to a satisfactory ending of an exciting crisis, she laid the paper down carefully and, looking up with a sweet smile, "Gooda mornneen, Señor Pablo," she answered.

And in her tone, her smile, there was no fear of disapproval, but rather that bubbling satisfaction which hardly can wait to be congratulated.

"Why are you not at school?" asked the Maestro severely.

"Ah, de school, the school, yes, de school was very nice," she sighed, with the tenderness one uses to speak of the sweet, gone past. But her interest, plainly, was elsewhere.

"To-day is leapa-year day," she went on, her voice now vibrant with decision; "and I am going to get married, Señor Maestro; I am to get married like an American girl; just like an American girl!" she repeated in growing exultation.

"Oh!" said the Maestro with lying fervor, "somebody has asked your hand, Señorita? Let me congratulate you. And who is the lucky fellow?"

"Asked my hand?" cried the Maestra wonderingly; "no. I said like an American girl. Nobody has asked me the hand. I will marry like an American girl. This is leapa-year day. Just like an American girl!"

"But gad-zooks!" exclaimed the Maestro, at once frightened and horrified by this

strange insistence. "American girls don't marry like that. Leap-year, that's just fiction, a legend, a joke. I told you about leap-year the other day; it's just a little joke — yes, that's it, a little joke!"

But the Maestra was proof to American bluff. "American girls, they all, all marry on leapa-year," she said severely. "You say so the other day, and all the American books say so. Here is a paper," she said, patting the *Hearth Companion*. "There are in it ten stories about American girls, and they all marry on leapa-year day; all, *todo*, ask a gentleman to marry on leapa-year day. It is not a joke."

"But," hinted the Maestro, "maybe Señor Ledesma does not want to marry."

"That does not matter at all," said the Maestra crisply. "If we will be Americans, we must adopt the American costumbres. There is a story in this paper — it does not matter at all; Señor Ledesma is very bashful, but this is leapa-year day."

Just then the rice rose in a foaming surge, and began to trickle down the black rotundity of the pot. The Maestra sprang up with agile grace, and with a few dexterous sweeps of her shilena-shod little feet scattered the fire of twigs. "Will you have some breakfast?" she asked the Maestro sweetly.

But during this movement the Maestro's brain had been working swiftly, and he had decided upon a change of base.

"Your assistant, Felicia, is becoming a very able teacher," he remarked nonchalantly.

"Yes, she is a very good teacher," agreed the Maestra; but there was no emphasis on her adjective.

"This morning," went on the Maestro, "she was teaching the children. She said, 'Do you see the cow?' and she pointed to the pear-tree."

"Sus-Maria-Joseph!" exclaimed the Maestra; "she said that? But it is barbarous! The children, they will unlearn all that I learned them! It is — what you call? — it is impossible!"

"Yes," went on the Maestro, seeing that he was on the right track, and using his imagination a bit; "and she told them, 'I has two hats.'"

"I has? I has? she said 'I has?' Que barbaridad. Señor Pablo, I will —"

And dropping her bowl of rice, she started running toward the school, while behind her back the Maestro executed a little jig.

His head fell on his breast, fastidiously a few seconds. The Maestra came in an abrupt step, looked down at his garments, and came back. "What?"

"I cannot go to school in these clothes," she said sternly.

"No," admitted the Maestra, "but can you not put on your trousers?"

The Maestra bowed emphatically.

"Señor Maestro," she cried, "you know my mother, she is very good, you know, and she does not know American like me, and she does not know much American customs —"

"Well?" said the Maestro, not understanding.

"She hates very much American customs, and so she hates the leapa-year day, and this morning, this morning, she told me, she come back to her house, and her trousers are in the bottom!"

There was a long pause. "What?" said the Maestro, "what?"

The Maestra broke in. "Señor Maestro," she said softly, "if you tell me, perhaps, you could get at the trousers, under the clothes?"

"Good golly!" remarked the Maestro. "Good golly!" he repeated, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief. "But it is not right."

He returned a half-hour later, looking perspiring. The old Maestra, sitting on some tenacious chairs, was watching, and the struggle had been an unpleasant one. But the Maestro had won. A long, thin arm, held gingerly away from the Maestra, shimmered with oil and paint. The objects to the Maestra with a contemptuous look, and left her in her glade.

Some ten minutes later, a thin, dark, leading his boy in the mud, came to a sudden weird note on a floating log, through the water logged at the school. The Maestro stood still with attention, the cry cut it off into minutes of silence: "Chee-rrrie, rrrr-pa, rrrr-pa, rrrr-pa!" It came from the girl's school.

"One-two; one-two!" and the next, and the next exercise was finished, the Maestra, breathless and drooping.

#### IV

Crushed into a lump, dejected, in the depths of his cane chair, the Maestro

grasped his head with both hands and thought. Thought with the Maestro was the sign of deep distress. Usually, he just acted.

In truth, the situation was not a rosy one. The Maestra was still unshaken in her marital determination; and, in symbol of that state of mind, she was having built a little palm hut on the spot where she had camped in Ledesma's cane-fields. Three taos impressed by her from her father's dependents were working night and day; the four corner posts, the bamboo-strip floor, the nipa roof were already up, and only the thatch walls remained to be put on. From behind the closed shutters of his father's mansion Ledesma saw the fort arise above his sugar-canes, and he cowered in dark corners, studying a Civil Service pamphlet with vague projects of escaping to Manila to learn typewriting and enter a government office. Also, he had sent an urgent note to his father, off in one of their other haciendas, bidding him to come back quick to protect him. The absence of Ledesma from the boys' school was bad enough, but much worse was the realization that the truce arranged with the Maestra was fast becoming impossible. When the Maestro had bearded Señorita Constanza's mother and had returned triumphant with the objects that were to enable the young lady to make decent appearance at school, he had forgotten that, in the Philippines, clothes are of the kind that must be washed often; so that, when two days later he had to repeat the performance, and saw before him a future filled with the same monotonous prospect, his ardor had undergone several degrees' cooling. This very morning the struggle to obtain a few shreds of presentable clothing from the irate mother had been so violent, and the subsequent walk across the plaza with the hard-won bundle, beneath the appreciative eyes of the whole town, had been so humiliating that the Maestro had sworn that it was the end of *that*. A better solution, a final solution must be quickly found.

Out of his bitter reflections the Maestro was suddenly startled by a drumming of hoofs and a shout outside. He went to the window, and a white man in khaki, cork-helmeted, was pulling up his horse before the steps.

"Huston!" shouted the Maestro in delighted tones. He hop-skipped across the room, dashed down the stairs, and whacked

the new-comer, just dismounting, a tremendous slap on the back. "You old son-of-a-gun," he drawled tenderly, seizing his hand and moving it up and down like a pump-handle.

The man's eyes gleamed, and a flush of pleasure came to his tanned cheeks. "Here, here, old man," he said deprecatingly, "you don't seem alive to the — er — dignity of my profession."

"Sky-pilot, eh?" shouted the Maestro. "Gospel-sharp; stuck up about it, eh? Darn-if-I-care; you're still a good fellow. Golly, but I'm glad to see you," he cried, nearly knocking him down with a dig in the short ribs. "Gee, but I'm glad to see you —" and he shook him till his teeth rattled. "How long're you going to stay?"

"Three days," answered Huston; "want to start a mission here."

Tolio, the Maestro's muchacho, was unsaddling the pony. The two friends climbed the steps into the house. Unbuckling his belt, the missionary threw his long Colt's upon the table and dropped into a chair, and then they began to talk. It was a strange performance. The words swept out of their mouths in an uninterrupted, turgid, furious stream; they shouted, stammered, giggled; they laughed like artillery thunder, gesticulated like windmills, a hectic flush upon their cheeks, their brains awl, mad with the madness that seizes the man of lone stations when at last he can communicate his thoughts, pour out what has been dammed in so long, free himself of the stagnant burden of never-expressed feeling, emotion, inspiration, theories.

But after a half-hour of this, the Maestro began to subside. Huston still talked, told of the cholera in Manapla, the mud between Bago and Jinagaran, the palay famine in Oriental Negros, the anti-fraile mob in Silay, the embezzlement of the Provincial Treasurer. But the Maestro was silent, his eyes upon his feet.

"What the deuce are you thinking about?" at last exclaimed the missionary, suddenly very much aware of his loquacity.

"By Jove, I've got it," said the Maestro, rising to his feet like an automaton, his eyes fixed as if he saw written in space the solution of some sore World-problem. He took three great strides across the room, wheeled, and stopped before the missionary. "Yes, sir, I've got it," he repeated, enthusiasm beginning to thrill in his voice.



"THE LITTLE RECESS IN THE CANES HAD ALL THE SIGNS OF COOL AND DETERMINED OCCUPATION,"

"For goodness sake," asked the missionary; "got what?"

"I've got — well, something for you to do," answered the Maestro enigmatically; "yes, sir, I've a job for you, Huston."

He sat down at the table and scribbled two notes. "Tolio," he called. The boy appeared at the door. "Take this," ordered the Maestro, giving the boy the first note, "to Maestro Ledesma. Tell him to come right away. Tell him to come around by the river so that the Maestra cannot see him."

"Si, Señor," said the faithful servant.

"And after Maestro Ledesma has entered the house here, not before, mind you, Tolio, you go to Señorita Constancia and give her this note," went on the Maestro, giving the boy the second slip of paper.

"Si, Señor," said the boy, carefully taking one note in his left hand, and the other in the right.

The two friends were again left alone, but the spell had been broken and they did not renew their outpourings. The Maestro was the prey of a fixed idea. He paced back and forth like a lion in his cage, full of the fever of resolve. At intervals he punched his left palm with his right fist, then varied the performance by punching his right palm with his left fist; incoherent exclamations growled in his throat: "He's got to, that's all; things are going to smash; I'll make him; it's the only way!"

Huston looked on curiously. He had been scrub on the football team when the Maestro had been captain and star; and the relation had left indelible marks upon him in an unreasoning, instinctive respect, a subtle sense of inferiority which no achievement in after life would ever enable him to overcome. Now, however, this sense of fealty was being rudely put to proof. A horrible suspicion was setting his heart a-pound.

The shrinking appearance of Ledesma at the door broke the painful silence. He was a slim, limp young man, with pomaded hair, clad in a white suit generously sprinkled with cologne water, and, in spite of the cigarette held delicately between his fingers, was evidently ill at ease.

And little chance he had to recover from his emotion. "Ah, Ledesma," said the Maestro frigidly, "I want to talk to you, my boy, and seriously, too. Come into my room."

And placing a heavy hand upon the young fellow's shoulder he steered him into an interior chamber, closing the door behind them.

To Huston, left alone, there came sounds of a furious altercation — that is, furious from one party; for from one weak voice there seemed to come only mild expostulation, faint denials, pathetic pleas, negatived by the cold, incisive tones of the Maestro. Little by little, however, the begging voice rose, grew rebellious, squealed, trembled with an indignation that seemed almost righteous. The Maestro began to thunder. "You've got to; you've got to," he shouted. "I'll make you do it!" "No, no, I won't," answered the other voice, settling down to hopeless, stubborn denial, "I won't, I won't!"

The door opened and the Maestro dashed out. He gave a wild look around the room and his eyes lit upon the missionary's revolver upon the table. He pounced upon it, snapped it open, and the cartridges fell out. After a rapid examination to make sure that the cylinder was empty, the Maestro snapped the weapon shut again and bounded back into the interior room, closing the door after him. Then his voice became icy and menacing. There was a sharp click; the protesting voice weakened into a faint wail, and there was silence.

"Huston," shouted the Maestro, "let me know when Señorita Constancia comes in."

But at the sound of the sweet name there was a scuffle inside. The door burst open, and Ledesma dived head-first across the threshold; but a long muscular arm went out after him, grabbed him by the trousers, and jerked him back inside.

Again the Maestro's voice rose in a few crisp sentences, and there was no answer to them, only a faint sniveling which diminished gradually. The door reopened slowly, and the Maestro and Ledesma came in together arm in arm — that is, the Maestro's arm was twined flexibly but inexorably about Ledesma's limp member. Ferocious triumph beamed upon the face of the gentle pedagogue; Ledesma was wilted, tear-stained and despairing. At the same moment, radiant, smiling, alert as a kitten, Señorita Constancia appeared at the outer door. She wore a long-train blue-silk skirt, a cream-colored camisa through whose shimmering, puffing sleeves her arms glowed like frosted gold; over her bare shoulders a jusi panuelo was lightly laid, the two ends meeting upon her breast in a golden brooch. She swept gracefully through the room, her bracelets clinking on her wrists, toward Huston, whom she had met before, shook hands with him



"THE SUBSEQUENT WALK ACROSS THE PLAZA WITH THE HARD-WON BUNDLE, BENEATH THE APPRECIATIVE EYES OF THE WHOLE TOWN, HAD BEEN HUMILIATING"



*"Take her hand," said the missionary sternly"*

Anglo-Saxon style, bowed to the Maestro, calmly ignored Ledesma, and whirled down into the depths of a cane-chair.

"Huston," said the Maestro gravely, "I want you to marry these two people."

But the missionary, so far petrified with wonder, suddenly rebelled. "Look here, Paul," he burst out, "what kind of a thing are you getting me into? To me it looks — well, at least irregular, very irregular. To

tell the truth, old fellow, your actions seem to me — er — well, singular, very singular. I — you — "

"You just leave this thing to me," interrupted the Maestro, with an authoritative nod toward the poor churchman whose protesting attitude was fast oozing away in the subtle sense of inferiority still sticking to him from the days when the Maestro was grid-iron captain and star and he a humble "scrub";

"you just leave that to me. Go ahead with the ceremony; that's all you have to do!"

But with the courage of the meek, Huston fought on. "I at least must know," he said firmly, "whether these two people consent to this—er—union." He turned to the Maestra. "Do you want to marry this young man?" he asked, pointing to the sniveling Ledesma.

"Oh, yes," answered the Maestra suavely, "he must marry me."

"And you," went on Huston, turning to Ledesma, "do you wish to take this maid to wife?"

Ledesma opened his mouth like a carp, then shut it again. He looked fearfully toward the Maestro. The Maestro glared significantly. Ledesma's hands began to wring each other; beads of perspiration appeared about his lips. "I — I —" he stammered.

"Look a-here," thundered the Maestro impatiently; "what the deuce is the need of all this fuss? He's got to marry her, that's all. He's got to marry her, do you understand?" he repeated, a vision of his ruined schools aflame in his mind; "it's the kind of marriage that's *got* to be, catch on?"

It is the misfortune of us humans that our speech is, after all, but a poor instrument for the expression of our thoughts. The same words, the same phrases are capable of diverse interpretation. For instance, to the Maestro, the kind of marriage that *has* to be was merely the marriage that would settle the crisis of his schools. For the missionary there was only one species of marriage that has to be — not at all that in the Maestro's mind.

"Oh," said the missionary, "oh, *that's* the way it is, is it!" He turned to Ledesma and, pointing at him a long finger trembling with righteous indignation, "Stand up and be married, young man," he said icily.

As Ledesma was already on his feet, the command was hardly necessary; but it dashed out of that youth's heart the last spark of hope that had flamed up at the missionary's intervention. Taking Señorita Constanca's arm, the Maestro led her to the groom.

"Take her hand," said the missionary sternly.

Tremblingly the groom obeyed, and — and was bound for better or for worse.

It cannot be said that the ceremony was followed by the usual joyous whirr of congratulations. The bride calmly turned her back upon the groom and engaged Huston in a lively conversation. The Maestro,

suddenly turned craven, went out into the kitchen on the pretext of seeking refreshments, and meanwhile Ledesma quietly but hurriedly slunk out of the house. The Maestra, from the window, saw him running along the street, but she only laughed. She alone was at ease. The Maestro, returning with a bottle of Spanish wine and a plate of bananas, seemed to have lost all his assurance; the missionary's virtuous indignation was fast leaving him, in spite of his efforts, and doubt again was disturbing his spirit. There was something ominous in the air.

Nor was this presentiment to prove a false one. Perhaps half an hour later, as the Maestra was saying good-by, Isidro pattered in with a note to the Maestro. It was from Ledesma.

SEÑOR MAESTRO, TYRANT AND DARKEST DESPOT: — When you will receive this note I will be gone and out of the reach of your most unjust, tyrannic, and unholy arm. I am embarking at the present time upon a banca, I will take a lancha at the dismouthing of the Ilog River to Ilo-Ilo and from that charming city I will go to Manila to study type-writing and thus enable me to enter the Administration of the Government of this my sore-tried and much in the past tyrannized and devastated country which will rise like the phoenix bird from its cinders, blooming afresh like the long-sleeping volcano when it awakes and lights up the world with the blessings of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity which to my ignorant countrymen I will teach like the swallow which none die without God on High knowing it feed his little young one that do not know how to flie above the dark ignorance at the all-around of them. It gives me great pleasure, Oh, sir, to proclaimate to you that the unholy union in which you like the blackest czar of despotic Russia forced upon my palpitating heart is null. My father who has returned from his hacienda tells me that according to the law I cannot marry without his permission until I am twenty-five. I am only twenty and my father — Oh, sir, how sweetly paternal is a father — will not permit me to marry Señorita Constanca de la Rama y Lacson, so my so-called marriage is avoid.

Hoping sir, that Remorse will soon cause your heart to weep I am

No longer your pupil and assistant-maestro  
MAURO LEDESMA Y GOLES.

"Thunder!" exclaimed the Maestro, suddenly again belligerent. "Let's get after him!"

But the Maestra had picked up the letter and was reading it.

"Oh," she said, when she had finished, "oh, that is very nice. Now I can — what you call? — ah, divorce; I can divorce just like an American girl!"

And thus it is that the girls' school of Balangilang is still the envy of the maestros for leagues around.



“‘GO!’ SHE SAYS. ‘GO WITH MY LEAVE AN’ GOOD-WILL’”



# Robin Goodfellow -- His Friends

by  
Rudyard Kipling

Illustrated by André Castaigne

## V Dymchurch Flit



JUST at dusk, the soft September rain began to fall on the hop-pickers. The mothers wheeled the bouncing perambulators out of the garden; bins were put away, and books made up. The young couples strolled home, two to each umbrella, and the single men walked behind them laughing. Dan and Una, who had been picking after lessons, marched off to roast potatoes at the oast-house, where old Hobden with Blue-eyed Bess, his lurcher-dog, lived all the month through, drying the hops.

They settled themselves, as usual, on the sack-strewn cot in front of the fires, and, when Hobden drew up the shutter, stared, as usual, at the flameless bed of coals spouting its heat up the dark well of the roundel. Slowly he cracked off a few fresh pieces of coal, packed them, with fingers that never flinched, exactly where they would do most good; slowly he reached behind him till Dan tilted the potatoes into his iron scoop of a hand; carefully he arranged them round the fire, and then stood for a moment, black against the glare. As he closed the shutter, the oast-house seemed dark before

the day's end, and he lit the candle in the lanthorn. The children liked all these things because they knew them so well.

The Bee Boy, Hobden's son, who is not quite right in his head, slipped in like a shadow. They only guessed it by Bess's stump tail wagging against them.

A big voice began singing outside in the rain:—

*Old Mother Laidinwool had nigh twelve  
months been dead,  
She heard the boys were doing well, and  
then popped up her head.*

"There can't be two people alive to holler like that!" cried old Hobden.

*For, says she, "The boys I've picked with  
when I was young and fair,  
They're bound to be at hoppin', and  
I'm——"*

A man showed at the doorway.

"Well, well! They do say hoppin'll draw the very dead, and now I believe 'em. You, Tom? Tom Shoesmith?" Hobden lowered his lanthorn.

"You're a hem of a time makin' your mind to it, Ralph!" The stranger strode in—three full inches taller than Hobden, a



"THIS WOMAN WAS A SEEKER LIKE, AN' SEEKERS SOMETIMES FIND"

grey-whiskered, brown-faced giant with clear blue eyes. They shook hands, and the children could hear the hard palms grit together.

"You ain't lost none o' your grip," said Hobden. "Was it twenty or thirty year back you broke my head in Robertsbridge Fair?"

"Only twenty an' no odds 'tween us regardin' heads, neither. You had it back at me with a hop-pole. How did we get home that night? Swimmin'?"

"Same way the pheasant come into Gubbs's pocket — by a little luck an' a deal o' conjurin'." Old Hobden laughed in his deep chest.

"I see you've not forgot your way about the woods. D'ye do any o' *this* still?" The stranger pretended to look along a gun.

Hobden answered with a quick movement of the hand as though he were pegging a rabbit-wire.

"No. *That's* all that's left me now. Age she must as age she can. An' what's your news since all these years?"

*Oh, I've bin to Plymouth, I've bin to  
Dover—  
I've bin ramblin', boys, the wide world  
over,*

the man answered cheerily. "I reckon I know as much of Old England as most." He turned towards the children and winked.

"I lay they told you a sight o' lies, then. I've been into England fur as Wiltshire once. I was cheated proper over a pair of gloves," said Hobden.

"There's fancy talkin' everywhere. *You've* cleaved to your own parts pretty middlin' close, Ralph?"

"Can't shift an old tree 'thout it dyin'," Hobden chuckled. "An' I be no more anxious to die than you look to be to help me with my hops to-night."

The great man leaned against the brick-work of the roundel, and swung his arms abroad. "Try me!" was all he said, and they stumped up-stairs laughing.

The children heard their shovels rasp on the cloth where the yellow hops lie drying above the fires, and all the oast-house filled with the sweet, sleepy smell as they were turned.

"Who is it?" Una whispered to the Bee Boy.

"Dunno, no more'n you — if *you* dunno," said he, and smiled.

The voices on the drying-floor boomed and chuckled together, and the heavy footsteps went back and forth. Presently a hop-pocket dropped through the press-hole overhead, and stiffened and fattened as they shovelled it full. "Clank!" went the press, and rammed the loose stuff into tight cake.

"Gently!" they heard Hobden cry. "You'll bust her crop if you lay on so. You be as careless as Barton's bull Tom. Come an' sit by the fires. 'Tis meat and drink talkin' of old times."

They came down, and as Hobden opened the shutter to see if the potatoes were done Tom Shoesmith said to the children, "Put a plenty salt on 'em. That'll show you the sort o' man I be." Again he winked, and again the Bee Boy laughed.

"I know what sort o' man you be," old Hobden said, groping for the potatoes round the fire.

"Do ye?" Tom went on behind his back. "Some of us can't abide horseshoes, or church bells, or running water; an' talkin' o' runnin' water"—he turned to Hobden, who was backing out of the roundel—"d'you mind the great floods at Robertsbridge, when the miller's man was drowned in the street?"

"Middlin' well." Old Hobden let himself down on the coals by the fire door. "I was courtin' my woman on the Marsh that year. Carter to Mus' Plumb I was, gettin' ten shillin's week. Mine was a Marsh woman."

"Won'erful oddgates place — Romney Marsh," said Shoesmith. "I've heard say the world's divided into Europe, Ashy, Afriky, Australy, an' Romney Marsh."

"The Marsh folk think so," said Hobden. "I had a hem o' trouble to get my woman to leave it."

"Where did she come out of? I've forgot, Ralph."

"Dymchurch under the Wall," Hobden answered, with a potato in his hand.

"Then she'd be a Pett — or a Whitgift, would she?"

"Whitgift." Hobden broke open the potato and ate it with the curious neatness of men who make most of their meals in the blowy open. "She growed to be quite reasonable-like after livin' in the Weald awhile, but our first twenty year or two she was odd-fashioned, no bounds. She was a won'erful hand with bees." He cut away a little piece of potato and threw it out to the door.

"Ah! I've heard say the Whitgifts could see farther through a millstone than most," said Shoemith. "Did she?"

"She was honest-innocent of any nigromancin'," said Hobden. "Only she'd read signs and significations out o' birds flyin', stars fallin', bees hivin', and such. An' she'd lie awake — listenin' for calls, she said."

"That don't prove naught," said Tom. "All Marsh folk has been smugglers since time everlastin'. 'Twould be in her blood to listen o' nights."

"Nature-ally," old Hobden replied, smiling. "I mind when there was smugglin' a sight nearer us than the Marsh be. But that wasn't my woman's trouble. 'Twas a passel o' no-sense talk," he dropped his voice, "about the Pharisees."

"Yes. I've heard Marsh men beleft in 'em." Tom looked straight at the wide-eyed children beside Bess.

"Pharisees," cried Una. "Fairies. Oh, I see."

"People o' the Hills," said the Bee Boy, throwing half of his potato towards the door.

"There you be!" said Hobden pointing at him. "My boy, he has hereyes and her out-gate senses. That's what *she* called 'em!"

"And what do you think of it all?"

"Um — um," Hobden rumbled. "A man that uses fields an' shaws after dark as much as I've done, he don't go out of his road excep' for keepers."

"But settin' that aside?" said Tom, coaxingly. "I saw ye throw the Good Piece out-at-doors just now. Do ye believe or — *do ye?*"

"There was a great black eye in that tater," said Hobden indignantly.

"My liddle eye didn't see un, then. It looked as if you meant it for — for Anyone that might need it. But settin' that aside. D'ye believe or — *do ye?*"

"I ain't sayin' nothin', because I've heard naught, an' I've seen naught. But if you was to say there was more things about after dark in the woods than men, or fur, or feather, or fin, I dunno as I'd go to call you a liar. Now turnabout, Tom. What's your say?"

"I'm like you; I say nothin'. But I'll tell you a tale, an' you can fit it *as* how you please."

"Passel o' silly stuff," growled Hobden.

"The Marsh men they call it Dymchurch Flit," Tom went on, slowly. "Hap ye have heard it?"

"My woman she've told it me *scores o'* times. Dunno as I didn't end by *belieftin'* it sometimes."

Hobden crossed over as he spoke, and sucked with his pipe at the yellow lantern flame. Tom rested one great elbow on one great knee, where he sat among the coal.

"Have you ever bin in the Marsh?" he said to Dan.

"Only as far as Rye, once," Dan answered.

"Ah, that's but the edge. Back behind there's steeples settin' beside their churches, an' wise women settin' beside their doors, an' the sea settin' above the land, an' ducks herdin' wild in the diks" (he meant ditches). "The Marsh is just about riddled with diks an' sluices, an' tide-gates an' water-lets. You can hear 'em bubblin' an' grummelin' when the tide works in 'em, an' then you hear the sea rangin' up all along the Wall. You've seen how flat she is — the Marsh? You'd think nothin' easier than to walk eend-on acrost her? Ah, but the diks an' the water-lets, they twists the roads about as ravelly as witch yarn on the spindles. So ye get all turned round in broad daylight."

"That's because they've dreened the waters into the diks," said Hobden. "When I courted my woman the rushes was green; an' the Bailiff o' the Marshes, he rode up and down as free as the fog."

"Who was he?" said Dan.

"Why, the Marsh fever an' ague. He've clapped me on the shoulder once or twice. But now the dreenin' off of the waters have done away with the fevers, so they make a joke, like, that the Bailiff o' the Marshes broke his neck in a dik. A won'erful place for bees an' ducks 'tis too."

"An' old!" Tom went on. "Flesh an' Blood have been there since time everlastin' beyond. Well, now, speakin' among themselves, the Marsh men say that from time everlastin' beyond, the Pharisees favored the Marsh above the rest of Old England. I lay the Marsh men ought to know. They've been out after dark, father an' son, smugglin' some one thing or t'other, since wool grew to sheep's backs. They say there was *always* a middlin' few Pharisees to be seen on the Marsh. Impident as rabbits, they was. They'd dance on the nakid roads in the nakid daytime; they'd flash their liddle green lights along the diks, comin' an' goin', like honest smugglers. Yes, an' times they'd lock the church doors against *passon* an' clerk of Sundays!"

"That 'ud be smugglers layin' in the lace or the brandy till they could run it out o' the Marsh. I told my woman so," said Hobden.

"I'll lay she didn't beleft it then — not if she was a Whitgift. A won'erful choice place for Pharisees, the Marsh, by all accounts, till Queen Bess's father he came in with his Reformations."

"Would that be a Act o' Parliament like?" Hobden asked.

"Sure-ly. Can't do nothing in Old England without Act, Warrant, an' Summons. He got his Act allowed him, an', they say, Queen Bess's father he used the parish churches something shameful. Just about tore the gizzards out of I dunnamany. Some folk in England they held with 'en; but some they saw it different, an' it eended in 'em takin' sides an' burnin' each other no bounds, accordin' which side was top, time bein'. That tarrified the Pharisees: for Good-will among Flesh an' Blood is meat an' drink to 'em, an' ill-will is poison."

"Same as bees," said the Bee Boy. "Bees won't stay by a house where there's hating."

"True," said Tom. "This Reformations tarrified the Pharisees same as a reaper goin' round a last stand o' wheat tarrifies the rabbits. They packed into the Marsh from all parts, and they says, 'Fair or foul we must flit out of this, for Merry England's done with, an' we're reckoned among the Images.'"

"Did they all see it that way?" said Hobden.

"All but one — that was called Robin, if you've heard of him. What are you laughing at?" Tom said to Dan. "The trouble didn't tech Robin, because he'd cleaved middlin' close to people like. No more he never meant to go out of Old England — not he; so he was sent messagin' for help among Flesh an' Blood. But Flesh an' Blood must always think of their own concerns, an' Robin couldn't get through at 'em. They thought it was echoes, off the Marsh."

"What did you — what did the fairies want?" Una asked.

"A boat, to be sure. Their liddle wings could no more cross the Channel than so many tired butterflies. A boat an' a crew to sail 'em over to France, where yet awhile folks hadn't tore down the Images. They couldn't abide Canterbury Bells ringin' to Bulverhythe for more pore men an' women to be burnded, nor the King's proud messenger ridin' through the land givin' orders to

tear down the Images. They couldn't abide it no shape. Nor yet they couldn't get their boat an' crew to flit by without leave an' Good-will from Flesh an' Blood, an' Flesh an' Blood came an' went about its own business the while the Marsh was swarvin' up, an' swarvin' up with Pharisees from England over, striving all means to get through at Flesh an' Blood to tell 'en their sore need. I don't know as you've ever heard say Pharisees are like chickens?"

"My woman used to say that," said Hobden, folding his big brown arms.

"You run too many chickens together, an' the ground sickens like, an' you get a squat, an' your chickens die. Same way, you crowd Pharisees all in one place — they don't die, but Flesh an' Blood walkin' among 'em is apt to sick up an' pine off. They don't mean it, an' Flesh an' Blood don't know it, but that's the truth — as I've heard. The Pharisees bein' all stenchd up an' frighted, an' tryin' to come through with their supplications, they nature-ally changed the thin airs and humors in Flesh an' Blood. It lay on the Marsh like thunder. Men saw their churches ablaze with the wildfire in the windows after dark; they saw their cattle scatterin' an' no man carin'; their sheep flockin' an' no man drivin'; their horses latherin' an' no man leadin'; they saw the liddle low green lights more than ever in the dik-sides; they heard the liddle feet patterin' more than ever round the houses; an' night an' day, day an' night, 'twas all as though they were bein' creeped up on, and hinted at by some one or other that couldn't rightly shape their trouble. Oh, I lay they sweated! Man an' maid, woman an' child, their nature done 'em no service all the weeks while the Marsh was fillin' up with Pharisees. But they was Flesh an' Blood, an' Marsh men before all. They reckoned the signs signified trouble for the Marsh — or that the sea 'ud rear up against Dymchurch Wall an' they'd be drowned like Old Winchelsea; or that the Plague was comin'. So they looked for the meanin' in the sea or in the clouds, far an' high up. They never thought to look near an' knee high, where they could see naught."

"Now there was a poor widow at Dymchurch under the Wall, which, lacking man or property, she had the more time for feeling; and she come to feel there was a Trouble outside the door-step bigger an' heavier than aught she'd ever carried over it. She had two sons — one born blind, and t'other

struck dumb through fallin' off the Wall when he was liddle. They was men grown, but not wage-earnin' an' she worked for 'em, keepin' bees and answerin' questions."

"What sort of questions?" said Dan.

"Like where lost things might be found, an' what to put about a crooked baby's neck, an' how to join parted sweethearts. She felt the Trouble on the Marsh same as eels feel thunder. She was a wise woman."

"My woman was won'erful weather-tender, too," said Hobden. "I've seen her brish sparks like off an anvil out of her hair in thunderstorms. But she never laid out to answer questions."

"This woman was a Seeker like, an' Seekers sometimes find. One night, while she lay abed, hot an' aching, there come a Dream an' tapped at her window, and 'Widow Whitgift,' it said, 'Widow Whitgift!'"

"First, by the wings an' the whistling, she thought it was peewits, but last she arose an' dressed herself, an' opened her door to the Marsh, an' she felt the Trouble an' the Groaning all about her, strong as fever, an' she calls: 'What is it? Oh, what is it?'"

"Then 'twas all like the frogs in the diks peeping; then 'twas all like the reeds in the diks clip-clapping; an' then the great Tide wave rummelled along the Wall, an' she couldn't hear proper."

"Three times she called, an' three times the Tide wave did her down. But she caught the quiet between, an' she cries out, 'What is the Trouble on the Marsh that's been lying down with my heart an' arising with my body this month gone?' She felt a liddle hand lay hold on her gown-hem, an' she stooped to the pull o' that liddle hand."

Tom Shoesmith spread his huge fist before the fire and smiled at it.

"'Will the sea drown the Marsh?' she says. She was a Marsh woman first an' foremost."

"'No,' says the liddle voice. 'Sleep sound for all o' that.'"

"'Is the Plague comin' on the Marsh?' she says. Them was all the ills she knowed."

"'No. Sleep sound for all o' that,' says Robin."

"She turned about, half mindful to go in, but the liddle voices grieved that shrill an' sorrowful she turns back, an' she cries: 'If it is not a Trouble of Flesh an' Blood, what can I do?' The Pharisees cried out upon her from all round to fetch them a boat to sail to France, an' come back no more."

"'There's a boat on the Wall,' she says, 'but I can't push it down to the sea, nor sail it when it's there.'"

"'Lend us your sons,' says all the Marsh. 'Give 'em leave an' Good-will to sail it for us, Mother—O Mother!'"

"'One's dumb, an' t'other's deaf,' she says. 'But all the dearer me for that; and you'll lose them in the big sea.' The voices just about pierced through her; an' there was children's voices too. She stood out all she could, but she couldn't hold out against *that*. So she says: 'If you can draw my sons for your job, I'll not hinder 'em. You can't ask no more of a Mother.'"

"She saw them liddle green lights dance an' cross till she was dizzy; she heard them liddle feet patterin' by the thousand; she heard cruel Canterbury Bells ringing to Bulverhythe, an' she heard the Great Tide wave ranging along the Wall. That was while the Pharisees was workin' a Dream to wake her two sons asleep: an' while she bit her fingers she saw them two she'd borne come out an' pass her with never a word. She followed 'em, cryin' an' cryin', to the old boat on the Wall, an' that they took an' runned down to the Sea."

"When they'd stepped mast an' sail the blind son speaks: 'Mother, we're waitin' your leave an' Good-will to take Them over.'"

Tom Shoesmith threw back his head and half shut his eyes.

"Eh, me!" he said. "She was a fine, valiant woman, the Widow Whitgift. She stood twistin' the eends of her long hair over her fingers, an' she shook like a poplar, makin' up her mind. The Pharisees all about they hushed their children from cryin' an' they waited dumb-still. She was all their dependence. 'Thout her leave an' Good-will they could not pass, for she was the Mother. An' she shook like a aps tree makin' up her mind. Last she drives the word past her teeth, an' 'Go!' she says. 'Go with my leave an' Good-will.'"

"Then I saw—then, they say, she had to brace back same as if she was wadin' in tide water; for the Pharisees just about flowed past her—down the beach to the boat—l dunnamany of 'em with their wives an' children an' valuables, all escapin' out of cruel Old England. Silver you could hear clinkin', an' liddle bundles hove down dunt on the bottom boards, an' passels o' liddle swords an' shields raklin', an' liddle fingers

an' toes scratchin' on the broadside to board her when the two sons pushed her off. That boat she sunk lower an' lower, but all the Widow could see in it was her boys movin', hampered like, to get at the tackle. Up sail they did, an' away they went, deep as a Rye barge, away into the mists, an' the Widow Whitgift she sat down and eased her grief till mornin' light."

"I never heard she was *all* alone," said Hobden.

"I remember now. The one called Robin he stayed with her, they tell. She was all too grievous to listen to his promises."

"Ah! She should ha' made her bargain beforehand. I allus told my woman so!" Hobden cried.

"No. She loaned her sons for a pure love-loan, bein' as she sensed the Trouble on the Marshes, an' was simple good-willing to ease it." Tom laughed softly. "She done that. Yes, she done that! From Guildeford to Bulverhythe, fretty man an' petty maid, ailin' woman an' wailin' child, they took the advantage of the change in the thin airs just about as soon as the Pharisees flitted. Folk come out fresh and shining all over the Marsh like snails after wet. An' that while the Widow Whitgift sat grievin' on the beach. She might have beleft us — she might have trusted her sons would be sent back. She fussed, no bounds, when their boat come in after three days."

"And, of course, the sons were both quite cured?" said Una.

"No-o. That would have been out o' Nature. She got 'em back as she sent 'em. The blind man he hadn't seen naught of anything, an' the dumb man nature-ally, he couldn't say aught of what he'd seen. I reckon that was why the Pharisees pitched on 'em for the ferryin' job."

"But what did you — Robin, promise the Widow?" said Dan.

"What *did* he promise, now?" Tom pretended to think. "Wasn't your woman a Whitgift, Ralph? Did she ever say?"

"She told me a passel o' silly stuff when he was born." Hobden pointed at his son. "There was always to be one of 'em that could see farther into a millstone than most."

"Me! That's me!" said the Bee Boy so suddenly that they all laughed.

"I've got it now!" said Tom. "So long as Whitgift blood lasted, Robin promised there would allers be one o' her stock that — that no trouble 'ud lie on, no maid 'ud sigh on, no night could frighten, no fright could harm, no harm could make sin, an' no woman could make unhappy."

"Well, ain't that just me?" said the boy, where he sat in the silver square of the great September moon that was staring into the oast-house door.

"They was the exact words she told me when we first found he wasn't like other boys. But it beats me how ye know 'em," said Hobden.

"Aha! There's more under my hat besides hair!" Tom laughed and stretched himself. "When I've seen these two young folk home, we'll make a night of old days, Ralph, with passin' old tales — eh? An' where might you live?" he said, gravely, to Dan. "An' do you think your Pa 'ud give me a drink for takin' you there, Missy?"

They giggled so at this that they had to run out. Tom picked them both up, set one on each broad shoulder, and tramped across the ferny pasture where the cows puffed milky puffs at them in the moonlight.

"Oh, Puck! Puck! I guessed you right from the beginning almost. How could you ever do it?" Una cried, swinging along delighted.

"Do what?" he said, and climbed the stile by the pollard oak.

"Pretend to be Tom Shoesmith," said Dan and they ducked to avoid the two little ashes that grow by the bridge over the brook. He was almost running.

"Yes. That's my name, Mus' Dan," he said, hurrying over the silent shining lawn, where a rabbit sat by the big white-thorn near the croquet-ground. "Here ye be." He strode into the old kitchen yard, and slid them down as Ellen Cook came to ask questions.

"I'm helping in Mus' Spray's oast-house," he said to her. "No. I'm no foreigner. I knowed this country 'fore your Mother was born; an' — an' it's dry work oasting, Miss. Thank you."

Ellen Cook went to get a jug, and the children went in — magicked once more by Oak, Ash, and Thorn.

# B. JONES, BUTCHER

BY

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF "A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE," "KING COAL," "THE FLYING DEATH,"  
"THE LITTLE FAT FIDDLER"



NO more dissimilar men than those who faced each other in Bardley Jones's office one might seek far without avail. Aborn, a glowering hulk of a creature, lolled flabbily in his chair. His was a face of power and of threat, set on a bull-neck above thick, flesh-padded shoulders. Furrows between his black brows bore out the trend of what he had been saying; a hand, fallen with a determinant slap upon the rounded chair arm, splayed plumply in emphatic muscularity.

"That's our last word."

It was the Meat Trust, speaking through the lips of Aborn, its special agent. "Special agent" is a euphemism.

Jones lifted his hand from the square of cardboard on which he had been scratching with a pen intermittently since the beginning of the interview, and turned slightly in his chair. He was a man, nay, a youth of thirty; short, round, fair, peach-cheeked, with an unconquerable jauntiness of bearing which, to those who knew him, was a chief part of his charm. To those who didn't it wasn't. Aborn was of the latter number. "Sissy-boy," he had commented to himself. This was a mistake.

"Now see here, Mr. Aborn," said young Jones protestingly. "Suppose, for the sake of argument —"

"Arguments don't go." The older man made a gesture with his left hand as of flipping away contemptuously some insignificant trifle.

"Then merely because I propose to do a little business with a man you've black-listed, you're going to shut down on me until I promise to be good."

"That's it."

"Yet they call us 'independent' packers," said the young man, a little bitterly.

"Don't get too independent," growled the other. This young man wasn't exhibiting the respectful alarm which the special agent was wont to inspire when engaged in the Meat Trust's thuggery.

Jones turned back to his pen-work. "It's always been a polite fiction," he murmured, "and now it's ceasing to be even polite."

"We don't deal in manners," said Aborn. He spoke the word "we" as if it weighed a ton. Also he spat upon the floor an extract of the cigar he was chewing, by way of expressing his attitude toward Jones in particular and the non-Trust universe in general. Jones blinked a little but continued making careful pen-strokes.

"Well-ll-ll," snarled Aborn, "I'm waiting."

"Keep on waiting if you find that chair comfortable," said Jones politely.

Aborn's eyes bulged out at the defiance. He pushed himself forward in his chair. "I tell you what we'll do with you," he cried. "We'll smash you like the louse that you are."

"Perhaps," said the other equably. "But I'll make it cost you something."

The special agent's derision was less laughter than bellow. "Think you'll fight Us, do you? Say, don't jump on us too sudden, will you? Give us the right tip, so's we can be ready."

"Very well," said Bardley Jones. "Here's your tip. I've been working it out for you since 'We' put the pistol to my head."

He held up the square of cardboard on which he had been working, and regarded it admiringly. It bore a gaudy motto in red and blue inks, with a flagrant border.

FEED MY LAMBS

"Pretty, isn't it?" observed Bardley Jones with his head on one side. "If you've

ever been to Sunday-school — beg pardon, Saturday school — you'll perhaps recognize the style."

"Don't get fresh with me, young feller," growled the special agent.

"By no means," returned the other earnestly. "Let me make this clear to you. This work of art is your motto — or it's going to be, one of these days. If I correctly interpret your subtle hints it is your intention to put me out of business. Very well, go ahead. In return, I'll make you swallow that motto whole. Keep cool. I don't mean you personally, I mean your 'We.' You're going to feed the poor of some city — maybe more than one — you and your 'We,' and feed them below cost. For once you're going to be public benefactors, and it'll cost you money, too. I hope 'We' 'll like it. Tell your superiors that. Details later."

Aborn rose. He spat on the floor again. The word that he spoke I can't quote here. It was not a pleasant word, nor pleasantly said. The veins in Jones's neck began to swell. This is a bad sign. Any doctor will tell you so. So will any fighting man.

Aborn was a fighting man, but the symptom escaped him. Besides, Jones spoke very quietly :

"I think you needn't wait any longer."

"Oh, you do, do you!" burst out Aborn, his naturally violent and not uncourageous temper oversweeping all bounds. "Well, before I go, I'll just tell you —" and tell Jones he did, fully and foully.

Jones was exasperatingly calm. He grinned cheerfully at his visitor and in a pause said : "When you go — you're going pretty soon, aren't you? — don't forget to take this with you." And he extended the ornate motto.

Aborn struck it to the floor. At the same moment he swung his right fist in a short circle. It was just too high for the jaw ; but it was a powerful blow. The younger man reeled against the wall and went down. Nor did he get up — or so it seemed to Aborn — before that gentleman was seized about the knees, lifted through the open door, and launched forth into empty air. Well for him that nature had generously padded his bones. The stairs shook to his impact, and the half-landing quivered as he rolled there. Stupidly he raised his eyes — and shrieked. The other was crouched on the stair head, ready to leap and crush him.

A sudden clutch at the railing, and Jones had himself in hand. His voice, strained thin and high through a throat half strangled with fury, quavered out :

"I hope I've killed you!" Then with a sudden drop to the tone of flat, mocking conventionality :

"That is, I hope you're not hurt."

Aborn picked himself up groaning. Critically Jones watched him.

"Nothing broken, I guess," he commented cheerfully. "Don't forget to tell 'We.'"

The motto came fluttering down to the landing, but Aborn was already limping and cursing his way out. Jones retrieved the card, put it in a trunk with other belongings, closed up his "independent" business, and left Chicago to the Meat Trust.

## II

Three hundred miles toward the rising and two years toward the setting sun, from the place and time of these events, the young Mayor of the live city of Burnham, walking down North Street to his office, met and discovered through an obscuration of yellow, Teutonic beard an old friend.

"Cherub Jones!" he cried. "What brings you here?"

"Hello, Phil," returned the other. "How does it feel to be 'Your Honor'? I've come to be one of your subjects."

"To live in Burnham? Good work! Where have you been all these years?"

"Chicago, mostly. Europe the last two."

"Doing what?"

"Learning a trade. I'm a duly constituted and certificated butcher."

"Big game, you mean?"

"Big as a steer. Small as a squab. I mean the real thing. Cleaver, saw, white apron, all the rest of it. I'm a butcher, I tell you. See the trade-mark?"

Jones exhibited a thumb, the end of which was sliced to an unhandsome bluntness.

"Hanged if I know what you're up to," declared the Mayor. "But then, nobody ever did. Would lunch at the club loosen you up?"

"Wouldn't be surprised, particularly as I'll want your patronage to help my trade."

Before the end of the lunch Mayor Brent understood many things about his friend, Bardley Jones, and one thing clearer than all else, that he meant fight, and fight to a finish.

"You've got a fine, young, nickel-plated nerve," commented Brent, "going up against the toughest trust of the whole lot, single-handed. I'll back you to make 'em some trouble; but have you considered what they'll do to you before the game's over?"

"I'd be willing to put a hundred thousand into the thing if necessary," said Jones, quietly.

"Have you got it to put in?"

"Yes, and more. There's a little patent —" Jones grinned — "on which the Meat Trust is innocently paying me royalties. That brings in a pretty cozy income. Then, as you know, my uncle, Major Bardley, left me his property, and the stock-farm out back of the lake."

"Of course! That's what brought you here."

"Partly. Then, too, I thought Burnham a good place for the object lesson. Every one knows me here, or knows my people, while in a strange place I'd be regarded as a get-rich-quick swindler, or a get-poor-quick idiot. And I'd rather counted on you."

"Me? Why, I'm a politician." His Honor's eyes twinkled.

"You used to like a good fight," suggested his guest tentatively.

Brent brought his hand down on the table.

"And it will be a good one! A beauty! You can't win it. I don't believe you can beat 'em. But you can certainly get into their sleeping hours for a while."

"There I'll have the best of it. They never got into mine," said Jones placidly. "Moreover —" the point of his beard assumed a pronounced angle — "I'm going to make the Meat Trust take water if it breaks me."

Burnham warmed to Bardley Jones at once. To its conservatism his family connections were a passport. The younger element found him good to play with. His golf scores appreciably enhanced the standing of the Oscawa Country Club team; his cottage near the club became a center of hospitality: hospitality which never got beyond the host's control; his yacht was by no means the handsomest or swiftest on the lake, but it was by all odds the most popular. Never had a new resident "made good" more thoroughly, and withal more unostentatiously. With his women friends his attractiveness was increased by a certain mystery

which he himself laughingly disavowed. That he was a busy man was a matter of general knowledge. But at what?

Bardley Jones became the chief topic of discussion at the sewing-circle. He had been seen frequently driving around the adjacent country and consulting with farmers.

"Probably he's going into politics," suggested Mrs. Will Ward, at the monthly meeting. "You know how intimate he is with Phil Brent."

"Well, I believe he's here on some secret service for the government," declared young Mrs. Tim Chase.

"Listen to Nell," cried Mrs. Jack Barnes, a shrewd, twinkling little woman. "She's discovered a real Detective with a big D."

"You must admit that there's something strange about him," insisted Mrs. Chase.

"The strangest thing I've heard about him yet," placidly remarked Mrs. Butterfield, the principal physician's wife, "is his dinner scheme."

Instantly a storm of questions broke upon her. She answered the most pressing ones, beaming at the success of her little sensation.

"At the Country Club. Next week Thursday. We're all invited, I think."

"Why, then it's nothing but an ordinary dinner party," said Mrs. Ward in deep disappointment.

"But none of our husbands."

There was a swift revival of interest, superseded by a wave of mirth, as Mrs. Billy Wheeler, the latest bride, said mournfully:

"Why — why — why, then we can't go, can we?"

"What a thing it is to have been married only three months!" bubbled Mrs. Jack.

"Are those of us who haven't any husbands barred out?" asked "Jim" Duryea, an extremely pretty girl with quick, alert ways, like a wren.

"Phil Brent might get you in if you're convertible on that point," suggested quiet little Mrs. Seaver. "Jim" turned a prompt pink.

"What has Phil Brent to do with the dinner?" asked Mrs. Chase.

"He came around this morning and told the Doctor all about it — in my hearing," said Mrs. Butterfield.

"Knowing that the sewing-circle met this afternoon. Clever fishing!" commented Mrs. Jack Barnes approvingly.

"When I was younger," came the gentle murmur of dear, deaf old Miss Wynter, "a

young gentleman would hardly — er — most unconventional — er — so — I really think — ”

“Ah, but you’re *going*, aren’t you, Miss Wynter?” asked Mrs. Butterfield.

“Certainly, if I’m invited,” said Miss Wynter, with spirit.

“You are. We’re all invited. And some of us who aren’t here. Mrs. Byrd and Dot Dickinson, and the three Bradleys, and little Mrs. Verrell, and that pretty Mrs. Mellon who’s recently come here, and — ” she paused impressively — “Judge Waldo and Col. Peter Kent.”

“What for?” It came like an explosion.

“I don’t know.”

With which the circle had to be content. But walking uptown Mrs. Barnes, who was something of a social analyst, imparted a sage conclusion to her friend Anne Ward :

“There’s something practical back of this. Not one soul is asked that’s not an operating housewife. The only unmarried ones are ‘Jim’ Duryea, and Miss Wynter, and they both do the marketing.”

“Judge Waldo and Colonel Kent and Phil Brent,” suggested Anne.

“Housekeeping bachelors; just as bad,” said the shrewd Mrs. Jack.

Of the twenty-four guests bidden to be present at the Country Club that Thursday night, not one sent regrets. Bardley Jones had baited his invitations with the best known lure — curiosity.

Looking down the banks of flowers to where Phil Brent sat at the foot of the table, and across, where, at the accurate half, Judge Waldo and Col. Peter Kent were, so to speak, embanked in femininity, Jones smiled and inwardly mused that Burnham had never before seen such a dinner outfit. Nor had Burnham ever experienced a function so oddly served. Meat was the strong point of the dinner. Each waiter as he approached the guest went through a hotel sing-song :

“Beef steak, liversbacon, Canada mutton, springlambthmintsauc, sweetbreads — oh — diabul, lamb chops, chicken in any style, ros’ beef,” and so on to the end.

Otherwise the affair was decorously conducted, and in substance and quality there had never been given a better dinner in a town famous for its old-time hospitality. At the end of the dinner, when Judge Waldo had risen to inquire meekly whether the

gentlemen should go out and leave the ladies to their coffee and cigars, Phil Brent stepped to the wall, pulled a string, and released a scroll, which revealed to the amazed eyes of the party an accurate list of the meats served at the dinner, with the price per pound in large figures. There was an expectant silence.

Then rose the nervous whisper of old Miss Wynter, struggling with her lorgnette.

“What is it? What does it mean?”

“Means settle up,” rumbled Colonel Kent in her deaf ear. “Had your food. Now pay-pay-pay.”

“Dear me! Dear me!” fluttered the poor little lady. “What an extraordinary — and I’ve left my porte-monnaie at home.”

“Are you going to weigh us as we part, and charge it up, Cousin Bard?” asked Mrs. Tim Chase.

“Brent will explain,” said Jones, and Brent, standing at the head of the table, explained.

“Housekeepers of Burnham,” he said oratorically, “I am here to announce the swansong of our friend Bardley Jones. He is about to retire from society. He is going to open a shop.”

“My father keeps a shop, and I haven’t heard of our being ostracized yet,” observed Mrs. Ward, whose grandfather had been the founder and “leading citizen” of the place.

“And you keep a shop yourself, Phil,” cried Mrs. Jack, “though it’s called a factory. At least you kept it as long as you could.” This was a winged shaft, for the Wheelbarrow Trust had recently relegated Brent to the presidency of a subsidiary company.

“Very well,” said the Mayor good-naturedly. “But our host is about to open a high-class butcher establishment.”

There was a sort of gasp. Burnham society, with the courage of its long settled convictions, could stand almost anything from one of its own blood and breed. But a butcher shop! Poor Miss Wynter had failed to get the word.

“What does he say?” she demanded of Colonel Kent.

“Butcher shop,” explained the Colonel, in a modified yell, which imparted to his peculiarly intermittent style of conversation an astonishing effect of sequent explosiveness. “Jones — butcher. Chops! Steaks! Sell meat, you know.”

"Bardley Jones! It can't be," almost wailed the gentle old spinster. "I've known his mother since she was a child."

"Not hereditary," boomed the Colonel. "Not hereditary at all. Er—economic."

"Poor young man!" mourned Miss Wynter. "I shall buy the meat for my boarders there—if it is good."

"Mr. Jones himself," concluded Brent, "will do the rest of the explaining. With the explicit information that after next week he will be socially unfit, my painful duty comes to a graceful termination."

"My honored guests," began the host, "I could give you a much better dinner than this—" ("Hear! Hear!" from Judge Waldo. "Do it. We'll all come," from Mrs. Barnes.) "Perhaps I will one day. But this is dinner with a purpose. What you have been eating is Trust meat. It is not the best of its kind; but it is about the most expensive. Give me a twenty-mile run of the country hereabouts and I could furnish you better."

"Why don't the meat-markets furnish it?" asked Mrs. Chase, who had a thirst for information.

"Fear of the Trust's vengeance. They're allowed to buy only Trust meat. Kindly consider the writing on the wall, at our Babylonian feast." He pointed at the scroll and read a few of the items. "Sirloin steak, twenty-four cents a pound, roast beef, twenty-four cents, lamb, twenty-two cents, Canada mutton (from central Kansas), eighteen cents, calf's liver, sixteen cents. Mrs. Butterfield, will you give us from your house-keeping accounts the prices of those meats five years ago?"

"Sirloin steak, sixteen and eighteen cents, roast beef, nineteen cents, lamb chops, seventeen cents, Canada mutton, fourteen cents, calf's liver, eleven cents," read Mrs. Butterfield.

"Thank you. It is the same right through the list, as you'll observe. The meat doesn't cost the Trust any more than it did five years ago; perhaps not so much."

"Increased cost of labor," suggested Judge Waldo.

"More than offset by decreased cost of handling the product, and by forcing the price down to the cattleman. The old prices showed a good profit; so good that I propose to return to them—with your kind help. I may assume, I think, that the meat

bills of those of us who are here will average eight dollars a week."

"Billy says that more than five dollars a week is all rot," piped little Mrs. Wheeler aside to Mrs. Chase, and was considerably dismayed to find that a sudden pause had made her comment a source of public enjoyment.

"There are only two of you," said Bardley Jones courteously. "Billy is quite right."

"But it always adds up more than that," said the bride piteously.

"You are the kind of customer I need," returned the host smiling. "But let us say eight dollars a week. Now, Mr. Brent encourages me to think that I can get fifty families of the kind represented here. If so, I can cut under, by 25 per cent, the present prices, and still make a good profit."

"Fifty as a minimum," interjected Brent.

"Just set out your bargain counter, and we'll all come to you," said Miss "Jim" Duryea, flippantly.

"Ah, that's all very well; but will you stick to us?" said Brent gravely.

"Till death us do part?" inquired Mrs. Jack, wickedly. "Isn't this rather sudden—and public?"

"Yes; we'll stick to you," declared "Jim" bravely, raising her voice above the clamor, and looking the flushed Brent straight in the eye. "I'll promise you a good assortment of sisters, cousins, and aunts, too."

"Who else will contribute customers?" asked Brent.

"I'll get the Everells and the Pendreys," volunteered Mrs. Ward.

"And I'll guarantee at least two families of cousins," said Mrs. Seaver.

"Any missionary work in our family connections you can count on me for," promised Mrs. Jack Barnes.

"There's old Paul Simms," suggested Colonel Kent. "Tackle him, myself, old skinflint! Borrow an asbestos suit and market in Tophet to save one side of a cent. He'll come in. Couldn't keep him out."

"You'll have your fifty households and a waiting list, if you want it," said Judge Waldo to Jones.

"Very well, then," said the host. "Spread abroad the virtues of the shop, all of you. But keep the nature of the scheme quiet. Ladies and gentlemen, Bardley Jones now and herewith makes his bow of social retirement and hoping to be favored with your

esteemed patronage, I am yours respectfully, B. Jones, Dealer in Fish and Meats; The New Shop, 187 Guernsey Street."

Before the dinner party broke up every one of the guests had pledged support to the new enterprise for six months. Within three days similar agreements coming in from outside had made up the number of households to fifty, all of them committed to B. Jones's anti-trust scheme.

### III

A week later the best business block in Burnham blossomed out into the cleanest and neatest butcher shop that any person in town had ever seen. Fresh flowers decorated the windows, and inside, B. Jones and an assistant awaited business. They had not to wait long. The city had been informed of the new enterprise by the following modest advertisement:

**PRICE OUR MEATS AND FISH**  
AT THE  
**NEW SHOP**

OUR GOODS ARE CHEAPER THAN THOSE  
OF ANY FIRST-CLASS MEAT STORE IN THE  
STATE. WE DON'T SAY THEY ARE BETTER.  
BUT JUST TRY AND SEE WHAT YOU SAY.

SIRLOIN STEAK . . . .	18c.
ROAST BEEF . . . .	19c.
LAMB CHOPS . . . .	17c.
CANADA MUTTON . . . .	14c.
CALF'S LIVER . . . .	11c.

**B. JONES, 187 Guernsey St.**

For the first two weeks the business was swamped. All the other butchers suffered. Complaints reached the Meat Trust, which proceeded to its characteristic measures. One day Bardley Jones's real-estate agent called upon him, with some information:

"A stranger called to-day to rent the store next you for a butcher shop."

"Was he a fat yellow-and-blue complexioned gorilla, with a corrugated neck?" asked Jones hopefully.

"No," said Mr. France in some surprise, "a quick, eager young chap with no manners. Chicago man, I take it."

"You didn't let him suspect that I own the block?"

"Certainly not. I asked him eighty dollars a month."

"Well, it's *worth* forty," said Jones. "What did he say?"

"Oh, he said: 'Eighty-thousand double-barreled devils. I don't want to *buy* your squatty, pink-frilled block.' That's what *he* said."

"Nevertheless he'll pay it," asserted Jones confidently. "I know their methods. He'll want to be right next door to me, or just across the street, and he can't get into the block across the street. So he'll help furnish the sinews of war for us, by paying double rent."

No time was lost by the Trust's representative. With the swiftness of perfect machinery there was produced "The Beefery" at 189 Guernsey Street, fully equipped with a stock of first-class meats and fish, at such prices as only the older Burnham generation had known. On an average the cut was a good two cents per pound under the New Shop's rates. Business flowed in, in a freshet, a flood, a torrent; but without diverting the steady stream that bore a decent profit to the New Shop.

"The manager next door can't understand how you keep your trade," said Mrs. Jack Barnes to B. Jones. "I've just been in there looking about. It's as much as one's life is worth. Such a jam!"

"The jammier the better," said Jones blithely. "I don't think he'll take much profit of it."

"He said it wasn't business," continued Mrs. Jack twinkling. "He said this puddling old hedgehog of a town hadn't waked up yet; but he'd wake 'em. He said if this was Chicago, your shop wouldn't draw a customer against his cut prices, if you gave away a grand piano with every sausage. Yes, I'll take three pounds of that porter-house. Cut it thick, please."

"We'll help 'em to plenty of trade," said B. Jones, grinning. "We'll swamp 'em with prosperity. Brent has had the good news of cheap meat spread through his shops. Judge Waldo has attended to the Burnham Wagon Works, and the Seaver Engine Co. is rejoicing in the glad tidings. I fancy there will be an irruption of the proletariat, or the proletariat's wife, next door about-to-morrow morning that will surprise our friends."

When the doors of "The Beefery" opened on the following day, there were three ambulance cases and a riot call. Burnham had never known such a crush. The

Two days later, Saltopolis and Dorchester blossomed matutinally with this flower of appeal :

## Burnham Meat

IT'S CHEAP  
IT'S GOOD  
IT'S PLENTY

CALL AT THE NEW SHOP AND  
COMPARE OUR PRICES WITH  
THE TRUSTERY

(REMEMBER THE NUMBER)

183-185 GUERNSEY STREET  
BURNHAM, N. Y.

AND WITH YOUR OWN SHOP.  
IT WILL PAY YOU TO COME  
BY TROLLEY AND BUY

Dorchester and Saltopolis butchers awoke to the unpleasant fact of a competition that they couldn't meet, and pertinently inquired of the Trust whether they were supposed to be in business for their health. The Trust rubbed its head and wondered what this Burnham affair meant, anyway. Hadgett, the manager, got a batch of cipher telegrams which confirmed the local operator in the belief that he was in steady communication with an insane asylum. Meantime business — and losses — increased at "The Beefery."

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"Just met Paul Simms," puffed the Colonel. "Infernal old crabber! Dealing at 'The Beefery.' Caught him coming out. Roast under his arm. Nine pound if it was an ounce."

"Oh, well, Simms, you know, he's only worth about a million," said B. Jones, soothingly. "He couldn't afford to keep a promise which cost him a dollar a week."

"Said as much to him," returned the Colonel. "Old scamp giggled. 'Tee-hee! Business is business. Can't afford to be Quixotic, Kent,' he said to me. 'No,' I told him. 'You can't. Decent man could. Rather be the Don than a windmill — turn with every breeze.'"

"Whom do you think I just saw buying meat next door?" cried Mrs. Jack Barnes, entering. "Maud Pendrey! Isn't that disgusting! I accused her, and she turned red and said, 'Mr. Jones told us himself that the pledge wasn't legally binding, so it can't be wrong to break it.'"

"Fine defensive logic," commented Brent. "Good morning, Miss 'Jim,'" he added as Miss Duryea appeared. "We're having a convention to discuss the faithlessness of human kind."

"Then I've a word on the other side," returned the girl. "I met Miss Wynter next door — I was only prowling around like a spy — and she was almost in tears. 'Don't think I'm purchasing, my dear,' she said. 'My word is given. I would rather lose all my boarders than forfeit my word. But, oh, my dear, just look at these prices! If I could only do it we could paint the house this year. And it needs it so!' It was quite pitiful."

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"I'd like to see it done," cried Mrs. Jack, viciously, as she and her friend "Jim" passed out of the door. "Of course you know that Mrs. Billy Wheeler has been buying there. But only extras, she swears."

"Almost time for our object lesson, Phil," said B. Jones when they were left alone. "About next week, I guess. They're beginning to fall away fast."

#### IV

On a Monday morning the doors of the New Shop opened not. B. Jones was not to be found within its portals. No wares were to be seen upon its counters; all the stock had been disposed of at beneficently cheap prices to the struggling local dealers. Hadgett wired Chicago a jubilant paean of victory.

#### *Hiatus cockalorum smudge.*

returned the Trust.

Therein, cryptically outlined, lay the Trust's vital error; the very error upon which B. Jones had counted when he closed his doors. In two weeks, by three leaps, prices

manager of the store wired to Chicago for instructions.

*Sinecure concomitant sordid ninepin,*

telegraphed the Meat Trust in its best style of cipher, thereby paralyzing with amazement the local telegraph operator who never before had been called upon to transmit such scandalous language.

Obedient to this demand for further details, the manager replied in writing:

"B. Jones is a blind for bigger interests. He has organized the local farmers to supply him. Can we not bring pressure to bear on them? With all the business we are doing, Jones's patronage still holds, although we are underselling him 20 per cent. None of his customers have left him. He hasn't a lot of trade, but it is high class and liberal. I cannot understand it. It could not occur in Chicago. But this town," he concluded with a touch of unconscious pathos, "is not run on business principles."

*Ordinary washstand split,*

wired the Trust in curt reply. Accordingly the manager cut prices again. He was now running at a severe loss. Every pound of meat that he sold meant an addition to the wrong side of the ledger. He couldn't begin to handle his business. Help had to be hired. More room was needed.

"That man Hadgett wants No. 183, to enlarge his meat business," announced France, the real-estate man, dropping in early on B. Jones.

"One hundred dollars a month; six months lease," said Jones.

France contemplated him with amazed admiration. "Sometimes I think there's a lot left for me to learn about my own business," he said.

"You've never fought a Trust," returned B. Jones.

"Morning, Cherub," said Mayor Brent entering. "I noticed an immigration of Saltopolis people on the early trolley, and they were pointed straight for 'The Beefery.'"

"Census gives Saltopolis a population of 140,000. It's only twenty-five miles from here. Why shouldn't our 'Beefery' friends get some of that trade?"

"And Dorchester is seventy miles, yet quite a bunch of its two-hundred-thousand-odd came over on the nine o'clock train," observed Brent. "Cherub, what does this mean?"

"Well, you see," said B. Jones, chuckling, "I thought our sister cities ought to get a chance at this good thing. Why be selfish? So I did this."

He spread out a copy of the *Dorchester Democrat* bearing date of the previous day, and pointed to a half-page advertisement.

## Do You Buy Meat?

ON AN ORDER OF  
MORE THAN \$4.00

YOU CAN SAVE YOUR  
RAILROAD FARE

BY TRADING WITH

### The Burnham Beefery

OUR GOODS ARE AS HIGH  
QUALITY AS YOU CAN GET  
IN YOUR OWN CITY, AND  
JUST LOOK AT OUR PRICES

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID  
TO CLUB PURCHASERS  
AND HOTEL BUYERS

183-185 GUERNSEY STREET  
B U R N H A M , N . Y .

"They'll have to club purchasers to keep them away, after that," chuckled the Mayor.

"Same advertisement in Saltopolis," continued B. Jones. "Hello, here comes Hated Rival."

In burst Hadgett, the Trust manager, purple-visaged, and flopping a copy of the *Saltopolis Standard*.

"You did that!" he howled, thrusting it under the nose of B. Jones.

Jones sniffed of it professionally. "It seems perfectly fresh," he said.

"What do you mean by it!" vociferated the other. "What right have you got — what — what —"

"I thought it would help you in your business," said Jones innocently.

"Business! Business! Mind your own business. I've got all I want — and a dam-site more!"

"Well, don't choke to death in the store," soothed Jones.

"I'll — I'll have you arrested! I'll get an injunction! You use our firm name again and I'll jail you."

"All right," promised B. Jones. "Rather than see a brother butcher die of apoplexy, I'll agree not to use your firm name again."

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at "The Beefery" were not only back to the original Trust schedule but considerably higher. Burnham was to be punished for its contumacy. Burnham didn't take to it kindly. With the high spirits of good feeding, the proletariat proceeded to mob "The Beefery." Mayor Brent cheerfully contributed police to save it. Patrons of the departed and lamented New Shop scattered to various marts of trade; the kindly Burnham air was full of accusations and recriminations. Everybody accused his neighbor of killing the auriferous goose; old Paul Simms was jeered on the streets. Then, after a three weeks' recess, the New Shop reopened without any fuss or flurry, and B. Jones, beaming at the old stand, offered the old reduced prices. His window displayed this classic strain:

*For Meats may Rise, or Meats May Fall,  
Our Rates Remain for Ever.*

How effective the object lesson had been was evinced in the enthusiasm with which the pledge-signers rallied to the recrudescence B. Jones. The Trust had pointed the moral "in letters a mile high," as Mrs. Jack put it. It was this: Stick to the independent shop through high prices or low, or the Trust gobbleuns'll git yer in the end. The New Shop's advertisement in the local papers read:

**OUR LEADER THIS WEEK**  
**FATTED CALF**  
SPECIAL INDUCEMENT TO PRODIGALS  
RETURN IN TIME  
**THE NEW SHOP**

Fatted calf sufficient for all the prodigals there was, save only one. Old Simms, slithering in with his apologetic giggle of, "Business is business, you know, Jones, my boy; I've come back," was met by Jones with a hearty:

"Glad to see you, Mr. Simms. Hereafter you'll get special cuts" (Simms beamed) "and you'll pay 10 per cent above Trust prices."

Simms groaned. "What for?" he demanded.

"Because you're a Horrible Example. Try next door."

Simms did, and very lonely he found it, for "The Beefery" had become a desert waste in the midst of which Hadgett, with suffering eyes, beheld his own diminished trade feed the prosperity of his rival next door. His message to his masters was fairly wailful.

*Circumspect alluring earthquake,*

came their wire in reply. "Drunk again," commented the telegraph operator. How could he know that it was Hadgett's recall? That gentleman packed his trunk and Burnham knew him no more. He left a lone butcher in charge.

Then out of Chicago came the mighty Aborn himself. He did not go near the butcher shop. He went to the hotel and sent for the lone butcher. That same evening he was mystified and enraged by the advent of a local reporter who seemed to know all about him, and who wanted an interview on what the Meat Trust was going to do next. He didn't get it; but the indications appeared promptly.

"The Beefery" advertised a cut in prices that went deeper than Hadgett's double reduction. Aborn was no half-way man.

Again those empty spaces were filled with a surging crowd. The "special agent" had never seen such a boom. What a business town Burnham was, indeed! What possibilities there! — if only he weren't selling at a loss! Whereas the New Shop next door was thriving prosperously at prices nearly twice as high. Passing the Trust shop one day he overheard one man say to another:

"Great thing for Burnham, this scrap! There isn't a poor man's dog in town need go without his bone, every day. And it's all on account of this fellow Jones."

"We don't even get the credit of it," mused Aborn, deeply wounded at such injustice. A sudden thought struck him. "I'll get this fellow, Jones," he said. He was now in front of the New Shop. One of its windows flaunted the placard:

*After you've tried the other  
You'll return to our muttons.  
They're cheaper in the long run,  
And at least as good.*

"Muttons," sniffed Aborn contemptuously. "Who ever saw 'muttons' in a retail store? That shows how much those folks know about the business."

He turned to the other window to face the inquiry :

*How's your liver?  
If there's anything wrong with it  
Try some of ours. Direct from  
The calf to the customer, twelve cents per  
pound.*

Aborn walked inside. Serenely concealed behind his envelopment of yellow beard, B. Jones, white-aproned and elbow-sleeved, greeted him professionally. There were some very fine sweetbreads in that morning; or would he prefer an extra cut of porterhouse, or some genuine corn-fed pork? "The kind you don't often see nowadays," said B. Jones persuasively.

No; the visitor had come to talk business. Was Mr. B. Jones the manager of the shop? He was. Who was his principal?

B. Jones smiled. Unrebuffed, Aborn smiled also, and inquired what pay B. Jones received. By the plainly perceptible part of an inch the managerial expression of amusement broadened. The managerial silence deepened.

"So," said Aborn. "Now here it is. I represent certain Chicago meat interests. We've watched you here. You're smart; oh, you're smart! I ain't denying that. But you can't last." His voice rose to a formidable pitch; his eyes glared from out the rolls of empurpled fat. "Get that in your head. We'll smash you. We'll smash you if we have to give away meat."

"I'll trade with you myself when that time comes," remarked B. Jones. The other cooled down suddenly.

"We've got room for men of your sort. Now, will you tell me what you're getting?"

"Twenty dollars a week," said Jones. It was what he allowed himself on the books. Since the successful reopening he'd been thinking of raising his salary to thirty dollars. "Hope I haven't delayed it too long," he thought to himself humorously. "They might overbid me for myself."

"I'll make it thirty-five dollars," said Aborn impressively. "Start in next Monday as our manager."

"Yes, and how long would it last?" cried B. Jones. "I'd quit a sure job here, and as soon as you put this place out of business you'd fire me." B. Jones shook a cunning head. "Not for me," he said.

"Thirty-five a week," repeated Aborn with deliberation. "It's big money for a feller like you. Think it over."

"Not for a hundred," retorted the other with a sudden change of tone. This was too much for the violent Aborn.

"You fool!" he bellowed. "You—you——"

B. Jones's heel had come off the ground. His right foot slid back and his knees were supplely bent. Not twice was he to be caught unawares. But Aborn was concerned now with words, not with deeds, and he couldn't find a sufficient one.

"Don't say anything you'll be sorry for," warned Jones quickly. "How long shall you be in town?"

"Till I see you beggin' a job," retorted the other savagely.

"Quite a stay. Shouldn't be surprised if you thought better of it. Anyhow, drop in now and then. Always glad to receive the trade."

"I'll see you in—" Aborn's speech stopped suddenly as Brent, whom he knew by sight and repute, came in. B. Jones promptly introduced Aborn to the Mayor. "I've particular reasons for wishing to keep Mr. Aborn here in town to see the end of an experiment," he explained to Brent.

"That's his backer," thought Aborn, and was painfully polite.

For once Aborn found manners to be their own reward, for Brent, taking B. Jones's tip, drove the special agent up to the Country Club for the afternoon. Next morning he reported with a wry face to the butcher.

"You should have heard him pump me about the meat business. I advanced the theory that sweetbreads grow on chickens, and that everything in the cow line except the tail is sirloin steak. He thinks I'm an idiot. But he isn't exactly what you'd call popular at the club. He pulled a flask on the Reverend Dr. Small. He talks about diamonds—and gambling—and women, you know; the smoking-room kind of talk. Buttonholed Colonel Kent on the veranda and turned loose a few 'new ones' on him. As soon as he could break away, the Colonel made for the showers. Said he needed a bath after associating with Aborn, and threatened to report the responsible member to the Governors."

"If you'll hold him through this week," pleaded B. Jones, "I'll close the game."

"How's that?"

"Aborn will be going away over Sunday. He told me so. I'll see him off at the train. And I don't think he'll come back."

For the rest of that week Brent, as he expressed it, played tame Dago to Cherub Jones's wild bear. On Saturday evening he accompanied Jones to the train to see Aborn off. That gentleman appeared carrying two grips, and explained with a highly objectionable wink that he was only off for a little pleasure trip.

"When are you coming back, Mr. Aborn?" asked B. Jones.

"In a couple of days — if it'll do you any good," replied the other.

"It won't. It won't do me more good, and Burnham, too, if you never came back at all."

The special agent glared.

"In fact, you'd better not. You can't do any business here."

"*WE can't do any business here!*" It was fairly a yelp.

"Precisely. Hadn't you begun to find it out? You don't know how. I've got the market. I've got the goods. I've got a trade that won't desert me. You can drop prices till your cattle bite you, but my customers will stick."

Aborn blinked stupidly. B. Jones rapidly unfolded his scheme. He explained the whole mechanism, while the other's lower jaw sagged.

"But folks won't pay higher prices when they can buy for lower," he protested feebly, quite dazed by his opponent's plan.

"They will when they see through such dealings as 'We' have always practiced. Besides, there's another element; one that you've never reckoned on. It's called honor. Ever hear of it?"

The special agent gulped.

"No; I thought not. That's what's beaten you. It'll beat any Trust of your kind, any where, any time. But it doesn't exist in business, except in a few places. My scheme wouldn't work in your Chicago. New York would laugh it to death in a week. Burnham's old-fashioned. To win here you'd have to fight us with our own weapons. You

haven't got the weapons; and if you had, you wouldn't know how to use them."

"It's cost you a pile of money, anyhow," snarled the other with a gleam of malevolence.

"Up to the time you closed us, I was even. That cost me about a thousand dollars. Since then my profits are more than \$500. You've paid me in excess rent — you didn't know that you'd been renting your store of me — in *excess* rent, mind you, \$600. I'm more than \$100 to the good in cash, and I've had a million dollars' worth of satisfaction out of your 'We.'"

Memory and suspicion began to merge in the stupefied brain of Aborn.

"I thought you was a butcher," he said, raising his voice above the rumble of the approaching train.

"So I am; a practical one. Enough to teach you a lesson as per program. Let me tell you what your 'We' has been doing for Burnham. For six months you have fed a city below cost. You've given the working-man such meat as he didn't know existed. To the very poor you've opened the flesh-pots of Egypt. At your expense our local death rate has gone down a point since 'The Beefery' opened. At your expense again, you've painted Miss Wynter's house. You've helped the hospital and the Country Club out of debt. You've increased general prosperity — at the expense of 'We.' For once 'We', the Trust, has been a public benefactor. And it's cost 'em money. Tell 'em so with my compliments. In recognition of their humane and valuable services I hereby present you, as their agent, with this well-earned decoration."

Gently propelling the flaccid Aborn up the car steps, he thrust into the fat hand a somewhat worn but still brilliant motto in red and blue:

FEED MY LAMBS

The train rumbled away.

"Say," observed the brakeman to the conductor. "Spot the guy that got on at Burn'm. He's sittin' there gogglin' and gappin' at a kid's picture-card perfectly foolish. Blame' if I don't think he's gone dotty."



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN

*"She is an extremely pretty girl, with hair of 'guinea gold' which she wears charmingly in waves and soft coils. She has beautiful dark brows and lashes, and violet eyes which seem dark in contrast with her yellow hair"*

## A ROYAL ROMANCE

BY

C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON

AUTHORS OF "MY FRIEND THE CHAUFFEUR"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**M**OST Royal Romances are made to order, and exist merely in the mind of the journalist whose duty it is to impress upon a sentimental public the fact that a certain prince has fallen in love with a certain princess whom he is about to marry.

As said witty Princess Victoria (sole unmarried daughter of King Edward and

Queen Alexandra), "Most of us marry because it's convenient. Alfonso and Ena are marrying because it's inconvenient."

This way of putting it is a merry exaggeration. But, as a matter of fact, none of the powers wished Alfonso XIII and Princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenberg to make a match; and there is where the Romance begins.



THE YOUNG COUPLE AND THEIR MOTHERS-IN-LAW, THE PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG AND THE DOWAGER QUEEN CHRISTINA

*This marriage upset the matrimonial plans of both Queen Christina and Princess Henry, but King Alfonso's determination and delightful personality won the day and reconciled every one*

Naturally, Queen Christina (an Austrian of the Austrians) would have preferred that her son marry a very Catholic Austrian princess. Indeed, she had one carefully picked out, and an understudy or two ready to fill the part, in case the first choice should

fail to please. Her own marriage had been one of convenience; but the boy, brought up so carefully by his mother, had a surprising individuality of his own which nobody had counted upon — despite signs of firmness of character, not to say obstinacy, in childhood.

Sensational journalists have announced that the King of Spain was extremely eccentric, if not deficient in intellect; but exactly the opposite is true. He is exceedingly clever, though too impatient of restraint to be much of a student. He bids fair, as his character develops with experience, to show his mother's diplomatic tact, mingled with an engaging impulsiveness all his own, which wins hearts as she never could. He is quick to make decisions, is really interested in the welfare of his people, and his selfishness is merely the selfishness of high-spirited youth, eager to do everything that is really worth doing. He is easily moved through his affections, though it is all but impossible to influence him in any other way except through his sense of justice. The King has a boyish fashion of imposing his

own will on every one around him. He does this so gaily, so smilingly (if not in one of his "somber moods of pride") that even people who have decided to oppose him find themselves pleased that he should do as he likes.

"What, marry her nose to my Hapsburg mouth! It would be a crime," was his remark to an intimate friend, concerning an Austrian princess. No other on the list pleased him better; and the two or three possible German candidates were crossed off in the same way. "I want to be happy, and then I shall know how to make others happy," he said to the same friend of his youth.

It was at this period that he took a fancy to things English, which for some years had not been quite the fashion in Spain. He

#### THE KING AND PRINCESS ENA AT VILLA MOURISCOT

*"The young King has been called 'the demon motorist,' because when he drives an automobile he forgets everything but the wild joy of speed, and it is necessary to clear the way for him before he starts."*





Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

#### THE WEDDING PROCESSION LEAVING THE ROYAL PALACE

*The royal couple driving to the church in the state coach, drawn by eight white horses. The "Coche de la Corona," bears the arms of Spain and Naples, having been constructed for Maria Christina of Naples, the Queen of Fernando VII, about 1813. Supporting the royal crown on the top are two golden globes that symbolize the rule of Spain in the Old and New world*

went in for motoring, hunting, cricket, and tennis; and was so far interested in America that he engaged a young American of his own age to teach him American slang, at which he became so adept that he used greatly to astonish his friends. This put it in the minds of those nearest him, that, since it would be well for the dynasty that the King should soon marry, an English princess might be to his taste.

The matter was informally discussed, as such matters are when a Royal match is to be made, and in the end it was arranged that, when King Alfonso paid a proposed visit to England, he and Princess Victoria of Connaught should meet and see what they thought of each other.

Of course they had seen each other's photographs, though nothing had been said to the Princess of the plan. As she had never seen the King himself, with his illuminating smile, his humorous eyes, intellectual forehead, and the chin which as a child he

kept "pinching into shape" to make it resemble that of Philip IV, she judged him very ugly. She is well dressed and smart, with the air of being pretty, and the King was prepared to admire her. All bade fair to go smoothly. When the King went to England, a party was arranged in honor of the Royal visitor. All the princesses from far and near had to be invited, Princess Ena among others—nobody thought of her as a possible danger.

To be sure, she is an extremely pretty girl, with hair of "guinea gold," which she wears charmingly in waves and soft coils. She has beautiful dark brows and lashes, and violet eyes which seem dark in contrast with her yellow hair. Besides all this, her complexion is as perfect as roses and cream; and she has the high spirits of her father, Prince Henry of Battenberg, whom Queen Victoria used to call "Our Sunshine." But then she was not, until after her engagement, a Royal Highness, as the Princess of

Battenberg were the children of a morganatic marriage; and Prince Henry would not have been allowed to marry Queen Victoria's daughter had he not bribed his Royal mother-in-law by promising to live always with her.

Princess Ena had been greatly admired on her presentation at Court only a few months before the King of Spain's arrival, when she was not yet eighteen; but she was not to be thought of as a match for a King. It was supposed, when the time came for her to marry, that some German princeling would be found, who would be glad enough to marry such a pretty girl, made an heiress by her rich and devoted godmother, the ex-Empress Eugenie. She had traveled nowhere, had seen nothing, and was still the tomboy who had been the chum and willing slave of her brothers.

So she was asked to the party, to be a figure in the background, while another more fortunate princess played leading lady. She is a shy girl, rather self-conscious with

strangers, like her mother, who has a most undeserved reputation for haughtiness. She was eager to meet the King, because of the great interest she had taken since childhood in Spanish history. To please her godmother she had studied Spanish, and she admitted to a friend that she looked forward to seeing the King. But since it was as the King of Spain, not as a young man and a possible husband, that she thought of him, she was perfectly natural and unembarrassed on meeting him.

"Who is that?" asked the King, at first sight of Princess Ena, looking at her very intently. When he was told, he did not rest until he had been introduced, and was able to talk to her.

Before an hour had passed, every one foresaw what was going to happen — every one but Princess Ena herself. "How nice he is to talk to," she said to her most intimate friend, a charming English princess. "And what a nice smile he has. I did like to make him laugh."

#### THE WEDDING PARTY LEAVING THE CHURCH OF SAN GERONIMO

*A broad flight of stairs was built to take the place of the former narrow entrance. Above was stretched a wonderful crimson canopy, embroidered with the arms of the Spanish Provinces. The stairway itself was banked with white carnations, roses, pale blue irises, and corn flowers*

*Photograph by Underwood & Underwood*





*Photograph by Underwood & Underwood*

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JUST AT THE INSTANT  
THE BOMB EXPLODED

After that, King Alfonso did not lose a day in letting King Edward and King Edward's sister, Princess Henry of Battenberg, know what was in his mind. His mother, Queen Christina, was also communicated with. He soon found that on all sides there was opposition to his wishes.

Queen Christina had her heart set on a ready-made Catholic daughter-in-law, and besides it was clear that to marry Princess Ena would be a misalliance for the young King. King Edward did not wish his niece to enter a family which was not pleased to receive her; and Princess Henry disliked her only daughter being forced to adopt the Catholic religion.

One friend at Court the Royal lover had, however—Empress Eugenie, who was delighted with the idea of the marriage, for which she had already longed, without believing that it could take place. As she had ardently desired Princess Beatrice to marry the Prince Imperial, she had always felt an especial interest in the children of her widowed favorite.

In a few weeks, by sheer force of will, the young man of twenty had got his way, and had permission to propose to Princess Ena. By this time, the girl well knew what was in the air, though nothing definite had been said to her; and she was chaffed by her brothers, because she had always insisted that she would marry a "dark man or no one," and she "wished it might be a king."

A visit was arranged for her and her mother to Princess Frederica of Hanover (who herself made one of the most romantic marriages on record) at the Villa Mouriscot, close to Biarritz; and it was there that King Alfonso was formally accepted.

The young King has been called "the demon motorist," because when he drives an automobile he forgets everything but the wild joy of speed, and it is necessary to clear the way for him before he starts. "Remember, your Majesty, if you have no wife and family, we have," said one of his friends who traveled with him from Madrid to meet Princess Ena at Biarritz. Each morning at eight o'clock he left the Villa

Miramar at San Sebastian where he lived during his fiancée's stay across the border), to motor to the Villa Mouriscot. At his rate of speed, the journey took exactly an hour. Having arrived, the King would make a round of the jewelry shops, flower shops, and sweet shops, choosing something himself at each place. He would wash off the dust of travel at the Hotel du Palais (where he kept a suite of rooms) and then, armed with his offerings, would hurry to the Villa Mouriscot. The Royal lovers usually spent the whole day together, and though they were invariably well chaperoned, Spanish people of the old-fashioned sort lifted their eyebrows at such a modern courtship. It was *infra dig*, said they, and a shocking thing that the fiancées should be photographed with their hands clasped

together. King Alfonso only laughed at such frumpish criticisms. He stopped all day and every day at the Villa Mouriscot; dressed for dinner at the Hotel du Palais, flew back to dine with the three Princesses; stayed till eleven o'clock, and then gaily motored off to the Royal villa at San Sebastian — where, by the way, as bride and groom the Royal pair will spend much of this summer and early autumn.

It was during this happy visit at Biarritz that an amusing little incident took place. Princess Beatrice was reminding the King of his first visit to England, as a very small boy, and how he turned somersaults one evening before being sent to bed. Queen Victoria had laughed heartily, and had exclaimed, "We ought to try and arrange it that he shall be my grandson some day."

SCENE IN THE CALLE MAYOR JUST AFTER THE EXPLOSION, SHOWING  
THE WRECKED STATE COACH

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood





BEARING AWAY THE BODIES OF THOSE KILLED BY THE BOMB



Photographs by Underwood & Underwood

MATEO MORALES

Who threw the bomb and later committed suicide

"I can turn very nice somersaults still," said the King (who speaks excellent English), and he suited the action to the word, much to the delight of the Princess.

Afterwards, when she had gone with her mother to Paris, he appeared quite unexpectedly at Versailles, and surprised the princesses. "I don't know how it is, but I cannot keep away," he explained. He had traveled strictly incognito, and remained only twelve hours.

Later, in Madrid, he received a letter from his betrothed, in answer to one from him telling of renovations he had been making in a castle and glorious garden of Southern Spain, where he hoped that they might spend part of their honeymoon. "How I long to see a big orange tree actually growing and blossoming out of doors," said Princess Ena, in her reply. And that same day the King had a large orange tree in full blossom dug up, placed in a great tub, well covered, and sent to Versailles on a railway truck by "*grande vitesse*." This tree the Princess duly planted in the garden at Versailles; but wrote to the King, "It was nicer planting out pine trees when we were together at the Villa Mouriscot."

During his trip to the Canary Islands, King Alfonso sent a long telegram to his bride-elect every day; and in one he said: "I am keeping that promise to be more careful of myself." (The promise in question, by the way, was given at Biarritz, apropos of his demoniacal motoring.)

Two large boxes full of presents from the Canaries accompanied the King on his flying visit to England, which he made directly after landing in Spain and attending the grand ceremonies of Holy Week in Seville. Also he took the Princess a number of heirlooms, gifts from himself as well as from his mother, who is more than resigned now to welcoming her daughter-in-law.

"I am never so happy as when I am giving her a present," the King told a friend. And when one day in the Isle of Wight, an old peasant (mistaking him for an ordinary individual) remarked that the Princess Ena was a very pretty girl, he answered: "Yes, I've seen her. She is the prettiest girl there is and will make a glorious queen."

He was not content until his fiancée had shown him the corner of the garden which had been her favorite playing place as a child; the spot where she once had a dangerous fall from her pony; her pet window of the nursery; her battered toys. And he asked to be taken to call upon her old nurse, to whom he carried a gift and said so many kind things that the poor woman broke into tears, in the midst of her smiles.

The wedding-dress of a Spanish Queen must, according to ancient custom, be dedicated to the Virgin within a couple of hours after the marriage; also it must be woven and made in Spain; and it, as well as five other splendid dresses for State occasions, must be the gift of the bridegroom. So even the trousseau formed part of this Royal Romance; and when the Court jeweler came from Madrid during the King's visit to the Isle of Wight, to measure Princess Ena's head for her new diamond crown, the Royal lover himself made a little poem in honor of the pretty scene, which he read to his fiancée when it was over.

Several dresses of the trousseau were designed by the King himself, and others were made especially to suit his taste. "Do have plenty of blue things," he said. "I like those tight dresses without belts," was another chance remark; therefore there was much blue in the trousseau and two or three princess gowns. The King likes to see his bride

in "picture hats," so she has very few others, except for traveling; and he is delighted that she looks particularly well in a mantilla. The Spanish people are charmed with their young Queen's very foreign type of beauty.

The Queen, too, finds much that is enchanting in her new people. She traveled little in her girlhood, and the color and picturesqueness of Spain laid hold upon her fancy from that brilliant twenty-sixth day of May when she arrived at El Pardo in a carriage banked with flowers, and all Madrid, waving fans and flying red and yellow flags, went out to the suburbs to welcome her.

She came from her own land escorted by the King's body-guard, her relatives, and those of the King, to await her marriage morning at El Pardo where all Spanish Royal brides must rest for the few last days before the wedding.

It was there that the Royal bride granted a brief personal interview.

She was with her mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg, in a room especially fitted up as a boudoir for her, during the six nights and five days between the time of her arrival and her marriage, and though she had had a long journey, with many excitements, she looked as fresh as the rose tucked into the bodice of her embroidered white muslin dress.

She had just finished breakfasting with the King who had motored out from the Palace in Madrid in his favorite open automobile to say "good-morning." He had gone to discuss coming arrangements with various high officials, and I had caught one glimpse of him as he flashed away, smiling, and evidently excited.

In speaking of her good-by to England, the Princess said:

"All my most intimate girl friends dined with me a few nights ago, and I invited them to my wedding. Some of them are coming, I hope. And I shall have one Englishwoman to attend upon me, though all the rest will be Spanish, according to the rule. But luckily, I'm getting on very well with the language. I learned a little a long time ago to please my godmother, the Empress Eugenie, whom I have always loved dearly. I'm afraid I didn't work very hard, however, till a few months ago, when I began in earnest. Now, if people don't talk too fast, I understand everything. I have to ask them to talk slowly, and I hesitate myself a little. The

King speaks English wonderfully, but I like all our conversations to be in Spanish, now."

"I have heard something about your father, Prince Henry, having written you a letter before his death, prophesying that you would come to Spain one day."

"Oh, it wasn't exactly that. Still, it was rather strange. The only letter I have from him was written from Spain, and he said that if I could see it, as he wished I could, I would love it. That was a true prophecy."

"Was it ever foretold by a fortune-teller that you would marry a King?"

"Only by a friend of mine, who was doing my hand for me; and looking in a teacup. She said that I would be on a throne; though I didn't think anything about it, until after my betrothal. But it was quite odd about the King. When he went to Granada some time ago, and visited the *Sacre Marte*, they wanted him to kiss a stone in one of the underground caves, which is supposed to insure your marriage within a year. He refused at first, because he said that he wouldn't be able to choose a wife because of being in love, so he would prefer not to lose his liberty so soon. But finally he consented to please them; and not long afterwards, we met. Now he says he is very glad he kissed the stone. He is going to show it to me next year, I hope. I've always wanted to see the Alhambra."

"Aren't you anxious to see Madrid and the palace there, where you will spend so much of your life?"

"I quite long to go. But you know, it's not the custom until after the wedding. I'm supposed to stop quietly here till early on the morning of the thirty-first. However, the King says I may go if I like, incognito. And in case I should wish to, he's sending several motor-cars with the chauffeurs in plain-clothes, and he says he will take me to see the museums. But we're not sure that it will be best. People would be sure to recognize us. And anyway, the palace is to be a surprise, and I would drive past, if I went into town."

"You must have seen photographs of it?"

"The King sent me some. And I've chosen all the hangings and everything for my own rooms, from samples he sent. He is wonderful, it seems to me. He thinks of everything that I would like, without being told. Perhaps that's because, when he was small, he was so constantly with his mother.

It's made him thoughtful and considerate of women. My mother has noticed that, too. And my uncle and aunt, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, spoke of it. They took a great fancy to him."

"We heard that he sent you telegrams every day when you were separated, after your engagement."

"Oh, and flowers, too. There has never been a day without them. All these are from him"—and she waved her hand round the room, which was sweet with red and yellow roses—Spanish colors—white lilacs, and Annunciation lilies.

"Is it true that you haven't seen your wedding-dress yet?"

"Quite true, for it's been made in Madrid; and I wasn't to have seen it till next Thursday morning, but the King is having it sent out on Monday, for my mother and me to look at, as it will be given to the Virgin—*la Paloria*—as soon as I take it off after my wedding. I have seen a photograph of it, though, and it must be very pretty, all embroidered with silver roses. I suppose it will be rather heavy."

"Shall you have your photograph taken in it?"

"I don't know. The King has spoken of it. Perhaps it can be managed. I'm to dress at the Ministry of Marine, in a room which is being made ready, and the King is sending some very pretty gold toilet things, I believe. I hope I may have them to keep afterwards, to remember the day. I was to have dressed at the palace of his aunt, the Infanta Isabel, but it seems it would be too difficult for the coaches to turn there. She was very kind to offer. I quite long to see those coaches. People say they're so interesting, almost like something in a fairy story."

When King Alfonso was a child, and was first taken to see a bull fight, he cried bitterly over the cruel fate of the horses; and though for the sake of popularity he attends the tragic spectacle adored by his subjects, he is said to have confided to Princess Ena that he does not like it. Neither will she like it; that is almost certain, and as both are fond of music, and fond of all wholesome, out-of-door sports, by and by—slowly but surely—this Royal Romance, so pleasant in itself, may, among other good results, bring sunshine out of shadow for a whole great people.

THE pretty, modest little princess who left her sheltered home and her childish toys, so gaily and so happily, to become Spain's Queen, has found already that being a Queen means something more than receiving graciously the plaudits of an affectionate populace. Hardly had the newly-made crown of diamonds been put upon her golden head before she was brought face to face, in a most tragic way, with the fact that the duties of her new position would require the greatest of courage and self-sacrifice, and that her life would be constantly in danger even from the subjects she would be doing her best to serve. Scarcely anything in recent history has been more dramatic than the attempt to assassinate the young couple on their wedding-day. The anarchists try to get a fine stage-setting for their crimes, and in this instance they had everything they could wish. Madrid was *en fête* as it had never been before, crowded not only with subjects of the young Queen, but with people from all over the world. The ceremonies of marriage had just been completed, with all the regal splendor of the ancient Spanish forms, in the Church of San Geronimo, and the wedding procession was winding through the gorgeously decorated streets of Madrid which swarmed with people shouting their joy over the marriage and greeting with ecstasy their new and pretty Queen. The Royal couple were seated in the historic state coach, one of those about which Princess Ena had so much curiosity.

The procession had halted in the Calle Mayor, just a short distance from the plaza of the palace, when a bouquet containing a bomb was thrown from a top balcony at No. 88, falling just between the royal coach and the hindmost pair of horses. The infernal machine as it fell was deflected by a telegraph-wire, and to this the young King and Queen owe their lives. The explosion shattered the coach, killed a number of the escort and many of the horses, and scattered death and destruction through the crowd that packed the roadway. Alfonso and his bride were not injured, though a small piece of the bomb struck him, and he was saved from injury only by a thick golden chain he was wearing. In this tragic moment the Queen was unexpectedly brave. Alfonso showed kingly courage and also

much of the impulsiveness with which Mr. and Mrs. Williamson credit him. He assured himself that Queen Ena was uninjured, helped her from the wrecked coach to a place of safety, and then, according to the reports of bystanders, rushed toward the door of the house in which the bomb had fallen, evidently with the purpose of avenging the outrage in person upon the perpetrator. He was restrained by the members of the escort, a new coach was brought, and the journey to the palace was continued.

So the wedding procession which had begun with so much gaiety ended in terror and tears. The strain of the situation proved at last too great for the little Queen, and notwithstanding the affectionate efforts of Alfonso, she broke down and wept, and, as all accounts have it, "the young King wept in sympathy." The young couple showed, however, in the following days of festivity, that they had lost neither their courage nor their faith in their subjects. The day after the attempt upon their lives they drove in an automobile in the streets of Madrid and even stopped before No. 88 Calle Mayor where the King pointed out to Queen Ena the balcony from which the bomb had been dropped.

The wedding-gown, with all its lace and silver embroidery, was dragged in the blood of the people who lay about Queen Ena, wounded and dying, as the King helped her from the shattered state coach. On the opposite side of the street from No. 88 is the Church of La Almudena, and it is to this church, instead of to the Church of La Paloria that the wedding-gown, stained as it is, will be given.

The crime at Madrid turned out to be the work of a Spaniard of good family, Mateo Morales by name. During the excitement Morales escaped in the costume of a workman, but was captured in the small village of Torrejon de Ardoz, about fifteen miles from Madrid.

He committed suicide after killing the gendarme who had arrested him.

This outrage, which all but turned a Royal Romance into a Royal Tragedy, took place after Mr. and Mrs. Williamson's article had been written and despatched to America.

# YOUNG COREY'S CHANCE

BY

VIOLA ROSEBORO'

AUTHOR OF "THE JOYOUS HEART," ETC.



THE little far Western capital was become a scene of black shame. A whole people, a state, was being deaused, bought and sold like a woman of the street, and men's faces, in the capital, in the hotels, in the shops, yea, and in the pulpits, showed their shame; the shame of the buyer, cold, furtive, eager, beneath its varied mask; the shame of the seller — ah, it was as varied as the mask; some of them were used to it; glad now to find such a singularly good market for their honor, relieved that the public opinion that had branded them in the past, was a thing of the past; — there were enough in the boat now to make its own public opinion; some were both frightened and elated, new to prostitution but new to its wages, too, and its wages here and now were good, often more than these men had ever dreamed of possessing in this world; some were dogged and dour; their heads held up because they held them up, their hot eyes hard and belligerent; mostly these were legislators whose bitter distresses were well-known; who came from mortgaged farms and bankrupt businesses; not predestined failures most of them, but strong enough fighting men, who had lost in the battle against circumstances — drought, shifting populations, the fall of silver, the settling of the cattle-ranges, the machinations of the beef trust; some of them were bitter, bitter as death, against a ruin forced upon them in the name of law and order. They had left behind them, one a sick wife, ill-cared for, another unschooled children, all debts and pinching needs; and now they had chosen a change of shames; fortunes, ten thousand, twenty thousand dollar fortunes were to be theirs, and their eyes were hot and belligerent and their heads held high — unless they were alone. Oh, many masks fell when men were alone, or

thought they were, or forgot they were not, in those weeks in the little Western capital.

And for what were these hundreds of thousands of dollars, these great rolls of bills, five hundred and thousand dollar bills, shuttling from hand to hand? For what were law-makers being bought, and herded and branded, like cattle on the hoof? To buy a worn-out, tight-fisted, money-accident of a man a toy, and that toy was a seat in the Senate of the United States of America. He did not seek power; all he could ever know of power lay in the limitless wealth his mines poured in on him, but he was possessed to set this seal on the power of his money, to become a Senator; it was like a madness; he had been tight-fisted; a million dollars a month could not break down the stinginess of his nature, till this craze had reached its height; but now the flood was loose, limitless; gold was to flow until all who stood in his way were bought, or terrorized, or blackmailed, or debauched (for all the vices were his drilled servants) into submission; gold was the force behind all the methods.

But some men did not bear the mark of the beast, even then and there; some walked the streets uncowed, shamed for their country, but not for themselves, facing ruin, but in the deep righteous wrath of their hearts ready to dare more for their manhood and the land that bore them than did ever soldier on bloody fields; and yet others still fought the good fight with themselves, tempted, trapped, beset with sophistries from within and without, but not yet wrenched from their self-respect.

Corey, Jim Corey, flung himself out of a banging door into the empty hotel corridor, haggard, white, and stood, like a spent swimmer, wiping the sweat from his forehead. He was a brawny, masculine, good-looking fellow, with a rough-hewn, square-built, capable face, and strong deep-set gray eyes; they were red with

excitement now. He was no grafter, but if he turned one he would play the game ably. If he turned one: by the build of him you would have said that being an honest man at twenty-eight he would not be easy to turn. Well, there were men now in the rooms along that corridor whose past lives were as clean, and whose jaws were as strong, whose price had been paid. Corey was not safe; his white face told that he knew he was not safe. He had never played a morally heroic part in the life behind him; he had no memories of honor's victories against odds, to lift him in this fight. This was his first trial by fire, and his heart was after all but a boy's heart for it, with a boy's weaknesses and only a boy's strength. And he wanted money, O God, how he wanted money! How he had scrimped and contrived and foregone under the pinch of poverty! He knew he would make, that he was a good lawyer, but the start was bitter hard sledding. The worst humiliation, the worst of everything was that he could not marry the girl who was waiting for him. Sometimes he had felt that she thought it strange he could not climb the ladder faster. She was teaching there in the town; she did not like to teach. The shrewd pleasant older man in there behind that door had offered him twenty thousand dollars for his vote, and had promised him law-business that would be the making of him even without the money. It was not the first time he had been "approached." In the last two days the activity of the market had reached its feverish height, and three men before this had talked, had sounded him — men didn't bother hinting about this business — and one had offered him ten thousand, and when he said he would never vote for "the old man," had told him to take it then and leave town, they would give him that much not to vote at all; the great bills had been held out to him. "We don't trust all these guys," this tempter had said, "don't give 'em all the cash till they've delivered the goods, but this is yours right now, if you say you'll go." Corey had said he would stay. But this last man was another story; this admirable, powerful lawyer, and delightful gentleman.

"Jimmy," he had said, "I don't want to fight your conscience, but I want you to understand things as they are in this case, and I want to do you a good turn if I can, and help you to get a home ready for that little girl of

yours. I like to see the boys and girls get married." He did, too; Jimmy knew he was not shamming in his kindly interest. Then he told how this case was not like other cases, he appealed to Jimmy's party loyalty, for the "old man" was the state standard-bearer of Jimmy's party, God help it! He told how the election was sure, how "they," his side, had had to fight fire with fire, because the other side was so corrupt; he called on Jimmy to remember how fierce was the local partizanship for the "old man" in the capital, and the capital was Jimmy's immediate future hope in law, mighty little hope anywhere else.

"You can't put out your shingle here, you can't show your face in the streets, if you throw us down. It's friends or enemies to the death in this town now." He went on to show how the "old man" was personally a figurehead, he admitted that, but he was a figurehead that counted for the best interests of the state just then. "I don't ask you to vote against your conscience, my boy, but don't let academical notions drive you, either; vote for the policy that means the prosperity of the state, and then because the condition of things here is so extraordinary and others have had their reward, I'm not going to let you miss a little fortune that I can turn over to you as well as not, and that will do a deal more good in yours and especially in Jessica's hands, than where it is now."

You think this was all very feeble patter? You don't know what it was in that foul air; it was a drug to kill the stench for senses already, by necessity, growing custom-hardened. And he was kind, Jimmy knew it. It was testimony to the horrible influences long continued, the repeated debauches of unscrupulous contests that had poisoned a society remote from the big world's wholesome meddling, that this man was come to play the procurer. He had his wages; he must earn them, and he must make as little as he could of the shame of the traffic. For he was not innured to shame; and as a side-light on all this black pitiful business let it be told that this same man, when in due time open disgrace fell on him, refused to buy his meed of whitewash with perjury. He drew the line there; — one more instance in the endless flow of such of man's nobly inconsistent clutch for some "rag of honor," even at a great price, and even when all that could make it avail to save his face before men is gone.

Jim Corey had said, "No," had pushed \$20,000 — there in cold cash — away from him, and had stridden out into the hall, there to falter with physical weakness and wipe the great sweat drops from his white face.

He wanted a respite, to get away from all this lure and battle and filth; he wanted to be comforted and forget awhile. He would go and see Jessica — school had been out an hour now. He met Jessica's pastor coming out of the gate; Jessica was a devoted little church-member, though given to what she understood to be dangerously liberal views. Jessica had that kind of two-sidedness running all through her make-up. She was a pretty, warm-natured girl, woman-warm, whose feelings ruled her, but who had pleasure in mental processes akin to that of the young one who liked to see wheels go round. She was full of ardent opinions on everything from theosophy and homeopathy to Woman's Rights — she desired to see the purifying influence of woman exerted through the ballot — and her intellect was of just the quality her charming little nose and wide, emotional, unseeing eyes suggested. It suited Jimmy Corey well enough, did that intellect, as an attachment to the nose and eyes and the rest of her. It gave him an interested if often muddled audience, and he was ready sometimes to play audience himself, too, and to find pleasure in the fact that Jessica knew more about poetry, for instance (except two or three plays of Shakspeare), than he. Jessica also found pleasure in instructing and lifting him to a higher plane. A great many things in life bore it in upon Jessica continually that man needed to be guided by woman, to reach her general level. She did all she could to purify Jim's associations, and she particularly objected to his friendship with Jackson Merritt. She had not entirely broken it up, though Jim admitted that Merritt drank more than was good for him, and that he gambled, and that these things were reprehensible. Jessica was one of those women who have as little understanding of the masculine side of life — that is, of the powers that preponderatingly rule and shape the struggling, ascending world — as if she had had never a male ancestor. But the lack of understanding did not keep her from loving Jimmy Corey, and Jimmy was satisfied to find her often considerably more amusing than she suspected. Now he wanted to forget

everything else in being loved for a little while.

But it appeared at once that Jessica had quite other duties on hand. She met him on the porch with a concentrated excitement in her face, a look akin to that on hundreds of faces downtown.

"I wanted to see you, Jim. I want to talk to you about the election. You met Dr. Halsey? — he's been here telling me how foolish it is for you to stand out against the party. The Chief's going to be elected, it's best for all the industrial interests he should be — you know you've admitted that — well, it amounted to that — yourself. And he says you could have a position at once where you could be independent, and wield a power for good, if you would not stamp the fact of your lack of judgment and lack of pride in the development of the state on men's minds now. O Jimmy, we could get married!"

It was a pitiful little sweet cry, that last, for Jessica was usually reticent enough about her dissatisfaction with her state. But Jim Corey took no note of it, his taut nerves were jangling with this last horror — Dr. Halsey, Jessica's pastor!

"Do you know what they've been doing for twenty-four hours," his weary blood-shot eyes stared into hers as if she were another man; "they've been thrusting twenty thousand dollars under my nose time and time again; before God, I've had to watch to see they didn't jam some of it in my pockets. And now they get that skunk of a parson to come to you, — damn them!"

Jessica shrank in cold offense within herself. She loathed swearing and abuse of the clergy was to her like blasphemy. Jimmy murmured some apology before she spoke, and then he drew her down on a bench beside him, and, pulling himself together, tried to put his case.

"It is not bribery in these circumstances," Jessica put aside her resentment and gave herself again to her cause, "it is a political truism that measures are what they are, according to the necessity calling them forth." Jessica when she got started was full of queer blurred echoes like that; then more trenchantly out of her own brown head, "It is just like that kind of folly you despise so, Jim, of calling killing the enemy in war, murder. The strength of the necessity names the deed."

"Why do I have to have twenty thousand dollars for doing right then?" asked Jim, a faint flicker of humor in his voice; he must take such entertainment as he could get.

"That is part of the necessity of the case with many members, and the sentiment is that all who stand by now ought to be enriched equally, not to let the least patriotic get the best of it. And it is a means of distributing wealth, wealth that the people of this state ought to have a share in. How often I've heard you talk of that, James!"

James did not find Jessica so amusing after all before he was through with that conversation. Her travesty of the big lawyer's arguments gave them the last touch of burlesque, even though to burlesque them must have seemed impossible to any one outside that tortured, maddened state, to any one not case-hardened to conditions, happily unique in the United States. But she was not to be shaken; his authority counted nothing against Dr. Halsey and her predilections combined. Poor little Jessica, who had been patient with his poverty; that little unheeded cry, and, "O Jim, we could get married," came back to him after a while, and rang through all her precious politics, a thing to unman him. He ceased to combat her; and with so much sign of victory she seemed at last to content herself, and gave him before he left a doubly pleading caress, his head in her hands and drawn down till she could rest her cheek against his. It was not the love-making he had come for, it was not forgetfulness and rest, but it was sweet. What now? A moment he stood at the gate with drooping head, before he turned to go, and seek — whom? Drunken, gambling Jackson Merritt. He thought he'd find him in his room over Bronson's store, for Merritt had just taken this time when there was, as he said, nothing doing but trade in live stock, to go on a spree, and had luxuriously stayed in bed all day, sleeping it off.

Corey broke in on a half-dressed man, in the act of shaving himself; "a long, lean leathery flail of a man," a seasoned citizen of this planet, with a hatchet-built brown lawyer's face, and notable, shrewd, light eyes; if this man drank and gambled it was on some ordered plan of his own; more blame to him, if you like. Corey stood before him hunted and haggard with strange eyes.

"Hello," said Merritt, "I've been wondering if you'd turn up, or if you would *not*."

"So have I. Curse them, Merritt, they've made it clear enough, it's ruin or riches; God! how I've worked and stinted. Bronson, Mason, half a dozen men, have shoved thousands all but down my throat, time and again. I'm paying my board-bill with borrowed money. This town's going to kick out anybody that fights the old man now. Where's my chance? The damned railroads have ruined my old stand, choked the life out of it, choked the life out of it with rates made to do that very thing, because there's been a deal with this very devil I'm to stand for or be ruined. I couldn't pay my wash-bill there another year. It's all rotten, and the rot's as big as the country. Where's the use of dying like a rat in a hole, a little fool nothing of a rat, that's all swelled with the notion it can hold up a falling house? Where's your whisky?"

Merritt pointed, finished wiping his razor, — "What did you come here for?" he faced the boy, his shirt-sleeved arms behind his back, his head bent in scrutiny.

"Because I'm not bought and paid for, yet! Because I've a hunch maybe I'd like anything else better. But you don't know what anything else means. 'If life could be left like a place of entertainment,' I'd bolt the show."

"Dr. Halsey been up to see Jessica?"

"Yes."

Merritt took a turn up and down the room, and still walking, he spoke:

"I'm not going to hold any prayer-meeting over you, Jim. I'm not going to have you laying up poverty, and maybe a lost love, and for all I know failure for life, against me. For all I know you're up against that list, and since you're balancing chances I don't know but your general comfort lies with the stuff. But —" he stopped short in his tracks — "you better be mighty sure about it. When you're selling your honor you want to be almighty clear in your own mind that the price will pay you. You can't eat your cake and have it, too. Leave that to women. There's just as much sound grist for an honest man in this threshed-out straw of yours about the rotten conditions and the house falling down as there is in the foolishness you got from Halsey through Jessica: — I know his line! That wasn't good enough for you, but this rot of yours —

it's wicked, because it's not preacher-peticoat moonshine, it's the devil's facts, but what's the one more than the other got to do with your personal degradation? That's a man's most private affair. Look here, morality's a shifting business sure enough. What's right one time is wrong another, and murder, treason and arson may become duties, we'll say. But there's no question about it, and never has been since Cain killed Abel, that when a man takes his secret price to betray a trust he's a prostitute. I don't want to interfere with your fancies in trade, Jim, but I'm willing to give you some advance news of what you're sure to learn from your later reflections. If you like it, well and good; as a criminal you may do very well, but don't play the muddle-headed jack-ass now, for it's a part you're not built to last in."

Corey had sat listening like a man at a play, he came back to himself with a flush; "Merritt, —" the words would not come.

Merritt drew up a chair, and lounged on it with outstretched legs. "Jimmy, I wouldn't feel bad about having smelled temptation. And if you mind the fact that you've come here with the stench hanging round you, you're childish. This shop is used to more than that. It's used to seeing a whole bunch of temptations come off easy victors. I've got only about so much virtue, and I've put what I had to holding up the man-side of the shebang. A man ought to be good all around, but if he ain't equal to the counsels of perfection, I've a notion that what the world has always asked him for, courage and honesty, are the things it needs worst from him. I suppose like with all the rest of its lopsided demands, the old world has its good reasons tucked away."

Merritt seemed to be making talk to help Corey out, but Corey's mind was hot with immediate actualities, and he broke in — "Merritt, that man is going to the Senate; what's going to be the end of all this? — he may be grosser, but he's no more corrupt than lots of 'em."

And then the talk went into a discussion, cheerless enough, of the prospects of the Great Experiment; they were looking close into the nethermost depths to which American Democracy has ever sunk.

"Well, I haven't preached on patriotism, Jimmy," said Merritt presently, "because his own honor is a man's main patriotic asset; this country may be going to the

demnition bow-wows and the man that gets most loot for himself may be 'wise'; or maybe things'll take a turn and the traitors will be made to smart, the weak more than the wicked, of course, as usual. I haven't talked worldly self-interest to you, because I'm not sure but it's an even gamble as to where that lies. But if it comes to patriotism, I can tell you patriotism's not going to waste no matter how it's spilled; — there's an old principle, old as human nature, right there; the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church; the church has no cinch on that idea, though she's got a lien on the greatest words for it."

"Fine for the church, but it seems to be rough on the martyrs," sneered Jim Corey wearily, picking up his hat to go.

"You bet," came the answer, "they don't get a thing out of it. Hence their post-mortuary influence. Going down Main Street? Wait a minute and I'll go with you as far as Jack's joint." He took a roll of bills from some trousers lying on a chair, and stopped to count them. "Poker's great down there these days," he remarked, "I'm pulling in my share of this bribery fund and holding my head up with you martyrs, too."

Corey shot him a glance — "I'm not martyred yet," he said; he had fallen into a queer sulkiness, the reaction of excitement. Merritt's hard passionate strain had overdrawn on his depleted capacity for feeling.

The experienced jury lawyer eyed him; "I guess I've mishandled my case. I ought to have shunted a good supper into you if I wanted a snap verdict. But I don't, so it doesn't matter. You don't know where you're at, now, Jim, and all I say is, find out! Regretting the sins one didn't commit is a dreary business, too."

Corey began to talk about the weather. There were few topics but the weather that did not lead back quick to the one all-smothering theme.

Merritt followed his lead easily, but his searching, unsatisfied eyes continued to scrutinize the sullen unseeing boy.

The next day Corey saw Jessica again. She argued her side no more, she did not even ask him as to what he meant to do. Jim saw why, her feminine pride was in arms; to her it was a question of how much he wanted her. That cut deeper than all her pleadings, so pitifully veiled as arguments, intellectual arguments; poor little Jessica, with her woman's pride in arms! Twice again he was summoned to take his twenty

thousand dollars ; the last time it was to go back to the same room he was leaving when this brief chronicle opens. His hard drawn face and unhappy eyes had been encouraging to the hunters of men.

The day after that dawned with the Great Deal consummated. It only remained now to corral the purchased herd and count them in the state house under the guise of a free-man's ballot. Yet the crowds moving through the streets, the men clustering in hotel lobbies and drinking at the bars were not jubilant ; no, not even the victorious captains of corruption, nor their chief, the little rat-faced, restless-eyed millionaire who had bought his toy, his seat in the United States Senate. Over all the town rested a sullen lethargy, born of how much hot plotting and stealthy trap setting ; of how many sleepless nights and secret conclaves and filthy pleasures, for the conspirators had suborned all the vices to help them sap the souls of men ; yes, and there had been sleepless nights, too, of struggle and fear with gnawing remorse — dread word — for bed-fellow. No, it was to take thirty thousand dollars' worth of champagne flowing that night to bring jubilation to that dishonored town.

Corey was in his seat ; the ballot was being taken. The air was tense ; the galleries were full. Jessica was up there. With a keen eye you could have picked out the beaten unbought men in that house. How ? They were beaten in more ways than one. Some were ruined ; they were all looking on as if at the funeral of the future, the future that all men live for and dream better than the things that are, old-time, danger-tested friendships had been broken, were breaking as that sinister roll-call went on. No private moral triumph, no, nor that dangerous intoxicant, the sense of moral superiority, could make that slender minority triumphant in their defeat. But their sadness differed from the depression of the victors. They were composed with a different composure from the labored, or defiant, or stubborn counterfeit around them ; there were men who had not taken bribe money among their opponents ; not many, but a few ; but if these thought their empty pockets would put them on any equality with the routed remnant, this was the hour they were undeceived ; they shrank, or only with forced boldness refused to shrink from the stench of their camp. Theirs was not the calm of the vanquished.

Jessica was not the intellectual light she fancied herself, but she was a real woman, and sitting there in the gallery, not knowing even now how Jim Corey was to vote, she had some feminine sense of emotional values ; the poetry still pulsing in that bemired arena (and deep poetry was there) began to thrum on here nerves to a new tune. The balloting began, and the tense atmosphere seemed to thicken with heart-beats. One slave after another gave his vote to his owner ; some made speeches and told how pure they were and here and there came cracks of nervous laughter from their own side.

Farrell's name was called. He was the leader of the hopeless opposition. His life had been in deadly danger from the powers that were not a week before ; no matter how, there's no time for that story here, but every man there knew it. Straight strong young Farrell rose with the light of proven manhood on him.

"I have a brief speech to make," his voice rang hard and haughty ; "why do you gentlemen of the foreordained majority make long ones ? I suggest that you simply tell us your price."

The sullen silence broke into a pandemonium of cries and noise ; men's hands went to their pistol pockets ; so many that again there was safety in numbers ; nerved-racked as they were, each saw that one shot fired meant red riot let loose. The disorder sank almost as quickly as it had come. After all what difference did it make what Farrell said ? His vote was given with unchanged voice.

Then Corey's name was called. He came to his feet quietly. "My speech will be shorter still," he said. "By the grace of God, I cast my useless ballot." One hard-choked sob was heard all over the place. Beesley, whose vote had gone with the majority, Beesley, whose farm was mortgaged, whose wife was dying of consumption, whose children were many and small, poor toil-worn Beesley had dropped his head on his desk and that sob came from him. The confession of temptation in Jim Corey's words, the words of a man who in this crucial hour renounced equality with men like Farrell, whose scorn of the enemy from first to last had burnt clear and strong,—that note of a man saved as by fire, had broken Beesley down.

The session closed in a noisy reaction against the earlier depression.

The majority rushed out of a hall littered, literally littered, with the torn fragments of memoranda and calculations of their barter and sale. They hurried to burn their money at the new-stocked bars and the multiplied gambling-hells.

Corey, face shining, found Jackson Merritt in the lobby. "I never was so happy in my life," the boy cried over their gripped hands. Everything else was forgotten now in his own triumph; yes, a triumph more intimately his own than any victory in love. Jessica was not "in it" at this moment. He was blooded; he was a man; some things he would never fear again.

In a man's lifetime the battle for his soul is never fought to a finish, but some foes as he goes along are put down and out forever. Old Merritt and young Corey looked in each other's eyes straight and hard and knew that much. And then Corey said: "Come let's have a drink." They didn't talk poetry; just, "Come, let's have a drink," from one, and "I'm your man for that," from the other, but what they felt was the stuff for man-poetry, and the drinking song is not written that was good enough for their celebration. Now this is not the place to argue as to whether their bibulous dea of fit rites was correct or not; because for one thing compared to the issues occupying us the question is not important. But nevertheless it must be conceded that this particular drink of Corey's was fairly momentous in affecting Corey's life.

It is open to the reader to make his own decision as to whether this story ends well or ill, but he can rest assured it is told for its big triumphant side, and the defeat now to be recorded is mentioned as a minor matter.

Jessica threw him over that very day — not for his vote; Jessica had caught enough of what was in the polluted air to be half-ready for the congratulations she received from one man before she left the capitol. One of the old breed of prospectors he was, and one of her school trustees; he had no personal acquaintance with Corey, but he came to Jessica with outstretched hand, saying, "I've understood young lady, that you have a claim staked out in that young fellow down there who said God had helped him when he needed it; and I want to tell you, Teacher, that you've struck it rich; struck it rich, just when the chances out here for a girl to get a man and not a skunk are the

poorest any American female ever had to buck against."

"Jim is a man," quavered Jessica; a growing conviction on that point was emotionally shaking her up a bit.

"Well, it ain't much of a stunt after all when he's got you to make him one," said the old fellow gallantly, and Jessica earnestly stated that she hoped she was always an uplifting influence in Jim's life. So she did; not the less that she felt a little confused just now as to how this uplift had come in the present case. Not that she questioned the fact; don't you imagine it. She was bound to slightly emphasize the point now because she had for long been laboring her little best on the "purifying influence" line to bring this particular trusted and hopeful seeker after light into the Woman's Rights fold — the question in that country was a live issue.

Corey and Merritt went to Merritt's room for their drink; the saloons were preempted by the enemy. "One's enough for you, just now, my boy," said Merritt as he helped himself to a second; "you'd go off the handle easy," and with one Corey stopped; and, because he had to work off his excitement in physical activity, he left. He walked through quiet streets of residences his brain hot, his spirit high.

He turned a corner and there was Jessica coming toward him. It was not till he began to greet her that he suspected the trick that treacherous drink had played him; his articulation was helplessly thick; Merritt had not adequately measured his state after all; even one drink had made him, to all the intents and purposes of this luckless interview, drunk. His head seemed clear enough, but words were difficult to find and impossible of enunciation. Jessica looked at him with wide eyes of horror. To her drink was indeed the Demon Rum; the most loathsome form of vice, predicating all others. To see a man, her lover, who had within the hour been publicly calling on the name of God, setting up his morality as superior to that of *her own clergyman*, to see him now in this state, was a sickening revelation of bewildering hypocrisy, as well as of beastliness. The interview was short, sharp and decisive.

"I saw you with that low drunkard," Jessica told him in bridled incisive wrath, all her wrongs returning upon her, as is the way of wrongs in the fatal hour. "You have chosen, you have chosen!"

Jessica did not define his choices, she was too sincerely moved to give clear and orderly statements ; but his commerce with Jackson Merritt, his brutal vote postponing their marriage indefinitely (speedily Jessica's politics had returned to their original color), the vileness of his debauched state, all these things taken together were to her proofs strong as Holy Writ of his essential choice of the coarse, the low, as against — herself. She showed a naïve and inconsistent confidence in Jim's capacity to follow her scathing conversation ; Jessica's experience with intoxication was highly limited. Thanks to the peculiar brand she was dealing with, this confidence was not misplaced ; and when she

thrust his ring upon him and went her way, he was fully enlightened as to his freedom.

There is comfort for us in the reflection that as good fish swim the sea as ever were caught ; poor Jim was far from believing that ; but somehow, thanks to drink or excitement or moral uplift, or all three together, he did not sense the magnitude of his sorrow just then ; he was living at the top of his man's life, in the man's dragon-cursed, dragon-slaying world ; and the battle of his life, for his own bread and his state's resurrection from the pit, was before him ; and he had just found out how much it profits a man to lose the whole world in gaining his own soul.

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## THE STORY OF LIFE-INSURANCE

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE ASTOR FORTUNE," ETC.

V

THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

The Equitable's progress under Tontine caused general consternation among its most conspicuous rivals. They immediately pointed out its injustices, but found themselves unable to stem the popular enthusiasm. Hyde had now obtained what all his rivals desired, but had not had the ingenuity to devise — an unlimited expense fund. While they used all their energies detailing Equitable iniquities and the advantages of old line life-insurance; Hyde complacently bought off many of their most effective agents and attracted millions of new business that, under ordinary circumstances, his rivals would have secured.

The Mutual and the New York Life, after fighting the innovation for three years, quietly capitulated. In 1870 the Mutual announced a "new application of the old idea of Tontine"; in 1871 the New York Life advertised a "Tontine Investment Policy." The

Mutual adopted the idea somewhat shamefacedly, in deference to what it declared a genuine public sentiment ; the New York Life more cheerfully. Indeed, the latter company found it as convenient an escape from embarrassment as did the Equitable itself. Organized in 1841 as a purely mutual company, the New York Life, from the first, had been unfortunate in its management. For many years Pliny Freeman, a thoroughly unscrupulous and dishonest man, had held the chief control. The New York Life, in Freeman's days, paid its dividends, not in cash, but in scrip which bore interest and was subject to redemption at some unspecified date. Freeman acquired the habit of purchasing these scrip dividends on the quiet, at a discount ; and then causing the company to cash them in. By other reckless and dishonest methods, he finally, about 1863, brought the company to the verge of

insolvency. The trustees, after investigating his management, forced him to resign. Freeman promptly started the Globe Mutual, soon built up, by expensive agency methods, a flourishing company, and then promptly wrecked it.\*

The trustees selected, as Freeman's successor in the active management, a young blue-eyed clerk in their financial department, whose after career proved one of the greatest tragedies of life-insurance history. Of the early life of William H. Beers little is definitely known. He came of severe Methodist stock, spent several years in the United States Navy, and entered the New York Life in 1851. Here, by virtue of his energy, mental alertness, and enthusiasm, he rapidly made his mark. He fashioned his life-insurance career largely on the model of Henry B. Hyde. He watched with admiration Hyde's success in the Equitable; and, as soon as he gained control of the New York Life, imitated his methods. In many ways he resembled Hyde. He had all Hyde's capacity for work; all his devotion to the company which chiefly owed to him its success. Largely, too, he had all Hyde's audacity and recklessness. Like Hyde, he lived only in the present; he esteemed temporary success above stability; and thought more of new business, "bigness," than the interest of his insured. "It'll last as long as I do," he replied to a subordinate who once called his attention to the flimsy character of his South American business. He ruled the New York Life as despotically as Hyde ruled the Equitable. He had a trunk full of proxies discreetly secreted at his own city house. Once he filled three executive offices — actuary, secretary, and vice-president; and, at the same time, rode rough shod over the nominal president. He ignored not only his policy-holders, but his trustees. He called trustee meetings irregularly, and got together his finance committee only on particular occasions. He supervised the business in all its departments. He practically made all the investments; managed the agency force; and regulated the daily routine. Like Hyde, he depended entirely for the greatness of his company upon the persuasive agent. He

engaged any one who could get business, irrespective of character or standing; he advanced hundreds of thousands of policy-holders' money to defaulters and notorious gamblers. Brusque and distant with most men, he would pet and fawn upon the successful producer. When John I. D. Bristol, the well-known Northwestern New York manager, demonstrated his capacity in the early '80's, Beers pursued him day and night. "Come, Bristol, with me," he said, throwing his arm around his neck, "and I'll make a millionaire of you." Beers's particular darling was George W. Perkins. He took him as a raw lad, educated him in life-insurance methods, and ultimately transformed him into what, he frequently declared, was the "greatest wonder in the business." He showed no mercy to the unsuccessful man. "What's an agent?" he once declared; "a lemon to be squeezed and thrown away after you have exhausted him." Beers's craze for new business amounted almost to a disease. To it he ultimately sacrificed himself. His enemies, in 1891, by pointing out his extravagant management, accomplished his destruction. His personal honesty was attacked at the same time, but on this point the evidence was inconclusive. At least he did not die rich.

Beers, a slavish imitator of Hyde's methods, adopted the Tontine idea with enthusiasm. He found in it the same advantages; a method of concealing unfavorable results to policy-holders, and a big expense fund for the purchase of new business. He adopted Hyde's estimate books, and the whole campaign of misrepresentation. He even went to greater extremes; promised policy-holders bigger "investment returns." He clearly outdid Hyde in his advertising methods. He added the bass drum and the cymbals to the life-insurance agents' equipment. He boomed the New York Life in all the colors of the rainbow. Big type, italics, exclamation points, tawdry illustrations, bewildering diagrams — he exhausted every printer's device in emblazoning the glories of Tontine. Competition between the two great Tontine companies soon became animated and unscrupulous. If life-insurance had ever been a dignified profession it soon abandoned all pretensions. In the chase for new business, Beers never caught up with Hyde; though in the '80's both left the Mutual far behind.

\* Report of John A. McCall, examiner in New York Insurance Department, on the condition of the Globe Mutual Life-Insurance Company (1877): "The results of this investigation conclusively show that, vested with the entire charge of the affairs of this company, as its officers have been, their trust has been wilfully and shamefully abused to their own pecuniary benefit, and to the great injury of the policy-holders."

*The Mutual Declares War on "the Tontine Game"*

In the Mutual Life, indeed, the newfangled life-insurance did not make such startling progress. Above all, the Mutual aimed at respectability; and its directors rested uneasily under the violent criticisms made upon Tontine. President Winston never displayed much enthusiasm for it. He was definitely decided against it, according to tradition, by a chance meeting with the wife of one of his insured. Her husband, she said, had foolishly taken out a Tontine policy, had had reverses and could not make his future payments, and consequently must lose everything he had put in. "If it were only a regular policy," she added, "we might pinch a little and pay the premiums; for then we could stop any time and get a surrender value; but, as it is, we must throw the whole thing up." She expressed her opinion of such life-insurance in terms that impressed upon President Winston its iniquity. He decided that it must ultimately become unpopular and weaken any company that practiced it. The Mutual, therefore, not only abandoned the Tontine policy, but engaged in a vigorous campaign against it. In advertising circulars and in official reports President Winston pointed out its injustices and inevitable consequences. The Mutual's criticisms make especially entertaining reading now, inasmuch as, of recent years, it has been one of the foremost advocates of the Tontine principle. Its fallacies and temptations, however, are nowhere more clearly and prophetically pointed out. "In the year 1870," said President Winston in his report for 1873, "the trustees consented to revive, in a modern and scientific form, the old plan of Tontine insurance. . . . But several cases of great hardship were soon forced upon the notice of the company. The plan made it obligatory upon us to forfeit every such policy absolutely and finally, if the premium were not paid upon a certain day, and left us no discretion to consider a claim for a surrender value. This experience satisfied the trustees that the plan, in its nature, is wholly outside the proper range of legitimate life-insurance, being little less than a contract by which the company binds itself to execute an unequal wager, securing the stakes to the winner. In such a wager as this, the most needy, whom life-insurance

is especially designed to protect, are pretty sure to be the losers. Besides, the large accumulations which Tontine insurance gathers in the hands of a company, at the expense of those who die, or are unable to maintain their policies during the Tontine period, offer a strong temptation to wasteful expenditure, which, if indulged, must sooner or later bring disappointment even to the survivors of those who play at Tontine hazard." The Mutual flooded the country with circulars containing similar statements. "The Mutual Life-Insurance Company of New York," declared its most celebrated anti-Tontine document, "issues all kinds of legitimate life and endowment policies, and the premium rates are lower than those of any mutual company in the world. But it does not issue Tontine policies; nor encourage any one to engage in the Tontine game. The principle of the game is to rob the unfortunate by canceling their policies without consideration, when it is found impossible to raise the money for premiums; and the object of the game is alleged to be the opportunity for companies which pay very small dividends to conceal the fact for a term of years called a 'Tontine period.' We advise every man to beware of any company which engages in the Tontine game." Again the Mutual declared that Tontine "depends upon speculation in human trouble and misfortune for its 'estimates' of future profit, encourages a gambling instead of a saving habit—boldly intimates that the chances of winning are in favor of the rich,—and exposes one of its many cloven feet in its claim to exclusive ownership of a large surplus which should by right belong to the whole company. In short, Tontine is simply speculating on the prospective misfortunes of humanity."

Tontine thus precipitated the first great Mutual-Equitable war. Henry B. Hyde naturally led the Equitable's forces; Richard A. McCurdy marshaled the Mutual's hosts. McCurdy at that time had direct supervision, as vice-president, of the Mutual agency force. Thus he came into immediate contact with Hyde, and realized, more keenly than any one else, his vigorous and effective competition. In 1872 McCurdy had not quite reached his fortieth year. In bearing he was the reverse of Hyde; he had been well-born, carefully educated; had none of the rough and ready manners and willingness to recognize real

worth that, in spite of his many faults, so endeared Hyde to his associates.

McCurdy regarded Hyde with contempt, as a social and business inferior, and did not even recognize him on the street. Like Winston, he looked upon the Equitable as an impertinence; a feeling not at all assuaged by the remarkable progress it had made. Hyde, the Mutual's discharged employee, actually wrote more new business each year than the Mutual Life. From 1868 to 1873 the Equitable issued more policies than any life-insurance company in the world. At all hazards McCurdy decided to humiliate the youthful giant.

The favorite weapon of life-insurance warfare, then as now, was the defamatory circular. The companies printed these by the thousand and placed them in the agents' hands for use on critical occasions. These circulars had one great advantage; they were seldom issued as official documents, were anonymous, and thus, in case of necessity, could be easily disavowed. McCurdy, in 1872, started a circular campaign against the Equitable. He put in printed form the current Equitable scandals; accused it of all manner of frauds and outrages; and attacked, with special severity, its new form of policy.\* Hyde, it may be supposed, did not remain inactive. He had spent several years in the Mutual's office; and knew its weak joints even better than McCurdy himself. He found a valuable ally in one Stephen English, at that time editor and proprietor of the most ably conducted insurance paper of the day. English was a wild Irish adventurer. He had served as chief of police at Leeds and Norwich, England, and, emigrating in the latter '60's, had plunged into insurance journalism. As a writer on life-insurance topics, he ranked far ahead of the venal blackmailers who then so largely infested the insurance press. In a few years he became the terror of the insurance world. When not pounding away at solvent concerns, he was singing the praises of dishonest ones. He did his best to ruin the Connecticut Mutual, always a tower of honesty; and was a leading journalistic supporter of the Universal, the most scandalous fraud of the time. For several years, up to

1872, he had had only honeyed words for the Mutual Life. He publicly boasted that he was its "organ." He personally acted as Winston's representative at proxy elections, and hounded any man who breathed the slightest criticism of the Mutual's management. Then suddenly, for no publicly explained reason, he turned his broadsides against them. Observers noted that his change of heart coincided with Hyde's onslaught on the Mutual, and that the advertising patronage of the Equitable and the New York Life perceptibly increased.

### *A Mutual Investigation of 1870*

The Mutual openly charged Hyde with instigating these attacks. In ferocity they far surpassed McCurdy's onslaught on the Equitable. English had, as we have seen, abundant material. Winston's "bonuses," his dead son's revived policies, his loans to his trustees, his favoritism to his relatives, his corruption of the legislature and the insurance department — all these were matters of official record. In 1870 the Superintendent of Insurance, George W. Miller, and James W. McCulloh, a special representative of the New York Assembly, investigated the Mutual. They uncovered all these things and many more. McCulloh displayed such industry, indeed, that the Mutual, in spite of the fact that he represented the Assembly, prohibited his further access to the books. "There has been far too much leakage here," declared Winston. In face of all these disclosures, Superintendent Miller submitted a whitewashing report, which the Mutual spread broadcast as a complete vindication. Some years afterwards, the Mutual admitted on the witness stand that they had paid Miller \$2,500 for this report. They not only got a favorable report, but compelled Miller to suppress the official testimony. The Mutual furnished their own stenographer, and, after the investigation ceased, copyrighted the minutes. They took this method of suppressing the damaging evidence the officers had given against themselves. McCulloh obtained a copy and was threatened with prosecution if he made public use of it. Miller took the official copy up to Albany, and it has never been seen since. Superintendent Hendricks made a thorough search for the present writer and reported that it was not in his archives. It was located finally at the Library of Congress, where it was deposited,

\* Testimony of Richard A. McCurdy before the Insurance Committee of the New York Legislature in 1877 (page 315).

Q. You published pamphlets of what you claimed were frauds and outrages perpetrated by the Equitable? A. Yes, sir; we published a good many lively documents at that time.

Q. Well, about how large a number? A. Just as many as I could get out — just as many as I could think of.

of course, to protect the copyright.\* If Superintendent Hendricks's recent investigation of the Equitable Life had been officially suppressed, and if the Equitable had copyrighted all the testimony and thus prohibited its public use, we should have had a proceeding precisely parallel with that engineered by the Mutual Life thirty-five years ago. Miller was the only one who suffered because of this high-handed proceeding. It, and similar financial transactions with other companies, cost him his official position. One of his appointments to office in the insurance department, it is now interesting to note, was that of John A. McCall, then an obscure Albany politician.'

### *A Martyr to Free Speech*

In so viciously attacking Hyde, the Mutual thus treaded on dangerous ground. Some one evidently furnished English a copy of this suppressed testimony, for he used it tellingly. McCurdy and Winston then tried another tack. They told Hyde that, if he didn't cease his onslaught, they would reduce their premium rates. In the latter part of 1873 they made good this threat. Their own policy-holders now took sides with Hyde and English. They held public meetings all over the country, and, at times, stormed the offices of the Mutual Life in New York. They objected to being used as clubs with which to attack the Equitable. They declared that the Mutual, in lowering its rates, had threatened its own stability. Above all, the old policy-holders objected to paying the full premiums while new members got in at a 25 per cent reduction. They made things so warm for Winston that he finally withdrew the schedule. English renewed his assaults; the exchange of defamatory circulars still went on. In a moment of desperation Winston had a charge of criminal libel lodged against English. The doughty editor fled to Jersey City; but in an unguarded moment returned to New York, and was nabbed by the police and rushed into Ludlow Street Jail. Winston sued him on a multitude of charges, and caused him to be held on \$200,000 bail. English naturally could not furnish sureties to this amount

and spent more than six months in prison, awaiting trial.

These proceedings set the whole town into an uproar. English, in a way, became a popular hero. He edited his newspaper from his cell, attacking Winston more violently than before. He pictured himself as a martyr to the cause of free speech; and declared that the Mutual Life had sought to gag him. In the public mind the matter now assumed greater proportions than the mere personalities of those engaged. Attention centered upon the incarceration, by the most powerful corporation of the day, of a comparatively unimportant citizen; and upon the fact that it persistently refused to bring the man to trial. There was a strong conviction that English, whatever his motives or personal shortcomings, had told the truth. English became a popular theme with those who preached against the growing power and arrogance of corporations. The Assembly sent down a committee to investigate. It held many sessions, took a large amount of testimony, and submitted a report entirely favorable to English and entirely unfavorable to the Mutual Life.\* It virtually declared that nearly everything English had written against the Mutual was true. English's imprisonment, it added, was a just cause of "grievance and a proper subject of relief"; and it declared that Winston's chances of obtaining damages against him were exceedingly remote. The Mutual Life now faced a most embarrassing situation. English, still in jail, attacked it with renewed enthusiasm; the Equitable diligently scattered broadcast, with the aid of its agents, the Assembly's report against it. Its business fell off rapidly; in one year it lost \$17,000,000 of new insurance.

Winston now approached Hyde with a flag of truce. The Mutual promised in the future to let the Equitable alone, if Hyde would only quiet the editor of the *Insurance Times*. As McCurdy expressed it: "Hyde called off his dog and we called off ours."† Hyde also had had enough, for his business had also suffered. He bore to English, however, more than merely President Winston's

\* New York Assembly Document 155: 1873.

† New York Insurance Investigation, 1877 (p. 315).

Testimony of Richard A. McCurdy.

\* "Examination of Witnesses Before George W. Miller, Esq., Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York. In relation to certain charges against the officers and trustees of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. In the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York."

Q. Was not this settlement between English and your company brought about by the intervention of Mr. Hyde, president of the Equitable? A. That is only presumption on my part; I was waging war on the other side, and I was not a party to the compromise and was very reluctant to have it made.

Q. Was it not a fact that the war between your company and English and the war between your company and the Equitable, ceased at the same time? A. Yes, sir.

apology. He handed him a sum of money sufficient to assuage his wounded feelings and reimburse him for his incarceration. English himself admitted, on the witness stand, that he had been paid money; but declined to state the amount.\* Afterward when asked frequently what reason he had for dropping his fight against the Mutual he always jocularly replied: "I had thirty-five thousand reasons." Released from jail he at once became a warm defender of the Mutual. He waxed rich on the patronage of the Mutual and the other large companies. He lived in a large and beautiful house in Brooklyn; and, when not fighting the battles of the New York companies, spent an elegant leisure cultivating strawberries and collecting etchings.

#### *Mutual Begins to Rebate—Officially*

This peace, however, proved only temporary. All through the '70's the warfare burst forth repeatedly. It was a trying period for Winston and the Mutual. Every day the Equitable gained upon its older rival. Hyde purchased Mutual agents right and left, its entire agency system, according to President Winston's own words, threatened to become "so impaired that years would be required to restore its efficiency." Rebating now became a regular feature of life-insurance competition. This, it may be explained, is the agent's practice of dividing his first year's commission with the new policy-holder. This custom, now one of the greatest scandals of the business, is the direct outcome of the Mutual-Equitable warfare of the '70's. Hyde, by paying such enormous commissions on first year's business, made it possible for the agent to pay back a good part to the insured and still make a fair profit himself. The Mutual withstood the strain for some years; and then went the Equitable one better. In the fall of 1878 Winston and McCurdy issued a famous pronouncement, publicly offering a 30 per cent rebate, on first and second

premiums, to all new policy-holders. Rebating had become so open, they declared, that any attempt at concealment was absurd; instead of letting the agent make the rebate, they therefore proposed that the company do it directly. Similarly amazing were the instructions given the agents. The Mutual authorized the acceptance of a demand note for this 30 per cent rebate. If the applicant expressed anxiety that he might actually be held liable for this note, the agent was to quiet him by writing "without recourse" before the signature. "But," added the Mutual, "*do not do this unless it shall be absolutely required.*" In other words, the agents were directed to trick the policy-holder into giving a good note, if possible; if not, why then to accept a fictitious one. Winston succeeded only in making the Mutual ridiculous. There was then as much public sentiment against rebating as now; and the offer of the largest and oldest and most dignified company to do the thing itself was too much for the national sense of humor. Winston was soon obliged to withdraw the plan. He was now in his eightieth year; the decreasing importance of the Mutual and the steady growth of the Equitable were embittering his old age. As a final checkmate, he again reduced his premium rates 15 per cent. Hyde only laughed at him. His official reply was an increase of his agents' commissions; and another raid on the Mutual's force. The public preferred the higher-priced speculative insurance to the lower-priced old-fashioned article. A year or two after the Mutual cut its rates the Equitable wrote twice as much new business.

Winston's battle had its pathetic and its creditable side. Unfortunate as many of his official acts had been, in the main he upheld conservatism. He would not advance the Mutual by the reckless methods adopted by Hyde. Every move the Equitable made, President Winston opposed. In 1873 Hyde invaded Europe; a few years later, South America. Winston promptly and accurately pointed out the dangers of the innovation; and declared that the Mutual would never follow suit. "Other companies may go to the West Indies, Central and South America," said President Winston in an official report, "but not the Mutual. It is not fair to introduce risks on bad lives, especially when exposed to deleterious climatic influences. The rate of exchange greatly interferes with

Q. And Mr. Hyde was regarded as the backer of English as against your company? A. He was.

Q. This arrangement or compromise was brought about, as you understood it, by Hyde having to quiet English and the whole thing stopped? A. Well, he called off his dog and we called off ours.

\*Ibid (page 437).

Testimony of Stephen English.

Q. Were you paid anything, or agreed to be paid anything, by or on behalf of Mr. Winston on that subject? A. For false imprisonment, loss of business, loss of property and everything else, yes.

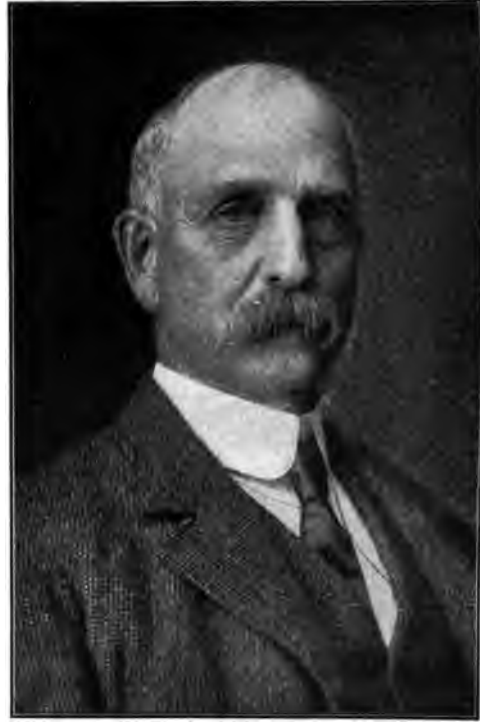
Q. How much? A. I don't know that I have the right to mention how much.

(Question ordered withdrawn by the Committee after a long wrangle.)

the transmission of funds ; executive powers cannot be safely reposed to agents ; the remoteness of the field of action offers temptations to frauds ; the customs and usages of foreign countries would often render compliance therewith a matter of extravagant cost. The home field affords ample scope for the exercise of whatever capacity and energy any company may possess." Again President Winston frequently argued against that besetting sin of the modern life-insurance company — the craze for size. In 1874, the Mutual announced that it would issue policies only up to 100,000 lives ; after that, take new risks only to fill such vacancies as occurred. Winston constantly attacked the Equitable's huge surplus. "These accumulations," he said, "instead of being a surplus adding to the security of the general policy-holder, are simply unpaid or deferred dividends, withheld from the special beneficiaries, not to be directed to the use or benefit of the general policy-holder without a breach of trust." In other words, Winston scored nearly every life-insurance idea which the Mutual has since conspicuously made its own. He died in 1885 ; Richard A. McCurdy promptly succeeded him. McCurdy at once surrendered to Hyde. He converted the Mutual Life into another Equitable. He made the Mutual a Tontine company ; and established agencies abroad. He entered the race for bigness, and began heaping up that huge surplus against which President Winston had so strongly and truthfully preached. He showed even less moderation than Hyde himself. By using Hyde's methods he built up an enormous company, but at tremendous cost to Mutual policy-holders. Since 1885 dividends in the Mutual Life have regularly diminished.

#### *Jacob L. Greene Takes the Policy-Holders' Side*

Elsewhere the battle against Tontine still went furiously on. In Jacob L. Greene, President of the Connecticut Mutual of Hartford, and in Amzi Dodd, President of the Mutual Benefit of New Jersey, old line life-insurance found vigorous and successful champions. Under Mr. Greene, the Connecticut Mutual not only refused to follow the New York example, but fought it wherever it appeared. Jacob L. Greene was fitted by intellect and temperament for the great part he was now called upon to play. He was born on an upland farm in



JACOB L. GREENE

*President of the Connecticut Mutual, for more than thirty years the foremost defender of conservative life-insurance. Greene fought the Tontine game wherever it appeared and when the New York companies banded together to crush him, offered such uncompromising resistance that they were led to "call it off"*

Maine, received his early education at a district school, and prepared for the bar at the University of Michigan. He early enlisted as a sergeant in the Civil War, saw much action, was brevetted lieutenant colonel for "distinguished gallantry" at the battle of Trevillian Station, and spent several months in Libby Prison. When the war ended, he entered life-insurance as an agent for the Berkshire Life-Insurance Company, soon became its secretary, and in 1871, went to the Connecticut Mutual. Here he rose rapidly ; and, in 1878, became its president. He had a marked aptitude for mathematics, and had written largely and well upon certain broad life-insurance questions.

Mr. Greene acquired the leadership of the Connecticut Mutual at a critical time. His company had started in 1846, when a few citizens of Connecticut associated themselves for mutual life-insurance protection ;

and it had always stood as a living embodiment of New England industry and thrift. When Mr. Greene entered its service, it ranked next in size to the Mutual Life; the Equitable and the New York Life had only about half its assets. In the financial panic of 1873 the Connecticut Mutual had suffered seriously in its real estate investments; and had to purchase at foreclosure a large amount of mortgaged property,—of which fact its competitors always made the most malicious use. Again, when Mr. Greene assumed control, the country had just passed through a life-insurance panic. Not far from thirty companies in New York State alone had collapsed; the grossest frauds in their management had been disclosed; life-insurance, like the railroads, had its Jay Goulds and its Jim Fisks; their wrecking, for the purpose of private profit, had become a staple industry. Demonstrated rascality, gross mismanagement and extravagance, had shaken public confidence in the whole institution. Hardly any company escaped; the Equitable was commonly declared to be insolvent; the strength of the Mutual was called in question. In face of this experience, few companies showed any disposition to reform. Hardly had the storm subsided when, under the leadership of Hyde, they plunged into new excesses. "In the future," declared Frederick S. Winston, "the struggle will be between conservatism and audacity."

In 1878, President Greene thus stood at the parting of the ways. He faced a clearly defined issue. He had, on the one hand, the option of adopting all the New York methods—high commissions and salaries to agents, reckless advertising, great office buildings, the pursuit of foreign business at the expense of the American members, the adoption of new speculative forms of insurance. In that direction lay success, as most Americans then esteemed success. Thus, and thus only, could Greene maintain the comparative size and assets of the Connecticut Mutual. In this way, of course, he would greatly prejudice his old policy-holders; make their insurance more expensive. On the other hand, Greene could maintain all the old traditions; keep foremost in mind the interests of his present members; furnish them life-insurance at its lowest cost consistent with absolute safety; maintain in its integrity the mutual principle; refuse to increase his agents' commissions; and

refrain from popular innovations. In that direction, however, lay apparent failure. Thus would President Greene sacrifice his company's standing as one of the "big three," and drop from second, perhaps to fourth, fifth, or sixth place. Mr. Greene did not hesitate. He put aside success obtained at the great price then demanded; deliberately relegated his company to a subordinate position, judged by the standards of mere size; and for more than thirty years remained the foremost defender of conservative ideas.

Life-insurance was part of Mr. Greene's very being. It was not an occupation, a business; it was a religion. He viewed it in its broad social and moral aspects. It saved millions to the State in the prevention of pauperism, therefore it was a powerful factor in social economy. It was a monument to family affection, therefore it conduced to public morals. It was made possible only by family coöperation, by the joining of the many to bear the burdens of the few; therefore it represented, as did no other institution, human brotherhood. Above all, it rested upon absolutely secure scientific grounds; it was thus a product of human progress in intelligence. In the conduct of his company Jacob L. Greene constantly kept these ideas in mind. Rivalry among companies, except rivalry in best promoting these aims, he detested. He regarded, and properly, the position of a life company as identical with that of a university: an institution engaged, not in money making, in promoting the private interests of its trustees, but in disseminating public benefits. In his eyes a life-insurance president who used his position for private enrichment should be regarded as would be a university president who speculated with the university funds. He regarded life-insurance simply as family protection; on the part of the insured, he declared again and again, it was a purely unselfish act. No policy-holder must himself expect to benefit from his policy. He opposed all innovations not conducive to this end. At times, in carrying out this idea, he went to what many reputable authorities deemed extremes. Thus, he took a strong stand against the cash surrender system. He declared that, once a man had entrusted to his keeping certain sums for his family protection, the insured had no right to withdraw them. The company had accepted this money as a trustee, and under no conditions must it use it for

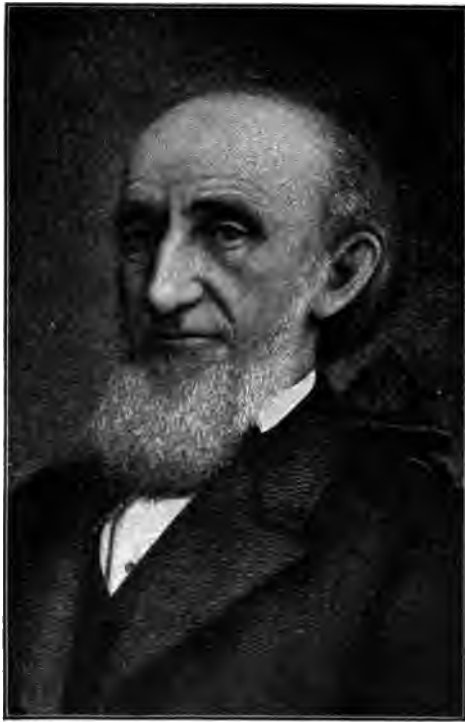
any other than the intended purpose—that is, life-insurance. Should poverty prevent the payment of premiums, Greene believed that the accumulation should be used only in buying a paid-up policy. Once insured, always insured, was his motto.

The company's function, from Greene's point of view, was limited simply to providing this family protection at its mathematically ascertained cost. He stood powerfully for the mutual idea. For a company to discriminate among its members, to furnish some life-insurance cheaper than the rest—this was the crowning evil. Naturally his soul revolted from the Tontine system, which was based upon forfeitures and the enrichment of the more fortunate at the expense of the poor. Mutuality was also violated when new members were admitted at the expense of the old. He refused to purchase new business with the dividends of those already in. He paid such low agents' commissions and made what were regarded as such illiberal agents' contracts that he had the utmost difficulty in getting efficient men. While Hyde, Beers, and McCurdy paid large salaries and 50 or 75 per cent of the first premium and handsome renewals, Greene offered 30 per cent, with no guarantee of renewals at all. While the New York companies advanced hundreds of thousands of dollars on commissions, Greene refused to advance a single penny. He had no contract that he could not break at will; and, in case an agent died, his interests in commissions died with him. Greene's ambition was, not big commissions to his agents, but big dividends to his insured. Again, he rebelled against certain "liberal" ideas introduced by Tontine companies—notably their so-called "incontestable policies." He regarded the payment of the claims of suicides as a violation of the mutual idea. He declared that a man who, unless insane, committed suicide in order to benefit his family, did precisely as the man who fired his house in order to collect the fire insurance; he practiced a fraud upon his associate insurers. The act was, Greene declared, "the very essence of swindling," and "as destructive of public morals as of honest contract obligations." He regarded the departure of a New York company, in offering to pay a suicide's claim the day after issuing the policy, as one of the most immoral acts ever promulgated in the name of life-insurance.

### *New York-Hartford Warfare*

When Hyde began his campaign he found the Connecticut Mutual, next to the Mutual Life, his most formidable competitor. Naturally he opened his broadsides against it. He used the tactics so effective against the Mutual Life. There was hardly one of the Connecticut Mutual's leading agents, declared Greene, who had not received offers from New York. In the latter '70's and early '80's, Hyde formed an offensive and defensive alliance with the Mutual and the New York Life for the purpose of crushing their Hartford rival. There is no more shameful chapter in our financial history than the hounding that followed. They distributed broadcast circulars and pamphlets; but, above all, they used the New York insurance press. Several leading insurance papers started a campaign of wholesale abuse against the Hartford company. C. C. Hine, editor of the *Insurance Monitor*, and our old friend Stephen English, editor of the *Insurance Times*, led the assault. Charles J. Smith, editor of the *Insurance Record*—that same Smith who figured in the recent New York insurance investigation, as the maker of public opinion, at a dollar a line, favorable to the Mutual Life—played an active, though less conspicuous part. For several years these insurance journalists made a specialty of the Connecticut Mutual. They filled column after column, issue after issue, with the wildest abuse. At times they had little else in their papers. They even issued "extras" devoted entirely to the Hartford company. They assaulted Greene personally. Because he refused to adopt the modern methods, they described him as an "old fogey"; because he wrote, for several years, a decreasing amount of new business, they called him incompetent. They cartooned him; assailed him in doggerel verse; called upon the policy-holders to eject him from office. They attacked the solvency of the Connecticut Mutual itself. They found a choice morsel in its foreclosed real estate. They even had valuations made of it, and published these as sure proof that the company had gone to the wall.

The editor of the *Insurance Monitor* declared, in his own columns, that he had sold copies of his paper containing these attacks "by the ton." His standing price for his Connecticut Mutual extras was \$50



AMZI DODD

*President of the Mutual Benefit of New Jersey. Like Greene, he was a prominent advocate of legitimate life-insurance methods; he pursued, however, a less extreme and combative policy, and succeeded where the other had failed. His great contribution to life-insurance was the non-forfeiture plan adopted by the Mutual Benefit in 1879.*

a thousand. The purchasers made little attempt to conceal their identity. Greene openly charged that the Equitable and the Mutual prepared many of the articles in their own offices. He named particular authors of particular articles. That they remained for years the favorite canvassing documents of Equitable, Mutual, and New York Life agents was notorious. Connecticut Mutual policy-holders were inundated; leading citizens of American cities were overwhelmed. Any one even mildly contemplating life-insurance inevitably received, through the mail, a marked copy of the *Monitor* or the *Times*. Many of these articles were found mailed in Equitable envelopes. Greene, over his own signature, charged that the New York companies had spent \$500,000 hounding the Connecticut Mutual.

President Greene met all these attacks in the open. He replied directly to Henry

B. Hyde, Richard A. McCurdy, and William H. Beers. He did not assault the companies or the men, but their methods. He regarded himself as a chosen instrument to expose existing life-insurance quackeries. He discussed, in his annual reports, not only his own company, but the whole philosophy of life-insurance. He attacked the very evils which have recently occupied the public mind. In particular he exposed Tontine insurance. He denounced it as gambling, as thus subversive of public morals; as merely a scheme for accumulating a huge expense fund and enriching life-insurance managers and stock-holders. "Where in human history," he asked, "has so enormous a game been attempted or conceived? What colossal gambling! For what a peculiar stake — the protection, the living of widows and children! . . . The results by which life-insurance is to stand at the last, will be the amount of protection given to families, not the amount of which they have been robbed, not the profits it has been made to yield to in a game of chance, nor the magnitude of the game which has been set going in its name." He wielded a caustic pen. In 1892 the New York companies appealed for a law restricting the amount of new business they could write each year — though not, as it afterwards turned out, in good faith. "This reminds one," said Greene, "of the debauchee who asks to be put under restraint until he can recover sobriety and self-control." He ridiculed the "costly advertisements in a multitude of papers whose ignorant praise is dearly paid for." He riddled the Tontine estimates, showing by mathematics that they never could be made good. "Companies whose premiums are eaten up by extravagance," he declared, "hold out the prospect of unexampled returns of surplus. But," he added, "the glitter of big figures quite overbears such sober facts as the multiplication table and the moral law."

#### *Greene Declines to Compromise*

About 1885 the New York-Hartford war became particularly lively. Greene carried his case into the newspapers. His long letters in the *New York Tribune*, pointing out the tendencies of Tontine, created a great public sensation. Hyde, McCurdy and Beers replied through the same medium. They now repeated, over their own signatures, practically all the slanders the

insurance journals had spread broadcast for years. They attacked Greene personally, attributing his criticisms to professional jealousy; called attention to his comparatively small amount of new business; and broadly intimated that his company was insolvent. Greene replied vigorously. The discussion aroused the greatest public interest; the letters, on both sides, were generally republished; the public, for the first time, began discussing Tontine. Two legislatures, New York and Ohio, appointed committees of investigation — the result of which will be described subsequently. Business was affected; policy-holders began to turn away from Tontine. In fact, Hyde and McCurdy thoroughly tired of the subject, and sought some way of stopping the discussion. In the early part of 1886 Greene sent a four-column letter to a leading New York paper. The editor forwarded a proof to the Equitable, inviting a rejoinder. The Equitable threw up its hands. It had had enough. It consulted with the Mutual as to the best way of ending the war. They finally sent for James G. Batterson, President of the Travellers Insurance Company of Hartford. Couldn't Mr. Batterson call Greene off? Above all, couldn't he persuade Greene not to publish that letter? If Greene would only keep quiet, they promised to cease their ten years' onslaught. If Greene would stop exposing Tontine, Hyde and his associates would pledge their word never again to attack the Connecticut Mutual. They authorized Mr. Batterson to make this proposition in so many words.

President Batterson returned to Hartford and delivered the message. He and Greene were never afterwards friends. The latter ordered his letter printed; and followed it with another, describing the attempts made to shut him off. His attacks, he declared, had not been started for the purpose of purchasing immunity, but to discharge what he regarded as an important public duty. "I will not stop," he declared in an open letter to the New York presidents, "until I have done that which I believe my duty, to wit: to thoroughly inform those, the welfare of whose families is involved, as to an abstruse matter which I know they do not understand, and which I think I do: and I must leave with you the responsibility for continuing or stopping the attacks upon the Connecticut Mutual and myself as you may

deem best for the interest of your companies and yourselves, the good of the public, and the benefit of legitimate life-insurance." He was as good as his word. Until the day of his death President Greene hammered away at Tontine. To a great extent, however, the public forgot his preachings. That he was eternally right is now only too clearly apparent. The New York legislature has recently enacted into law practically all the reforms for which the Hartford president contended. One of the most pathetic episodes in the recent situation was the death of Jacob L. Greene just as his hard-fought battle had been won. He died in March, 1905, on the eve of the Equitable upheaval.

#### *Amzi Dodd's Efforts for Reform*

In Newark, Amzi Dodd also stood for many years a foremost advocate of legitimate life-insurance methods. Like Greene, Mr. Dodd was both a mathematician and a lawyer. He had served for many years as vice-chancellor of New Jersey and had also figured conspicuously in public affairs. He joined the Mutual Benefit Life in 1863; held the position of mathematician from 1865 to 1882; and the presidency from 1882 to 1901. In that period he stamped his personality and his convictions upon his company. He took a firm stand for the mutual idea. Like Greene, he opposed the new theories promulgated by the Equitable. He combated the idea that mere figures signified; he refused to write business not only abroad, but in certain parts of the United States which he regarded as unsound. As far back as 1878 he demanded reform in agency management; extravagance, he declared, was one of the greatest menaces to life-insurance. Like Greene, he had to meet unscrupulous competition. The New York companies never attacked the Mutual Benefit quite so viciously; but they constantly raided its agency force and indulged in the usual literary campaign against it. Dodd was not so combative as Greene; he did not hesitate, however, to fight for his convictions. He sharply criticized the Mutual Life's official rebate plan of 1878. In particular, he scored the Mutual Life for its illiberal treatment of lapsing policy-holders.

Dodd's great contribution to life-insurance is the non-forfeiture plan adopted by the Mutual Benefit in 1879. His company, compared with the standards of the time,

had always shown much conscience in the treatment of lapsing members. Dodd's attention was directed to it from the first. His earliest reports as mathematician pointed out the need of reform. Naturally he abhorred the Tontine system. Hyde had made forfeitures the very foundation of his society; Dodd promptly went to the other extreme. He made non-forfeiture the prevailing idea of the Mutual Benefit. Hyde sought every opportunity to confiscate the equities of his retiring members; Dodd adopted a plan by which such injustice became impossible. In 1879 he offered the lapsing member two options: a paid-up policy in exchange for his reserve, or the application of the reserve in the payment of premiums upon the old policy. He extended this privilege not only to new but to old policy-holders. That is, he refused to take advantage of the forfeiture clauses written before the days of enlightenment. Again, his plan worked automatically. Lapsing policy-holders, up to that time, had been obliged formally to notify the company that they expected a surrender value. If they neglected this formality, they received nothing at all. This provision frequently worked great hardships. On no subject has ignorance so generally prevailed as in life-insurance; and people by the thousands dropped their policies, unaware that they were entitled to any return. Others, through illness, unexpected absence, sudden insanity, or carelessness, failed to send such notifications. Dodd, therefore, provided in every policy that, if the lapsing member selected no option, his reserve would be used until exhausted in continuing annual premiums on his policy. That was, no man could forfeit his policy however hard he tried. Many bereaved widows have been amazed to receive checks, in payment of policies, from the Mutual Benefit Life-Insurance Company. Their husbands had formerly

carried policies, they knew, but supposed that they had dropped them years before. Amzi Dodd, unknown to them, had taken the reserve value, at lapse, and applied it to continue premiums. Whenever the insured died before this money was exhausted the full face of the policy was always paid. In working out the details of these reforms Mr. Bloomfield J. Miller, the late mathematician of the Mutual Benefit, shares the credit with Amzi Dodd.

Mr. Dodd did not go to such extremes as President Greene. He did not share the latter's views on cash values, suicides' claims, or even on the management of the agency force. He made no hysterical bids for new business; he did desire, however, a steady and healthy growth. He would not meet the high commissions paid in New York, but he did pay slightly more than Greene, and made more popular agents' contracts. His company thus acquired the reputation of being progressive without adopting the excesses of the time. Thus Amzi Dodd succeeded where Greene had failed; he increased the size of his company. He also kept the Mutual Benefit free from scandal. His strength was clearly brought out in 1896, when the Republican National campaign committee called upon the Mutual Benefit, as upon all the large insurance companies, for a contribution. The usual arguments were made—the moral issues involved, the duty of protecting the policy-holders' assets from depletion, and so on. It was a time of great excitement, and high-minded men might readily be led astray. The venerable president, however, brushed aside all sophistries of this kind. If the Mutual Benefit Board must subscribe, he declared, let them subscribe as individuals, out of their own pockets, but not a penny of the policy-holders' money must be touched. Thus the Republican party had to worry along without financial assistance from this source.

*(To be continued)*

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# THE THREE WISE MEN

BY

JOHN T. MCINTYRE

ILLUSTRATED BY L. RAVEN HILL



RILEY and Hopkins sat in a niche in the back wall of the church overlooking the parish graveyard; while they waited for the school-bell to ring, the boys were discussing school affairs. The niche had once been occupied by the statue of a saint — a saint with haloed head, upturned face, and outstretched hands — but the statue had been broken and had never been replaced.

Riley sat deep in the hollow; his back was against one side, his feet braced against the other. Hopkins's legs dangled over the edge, and his heels kept up a constant tap-tapping upon the rough-cast wall. Riley was small, and red-haired; he possessed a turned-up nose, a pair of extraordinarily thin legs, and smoked, with evident relish, the end of a cigar. Hopkins was a plump, round-headed youngster who wore a settled look of protest.

"What did you have so much catechism for yesterday?" asked Riley.

Hopkins swung his books, which were buckled together by a long leather strap, out over the edge of the niche and regarded them with great disfavor.

"To-day," said he, "is St. Augustine's day. Yesterday we were getting ready for it, and you ought to be glad your mother kept you home to run errands. It was fierce!"

"Why do we have to get ready for St. Augustine's day?" inquired Riley.

"Oh, Father Augustine puts Brother Clement up to it," answered Hopkins in an injured tone. "Just because he's named after him, he thinks St. Augustine's day is better than any other body's day."

Hopkins had been stuck in the "Fourth" for two terms; Riley was his deskmate, and had been a member of the class for but a

month. So there were many things which he did not understand.

"On this day, every year," continued Hopkins, "the Fourth gets it chucked at it for fair. Father Augustine gives us a prize to study things for; we have to work like anything, but Martin, and Kennedy, and them other lobsters what sits up front always wins!"

There was a service going on inside the church; the deep swell of the organ came through the partly opened windows, and a Latin chant rose and fell solemnly. Hopkins looked askance at the cigar end.

"Ain't you askeered to be smoking a cigar here?" questioned he.

"Not this one." Riley drew up his thin knees and embraced them luxuriously. "It was Father Augustine's."

The school-bell rang at that moment; they scrambled out of the niche and made their way through a narrow iron gate into a courtyard beside the church. The vestry door was open, and on the steps stood Martin, in the purple and white of an acolyte, arranging the chain of a smoking censer.

"You're going to get yours, Riley, all right," he informed the boy with the thin legs. "Brother Clement ain't going to do a thing to you."

"What for?" asked Riley.

"For being absent yesterday. He was getting us all ready for Father Augustine, and wanted everybody there."

Another boy, also attired in the long purple gown and white lace surplice, now came out.

"Yes, and you staying away is going to get the whole bunch in trouble, maybe," spoke he. "You'll git asked a question, and you'll fall down, and then we'll all catch it."

"You wait till I do it," said Riley.

"Oh, you'll do it, all right," Martin sneered. "We got a lot like you in the



*"What did you have so much catechism for yesterday?"*

Fourth. Only for me and Kennedy, here, we'd never make a showing."

"Yes, you're the whole cheese," said Riley. "I guess if you'd quit, the whole school would shut up." As they went through the gate that led to the school yard, he turned to Hopkins.

"What kind of a prize is it that Father Augustine puts up?"

"Oh, books and things."

"And do they," with a contemptuous jerk of the thumb toward the two acolytes, "always pull 'em down?"

"Always."

They had climbed the long steps and stood at the door of the Fourth when Riley spoke again.

"Do you think we could win this time?" asked he.

"No," said Hopkins candidly, "I don't."

Father Augustine was already there when they entered; he stood upon the little platform talking to Brother Clement who taught the Fourth, and his fat, rosy, and usually good-humored face was puckered up severely. Hopkins saw this at a glance.

"Gee!" whispered he to Riley, "he's got Wise Mike with him."

Now, be it known that "Wise Mike" was a fiction; one day, in a moment of inspiration, Father Augustine had conjured him up and introduced him to the Fourth. He was a very subtle creation, with a marked tendency to sneer and to ask questions calculated to excite unrest in the faithful. Father Augustine always spoke of him as the "Scoffer," but he displayed such Satanic wisdom, such undermining ingenuity, such preternatural malice that the Fourth dubbed him "Wise Mike."

The questions in the repertoire of this malevolent invention numbered about a score; and for each of them Father Augustine had provided an answer — a shattering, triumphant answer that invariably put the mocker to the blush and, in the end, drove him forth sneering, still malignant, but silenced.

Hopkins told all this to Riley as they sat at their desk by the window.

"Is the Wise Mike questions hard?" asked Riley who had never before heard of that gentleman.

"Something fierce! And he swings 'em in on you when you ain't expecting nothing." Just then Martin and Kennedy, having taken off their surplices, entered, and took seats at the first desk. "There ain't anybody in the class but them two, what knows 'em all."

There was no doubt but that both Martin and Kennedy were bright boys; but their weakness was that they wanted to impress the fact firmly upon the rest of the class. This parade gave Riley offense, and now he rubbed his thin shins and examined the vain ones carefully.

Father Augustine opened the examination in honor of the great Bishop of Hippo with a few light, scattering volleys from Butler's Catechism. But the answers did not come

with the readiness and snap that he seemed to expect; so, suddenly, without a moment's warning, he unlimbered "Wise Mike's" biggest gun and threw the most formidable shot of all into their midst. As luck would have it, Riley was the one fired upon; but as he had no knowledge of the wise one's sophistries he remained silent. He seemed to hear the question hiss as he sat there trying to grasp its intricacies; he had time to see Martin nudge Kennedy in an "I-told-you-so" fashion, and then the troubles of the Fourth began.

For two mortal hours Father Augustine stormed up and down in the space between the first row of desks and the blackboard,

bombarding them with questions in elemental doctrine without pity and without ruth. But at last he grew tired, paused, mopped his heated face, and said to Brother Clement, "Give me the books."

Brother Clement handed him two beautiful books bound in red and gold, and the Father held them up so that the Fourth could see them.

"These," said he, "are the prizes which it is my custom to offer to this class on each St. Augustine's day, to be contested for. From your showing to-day you don't deserve anything, but," tapping the books, "the prizes are already bought, so I'll let it go and hope for improvement in the future. As is usual, the contest will be carried on by teams of two

deskmates; the books are both alike, being the 'Life of St. Augustine,' and each of the winning two will receive one."

He put the books upon Brother Clement's desk, folded his arms across his big chest, and regarded the Fourth with much disapproval.

"There is no use in my making the subject of the contest one of doctrine," spoke he,



FATHER AUGUSTINE

after a withering pause, "because none of you seem to know anything about *that*. So I will make it," he snapped his fingers thoughtfully and wrinkled his brow in an effort to think of a fitting subject; just then his wandering gaze became fixed upon a large engraving of "The Three Wise Men" which hung over the door, and he smiled. "I'll have you tell me, one week from to-day, in a paper of not more than two hundred words in length, who were the three greatest men in the world." He noticed the eyes of the Fourth directed upon the picture, and hastened to say: "The men are not necessarily to be taken from sacred history; they may be chosen from any age and any walk in life."

As they went down the stairs at the noon hour the Fourth talked it over shrilly, because it was a new thing. Riley, however, took no part in the discussion; he seemed to be cogitating. Martin and Kennedy passed him at the gate.

"I told you you'd take a fall," said Kennedy sneeringly.

"I heard you," returned Riley.

"And when we pull down the prizes," put in Martin, "you'll fall harder *still*."

"You ain't got 'em yet," said Riley.

Martin and Kennedy stared, then burst into uproarious mirth.

"Maybe *you* think *you'll* get 'em — you and Fatty Hopkins." Martin seemed greatly diverted at the idea, and poked Kennedy in the ribs. "Ain't that the limit? He thinks they're going to win; and him only in the class a couple of months."

"I'll bet," said Riley, "that you've got salt on the tail of every sparrow in your street. There ain't *anything* that don't belong to you. I think I'll pick you for one of the three wise ones; because you know more than anybody I ever seen before."

As they went down the street Riley said to Hopkins, "Us two's going to win them books — we gotta win 'em!"

Hopkins had not heard the little exchange of repartee between his deskmate and Martin, and was somewhat surprised at the sudden exhibition of resolution.

"How can we?" protested he. "We don't know who the three greatest men was."

"We can find out. We'll ask people."

Riley thought the matter over with great care; and that afternoon he and Hopkins, when Brother Clement was not looking, compiled a list of persons to be applied to for information. The first on the list was old

Shamus who kept the fruit stand across the way; and they paid him a visit as soon as school was out.

"He's over eighty years old," said Riley, "and he ought to know a lot about people."

When the question was put, Shamus stroked his white beard and reflected.

"The three greatest men in the world," said he slowly, "was Brian Boru, Daniel O'Connell, and Charles Stewart Parnell."

"I never heard of any of them," said Hopkins as they went down the street; "did you?"

"I know about Brian Boru," answered Riley. "He licked somebody in Ireland once. We got a picture of it being done."

Next on the list was Dan Callahan. Dan was a friend of Riley's; he was six feet tall, and tended bar for Kerrigan. When he received the query he leaned over the bar and regarded them with interest.

"The three greatest men in the world?" repeated he. "That's easy. I got 'em right in a line — Jack Dempsey, John L., and Fitz; don't let anybody tell you different."

"I guess Dan ain't just on to what we want," said Riley as they emerged from Kerrigan's.

Next morning on their way to school they stopped in to see Herr Straubmuller, the blind man, who, day in and day out, could be seen weaving baskets, or playing his violin, in the little cellar under the shoe store on the corner.

"Ach!" cried he, "dot was a hard question. But I dink me I can gif you der answer. Der three greatest men by der world was Beethoven, Schiller, und Bismarck."

"It ain't no use," said Riley, after they had left the cellar; "everybody says different; it's just according to who you ask."

They sat on the horse block in front of the parish house, which was next door to the school, and silently pondered the matter.

"Say," said Hopkins, suddenly, "Father Augustine always be's the judge in these contests."

"Well," inquired Riley, "what of that?"

"If everybody," proceeded Hopkins, "is got three wise men of their own, why Father Augustine must have his lot, too. And whatever three he's got picked is the three that would pull down the books."

Riley looked at his chum with admiration.

"Say," remarked he, "you're all right. That's just the cheese. Now all we got to do is to find out what Father Augustine thinks — but, hold on! I've got one of them already."

"Who?"

"St. Augustine! Hay," thumping Hopkins on the back delightedly. "He *must* be one of them."

"Sure, he must! Ain't Father Augustine

the three great ones of the earth, and report had them staggering under the weight of books, the like of which had never before been seen; and also as drinking many cups of strong coffee to keep them awake at night. During recess now, Martin had no time to waste upon jibes at Riley. He and Kennedy secluded themselves in lonely corners, compared long lists of writing, and talked learnedly; Riley observed all this and grinned.



"'Us two's going to win them books — we gotta win 'em!'"

named after him? Ain't he always telling us what's in his books? And don't he give us prizes on his name-day? We got one of them, all right."

Riley took out a soft pencil and a soiled scrap of paper; then he wrote the name thus:

*No. 1: St. Augustine.*

on the paper, and placed it in his pocket with great care.

"We only got to dig up two more, now," said he, "so we'll lay low and not say a word."

The Fourth was in a turmoil all day; awed whispers went about regarding the efforts of Martin and Kennedy to discover

"They've got it all to themselves; you *can't* beat 'em," said he derisively.

As the class was being dismissed that afternoon, Brother Clement asked Hopkins to remain. Father Augustine wanted a boy to go after a package of books which he had purchased. It was a good-sized package, and Hopkins was selected because he was stout and capable.

"I got to go in and get a note from him," said Hopkins to Riley, who had waited for him outside.

"I'll go in with you," said Riley, quickly.

The girl who opened the door of the parish house at their ring, showed them into Father Augustine's study on the second floor, and

bade them wait. The room was lined with framed prints, and books were scattered about upon shelves and window-seats. Each corner had a great, musty looking stack, and every chair and table contained a heap of them. As Father Augustine did not come at once the two boys proceeded to look the books over.

"Here's 'Plays of William Shakspeare,'" said Hopkins.

"I seen one of 'em once in a theater," stated Riley. "They was a lot of men that holered like anything and chopped at each other with swords. It was great!"

"Here's 'Shakspeare As a Boy,' 'Shakspeare's Kings,' and 'Animals of Shakspeare.'"

"Here's two - three - four different kinds of the 'Life of Shakspeare.' Say Hoppy," and Riley turned an astonished face upon his deskmate, "this whole stack of books is about Shakspeare."

"So is this bunch over here," exclaimed Hopkins, investigating, "and look at that lot in the book-case! They're all about him."

They gazed at each other for a moment; then Riley slowly got out his paper and pencil.

"Did you ever see anything so easy?" he asked blissfully, as he wrote:

*No. 2: William Shakspeare, Esq.*

"Now we only got one to get," said Hopkins. "Shakspeare must be one of Father

Augustine's three; else why would he have so many books about him?"

Here the girl entered the room and asked Hopkins to step into an office, as Father Augustine was busy. When he returned with the note for the bookseller he found Riley examining a print of a gentleman in a

starched ruff which hung near the door. Riley wanted to remain in the study but the girl bundled them down the stairs and out at the door.

"What did you want?" asked Hopkins.

"Did you see that picture what I was looking at? It was of a man with a bald head and whiskers, and a wrinkly thing around his neck. All that one side of the wall was covered with old-fashioned pictures and they was all of the same man, only he was holding his head different ways."

"Didn't none of them have no names on?" Hopkins demanded excitedly.

"Not one."

"I bet it's the third man," declared Hopkins. "Let's go back and ask what his name is."

"And give it all away?"

"That's so: Father Augustine might see what we was after, mightn't he?"

They talked the situation over until they got to the second-hand book-store; while Hopkins was getting the parcel, Riley inspected the stock. Suddenly he brightened.

"Have you," he asked a clerk, "got any more pictures of people, like that?"



"Old Shamus who kept the fruit stand"

He pointed to some old engravings which hung from a wire slung across the store.

"Lots of 'em; right on that table over there."

Riley plunged into the heap eagerly; Hopkins, with Father Augustine's books dragging him down on one side, came up in the midst of his friend's labors.

"What's them?" asked he.

"Pictures of people — old-fashioned ones. I might find one like them on Father Augustine's walls."

"That's so! It's good you thought of that." Hopkins dropped the parcel and watched the search, anxiously. "It might be here, all right."

Riley burrowed deeply into the heap of prints; a half-hour passed, and his face began to grow long; but suddenly, with a gurgle of joy, he snatched at a picture of a man in a starched ruff.

"Is it him?" breathed Hopkins.

"It's him — sure." Riley feasted his eyes delightedly upon the portrait. "This is just the same as the one by the door —

only littler. We got that Martin done up this time, for we got the three wise men all right."

He drew out his paper and pencil; and with those important articles held ready in one hand and the portrait in the other, he joggled a clerk by the elbow.

"Mister," asked he, "whose picture is this?"

They held their breath as the man took the portrait and glanced at it.

"This?" said the clerk. "Oh, this is a picture of Shakspeare."

Riley put his paper and pencil back in his pocket, and they departed sorrowfully.

"I thought we had it nailed that time," said Hopkins, with a long breath.

"Me, too." Riley was discouraged and seemed to be considering. "Say," suddenly, "suppose Father Augustine ain't got three great ones picked out, eh? Suppose he's only got two?"

Hopkins looked horrified.

"Do you think that's all he's got?"

"I don't know. I'm only saying."

*"'Jack Dempsey, John L., and Fitz; don't let anybody tell you different' "*



They left the parcel of books at the parish house and then went home.

"I'm coming around to-night," said Riley as they reached the Hopkins's domicile. "We gotta hustle up on this."

"This is the night I take old Mr. Straubmuller for his walk," returned Hopkins. "You know he never gets out unless some one leads him."

"All right; I'll go too, and we can talk about things as we walk along."

As has been noted before, Herr Straubmuller, the blind basket-maker, was a lover of the violin. But he loved the music of any instrument, and when Hopkins took him out for his walk two nights in the week he always requested to be led past the parish church; usually Father Augustine played the great organ for an hour after dinner, and the blind man loved to loiter outside and listen.

As it chanced, the Father was at the instrument that night, and the two boys, with their blind charge, sat upon the great stone steps and listened. The organ cried and sobbed like a pleading suppliant; next it thundered like an exultant giant, then, wailed and moaned itself into silence.

"He improvises," said Herr Straubmuller. "Ach, dot is goot! He is a master of der organ, ain't it?"

It began again; but this time it was solemn and steady; its peals of joy mingled with great sobs of sadness. The blind man's face lit up, and his hands beat the time.

"It is der grand mass of Mozart," whispered he.

The old man remained enraptured; the boys discussed their problem in low tones so as not to break in on his pleasure. While the organ still played, one of the church doors opened, and a stout man descended the steps.

"Oh, Mr. Straubmuller," cried he. "Enjoying the music?"

It was the choir-master, and the blind man recognized his voice at once, for they were old acquaintances.

"I often come mit some of der kinder of der neighborhood," said Herr Straubmuller. "He plays always der music of Mozart beautiful."

"Indeed, he does," said the choir-master. "But," with a laugh, "why not? Father Augustine has loved Mozart from a boy. He thinks he was one of the greatest of men!"

Like lightning Riley and Hopkins closed in on the choir-master; they hung upon each side of him like yearling bull-terriers.

"What name?" they cried in a breath.

"Mozart, do you mean?" asked the astonished man.

Riley pulled out his paper and pencil. "How do you spell it?"

"M-o-z-a-r-t. His first name was Wolfgang."

"Much obliged," said Riley gratefully; and down it went:

### *No. 3: Wolfgang Mozart.*

He put the precious document and trusty pencil away; then he looked at Hopkins and grinned.

"Oh, I don't know," said he.

"Oh, I guess yes," returned the delighted Hopkins.

After they had taken the blind basket-maker home, they held a consultation in a corner of the Hopkins's kitchen.

"Now that we got the three of 'em," said Riley, "we must find out things about them, so's to write the two hundred words."

"If we only had the books what Martin's father's got," longed Hopkins. "They're big fat ones, and tell about swell people — when they was borned and when they died. We'd get what we want out of them, all right."

"That's so; I forgot about them. We'll go and look at 'em to-morrow."

"Will we ask the lend of 'em from Martin?" asked Hopkins, doubtfully.

"Well, I guess not. The library downtown's got 'em. There's a girl there that wears white shirt-waists and has fuzzy hair. I talked to her once, and she's all right. She lets you look at the books if you don't make finger-marks inside of them."

After school next day, they proceeded to the library and interviewed the girl with the white shirt-waist. This obliging young lady at once placed at their disposal several weighty volumes of an "Encyclopedia of Biography." Riley proceeded against St. Augustine, while Hopkins tackled Shakspeare; after which they fell upon Mozart together. When they had filled several dozen sheets of paper with vertical writing, they restored the books, thanked Riley's friend at the desk, and departed.

"We got three days more to work it up, good," said Hopkins as they rode home in an electric car.

"That's plenty," said Riley. "We can do it in a couple of afternoons after school."

The essays were handed, on the last day, to Brother Clement; he in turn took them to Father Augustine who promised to visit the Fourth next day and render a decision. Meantime the members of the class discussed their respective selections.

"Don't let him jolly you," said the latter; "look at him laughing at you."

In the midst of the afternoon session, next day, Father Augustine came in. After some preliminaries he faced the Fourth upon the burning question. From the bundle of essays he selected one and held it up. The Fourth recognized the pink paper and



*"The blind man loved to loiter outside and listen."*

"Sam Wilkins," Hopkins informed Riley, "says the three greatest men is George Washington, Ab'ram Lincoln, and General Grant. His father told him so."

"His father ain't going to be judge," said Riley, composedly. "So we ain't going to do any worrying."

Martin overheard this last.

"What's the use?" remarked he. "You know you and Hoppy's got the prizes all packed up, ready to take away," with a sneer.

"I know we have," coolly spoke Riley. "It was like giving the books to us from the start. You people never had a chance."

"Ain't that little lobster got a gall!" growled Martin to Kennedy.

beautiful handwriting of Kennedy, and a murmur of "I-told-you-so," went about. Hopkins, under cover of the desk, kicked Riley convulsively. The latter paid no heed; his mouth was puckered up as though he were about to whistle, and he seemed to be holding his breath.

"This essay," said Father Augustine, slowly, "is one of the best written that the Fourth class has ever produced. The choice of three great men made in it is excellent. King Alfred, Christopher Columbus, and the Emperor Constantine are no mean trio."

He paused and looked at the paper with pleasure. Martin glanced back and made a mocking gesture to Riley. But the lad

with the red hair paid no more attention to this than he did to the despairing kicks of Hopkins under the desk. He seemed dazed.

"This being the case," proceeded Father Augustine, "I almost regret to say that it does not win the prize."

He laid the pages down amid dead silence; Martin and Kennedy turned pale; Hopkins's kicks suddenly ceased.

"After much thought," said Father Augustine, "I have concluded that the winning selection of three great men is": he spoke slowly and seemed to enjoy the suspense, "St. Augustine, Shakspeare, and Mozart!"

Riley's puckered mouth relaxed, and he drew in a long breath. Hopkins madly re-

sumed his kicking, but this time they were kicks of victory.

"The books," said Father Augustine, "belong to Masters Riley and Hopkins, and with them go my congratulations."

The Fourth worked through the afternoon in a state of amazement. When the bell rang, they strapped their books and prepared to go.

"How did them two kids do it?" demanded Martin of Kennedy, in the hallway. "Look at what we done hunting things up—look at the books we used."

"We didn't use so many books," remarked Riley, as he and Hopkins came along, a grin on each of their faces, and each holding a red and gold "Life of St. Augustine" under his arm; "what we used was brains."

## THE MOUNTAIN GOD

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

Th re is a mountain god, they say, who dwells  
Remote, untouched by prayers or temple bells;  
A god irrevocably who compels  
The hidden fountains and the secret wells  
Upward and outward from their cloistered cells;  
He calls them, calls them, all the lustrous day,  
And not one rippling child dare disobey.  
There is a god who dwells within your eyes  
Like that veiled god of mountain mysteries,  
Compelling all my secret soul to rise  
Unto a flooded brim of still surprise,  
Flooded and flushed beneath the god's great eyes.  
Belovèd, you have called me to the day,  
And all the fountains of my life obey.

UNIV. OF MICH  
SEP 27 1906

# MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE



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HOWARD PYLE

ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

Even the  
simplest  
can see it's  
foolish to  
attempt  
housework  
without



**SAPOLIO**





JUDGE LINDSEY

SHOULD NOT BE KNOWN AS THE FOUNDER OF ANOTHER INSTITUTION  
. . . HE IS A MAN, A BRAVE, GENTLE MAN, WHO IS REINTRODUCING  
INTO LIFE, ALL LIFE, AND INTO ALL THE INSTITUTIONS WHICH HE  
CAN INFLUENCE, THE SPIRIT OF HUMANITY''

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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## BEN B. LINDSEY: THE JUST JUDGE

BY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES," "THE STRUGGLE FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



IN the County Court of Denver one night, a boy was arraigned for larceny. The hour was late; the calendar was long, and the Judge was sitting overtime. Weary of the weary work, everybody was forcing the machinery of the law to grind through at top speed the dull routine of justice. All sorts of causes go before this court, grand and petty, civil and criminal, complicated and simple. The petty larceny case was plain; it could be disposed of in no time. A theft had been committed; no doubt of that.

Had the prisoner at the bar done it? The sleepy policeman had his witnesses on hand and they swore out a case. There was no doubt about it; hardly any denial. The Law prescribed precisely what was to be done to such "cases," and the bored Judge ordered that that thing be done. That was all. In the same breath with which he pronounced sentence, the Court called for the "next case," and the shift was under way, when something happened, something out of the ordinary.

A cry, an old woman's shriek, rang out of the rear of the room. There was nothing so very extraordinary about that. Our courts are held in public; and every now and then somebody makes a disturbance such as this old woman made when she rose now with that cry on her lips and, tearing her hair and rending her garments, began to beat her head against the wall. It was the duty of the bailiff to put the person out, and that officer in this court moved to do his duty.

But the man on the bench was Ben B. Lindsey, the celebrated Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver. He wasn't celebrated then; he had no Juvenile Court. He was only a young lawyer and politician who, for political services (some aver, falsely, for delivering a vote for a United States Senatorship) had been appointed to fill out an unexpired term as County Judge. Lindsey didn't want to be a judge; he had asked for

the district attorneyship. His experiences on the inside of politics had shown him that many things were wrong, and he had a private theory that the way to set the evils right was to enforce the law, as the Law. But another man, Harry A. Lindsley, had a prior claim on the district attorneyship, and Ben Lindsey had to take the judgeship or nothing. So he had taken it (January 8, 1901), and he had been administering justice — as Justice — for several weeks when that woman cried out against his "Justice," and his "bailee" moved to uphold the decorum of his court, the dignity of the Law. And — the Judge upheld the woman.

"I had noticed her before," he says now. "As my eye wandered during the evening it had fallen several times on her, crouched there among the back benches, and I remember I thought how like a cave-dweller she looked. I didn't connect her with the case, any case. I didn't think of her in any human relationship whatsoever. For that matter, I hadn't considered the larceny case in any human way. And there's the point: I was a judge, judging 'cases' according to the 'Law,' till the cave-dweller's mother-cry startled me into humanity. It was an awful cry, a terrible sight, and I was stunned. I looked at the prisoner again, but with new eyes now, and I saw the boy, an Italian boy. A thief? No. A bad boy? Perhaps, but not a lost criminal. I called him back, and I had the old woman brought before me. Comforting and quieting her, I talked with the two together, as mother and son this time, and I found that they had a home. It made me shudder. I had been about to send that boy to a prison among criminals when he had a home and a mother to go to. And that was the Law! The fact that that boy had a good home; the circumstances which led him to — not steal, but 'swipe' something; the likelihood of his not doing it again — these were 'evidence' pertinent, nay vital, to his case. Yet the Law did not require the production of such evidence. The Law? Justice? I stopped the machinery of justice to pull that boy out of its grinders. But he was guilty; what was to be done with him? I didn't know. I said I would take care of him myself, but I didn't know what I meant to do; except to visit him and his mother at their home. And I did visit them, often, and — well, we — his mother and I, with the boy helping — we saved that boy, and to-day he is a fine young

fellow, industrious, self-respecting, and a friend of the Court."

This was the beginning, the Judge will tell you, of his practice of putting juvenile offenders, not in prison to be punished, but on probation to be saved. It wasn't. The Judge is looking backward, and he sees things in retrospect as he has thought them out since, logically, with his mind. If you should take his word for it, you would get the impression that this first "probation case" was the beginning of his famous Juvenile Court, the most remarkable institution of the kind in all the world. And if you got that impression in just that way, you might do as the reformers of some twenty-five States and a few hundred cities have done — you might lose the significance of Judge Lindsey. You might learn his methods and miss the man. You might imitate his "kids' court" and make a mistake with both the "kids" and their "Jedge," as they call him. And you certainly would do, as Denver desires to do, and Colorado — limit the meaning of Judge Lindsey's life-work to the problem of the children.

Ben Lindsey's "methods" are as applicable to grown-ups as to kids. Man has a way of inventing devices to help him to be a man: a spear, an army, the Church, political parties, business. By and by the aid to his weakness comes to be a fetish with him, a burden, an end in itself, an institution. He decorates his spear, keeping a commoner weapon to hunt with. His army returns from fighting his enemies to conquer him. Priests declare the Church holy and, instead of ministering to men, make men minister to the Church. Political parties, founded to establish principles for the strengthening of the State and its citizenship, betray principles and manhood and the State for the "good of the party." Business, the mere machinery of living, has become in America the purpose of life, the end to which all other goods — honor, religion, politics, men, women and children, the very Nation itself — are sacrificed. And so with the laws and the courts. Jurists and legislators note and deplore the passing of respect for the Law and of faith in the courts, and they wonder why. It is largely because we laymen think we observe that legislation purporting to be for the common good is bought for the special evils; that laws enacted to help us are manipulated to our hurt; and that our courts, set up to render justice, either



THE JAIL

" . . . dirty, filthy, . . . crawling with vermin," the jail was no place for boys

make a worship of the letter of the Law or violate the spirit thereof to work deliberate injustice. As for the penal code, nourished by the centuries to prevent crime, it is operated as escapes for the strong criminal or as instruments of society's revenge upon the weak.

Ben Lindsey's great, new, ancient discovery is that men are what we are after, men and women; and that everything else, business and laws, politics, the Church, the schools — these are not institutions, but means to those higher ends, character and right living. He began with the laws, the Law he was prepared to revere. He saw that the Law was capable of stupid injustices and gross wrongs; and setting humanity up on the bench beside his authority, he has reduced the Law to its proper, humble function — the service of men and the State. He has drawn the sting of punishment out of the penal code, stamped out the spirit of vengeance; he has tried to make his Court a place where the prisoners at the bar are helped to become good men and useful

citizens. His greatest service has been to boys and girls, but that is only because he found in children the most helpless victims of our machine system of "businesslike justice." He has created in his Juvenile Court a new human institution, the beauty and use of which is spreading imitative "movements" all over the land. But, wonderful as his creation is, this man should not be known as the founder of another institution. That might become, like certain societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals or to children, only another "end in itself."

Judge Lindsey is a man, a brave, gentle man, who is reintroducing into life, all life, and into all the institutions which he can influence, the spirit of humanity. As he puts it in his "Problem of the Children," "these great movements for the betterment of our children are simply typical of the noblest spirit of this age, the Christ-spirit of unselfish love, of hope and joy. It has reached its acme in what were formerly the criminal courts. The old process is changed. Instead of coming to destroy, we come to

rescue. Instead of coming to punish, we come to uplift. Instead of coming to hate, we come to love."

That the man has this more general significance is shown by the gradual, apparently accidental way in which he developed his "methods" and his Court. He didn't think them out with his mind. That isn't the way big, human things are done in this big, human world of ours; they are felt out with the heart. The man Lindsey had heart, and the cave-dweller's cry reached it, and when the Judge felt her agony, he found himself. That was all. His judgment in this case was but the beginning of Judge Lindsey's practice of putting heart into his business. He didn't know what probation was when he said he'd take care himself of the cave-dweller's boy. We have seen that he hadn't thought of being a judge, and the idea of a Juvenile Court hadn't dawned upon him. It took other cases to "set him thinking." The other cases came.

One day a "burglary" appeared on his calendar. The Judge says he looked around curiously for the burglars. He saw none till the case was called. Then three boys were haled whimpering before him, three ordinary, healthy American boys from twelve to sixteen. What had they burglarized? A pigeon-loft. A pigeon-loft! Yes, your Honor, they broke into a pigeon-loft and were caught red-handed stealing pigeons. That was burglary; there was no doubt about the crime. What was to be done with the burglars? They were to be sent to the

reformatory, of course; the Law prescribed the penalty. The Judge shook his head, "No." He didn't say so in court then, but he tells now how he was recalling the time when he, as a boy, went robbing a pigeon-loft. He didn't actually commit "burglary," but he would have, if he hadn't lost his nerve. He

was "scared"; the other kids had told him so, and it was true. And they left him, in contempt and ashamed, while they robbed the coop. So he wasn't an ex-convict, not because he was a good boy, no; nor because he was "smaller than them," though that was a plea set up in the gang in his behalf. He wasn't a burglar, like these boys before him now, simply because he didn't have as much "sand" as they had. Was he going to punish them as burglars, "send them up" for crime



"There's nothing wrong about gangs as such"

to live among criminals? No.

But the complainant had a view to present. A worried, old, persecuted man, he told how boys were forever stealing his pigeons; how he had "laid for" them again and again; how they generally escaped; and how finally, after many failures, he had caught these three. He wanted them punished; he begged to have them "sent to jail."

There was something familiar in the appearance of the poor old pigeon fancier, and the Judge questioned him: where he lived; where his barn was; just where the pigeon-loft was; what his name was; whether he had a nickname. The old man answered, peevishly, but fully enough for the Judge to learn what he wanted to know. This was

the very man, his were the pigeons, his loft was the same old loft which he, the Judge, and his gang had burglarized years ago. And now the Law expected him, a judge, to send to prison these boys who were no worse than he was; nay, who were better, for they had the "sand" he lacked! If he, the Judge, had been sent up for burglary he might not have become County Judge, and if he didn't send up these boys as burglars, they might become county judges or — since they had more "sand" — something better.

But there was the Law; what about that? The boys had committed a crime; what was the Judge to do with them? He didn't know; he would have to "think it over." And he thought it over. He went back to first principles. What did the complainant really want? Only to have his property protected. And what was the law against burglary for? To protect property by preventing burglary. Wasn't there any other way to achieve these common ends except by punishing these boys as burglars? And if he put them in prison might not other boys go on robbing the pigeon-loft? The Judge says it is "out of the mouths of babes" that he has learned wisdom. He took the prisoners into his chamber, and he talked with them.

Now, the Judge's talks with boys and girls are regarded with superstition by some people; he gets such wonderful results — the truth, for example. Children who lie to their parents, their teachers, and the police, tell him everything. The police started a story that Judge Lindsey is a "hypnotist," and others speak wisely of his "method." His "method" is very simple; he employed it before he knew it was a "method," with his Italian "thief" and his first trio of "burglars." Friendship is the key. Judge Lindsey talks to boys as one boy talks to another.

His personal appearance helps him. The "Jedge" is a short, slight, boyish looking young man, open-faced, direct, sincere, and he lays off the ermine, figuratively speaking, very readily; indeed, he hardly ever puts it on now, even on the bench. In chambers he comes right down to earth, using boy-talk, including slang. For this he has been criticized by good people who think of English as an institution, to be kept pure. The Judge answers that he has something else in mind than the purity of the language. He has found "after four years' experience that

the judicious use of a few of these slang terms not only does not hurt the boy, but actually helps him and wins his confidence," and since the boys are what he is after, he declares he will "continue to talk to the boys to a certain extent much the same as they talk with one another."

As a matter of fact, it is an instinct with the Judge, a part of his simple naturalness and his native desire to understand others, which prompts him to say "fellers"; "ah, say, kids, let's cut it out." When he called in his burglars, it was no judge that asked them if they belonged to a gang. It was no fatherly elder, wisely pretending to a superior sort of interest in the habits and customs of their "crowd," and the limits of their range or habitat. It was "one feller askin' th' other fellers, on the level now, all about swipin' pigeons." The reason he, the Judge, and his gang robbed the coop was to get a certain variety of fan-tail pigeons which the old man wouldn't sell, and he understood it when the boys explained that what they were after, really, was to get back some of their pigeons which had joined the old man's bigger flock. Also, however, the boys understood the Judge when he reflected that it wasn't right to go and "rob back" your pigeons; that it annoyed the old man; wronged him and hurt the boys. Maybe the old man was grouchy, but, gee, the coop was his, and "swiping" wasn't "square." It was sneaky, it was weak to steal. So he proposed to stop this "weakness" of this gang; not only of the three that had been caught, but of the whole gang.

Now, the Judge teaches respect for grown-up law by himself invariably showing great respect for "kid law." It is against the law of Boyville to "snitch" (tattle). So he wouldn't let them tell him who the other "burglars" were. "But, say, fellers," he said, "you bring in the other kids, and we'll talk it over, and we'll see if we can't agree to cut out stealing altogether, and especially to stop swipin' pigeons off the old man."

That was fair and it was human. They went away, and they got the gang. And the gang entered into a deal with the "Jedge"; "sure they did." Who wouldn't? And do you think they would go back on a Judge like that? Sure they wouldn't, and they wouldn't let any other feller go back on him either; not much; not if they could prevent it; and they thought they could. And they did, as they reported from time to time.

It was this case, which, coming home so personally to him, set the Judge thinking. "It seemed to me," he says, "that we were not proceeding just right in such cases. I didn't know anything about it, but it looked wrong to charge these boys with burglary. It was unnecessary under the Law, too; the school law of 1899 permitted children to be



"We saved that boy, and to-day he is a fine young fellow, industrious, self-respecting, and a friend of the Court."

brought to the County Court as 'juvenile disorderly persons.' And here they were being arraigned as thieves and burglars. We were dealing with the thing the child did, not with the child; and the child was what should concern us. I don't blame anybody in particular. I had been at fault myself. A good many children were brought into my Court, and I had been following the thoughtless routine. The fact is, I was pretty free in sending boys to the Industrial School at Golden till these special cases awoke my special interest. Then I began to consider the situation generally. I found that there was no system about juvenile cases. Some were sent to the District Court, others to the Justice Courts, others to mine. We all were 'trying' the boys for the 'crimes' they had committed, finding many of them guilty and sending them away. It was absurd; it was criminal, really. The

thing a child had stolen was treated as of more importance than the child. This was carrying the idea of property to an extreme. It was time to get back to the idea of men and women, the men and women of to-morrow, and obviously some system of character-building was needed in the Court. Fortunately, there were laws in existence under which juvenile offenders could be brought into court as 'dependent,' 'neglected,' or 'delinquent' children, and these laws were enough as they stood for the starting of a Juvenile Court. We hoped to get other laws later; but those that we had would enable us to treat the children, rather than the children's 'crimes.'"

Judge Lindsey went to District Attorney Lindsley with the request that all children's cases be brought to his Court; and that they be accused there of delinquency instead of the particular crimes for which they were arrested. The District Attorney was willing. Lindsey's request was regarded as "queer," but nobody wanted the bother of these "kids' cases," so the Judge was permitted to found his "kids' court." And he founded it, and it is the "kids' court," their very own. It is run in the interest of the "bad" boys and girls, and therefore of the State, and the children needed the Court, and so did the State.

While the Judge was "thinking," the question arose in his mind: "What sort of a place is the Industrial School where I have been sending boys so freely?" He went to Golden to see. Nobody up there remembered ever having been visited before by a judge on the bench, and this Judge saw boys with the ball and chain on them. He began a quiet reform of the reformatory. Then he asked himself what kind of places the jails were. One Sunday evening, he visited the City Jail. "It was a dirty, filthy place," he says. "The plaster was off the walls, which were crawling with vermin." He went over to the County Jail. The conditions were much the same, but what stirred up the Judge's "thoughts" to the bottom of his heart, was the sight of boys in the same cells with men and women "of the vilest type." A little further inquiry showed him that these children were allowed to associate freely with grown criminals. Locked up with them in the County Jail, they visited the men in the bull-pen down in the City Jail. The boys liked to listen to the "great criminals," and the great criminals liked to brag

to the boys. It was a school of crime. The men told the boys how they "beat the police" and, filling them with criminal ideals, taught them how to commit "great" crimes.

"I found that in the five years before I went on the bench, 2,136 Denver boys had been in these jails for periods varying from a few hours to thirty days, and," the Judge adds in his mild way, "I was satisfied the influence was not good. But that was typical. This was being done all over the country, and it is now in many places. Every boy who makes a mistake, or if you will, every child that shows any tendency to crime is sent to a school where crime is taught. Is it any wonder that juvenile crime is on the increase?"

And the Judge found that juvenile crime was on the increase generally in the United States. He engaged the services of a clipping bureau, and he quotes in his "Problem of the Children," some of the results: "Five thousand boys arrested last year" (in one city); "Four thousand out of 16,000 arrests last year were boys under twenty" (in a city of less than 150,000); "Bandits Caught Mere Boys" (a frequent head-line); "Over half the murderers last year were boys"; "Boy Burglars Getting Common"; "Thieving Increasing among Children"; "Desperate Boy Bandits Captured" (aged 12, 13, and 15). And he cited the Van Wormer boys of New York; the Biddles of Pennsylvania; the car-barn murderers of Illinois; the Collinses of Missouri; the boy murderers of Nebraska; the Youngblood murderers of Denver; the boy train-wreckers of the West; the reform school boy murderers of California. The phrase "mere boys" indicated that the news editors regarded juvenile crime as exceptional and remarkable; it isn't. Three-quarters of the crimes committed in the United States, the Judge says, are done by boys under twenty-three! "And why not?" he asks. "The children of parents who die or fail in their duty are taken by the State and sent for their schooling into the streets or jails where they pick up false ideals and criminal arts. With few exceptions, all these boy-criminals named above, whom society has sent to the slaughter-house to be killed, had been sent to jail in their teens by society for other crimes. And most of them were first imprisoned as little children."

In other words, our criminal court system does not prevent, it fosters crime. Our

"businesslike" procedure of heartless, thoughtless "justice" makes criminals. What should the State do? The Judge says that when the State gets hold of a "bad" child, it takes the place of the parent, and like a good parent, it should try to mold that child into a good citizen. He gives an illustration in his "Problem of the Children."

"We recall the case (and it is one of hundreds)," the Judge says there, "of a young man who had been in the criminal courts at the age of thirteen. At twenty he shot down a policeman who was heroically doing his duty. Suppose that at the age of thirteen that boy had been studied, helped, looked after, and carefully handled; would that policeman be maimed for life or dead, a young wife and child a charge on the community, and a strong, robust young man a charge on the State for life? Perhaps not, and even so we could have felt better about it, and in the sight of God less accountable. Was the State responsible? Yes, even more than the boy, for he was in jail in the plastic stage. The State had him in time, and it did nothing — not even try. The



A "bad" boy of whom the Judge writes in a letter: "He is a prince of a kid to-day, twelve years old and doing fine"

State treated him as a man, this boy . . . Strange that if his money or property were involved he could control none of it; he would need a guardian in that case. A boy's property is important.



THE "KIDS' JUDGE" AND HIS COURT OF APPROBATION

"The criminal court for child-offenders is based on the doctrine of fear, degradation, and punishment. The Juvenile Court was founded on the principle of love"—Judge Lindsey

But his morals—the boy, the man in embryo, the citizen to be—needed no guardian. This boy needed no help. He needed punishment. He needed retribution, and so as a boy he got what men got, that which is often barbarous even for men. I have seen them, eleven to fifteen years of age, in the same bull-pen with men and women, with chains about their waists and limbs. And I have seen them crowded together in idleness, in filthy rooms where suggestiveness fills the mind with all things vile and lewd. Such has been too often the first step taken by the great State in the correction of the child."

Judge Lindsey founded his Juvenile Court to correct and save to the State the children who were caught up in the meshes of the criminal law, and his first step was the correction of himself and of the Court. Having to start with only the idea, which was really little more than a sentiment, that the welfare of the child prisoner was the chief consideration, he had to institute proceedings to meet the needs of the child. What were

those needs? The Judge didn't know, and he had no theory; he had to find out for himself. How did he go about finding out? Very simply, very naturally. He asked the child.

One of the first, most obvious observations he made was that children came into court with either tears or defiance in their eyes. They hated the policeman, and they feared the Judge, and since the "cop" and the Court were the personification of justice and the State, these young citizens were being reared in the spirit of dread and hatred of law and authority. This was all wrong, and yet it was perfectly natural. "The criminal court for child-offenders," writes the Judge, "is based on the doctrine of fear, degradation, and punishment. It was, and is, absurd. The Juvenile Court was founded on the principle of love. We assumed that the child had committed, not a crime, but a mistake, and that he deserved correction, not punishment. Of course, there is firmness and justice, for without these there would be danger in leniency. But there is no justice without love."

The Judge drove out fear from his Court, and hate and brutality; for awe, he substituted confidence and affection. How did he do this? By coming down off the bench to the boy. Since the boy was the center of interest, the Judge subordinated his own "dignity" and the whole machinery of the Court and even the "stolen property," to win back the prisoner at the bar. The good of the boy, obviously paramount in the mind of the Court, was made paramount in the mind of the boy, who was led to feel that everybody cared about him, that everything done was done for him and in his interest. "Of course," he says, "the Law is important, but the vital thing is the relationship established with the child. The case from the boy's standpoint must be understood." Each case, the Judge means. He seeks to get for himself a personal, sympathetic understanding of each separate case. There are no hard and fast rules. No fixed routine will do the work. The Judge didn't turn away hate, quiet fear, and dry tears by any "methods." When a child is brought weeping or scowling before him, Ben Lindsey is dragged off that bench by his heartstrings, and when he sits on a stool beside the boy in trouble, or goes for a walk with him, or takes him home to dinner or "out to the show," this is no art thought out by a wise man. This is nothing but a good man putting into his work what he wants to get out of it — "faith, hope, and love."

To understand the case of Ben Lindsey, it is necessary to study it as he advises us to study the cases of boys — from the boys' standpoint. He tells in one of his articles how a young fellow of twenty, who was under sentence for murder, regarded the old criminal court. This boy had been arrested at the age of twelve for stealing a razor to whittle a stick. "It was this way," he explained to Lindsey. "The guy on the high bench, with the whiskers, says, 'What's the boy done, officer?' And the cop says, says he, 'He's a bad kid, your Honor, and broke into a store and stole a razor.' And the guy on the high bench says, 'Ten dollars or ten days.' Time, three minutes; one round of a prize-fight."

In Judge Lindsey's Court, in the beginning, when boys still came there with sorrow and gnashing of teeth, they saw no "guy with whiskers, on a high bench" asking the "cop" questions. They saw a clean-cut young man come into court, go up to the first boy

to be "tried" and ask: "What's the matter, my boy? You been making a mistake? Well, lots of fellers make mistakes. That's nothing. I've made mistakes myself, worse'n yours, I guess." Then turning to the policeman, he asks: "What is it, officer?" The policeman tells about the crime, say theft. "Stealing isn't right," says the Judge, and he appeals to the boys in the court room, "Is it, fellers?" Putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, he gives him a shove back and a pull forward. "It's weak to swipe things." That hurts. Boys learn



Members of Judge Lindsey's "Kids' Court" Gang

in the street that it's smart and brave to steal, and the only evil thing about it is getting caught. Lots of men take this view, too, but Judge Lindsey sets up another standard. "I know how it is," he says. "It's a temptation. It's a chance to get something easy; something you want; or something you can sell to get something you want. Wanted to go to the show, maybe. Well, it takes a pretty strong feller to down the desire to take the



"As clean as possible"

chance and see the show. But it's wrong to swipe things. 'Tain't fair; 'tain't brave; it's just mean, and it hurts the feller that steals. Makes him steal again, and by and by he is caught and sent up — a thief. Now you ain't a thief, and you don't want to be. Do you? But you were too weak to resist the temptation, so you were caught. Ought to cut it out. Not because you were caught. That isn't the reason a feller oughtn't to steal. It's because it's mean and sneaky, and no feller wants to be mean and sneaky. He wants to be on the square.

"But what are you crying for? You've been crying ever since I began to talk to you. Afraid of being punished? Pshaw, a feller ought to stand up and take his medicine; but we don't punish boys. We just try to help 'em get strong and be square. Even when we send fellers to Golden, it isn't for punishment; it's only to help a kid that's weak get strong enough to control himself. So we aren't going to punish you. I believe you can control yourself without going to Golden. We'll see. But first off, a kid ought to be strong enough

and sufficiently on the square to tell the truth about himself. 'Ought to tell not only about this time, when you're caught, but all the other times, too. You wait, and after court we'll go back in chambers and we'll have it all out, just us two."

This is rather reassuring, isn't it? It proved so to the children who sat waiting their turn at the first sessions of the Juvenile Court. There was no terrorism in it, no trace of hardness, there were no awful forms. The children felt the difference. "The Judge, he gives a feller a show," said one boy to me. And as they saw the proceedings in court, so the children heard about the scenes in chambers. These were the best of all, best for the kids and best for the Judge. There is where Lindsey saw into the hearts of children, and where they saw into his.

"Never let a child get away with a lie on his soul," the Judge says. "A clean breast is half the battle." Children are wonderful liars, but the Judge thinks he can tell when they are lying; and they admit that he has an instinct for the truth. One foundation for their respect for him is that with all his

kindness he isn't sentimental; and he isn't "easy." "You can't fool the Judge," the boys say, and the police tell, as an illustration, the story of a "tough kid" on whom all the Judge's appeals seemed to fail. He "lied straight," and since the Judge will not help (try) a boy who will not tell the truth, he told the officer to take the boy away. On the way back to jail, the boy changed his mind. He asked to be taken again before the Judge. "You're right, Judge," he said, "and you're game, too. I lied to you; I lied like a horse thief; and I couldn't fool you a little bit. You've beat me, Judge, and I'll tell you th' truth." And he did.

The Judge in chambers reasons with the boy that while it is wrong to "snitch" on other fellows, it is all right to "snitch" on yourself. The boys understand this. It is made clear to them that there is no punishment, only "help for a feller if he needs it," and among the most interesting experiences that the Judge has to tell, are the discussions he has with boys as to whether they "need to go to Golden."

There's a little, old, young, big man, called "Major," whom I saw in command of the battalion at Golden. He is somewhere between twelve and sixteen, but with an old, old face; very tiny in stature, but very tall in dignity. He never smiles, so sober and sensible is he. But he had what the kids and their Judge know as the "movin'-about fever." The Major had come honestly by it. He had no home and he wanted none, for he could range all over the West, from Chicago up into Idaho and down into New Mexico, and always, everywhere, he was known, for his pompous dignity, to hoboes, cow-boys, miners — to all men as "the Major." The Judge gave him trial after trial, and it was no use; the time always came when the Major had to "move on." If they must move, the Judge lets boys go, but he expects them to call on him to say good-by, and be pledged to write to him regularly and not to steal. Well, once when the fever was coming upon the Major, he called on the Judge. The Judge urged the Major to down the temptation. The Major tried, but he couldn't; he confessed that he was too "weak" to resist. Then the Judge suggested Golden; they would help him there all right to stay. The Major received the suggestion thoughtfully. He raised objections which the Judge answered, but they separated without a decision, and the Judge

says that for a week or two he and the Major weighed ponderously the mighty question, till in the end the Major agreed that perhaps he'd better go up to Golden and be helped to cure that moving-about attack and thus learn to "stay put." That's how the Major came to go to Golden, and that's how he won the rank and title which the "movin'-about" world had given him as a "little shaver."

And that's the spirit in which the Judge in chambers persuades boys to "snitch up" on themselves and look upon the reformatory as a help. As they begin to tell him things bit by bit, he expresses no horror, only understanding; he sympathizes with a feller. If a kid describes how he saw an easy chance to steal and not get caught, the Judge exclaims: "Gee, that was a chance. That's certain. But 'tain't square, Hank." "Mistake" after "mistake" is confessed, "weakness" after "weakness"; no crimes, you understand, for the kid and the Judge, they see things through the kid's eyes, with all the mitigating circumstances. And so they come to discuss the question whether the kid can "cut it out." The Judge is sure the boy can, surer than the boy, but then, it's up to the boy because the boy has to do the hard work of resisting. The Judge can "only help; th' feller has to do the business himself." "Interest is everything in a boy's life," the Judge says sagely. "If you want his loyalty, excite his interest." Well, the game of correction is interesting, especially when you are the center of the game. It's one of the most interesting games "a feller" ever played, and the Judge has a fascinating way of playing it. Having done something wrong, you try to do something that's right, positively right. This is the Judge's great doctrine. He calls it "overcoming evil with good." There's nothing "sissy-boy" about it. You have done an evil thing; you are not therefore bad, only so much weakened. So you go and do a good thing. This not only balances the evil, it "strengthens a feller."

Now, then, a good thing a feller can usually do right away is to go out and bring in some other kids that are "swipin' things." You mustn't tell the Judge who the other fellers are. That would be snitching. But it's all right to get the other fellers to come in and "snitch up" on themselves just as you have "snitched up" on yourself. That gets them into the game; helps them and, since

the more fellers there are in on it, the easier it is for you — it helps you.

One of the early cases in the Juvenile Court was that of seven boys brought before him by a policeman who had caught them wiring up signal-boxes, hopping cars, stoning motormen and conductors, and otherwise interfering with the traffic of the street railway. The boys were either tearful or sullen, and they denied the testimony of the officer and his witnesses. The Judge took them into his chambers. There he cleared away all ideas of punishment, and got down to the truth. The Judge could see that it was fun, but also he could see that what was fun for the boys was trouble for the conductors and motormen; it made life hard for them, delayed them, and got them home late. The boys hadn't thought before of these railroad men as human beings, only as "fair game," as "fellers what'd give you a chase if you held 'em up." So the Judge gave the boys a good view of the men's side of the fun, then he said:

"Tain't fair, is it, fellers?"

"No, sir."

"Well, what do you say to cuttin' it out?"

They agreed. But there was more for these boys to do than simply to quit, themselves. There was an evil deed done

to be overcome with good. There was the gang.

"Will you fellers bring in the rest of the gang to-morrow?"

"Sure they would." But they didn't. The seven turned up the next day without their "crowd."

"Well, what are you going to do?" the Judge asked the seven.

They believed that if the Judge would write a letter to the gang, they would come.

"A warrant" said the Judge, seizing the chance to take the terror out of another instrument of the Law. "I'll write you out a warrant, and you shall serve it on the gang. But what'll I write?"

One little fellow spoke up. "You begin it," he said, "begin by saying — 'No kid has snitched, but if you'll come, the Judge'll give you a square deal.'"

This showed what the matter was, and it brought home to the Judge the force of his own feeling against snitching.

The Judge began the "warrant" as the little fellow suggested, and thus he ended it, too. The boys took it, and evidently they served it, for the next day the gang came pouring into the court, fifty-two kids. There was a talk, straight talk, like that which he gave the seven. Only the Judge put more

" 'These young citizens were being reared in the spirit of dread and hatred of law and authority' "



faith into it. He was going to see if they couldn't get along out where that gang lived without any policemen. The peace of the neighborhood was to be left to the gang, but the gang had to play fair and give him a square deal.

"For," said the Judge, making a personal appeal to their honor, "I have told the company that I would be responsible for their having no more trouble. The company don't trust you kids; and they say I'll be fooled. They said you'd go back on me. But I said you wouldn't, and I say now that you won't. So I'm depending on you fellows; and I don't believe you'll throw me down. What do you say?"

"We'll stay wit' you, Jedge," they shouted. And they didn't throw the Judge down. They organized, then and there, a Kids' Citizens League, and the League played square with the Judge.

It will be noticed that Lindsey made effective use in this case of the "gang" which the police and all prematurely old reformers seek only to "break up." The "kids' Judge" never thought of breaking up such organizations. His sense is for essentials, instinctively, and there's nothing wrong about gangs as such. They are as natural as organizations of men. The only trouble with gangs is that they absorb all the loyalty of the members, turning them from and often against the home, the Law, and the State. But that happens in grown-ups' gangs, too. Railroad and other corporations are gangs which, in the interest of their "business," corrupt the State. Churches are "gangs" whose members submit to evils because if they fought them, the church might be hurt. So with universities and newspapers, and all kinds of business organizations. Tammany Hall is only a gang which, absorbing the loyalty of its members, turns it, for the good of the gang, against the welfare of the city. Judge Lindsey simply taught the members of his kid gang what many gangs of grown-ups have to learn, that they are citizens also, and he turned the loyalty of the Kids' Citizens League back to the city, using the honor of the gang as his lever.

Another similiar case came up when two boys were brought in by a policeman from the Union Station. The policeman said they belonged to a gang the members of which stoned him wherever they saw him. Why? Well, he was trying to keep them out of the station and off the grass around

the station. What were the boys doing at the station and on the station lawn? They explained, and they explained with many manifestations of hate for the cop. They were there to sell papers. It was their place of business, and everybody had acknowledged it — not only all the other newsboys, but everybody else — till one day, some other bigger boys with red caps appeared there selling papers and things. Then "this cop chased



"Layin' for th' Jedge to snatch up and cut it out"

us off." Why? Why had the cop suddenly interfered with their business? It was his turn to explain, and he explained that the railroad company, having come to realize that the trade in newspapers at the station was profitable, had decided to take a share in it. The concession was let to a man who employed the boys with red caps. The man wanted a monopoly. So the policeman had received orders to drive off the other boys. He had obeyed. No explanation was given to the boys; no notice. They suddenly found themselves deprived of their means of livelihood, and resenting it, blamed the cop and — stoned him.

Thus it was all a misunderstanding; not a "crime" at all, and the Judge undertook to clear it up to the satisfaction of all

concerned. Having explained it to the two boys under arrest, he enlisted their services in behalf of the Court to bring in the others who were "in it" but had not been caught. The policeman, knowing how hard it had been to catch two, was scornful of the Judge's confidence of getting the rest, but he was invited to be present at the hour appointed for the "round up," and he was not a little chagrined when his two prisoners returned with twenty-four other kids. The Judge lined up the gang on one side of the room, the policeman and his friends on the other. This was the Juvenile Court in session; let the Judge describe what happened.

"I proceeded to explain why it was that the owners of the station had a right to grant 'concessions' to the man who employed the boys with the red caps to sell papers and carry baggage to the exclusion of all others; why, if the company demanded it, they had a right to protection for their lawn; how all of this was justified by the Law, which secured the right of every man in the enjoyment of his property; how it was not the officer's doings, but the Law that required him to perform his duty; how, therefore, they had no real grievance against the policeman — rather their sympathies should be with him. After the sympathetic admission by both the officer and the Court that if it were our station and grounds all boys could play on the grass and sell papers there, there was gained for the policeman sympathy and loyalty. As 'little citizens,' interested in a 'decent town of decent kids,' they agreed not only to 'keep off' and 'keep out' themselves, but to keep other boys out; and every one agreed 'on the square' that he

would give any kid there leave to 'snitch' to me, if any boy broke his word and was not square. Thus harmony was established between their world and ours, and we all pulled together one way."

As the Judge remarked to me, those boys did what few men would do; they gave up their business "just because it was right." All that was necessary was to make them understand the right and their duties, and then to interest them in the "game of correction." The arena for the great game of correction is the Court of Probation. Held every other Saturday forenoon, it is a picturesque and a very pleasant spectacle. All the "bad" boys in town who have been caught committing mistakes or who have "snitched up" on themselves, assemble there to report.



The Major, "very tiny in stature, but very tall in dignity," and his adjutant

It isn't new. Like the Juvenile Court itself, the "method" of putting children on probation did not originate with Judge Lindsey. Yet he discovered it himself. As I quote him as saying above, he didn't know about such things. When he went first to the home of the "cave-dweller" to investigate, he was performing one function of a probation officer; and when he went there again and again, he was holding a court of probation. So with the three pigeon burglars and their gang, he went to see them, but there was no method as yet. It was only as the cases grew that the Judge had to ask the boys to come and see him, and then finally to appoint a time and place where most of the boys could meet all together with him; and that was the origin of Judge Lindsey's Court of Probation, the institution.

But there is more than that to the story of it. The Judge feels that he suffered as

"a little shaver" from lack of approbation. He was born in Tennessee (not far, by the way, from where Joe Folk was born), and his family, well-to-do Southern people, were brought to trouble and to Denver by the War. His father died, and Ben had to work hard as a boy. For a long time he had three jobs: he carried newspapers in the early morning; worked all day in a lawyer's office; and, after hours, served as janitor. Always slight of build, he was often worn out; and nobody appreciated it. He was only doing his duty, and it nearly killed him—literally. He sank under his load to the very verge of despair; and he learned the value of a kind word of sympathy and good cheer.

Many of the bad boys who came to his court were lonely little fellows. They had no home and no friends, and he found in their hearts a longing which he knew all about. He gave them the sympathetic hearing and the kind word he had wanted, and "they drank," he says, "they drank in my friendship as if they were famished." Right there we have one secret of his "hypnotic" influence over children. The Judge is proud now of the fact that he has made himself a friend of every boy in town, or, at least, of every "feller that needs a friend," and he will tell you the philosophy and the use of his method if you care to listen. He will tell you how he learned from the gangs that the members thereof did bad things largely because some big fellow, who was bad, or some leader of their own, suggested to them evil and praised them for its accomplishment. He will reason it all out for you, now, if you wish, showing how by his method he has put himself in the place of the big fellow; made himself the fountain of praise, the source of approbation, "the feller" for whose good words kids do good things now. In short, Ben Lindsey is the actual leader of most of the gangs of Denver, and the loyalty which the boys give to him, he is giving back to the State.

All this, however, is but the unforeseen result of this kind man's native sweetness and strength. The only definitely thought-out method is that of having the boys bring reports from the schools. "If you want a boy's loyalty, excite his interest." It was easy enough for the Judge to excite the boy's interest; the problem was to keep it. In the early history of the court, before the new laws, he had no probation officers to follow up

his cases, and since there was too much for him to do, he bethought him of the school teachers. The Judge has always been clear on the point that his Juvenile Court is merely supplementary, that the home and the school are the places where juvenile character should be molded, and that he had to do only with those children who, for some reason, were not successfully treated in the regular way. Thus he was helping the teachers, and since he needed help, he went to the teachers for it, and he got it. The school teachers of Denver have been his mainstay. All that the Judge required of the teachers was a report as to how the boys in his Court of Probation were doing in deportment and studies. "What I was after," the Judge explained, "was something for which I could praise the boy in open court. Believing in approbation as an incentive, I had to have their reports for the boy to show me, in order that I might have a basis for encouraging comment, or, if the reports were not up to the mark, for sympathy. It didn't matter to me very much what the reports were about. Some of the teachers couldn't see at first why they should report on the scholarship of a boy who was good at school and bad—a thief, perhaps,—out of school. But you can see that these fortnightly reports were an excuse for keeping up my friendly relationship with the boy, holding his loyalty, and maintaining our common interest in the game of correction he and I were playing together. Since we had a truancy law, the teachers were in touch and thus could keep me in touch with every boy under school age in the city, and their reports were my excuse for praise or appeal."

Judge Lindsey's Court of Probation is thus a Court of Approbation. It serves other purposes; indeed it is everything to the boys of Denver. It is the State, the Law, and Justice; it is Home, School, Club, and Society; it is Friendship, Success, and the scene of Triumphs; it is the place also where Failure goes for Help and for Hope renewed. It is all that Judge Lindsey is; all that he means to the minds of the boys. For the Judge's personality makes it, his and the boys', and they made it up out of their own needs.

The boys assemble early, two or three hundred of them, of all ages and all sorts, "small kids" and "big fellers"; well-dressed "lads" and ragged "little shavers"; burglars who

have entered a store, and burglars who have "robbed back" pigeons; thieves who have stolen bicycles, and thieves who have "swiped" papers; "toughs" who have "sassed" a cop or stoned a conductor; and boys who have talked bad language to little girls or who "hate their father," or who have been backward at school and played hookey because the "teacher doesn't like them." It isn't generally known, and the Judge rarely tells just what a boy has done; the deed doesn't matter, you know, only the boy, and all boys look pretty much alike to the Judge and to the boys. So they all come together there, except that boys who work, and newsboys, when there's an extra out, are excused to come at another time. But nine o'clock Saturday morning finds most of the "fellers" in their seats, looking as clean as possible, and happy.

The Judge comes in, and passing the bench, which looms up empty and useless behind him, he takes his place, leaning against the clerk's table or sitting on a camp-chair. "Boys," he begins, "last time I told you about Kid Dawson and some other boys who used to be with us here and who 'made good.' To-day I've got a letter from the Kid. He's in Oregon and he's doing well. I'll read you what he says about himself and his new job." And he reads the letter, which is full of details roughly set in a general feeling of encouragement and self-confidence.

"Fine, isn't it!" the Judge says. "Kid Dawson had a mighty hard time with himself for awhile, but you can see he's got his hand on his throttle now. Well, let's see. The last time, I talked about snitching; didn't I? To-day I'm going to talk about 'ditching.'" And he is off on the address, with which he opens court. His topics are always interesting to boys, for he handles his subjects boy-fashion. "Snitching," the favorite theme, deals with the difference between "snitching," which is telling on another boy to hurt him; and "snitching on the square," which is intended to help the other fellow. "Ditching" is another popular subject. "To ditch" a thing is to throw it away; and the Judge, starting off with stories of boys who have ditched their commitment papers, proceeds to tell about others who, "like Kid Dawson out there in Oregon," have "ditched" their bad habits and "got strong." I heard him on Arbor Day speak on trees; how they grew, some straight, some crooked. There's always a moral in these talks, but

the Judge makes it plain and blunt; he doesn't "rub it in."

After the address, which is never long, the boys are called up by schools. Each boy is greeted by himself, but the Judge uses only his given or nick name. "The boys from the Arapahoe Street School," he calls, and, as the group comes forward, the Judge reaches out and seizing one by the shoulder, pulls him up to him, saying:

"Skinny, you've been doing fine lately; had a cracker-jack report every time. I just want to see if you have kept it up. Bet you have. Let's see." He opens the report. "And you have. That's great. Shake, Skin. You're all right, you are." Skinny shines.

Pointing at another, he says, "And you, Mumps, you got only 'fair' last time. What you got this time? You promised me 'excellent,' and I know you've made good." He tears open the envelope. "Sure," he says. "You've done it. Bully for you." Turning to the room, he tells "the fellers" how Mumps began playing hookey, and was so weak he simply thought he couldn't stay in school. "He blamed the teacher; said she was down on him. She wasn't at all. He was just weak, Mumps was; had no backbone at all. But look at him now. He's bracing right up. You watch Mumps. He's the 'stuff,' Mumps is. Aren't you, Mumps? Teacher likes you now all right, doesn't she? Yes. And she tells me she does. Go on now and keep it up, Mumps. I believe in you."

"Why, Eddie," the Judge says, as another boy comes up crying. "What are you crying for? Haven't you made good?"

"No, sir," Eddie says, weeping the harder.

"Well, I told you I thought you'd better go to Golden. You don't want to go, eh? Get another job, you say? But you can't keep it, Eddie. You know you can't. Give you another chance? What's the use, Eddie? You'll lose it. The best thing for you, Eddie, is Golden. They'll help you up there, make you stick to things, just make you; and so you'll get strong."

Eddie swims in tears, and it seemed to me I'd have to give that boy "another chance," but the Judge, who is called "easy," was not moved at all. His mind was on the good of that boy; not on his own feelings, nor yet on the boy's. "You see," said he to me, "he is hysterical, abnormal. The discipline of Golden is just what he needs." And he turned to the room full of boys.

"Boys," he said, "I'm going to send Eddie up to Golden. He hasn't done wrong; not a thing. But he's weak. He and I have tried again and again to win out down here in the city, and he wants another trial. But I think a year or so at Golden will brace Eddie right up, and make him a strong, manly fellow. He's not going up there to be punished. That isn't what Eddie needs, and that isn't what Golden is for. Is it, fellers?"

"No, sir," the room shouted.

"It would be unjust to punish Eddie, but Eddie understands that. Don't you, Eddie?"

"Yes, sir, but" (blubbing) "Judge, I think, if I only had one more show, I could do all right."

"Eddie, you're wrong about that. I'm sure I'm right. I'm sure that after a year or two you'll be glad I sent you to the school. And I'll be up there in a few days to see you, Eddie, myself. What's more, I know some boys up there — friends of mine, that'll help you, Eddie; be friends to you. They won't want to like a kid that cries, but I'll tell 'em you need friends to strengthen you, and they'll stay with you."

All forenoon this goes on, the boys coming up in groups to be treated each one by himself. He is known to the Court, well-known, and the Judge, his personal friend, and the officers of the Court and the spectators, his fellow-clubmen, all rejoice with him, if he is "making good," and if he is doing badly, they are sorry. And in that case, he may be invited to a private talk with the Judge, a talk, mind you, which has no terrors for the boy, only comfort. They often seek such interviews voluntarily. They sneak into the Judge's chambers or call at his house to "snitch up" that they are not doing well. And the boys who sit there and see this every two weeks, or hear all about it, they not only have forgotten all their old fear of the Law; they go to the Court now as to a friend, they and their friends. For Judge Lindsey had not been doing "kid justice to kids" very long before all Boyville knew it. The rumor spread like wildfire. The boys "snitched" on the Judge, "snitched on the square"; they told one another that the County Judge was all right.

The Judge tells many stories to illustrate the change that followed. Once as he approached a group of boys, one of them said: "There's th' Judge, fellers," and two kids dived down an alley. The others gathered around the Judge.

"Who were those boys that ran away?" he asked.

"Who? Them? Oh," came the answer, "they're kids from K. C." (Kansas City); "they ain't on to the game here."

Another time the Judge was walking along the street arguing with a friend that stealing isn't a heinous crime in a boy and that it shouldn't be treated with holy horror. Most boys swipe something at one time or another; and to prove his point, he halted before a "gang."

"Say, kids," he said, and, as they looked up, he asked, "how many of you fellers have swiped things?"

Every boy's hand shot up in the air. The Judge had proved his point, but he had proved also another thing. Those boys knew he was the Judge, yet they were not afraid to tell the truth. Or, to state the situation more completely: those boys knew he was the Judge and *therefore* they were not afraid to tell him the truth. Not all these boys had been in his Court; in fact, only one or two had; but that didn't matter. All the boys of Denver know of the Judge, and what they know of him is that *though* he represents the Law and the State, he is "all right."

One afternoon, a boy of about ten years stuck his head into the door of the Judge's private room.

"Is the Judge in?" he asked.

"Yes," said the Judge.

"Is this him?" the boy asked.

"Yes, my boy. I'm the Judge."

"Well, I'm Johnny Rosenbaum, and I came down here to see you."

"Yes? I'm glad you've come, John, but what did you come for?"

"Well," he said, "Joe Rosenthal, he used to come down here, and he 'swiped' things once. And I 'swiped' something, and he said I better come down here and see you about it."

"All right, but what have you come to me about it for?"

The tears started. "Well," he said, "I came down here to tell you I'd cut it out and never do it again. And I thought I better get here before the cop did. Joe said the cop 'ud ditch a kid that swiped things, but that you'd help a feller to ditch the swipin'."

"Yes, I'll help you ditch swipin', but you're a mighty little boy; how did you find the way down here alone?"

"Oh," he said, "most every kid I seed knew about it, and they passed me down th' line to here."

Johnny Rosenbaum was put on probation, and he began overcoming evil with good, as he proved one day in court. Sometimes the Judge will turn to the boys and ask whether any feller there has done that week a thing good enough to make up for an evil thing done before. Once, when he asked this question, Johnny rose and said:

"Judge, some of the kids I run with was diggin' a cave, and we wanted a shovel, and they said, 'Let's go and swipe one.' So they wanted to put me into Mr. Putnam's barn where the shovel was, through a little hole that nobody but a little kid could crawl through. And I says, 'No, I gotter report down to th' Judge, and I told him that I'd cut out swipin' and when I got a chanct I'd do a good thing. Now is my chanct,' I says. 'I won't swipe th' shovel,' I says, 'and you mustn't,' I says to them. Now I ain't goin' to snitch on who the fellers was because they says, 'All right, we won't swipe the shovel.' And I went 'round and I ast Mr. Putnam to borrow us the shovel, and he said he would. So we got the shovel on th' square. But, Judge, if I hadn't done that they would have swiped the shovel, wouldn't they?"

"Yes, John," said the Judge. "They would have swiped the shovel, and if you ever swiped anything in your life, you have more than made up for it by doing the right thing this time."

Another case of "making good" was that of Eli Carson. Eli told at a meeting how his news gang down in the Post alley were going to "swipe a box of cherries off'n Wolf Londoner's grocery store." "I says it wasn't square," said Eli, "and the other kids, they all allowed it wasn't either. Texas was th' kid that said first to swipe th' cherries; and he thought afterwards it was best not to do it. And I wanted to tell you, Judge, that I had done a good thing, but Texas he didn't want me to. But by and by Texas changed his mind, and says I could tell you. So I'm not snitchin', am I?"

"An experience like that," the Judge said by way of comment, "goes to show that my theory is correct, that all we need is an influence for good to counteract the influence for bad of the gang. For Texas is a well-known newsboy, and had Eli not been a member of our gang, coming to Court where

he could tell his experiences in the presence of one hundred and fifty other boys and be praised, why, then, Eli would have wanted to please Texas. As it is, he wants to please me and the Court gang."

Another instance of faith in the Court: the Judge had been trying a case all day. It was a grown-up case, difficult and slow, and when the adjournment came late, at six o'clock, the Judge was tired. As the court room cleared, however, he saw a child in a back seat. "He was so small," the Judge says, "that I thought some one must have gone off and forgotten him, and I told 'Uncle John' Murrey (the bailiff) to find out whose child it was. But when Uncle John spoke to him, the little fellow got up, and I saw he was almost ten years old. I called him up to the bench, and he came, and when he reached me he dropped his head on my shoulder and began to sob."

"Judge," he said, "I'm Clifford, and my mama don't live here, and I stay with my aunt down on — Street, so I been swipin' things, I have, and I come here to 'cut it out.'" As the tears flowed more abundantly, he said he was sorry and would never do it again if the Judge would "give him a show" as he had another boy he named. The Judge took the little fellow back in his chambers; they had a long talk, and the boy, put on probation, reported regularly and well. "He turned out to be a splendid boy," the Judge says.

But the best example the Judge gives of the difference in results between the old criminal court system of vengeance and fear and the new method of friendship and service, is a story he tells of two brothers. "Both were wayward," he says. "The older was brought to the criminal court for some boyish offense in the days before the establishment of the Juvenile Court. He was flung into a filthy jail and herded with men and women where he heard and saw vile and obscene things. He was dragged into court by an officer and put through the police court mill. He was only a little boy. He had been sinned against long before his birth. Both by heredity and environment he had been driven to lawlessness. But the State took no account of this. It had its chance to make a good man of him. He wanted bread; the State gave him a stone. It branded him a criminal, made him a criminal. It made the pressure of evil upon him inexorable. To-day he is a man and in the penitentiary."

"The younger brother was as wayward as the elder. Four years ago he was brought to the Juvenile Court, defiant and frightened, just as his brother had been taken to another tribunal. The policeman told me the boy was a very Ananias, and I replied that, given the same conditions, he (the cop) would probably have been the same, and the officer went away convinced that there was no use bringing boys to the Juvenile Court, where the Judge 'did nothing to them.' The policeman would count as nothing the many hours during many weeks that I labored for that boy. He told me the truth; he convicted himself, but no stigma of conviction was put upon him and he was not punished. He was put on probation and encouraged to do his best. He was made to feel that the State was on his side; that the forces of the Law were working for him rather than against him; that the Court was his friend, his appeal when he was in trouble. And that Morris, as I will call him, did feel perfect faith in the Court, the Law, and the State, he proved once in an amusing way.

"One day I was trying an important will case. Millions of dollars were involved. The door opened on a jar, and Morris poked his freckled face in, piping up that he wanted to see the Judge. The bailiff started to shoo him away, but I called in the boy. I ordered a recess. No doubt the distinguished counsel were shocked; certainly they looked shocked. But a live boy looms larger than a dead man's millions to me, and when this boy came into my Court, unafraid, smiling, and sure of justice, I remembered the flash of fear and hatred that I once had seen on this same freckled face. So I beckoned Morris up to me, and I heard his case then and there. He was in business. He sold newspapers, and his place of business was a certain busy corner where he dealt not only with pedestrians, but with passengers on passing cars. The 'old cop,' it seemed, had let him 'hop the cars,' and all had gone well till a new cop had come there. The 'new guy,' as Morris called him, had ordered the boy off the corner. "'Thinks 'cause he's a cop he owns the whole town,' said Morris, who was losing about fifty cents a day. The case stated, I asked Morris what he would have me do.

"Evidently Morris had been reading, as well as selling, his newspapers, for he was ready with his answer.

"'Judge,' he said, 'can't you gimme one

o' them there things they call injunctions against de fly cop?'

"I gave him one. Why not? I called for an injunction blank, and on it I wrote a note to the policeman. I told him about Morris; not much, but enough to make him understand that the boy was one of my probationers who was trying to 'make good'; that he was bringing me good reports from his teachers; and that I hoped the officer would give the boy all the leeway possible. To the boy I explained that the officer represented the Law, as I did, and must be respected accordingly. Morris went away gleefully with his writ."

And the writ "worked." The Judge says that the next time he saw Morris, he asked the boy about it. Morris said he had "served it all right."

"An' say, Judge," he said, "it worked fine. De cop liked to a dropped dead when he read it. He tinks I got a pull wit' de Court, so he wants to be my friend. And I don't know but I'll let him in." The Judge spoke for the cop. He told Morris he must be a friend of the policeman, and the boy reported later that he had "let the cop in." And he had. The Judge learned that they became good friends.

In his comment on this incident, the Judge attributes the difference between Morris and his brother to one thing: "opportunity." "The State," he says, "surrounded the boy who is in the penitentiary with everything to make him do evil; hence the State must support him now in the penitentiary. The State surrounded Morris with every influence to make him do right; hence he is growing up a good citizen who will support the State." There is a great difference there. But I want to point out another "difference," a "method" of the Judge to which he does not refer in anything he ever says about the celebrated injunction case of Morris, the "bad" boy, vs. the new cop on his corner. Recall what the Judge wrote into that injunction. How did he make the policeman obey the writ which the boy served on him? The Judge simply told the policeman about the boy. Having told the boy about the cop, he related enough of the history of the newsboy to get the cop interested in the boy and in the game of correction which he and the boy were playing together. In other words, Ben Lindsey, the man of heart, reached for the heart of the policeman, and since the heart is a vital spot, it is no wonder "de cop liked to a dropped dead."

This, then, is Judge Lindsey's "method." It is an old method. He didn't discover it. A great religion was founded on "faith, hope, and love" once. That was long ago. The only new and interesting thing about Lindsey's experiment is that he finds that this ancient, neglected method "works" — works too, as I said at the outset, with grown-ups as well as with children, with cops as well as with kids. It has won his fight for him. Yes, he fights. The kids' Judge has had to fight, and, as we shall see, he has fought. The fight isn't finished

yet. The "bad" men of Colorado haven't been taught by their State and their courts to see things as the bad boys of Colorado are learning to see them. They also go to the courts for injunctions, and *some of them* get their writs. Ben B. Lindsey is a man with a man's fight for men on his hands, and he is the kind of man that finishes his fights. He will win with good men or — he'll wait and win it with bad boys. For his bad boys will grow up some day, and they know what the State can be to a feller and that "there can be no justice without the love of man for man."

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

## ONE OF THE EIGHTY THOUSAND

BY

JAMES LINCOLN

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



HE dainty face of Dolores peeped over the balcony, but the sky was so heavily clouded and the shadow of the grim Moorish wall so deep that Celestino, singing below to the tinkle of his guitar, could not be sure of her presence.

After a moment's pause he struck into another of the old Andalusian cóplas, which he had known by heart for at least twelve years, two-thirds of his happy-go-lucky life:

*If I had a blossom rare,  
I would twine it in thy hair,  
Though God should stoop and ask for it  
To make His heaven more exquisite.*

"Caramel phrases!" thought the girl above, flirting her fan with a gesture of

impatience. "When has he ever given me anything worth the having? Yet, if Celestino were not as poor as the blessed saints —"

The mellow young tones floated up again:

*Sweetheart, little Sweetheart!  
Love, my Love!  
I can't see thine eyes  
For the lashes above.  
Eyes black as midnight,  
Lashes black as grief!  
O, my heart is thirsty  
As a summer leaf.*

The girl slipped lightly through the window into the room behind, caught up a glass of water from the table, and, returning to her station, mischievously sprinkled the cloaked figure beneath her balcony. The serenader changed his strain to one of reproach:

*Such love for thee, sent forth from me,  
Beats on such iron gate  
That I, used so, no longer know  
Whether I love or hate.*

But a silvery little laugh from the balcony dispelled his grievance, and he lifted a glowing face to the darkness as he sang again, half in mirth and half in passion :

*If I could but be buried  
In the dimple of your chin,  
I would wish, Dear, that dying  
Might at once begin.*

This time the señorita, leaning far out over the rail, warbled a soft response :

*You're always saying you'd die for me.  
I doubt it nevertheless ;  
But prove it true by dying,  
And then I'll answer yes.*



The teasing cópla had an unexpected sting for the young cavalier, who turned sharply, thrust the guitar under his cloak, and started off down the road, pausing a few rods away to fling back a most ungallant farewell :

*I'll not have you, Little Torment,  
I don't want you, Little Witch.  
Let your mother light four candles  
And stand you in a niche.*

Dolores listened with momentary dismay to the sound of the rapidly retreating footsteps. Then she laughed that saucy, tantalizing, bewitching laugh of hers. It did not reach him ; it did not bring him back. But what of that ? There was always to-morrow. And there was always Celestino.

"I dreamt of scissors — a lovers' quarrel — in my siesta," mused the girl, half wishing that she had let fall, by accident, the rose from her black hair. "Yes, I clearly saw in my dream a pair of scissors lying on a tiled floor beside a row of shoes. Ah ! to dream of shoes means long journeys. But when will Celestino ever gather peséas enough for a grand wedding and a bridal trip ? 'A purse without money I call mere leather.' And I am so tired of being poor, and going nowhere, and seeing nothing. We have not been to Seville, much less Madrid, since papa



died. Yet Celestino is as good as God's blessing — and not ugly, either, for a man."

Celestino's reflections, as he strode homeward, were tinged with an unaccustomed bitterness:

"Dolores flouts me even to-night, the night before the drawing of lots. It is because I have no money, and no position, and no prospects, that she uses me so. 'He who has a trade has his fortune made.' But I

have nothing — only my guitar. I am not good at what is useful. But Dolores —! That Barcelona mother of hers spoils her. She talks to her of a house and income — matters it is not modest for a girl to consider before marriage. I have no love for Barcelona ways. All their bustle and hurry and worry — does it make an orange taste the sweeter?"

He had reached his stepfather's house, and, stretching his arm through the ancient bars of the outer door, he twitched a slender chain. A bell rang in the open court, and old Anita's voice called sleepily from above: "Who comes?" He answered: "Peace," and the door swung open.

As Celestino, stepping lightly along the gallery set with niched images of saints, passed his stepfather's room, he was called in. Crouched over a smoldering braséro sat a bald-headed little gentleman who chatted to his stepson for half an hour with an air of indulgent affection. Through it all the youth stood grave and erect, making brief replies. After the formal, elaborate good-nights had been spoken, Don Luis added, in a tone so caressing that it was almost a purr:

"If it should please your saint that you draw a high number to-morrow, Celestino

mío, then I must contrive a little longer, just a little longer, to share my crust of bread and mess of beans with you. Ah! but 'a boy has a wolf in his stomach.' But if the luck of the urn goes against you" — a gleam shot out from the furtive eyes, and the voice suddenly sharpened — "don't look to me for the thousand peséttas to buy you off. María Santísima! A thousand peséttas! If the urn says Cuba, then Cuba it must be. Well! it is pleasant for the young to travel, and Cuba is a good — cemetery."

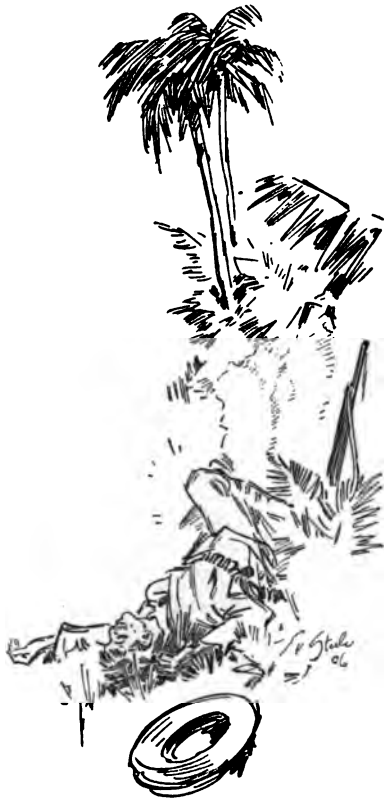
The next morning, fraught with terror and tears to the mothers of Granada, dawned so blue and bright that Celestino sprang from his bed with a laugh and sang *cópla* after *cópla* all the time he was dressing. Old Anita, who brought him his cup of thick Spanish chocolate, lingered in the doorway, watching, with dog-like devotion, the completion of his toilet. He had the sparkling looks and winsome ways of the mother who had died nine years before — the mother for whose sake Don Luis, though growing more miserly every day, had not yet turned his stepson out of doors.

Celestino ran down the stairs and out upon the street as eagerly as if the drawing of lots for the new Cuban campaign, the final sacrifice, though Spain knew it not, in her long and bloody struggle for the



subjugation of her rebellious colony, were a carnival pastime.

A throng of boys, in many cases accompanied by father or mother or the entire family group, stood waiting their summons to the fateful urn. Celestino's name was called early, and he thrust in his arm with so merry a glance at the officer in charge that this stern personage could hardly forbear a smile of congratulation when the lot drawn was held up to his view. It was a lucky number, and Celestino, more pleased than surprised, for he had a happy faith in his good fortune, seldom as that goddess had revealed herself in his neglected life, slipped back to the outskirts of the crowd and stood



watching the line of lads filing away from the urn. Some looked pale and serious, more had an air of bravado, many were striving to console a weeping mother or sister or sweetheart, but all were doomed to the hungry island that had already consumed thousands upon thousands of the sons of Spain. The desperate old tyrant, though at almost suicidal cost,



still clung fiercely to the last of her American possessions — last shred of that wonderful West Indian Empire which had been her crown and pride. There were but few numbers in that urn so high as to exempt the drawer from conscription, and Celestino, while the sounds of lamenting increased about him, began to feel ashamed of his own security. When one of his former schoolmates neared him, supporting a mother so blind with tears that she stumbled against Celestino as she came, the frank heart of the youth was swept by a passion of pity.

"Do not grieve so sorely, señora mía," he said, supporting her on the side nearer him, while he reached across to give his friend a rapid hand-clasp. "Rodolfo and I will speedily get you home. I would that he, like myself, had drawn a lucky number, but he may win great honor in this war — who knows? Do not fear for him, señora. 'There are more bullets than wounds in every battle.' Think, rather, how proud you will be when Rodolfo comes back to you with medals on his coat!"

"Did his brother come back?" sobbed the poor woman. "The fever takes those whom the bullet spares. I bury my boy tomorrow, when I embrace him for the last time — oh, Mary have mercy! — at the train."

Celestino cast a brightening glance up to the circling hilltop walls of the Alhambra.

"If I could find — but I have searched so often — a buried chest of Moorish gold!"

"A thousand pesétas!" moaned the woman. "You may as well dig for compassion in the stony hearts of our rulers as seek so great a treasure-hoard under those old towers."

A thousand pesétas! Two hundred dollars! The price of her child! The mother threw up her hands with a cry of such keen anguish that Celestino's heart melted within him. He had no mother to suffer pangs like these over his departure into peril. His stepfather, though he would count him a fool for what he was about to do, would gladly be rid of him. And Dolores — perhaps she would think of her scorned lover more kindly when he was soldiering across the seas; perhaps her lustrous eyes would mist with tears when a comrade should return to tell of Celestino's glorious death at the head of some victorious charge. Yet was he not the son of good fortune? Rather, he would return, himself, with wealth and fame, a man of consequence, and then that practical-minded mother of Dolores, that mother from Barcelona, would no longer teach the girl to scoff at him.

"Be comforted, señorita," said Celestino. "I go to offer myself a substitute for Rodolfo."

The roseate colors had faded from his sacrifice by evening. His stepfather's sneer had been even more contemptuous than he expected, and not one céntimo had this only relative furnished toward an outfit. Anita brought her all, but Don Luis kept her scanty wages so far in arrears that her all barely sufficed for treating a few of the more downhearted recruits. As for Celestino himself, a careful examination of his pockets turned out nothing more precious than

matches. Yet he had been hearing men say, in park and square, that a good outfit, with a few medicines and cordials and a little ready money, might make all the difference between life and death in that fever-ridden island.

Worst of all, the balcony of Dolores was empty. He had sung her favorite *cóplas* for an hour to the grim, unlighted house-front, and then something rose in his throat and choked his voice. He had hurried away, leaving his guitar, with a passion-flower twisted in the strings, on the threshold. He was right in guessing that the alert mother of Dolores had whisked her out of the city, until the conscripts should be gone and the dangers of farewell averted.

As the lad, lonely and sore-hearted, was standing at the foot of the bronze statue of Columbus, gazing up at the moonlight-silvered peaks of the Sierra Nevada, a touch fell on his arm. The mother of Rodolfo stood beside him, thrusting a purse of silver and copper into his hands.

"I have gathered it among my friends, coin by coin," she said, speaking in a rapid, guilty way. "We are all poor, and the time was short, but see! it is eighty pesétas. You can buy yourself many comforts of travel with eighty pesétas, can you not? And may the Mother of Christ, who

knows what it is to lose a son, forgive me that I have let you do this thing!"

She was gone before Celestino could thank her, but while he was still fingering the bag, with renewed faith in his happy fortune, another mother peeped cautiously from the further side of the statue. She did well to be cautious, for the police might have recognized her, had they so chosen, as the leader of that frenzied rabble of peasant women who had stoned the bronze Columbus that



very afternoon, the poor creatures vaguely holding the discoverer of the Americas responsible for the loss of their sons. She lifted to Celestino such a look as she might have lifted to the altar.

"The people say you have saved that woman's son. Save mine! save mine!"

Celestino's reply, soothingly though it was spoken, came with a laugh:

"I am but one man, señora. I cannot substitute for two."

But she entreated him only the more passionately, as she would have entreated an image slow to bless, until suddenly Celestino, his young face radiant in the moonlight, dropped the bag of coin into her clasping hands.

"It is all I have to give, señora," he said. "I have given myself already. It is not enough, this money, for the government, but if you seek through the neediest quarters of the city, you may find some father, whose children cry for bread, willing to go as substitute for your son."

The woman clutched the sixteen dollars with a cry and sped away. Before dawn she had bought her substitute.

The orphan Celestino was blest and wept over by two mothers when he took the train next morning, and hardly was he gone before all Granada rang with his generous deed. Dolores heard it, and determination glowed in her dusky eyes:

"When Celestino comes back," she said, "I shall be his wife."

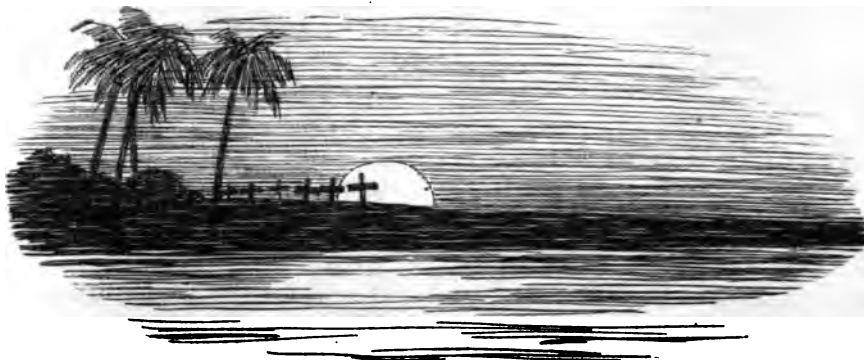
Whereupon that efficient woman, her Barcelona mother, foreseeing that in such event the young people must have something to live upon, prudently married Don Luis, to the immediate betterment of his temper and his housekeeping.

But as yet Celestino has not come back. When all Granada flocked to the station to welcome her repatriados home — a few cars



only of gaunt and pallid men, ragged, fever-wasted, battle-broken, all their boyhood gone — Celestino was not there. His country counts him as one of the eighty thousand dead in Cuba.

But Dolores, leaning out from her balcony, still looks and listens for her blithe-voiced serenader. The sweet Andalusian air is about her, the purple skies overhead, and her years are passing not unhappily in a dream of love. She sees her Celestino ever young and ever merry. Even if in truth he sleeps under what has become to Spain a foreign soil, she is sure that the earth lies lightly on so light and true a heart.





# Robin Goodfellow -- His Friends

by  
Rudyard Kipling

Illustrated by Andre Castaigne

## VI

### The Treasure and The Law



OW it was the third week in November, and the woods rang with the noise of pheasant-shooting. No one hunted that steep, cramped country except the village beagles, who, as often as not, escaped from their kennels and made a day of their own. Dan and Una found a couple of them towling round the garden after the laundry-cat. They were only too pleased to go rabbiting, so the children ran them all along the brook pastures and into Little Lindens farm-yard, where the old sow vanquished them — and up to the quarry-hole, where they started a fox. He headed for Far Wood, and there they simply exploded all the pheasants, who were sheltering from a big drive across the valley. Then the cruel guns began again, and they grabbed the beagles lest they should stray and get hurt.

"I wouldn't be a pheasant — in November — for a lot," Dan panted, as he caught *Folly* by the neck. "Why did you laugh that horrid way?"

"I didn't," said Una, sitting on *Flora*, the fat lady-dog. "Oh, look! The birds are going back to their own woods instead of ours where they would be safe."

"Safe till it pleased you to kill them!" A man so tall he was almost a giant stepped

from behind the clump of hollies by Volaterae. The children jumped, but the dogs dropped like setters. He wore a sweeping gown of dark thick stuff, lined and edged with yellowish fur, and he bowed a bent-down bow that made them feel both proud and asnamed. Then he looked at them steadily, and they stared back.

"You have no fear?" he said, running his hands through his splendid grey beard. "No fear that those men yonder" — he jerked his head towards the incessant pop-pop of the guns from the lower woods — "will do you hurt?"

"We-ell" — Dan liked to be accurate — "old Hobd — a friend of mine told me that one of the beaters got peppered last week — hit in the leg, I mean. You see, Mr. Meyer will fire at rabbits. But he gave Waxy Garnett a quid — sovereign, I mean — and Waxy told Hobden he'd have stood both barrels for the money."

"He doesn't understand," Una cried, watching the pale, troubled face. "Oh, I wish —"

She had scarcely said it when Puck rustled out of the hollies and talked to the man quickly in foreign words. Puck wore a long cloak too — the afternoon was just frosting down — and it changed his appearance altogether.

"Nay, nay!" he said at last. "You did not understand the boy. A freeman was a

little hurt, by pure mischance, at the hunting."

"I know that mischance! What did his Lord do? Laugh and ride over him?" the old man sneered.

"A man of your own people did the hurt, Kadmiel." Puck's eyes twinkled maliciously. "So he gave the freeman one piece of gold, and no more was said."

"A Jew drew blood from a Christian, and no more was said?" Kadmiel cried. "Never! When did they torture him?"

"No man may be bound, nor fined, nor slain till he has been judged by his peers," Puck insisted. "There is only one Law in Old England for Jew or Christian — the Law that was signed at Runnymede."

"Why, that's Magna Charta!" Dan whispered. It was one of the few history dates that he could remember. Kadmiel turned on him with a whirr and a sweep of his spicy-scented gown.

"Dost *thou* know of that, babe?" he cried, and lifted his hands in wonder.

"Yes," said Dan, firmly.

*Magna Charta was signed by John,  
That Henry the Third put his seal upon.*

"And old Hobden says that if it hadn't been for *her* (he calls everything 'her,' you know), the keepers would have had him clapped up in Lewes Gaol all the year round."

Again Puck spoke to Kadmiel in the strange, solemn-sounding language, and at last Kadmiel laughed.

"Out of the mouths of babes do we learn," said he. "But tell me now, and I will not call you a babe but a Rabbi, *why* did the King sign the roll of the New Law at Runnymede? For he was a King."

Dan looked sideways at his sister.

"Because he jolly well had to," said Una, softly. "The Barons made him."

"Nay," Kadmiel answered. "You Christians always forget that gold does more than the sword. Our good King signed because he could not borrow more money from us bad Jews." He curved his shoulders as he spoke. "A King without gold is a snake with a broken back, and" — his nose went up and his eyebrows came down — "it is a good deed to break a snake's back. That was my work," he cried, triumphantly, to Puck. "Spirit of Earth, bear witness that that was *my* work!" He shot up to his full towering height, and his words rang like a trumpet. He had a voice that changed its

tone almost as an opal changes colour — sometimes deep and thundery, sometimes thin and whiny, but always a voice that made you listen.

"Many people can bear witness to that," Puck answered. "Tell these babes how it was done. Remember, Master, they do not know fear."

"So I saw in their faces when we met," said Kadmiel. "Yet surely, surely, they are taught to spit upon Jews?"

"Are they?" said Dan, much interested. "Where?"

Puck fell back a pace, laughing. "Kadmiel is thinking of King John's reign," he explained. "His people were badly treated then."

"Oh, we know *that*," they answered, and (it was very rude of them, but they could not help it) they stared straight at Kadmiel's mouth to see if his teeth were all there. It stuck in their lesson-memory that King John used to pull out Jews' teeth to make them lend him money.

Kadmiel understood the look and smiled bitterly.

"No. The King never drew my teeth. I think perhaps I drew his. Listen! I was not born among Christians, but among Moors — in Spain — in a little white town under the mountains. Yes, the Moors are cruel, but at least their learned men dare to think. It was prophesied of me at my birth that I should be a Lawgiver to a People of a strange speech and a hard language. We Jews are always looking for the Prince and the Lawgiver to come. Why not? My people in the town (we were very few) set me apart as a child of the prophecy, the Chosen of the Chosen. We Jews dream so many dreams. You would never guess it to see us slink about the rubbish-heaps in our quarter, but at the day's end — doors shut, candles lit — *aha!* *then* we become the Chosen again."

He paced back and forth through the wood. The rattle of the shot-guns never ceased, and the dogs whimpered a little and lay flat on the leaves.

"I was a Prince. Yes! Think of a little Prince who had never known rough words in his own house handed over to shouting, bearded Rabbis, who pulled his ears and flipped his nose, all that he might learn — learn — learn to be King when his time came. *Hé!* Such a little Prince it was! One eye he kept on the stone-throwing Moorish boys, and the other it roved about the streets

looking for his Kingdom. Yes, and he learned to cry softly when he was hunted up and down those streets. He learned to do all things without noise. He played beneath his father's table when the Great Candle was lit, and he listened, as children listen, to the talk of his father's friends above the table. They came across the mountains, from out of all the world, for my Prince's father was their counselor. They came from behind the armies of Sala-ud-Din: from Rome: from Venice: from England. They stole down our alley, they tapped secretly at our door, they took off their rags, they comforted themselves, and they talked to my father at the wine. All over the world the heathen fought each other. They brought news of these wars, and while he played beneath the table, my Prince heard these meanly-dressed ones decide between themselves how, and when, and for how long King should draw sword against King, and People rise up against People. Why not? The Jews know how the gold moves with the seasons, and the crops, and the winds; circling and looping and rising and sinking away like a river — a wonderful underground river. How should the Kings know that while they fight and steal and kill?"

The children's faces showed that they knew nothing at all as, with open eyes, they trotted and turned beside the long-striding old man. He twitched his gown over his shoulders, and a square plate of gold, studded with jewels, gleamed for a second through the fur, like a star through flying snow.

"No matter," he said. "But credit me, my Prince saw peace or war decided not once, but many times, by the fall of a coin spun between a Jew from Bury and a Jewess from Alexandria, in his father's house, when the Great Candle was lit. Such power had we Jews among the Gentiles. Ah, my little Prince! Do you wonder that he learned quickly? Why not?"

He muttered to himself awhile and went on: —

"My trade was that of a physician. When I had learned it in Spain I went to the East to find my Kingdom. Why not? A Jew is as free as a sparrow or a dog. He goes where he is hunted. In the East I found libraries where men dared to think — schools of medicine where they dared to learn. I was diligent in my business. Therefore I stood before Kings. I have been a brother to Princes and a companion to beggars; and I

have walked between the living and the dead. There was no profit in it. I did not find my Kingdom. So in the tenth year of my travels, when I had reached the uttermost Eastern sea, I returned to my father's house. God had wonderfully preserved my people. None had been slain, none even wounded, and only a few scourged. I became once more a son in my father's house. Again the Great Candle was lit; again the meanly-apparelled ones tapped on our door after dusk, and again I heard them weigh out peace and war, as they weighed out the gold on the table. But I was not rich — not very rich. Therefore, when those that had power and knowledge and wealth talked together, I sat in the shadow. Why not?

"Yet all my wanderings had shown me one sure thing, which is, that a King without money is like a spear without a head. He cannot do much harm. I said, therefore, to Elias of Bury: 'Why do our people lend any more gold to the Kings that oppress us?' 'Because,' said Elias, 'if we refuse, the Kings stir up their people against us, and the People are tenfold more cruel than Kings. If thou doubtest, come with me to Bury, in England, and live as I live.'

"I saw my mother's face across the candle flame, and I said, 'I will come with thee to Bury. Maybe my Kingdom shall be there.'

"So I sailed with Elias to the darkness and the cruelty of Bury in England, where there are no learned men. How can a man be wise if he hate? At Bury I kept his accounts for Elias, and I saw men kill Jews there. No — none laid hands on Elias. He lent money to the King, and the King's favour was about him. A King will not take the life so long as there is gold. This King — yes, John — oppressed his people bitterly because they would not give him money. Yet his land was a good land; and if he had only given it rest he might have cropped it as a Christian crops his beard. Even *that* little he did not know, for God had deprived him of all understanding, and had multiplied pestilence, and famine, and despair upon the people. Therefore the people turned against us Jews, who are all people's dogs. Why not? Lastly the Barons and the people rose together against the King because of his cruelties. Nay — nay — the Barons did not love the people, but they saw that if the King eat up and destroyed the common people, he would presently destroy the Barons. They joined then, as cats and rats will join to slay

a snake. I kept the accounts, and I watched all these things, for I remembered the Prophecy.

"A great gathering of Barons (to most of whom we had lent money) came to Bury, and there, after much talk and a thousand runnings-about, they made a roll of the New Laws that they would force on the King. If he swore to keep those Laws, they would allow him a little money. That was the King's God: money — to waste. They showed us the roll of the New Laws. Why not? We had lent them money. We knew all their counsels — we Jews shivering behind our doors in Bury." He threw out his hands suddenly. "We did not seek to be paid *all* in money. We sought Power — Power — Power, for that is *our* God in our captivity. Power to use!

"I said to Elias: 'These New Laws are good. Lend no more money to the King: so long as he has money he will lie and slay the people.'

"'Nay,' said Elias. 'I know his people. They are madly cruel. Better one King than a thousand butchers. I have lent a little money to the Barons, or they would torture us, but my most I will lend to the King. He hath promised me a place near him at Court, where my wife and I shall be safe.'

"'But if the King be made to keep these New Laws,' I said, 'the land will have peace, and the trade will grow. If we lend he will fight again.'

"'Who made thee a Lawgiver in England?' said Elias. 'I know these people. Let the dogs tear one another! I will lend the King ten thousand pieces of gold, and he can fight the Barons at his pleasure.'

"'There are not two thousand pieces of gold in all England this summer,' I said, for I kept the accounts, and I knew how the gold moves — that wonderful underground river. Elias barred home the windows, and, his hands about his mouth, he told me how, when he was trading with small wares in a French ship, he had come to the Castle of Pevensey."

"Oh!" said Dan. "Pevensey again!" and looked at Una.

"There, after they had scattered his pack up and down the Great Hall, some young knights carried him to an upper room, and dropped him into a well in a wall, that rose and fell with the tide. They called him Joseph, and threw torches at his wet head. Why not? When the tide dropped he

thought he stood on old armour; but, feeling with his toes, he raked up bar on bar of soft gold. Some wicked treasure of the old days put away, and the secret cut off by the sword. I have heard the like before. He took a little with him, and thrice yearly he would return to Pevensey as a chapman, selling at no price or profit, till they suffered him to sleep in the empty room, where he would plumb and grope, and take away a few bars. The great store of it still remained, and by long brooding he had come to look on it as his own. Yet when we thought how we should lift and convey it, we saw no way. This was before the Word of the Lord had come to me. A walled fortress possessed by Normans; in the midst a forty-foot tide-well out of which to remove secretly many horse-loads of gold! Hopeless! So Elias wept. Adah, his wife, wept too. She had hoped to stand beside the Queen's tiring maids at Court, when the King should give them that place at Court which he had promised. Why not? She was born in England.

"The present evil to us was that Elias, out of his strong folly, had, as it were, promised the King that he would arm him with more gold. Wherefore the King in his camp stopped his ears against the Barons and the people. Wherefore men died daily. Adah so desired her place at Court, she besought Elias to tell the King where the treasure lay, that the King might take it by force, and they would trust in his gratitude. Why not? This Elias refused to do, for he looked on the gold as his own. They quarrelled, and they wept at the evening meal; and late in the night came one Langton — a priest, almost learned — to borrow more money for the Barons. Elias and Adah went to their chamber."

Kadmiel rumbled scornfully in his chest. The shots across the valley stopped as the shooting party changed their ground for the last beat.

"So it was I, not Elias," he went on, quietly, "that made terms with Langton touching the fortieth of the New Laws."

"What terms?" said Puck, quickly. "The Fortieth of the Great Charter says: 'To none will we sell, refuse, or deny right or justice.'"

"True, but the Barons had written first: *To no free man*. It cost me two hundred great pieces of gold to change those little words. Langton, the priest, understood. 'Jew though thou art,' said he, 'the change

is just, and if ever Christian and Jew come to be equal in England thy people may thank thee.' Then he went out stealthily, as men do who deal with Israel by night. I think he spent my gift upon his altar. Why not? I have spoken to Langton. He was such a man as I might have been if — if we Jews had been a people. But yet, in many things, a child.

"I heard Elias and Adah abovestairs quarrel, and, knowing the woman was the stronger, I saw that Elias would tell the King of the gold and that the King would continue in his stubbornness. Therefore I saw that the gold must be hid from the reach of man. Of a sudden, the Word of the Lord came to me saying, 'The Morning is come, O thou that dwellest in the land.'"

Kadmiel halted, all black against the pale green sky beyond the wood — a huge figure, like a Moses in a picture-Bible.

"I rose. I went out, and as I shut the door on that House of Foolishness, the woman looked from the window and whispered, 'I have prevailed on my husband to tell the King!' I answered, 'There is no need. The Lord is with me.'

"In that hour the Lord gave me full understanding of all that I must do, and His Hand covered me in my ways. First I went to London, to a physician of our people, who sold me certain drugs that I needed. You shall see why. Thence I went swiftly to Pevensey. Men fought all around me, for there were neither rulers nor judges in all the abominable land. Yet when I walked by them they cried out that I was one Ahasuerus, a Jew, condemned, as they believe, to live for ever, and they fled from me everyways. Thus the Lord saved me for my work; and at Pevensey I bought me a little boat and moored it on the mud beneath the Marsh-gate of the Castle. That also God showed me."

He was as calm as though he were speaking of some stranger, and his voice filled the little bare wood with rolling music.

"I cast" — his hand went to his breast, and again the strange jewel gleamed — "I cast the drugs which I had prepared into the common-well of the Castle. Nay, I did no harm. The more we physicians know, the less do we do. Only the fool says: 'I dare.' I caused a blotched rash to break out upon their skins, with grievous itchings; but I knew it would fade in fifteen days. I did not stretch out my hand against their life.

They in the Castle thought it was the plague, and they ran out, taking with them their very dogs.

"A Christian physician, seeing that I was a Jew and a stranger, vowed that I had brought the sickness from London. This is the one time I have ever heard a Christian leech speak truth of any disease. Thereupon the people beat me; but a merciful woman said: 'Do not kill him now. Push him into our Castle with his plague, and if, as he says, it will abate on the fifteenth day, we can kill him then.' Why not? They drove me across the drawbridge of the Castle, and fled back to their booths. Thus I came to the treasure."

"But did you know this was all going to happen just right?" said Una.

"The Prophecy was that I should be a Lawgiver to a People of a strange land and a hard speech. I knew I should not die. I washed my cuts. I found the tide-well in the wall, as Elias had said, and from Sabbath to Sabbath I dove and dug there in that empty, Christian-smelling fortress. Hé! I spoiled the Egyptians! Hé! If they had only known! I drew up three horse-loads of gold, which I loaded by night into my boat. There had been gold-dust, too, but that was washed out by many tides."

"Didn't you ever wonder who had put it there?" said Dan, stealing a glance at Puck's calm, dark face under the hood of his gown.

"Often; for the gold was new to me. I know the Golds. I can judge them in the dark; but this was heavier and redder than any we deal in. Perhaps it was the very gold of Parvaim. Why not? It went to my heart to heave it on to the mud; but I saw well that if the evil thing remained, or if even the hope of finding it remained, the King would not sign the New Laws, and the land would perish."

"Oh, marvel!" said Puck, beneath his breath, rustling in the dead leaves.

"When the boat was loaded I washed my hands seven times, and pared beneath my nails for I would not keep one grain. I went out by the little gate where the Castle's refuse is thrown. I dared not hoist sail lest they should see me; but the Lord commanded the tide to bear me carefully; and I was far from land before the morning."

"Weren't you afraid?" said Una.

"Why? There were no Christians in the boat. At sunrise I made my prayer, and cast out the gold — all — all that gold! A



“‘I WILL COME WITH THEE TO BURY, MAYBE MY KINGDOM  
SHALL BE THERE’”

King's ransom — no, the ransom of a People! When I had loosed my hold of the last bar, the Lord commanded the tide to return me to a haven at the mouth of a river, and thence I walked across a wilderness to Lewes, where I have brethren. They opened the door to me, and they say — I had not eaten for two days — they say that I fell across the threshold, crying, 'I have sunk an army with horsemen in the sea!'"

"But you hadn't," said Una. "Oh, yes! I see! You meant King John might have spent it on that."

"Even so," said Kadmiel.

The firing broke out again close behind them. The pheasants poured over the top of a belt of tall firs. They could see young Mr. Meyer, in his new yellow gaiters, very busy and excited at the end of a line, and they could hear the thud of the falling birds.

"But what did Elias of Bury do?" Puck demanded. "He had promised gold to the King."

Kadmiel smiled grimly. "I sent him word from London that the Lord was on my side. When he heard that the plague had broken out in Pevensey, and that a Jew had been thrust into the Castle to cure it, he understood my word was true. He and Adah hurried to Lewes and asked me for an accounting. He still looked on the gold as his own. I told them where I had laid it, and I gave them full leave to pick it up . . . Ah, well! The curses of a fool and the dust of a journey are two things no wise man can escape. But I pitied Elias! The King was wroth at him because he could not lend; the Barons were wroth at him because they heard that he would have lent to the King; and Adah was wroth at him because she was an odious woman. They took ship from Lewes to Spain. That was wise!"

"And you? Did you see the signing of the Law at Runnymede?" said Puck, as Kadmiel laughed behind his beard.

"Nay. Who am I to meddle with things too high for me? I returned to Bury, and lent money on the autumn crops. Why not?"

There was a crackle overhead. A cock-pheasant that had sheered aside after being hit spattered down almost on top of them, driving up the dry leaves like a shell. *Flora* and *Folly* threw themselves at it; the children rushed forward, and when they had beaten them off and smoothed down the plumage, Kadmiel had disappeared.

"Well," said Puck, calmly, "**what did you think of it? Weland gave the Sword. The Sword gave the Treasure, and the Treasure gave the Law. Natural as an oak growing.**"

"I don't understand. Did he know it was Sir Richard's old treasure?" said Dan. "And why did Sir Richard and Brother Hugh leave it lying about? And — and —"

"Never mind," said Una, politely. "He'll let us come and go, and look, and know another time. Won't you, Puck?"

"Next year, maybe," Puck answered. "Brr! It's cold — and late. I'll race you towards home!"

They hurried down into the sheltered valley. The sun had almost sunk behind Cherry Clack, the trodden ground by the cattle-gates was freezing at the edges, and the new-waked north wind blew the night on them from over the hills. They picked up their feet and flew across the browned pastures, and when they halted, panting in the steam of their own breath, the whirling dead leaves came up behind them. Puck had stopped by the Mill. There was Oak and Ash and Thorn enough in that shower to magic away a thousand memories.

So they trotted to the brook at the end of the lawns, and wondered why *Flora* and *Folly* had not caught the quarry-hole fox.

Old Hobden was just finishing some hedge-work. They saw his white smock glimmer in the twilight where he faggoted the rubbish.

"Winter, he's come, I rackon, Mus' Dan," he called. "Hard times now till Heffle Cuckoo Fair. Yes, we'll all be glad to see the Old Woman let the cuckoo out o' the basket for to start lawful spring in England."

A voice the other side of the brook boomed:—

*Oh, it's then, my dears, we'll meet again,  
At Heffle Cuckoo Fair.*

They heard a crash, and a stamp and a splash of water as though a heavy old cow were crossing almost under their noses.

Hobden ran forward angrily to the ford.

"Gleason's bull again, playin' Robin all over the Farm! Oh, look, Mus' Dan — his great foot-mark as big as a trencher. No bounds to his impudence! I'll go an' hide un a piece with a bat!"

Then the children went in singing "**Cuckoo-Fair**" at the tops of their voices without even having said good-by to Puck.



"THRICE YEARLY HE WOULD RETURN TO PEVENSEY AS A CHAPMAN,  
SELLING AT NO PRICE OR PROFIT"

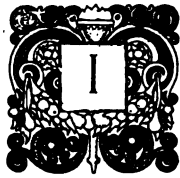
# THE CONFLUENCE

BY

JAMES HOPPER

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL," "THE FAILURE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY



It was a mistake from the first. The post was not at all for a woman, but Miss Terrill was unaware of that. She had just come to Bacolot, via San Francisco, Manila, and Iloilo, by means, successively, of a big, white army-transport full of other ingenuous pedagogues; a wheezy but impudent little Spanish steamer, which aggressively shoved its nose under every ripple of the inter-island seas; a languid-sailed lorch, loaded with pigs, dogs, and brownies; and finally a dizzy banca which, perched upon the tip-foam of a curling comber, outriggers spread out like wings, landed her high upon a golden beach — fresh, dainty, and composed, like a colored album picture. So, when out of the hat in which the Division Superintendent was thoughtfully shuffling little slips of paper representing the towns of his yet unexplored province, she drew the name of Barang, she took it as much of a lark. Immediately she ran to a map, found the little black dot down in the Southern part of Negros, and pronounced it "cute." She seemed prone it must be said, to take things that way. She was a very young girl, so young that the officers of the Post raised their eyebrows and muttered under their breaths when they learned where she was going. A certain second lieutenant, Saunders by name, and very fresh from West Point, went so far in fact, as to offer to arrange it so that she should stay in Bacolot, at least as long as he were there and afterwards — any place where he might be. But she laughed sweetly at this proffer, and put it from her promptly and decisively, though her blue eyes, at the young fellow's sudden show of despair, shone a moment with tenderness — maternal, he

called it afterward — that somehow left him without bitterness and full of reverence.

Here it must be explained for future understanding that Rumor, a most vigorous dame in the Philippines, forthwith pounced upon this little incident and made off with it north and south. North, the development of the tale was rapid indeed; by the time it reached Escalante it dealt with the marriage of Miss Terrill to the fat old colonel of the Post. South, progress was more modest; at Himamaylan and Cantalacan, towns nearest to Barang, it gave merely the news of the formal engagement of Miss Terrill to Lieutenant Saunders. Which freak of Dame Rumor was precious indeed in that it led to the complications that make this story.

The affair of her assignment continued to be much of a lark during the two weeks spent in Bacolot awaiting transportation. It was still a lark when the launch came, and her trunk, in the loading, fell into the surf, and the hombres in charge of it kept dry by the simple expedient of standing upon it. And the long, hard trip in the launch, laden to the gunwales with supplies for a military post still further than her own town, was also a lark, although at sunset the sky drew down in a black vault beneath which the little craft seemed very small and very lone, and a wind arose which sent her plunging beneath tons of swirling water, and later, when the sea had calmed, the Tagal pilot lost himself in the blinding downpour of rain and ran her gently into a perpendicular wall from which they backed with a poignant feeling that it was only the superstructure backing thus away that the bottom was still on the rock — a feeling which proved without basis, but which kept them tense the night long, speaking in whispers and treading the deck atiptoe. The world was still joyous when



"THEN, FAR DOWN THE ROAD, CONSOLING, FAMILIAR, SHE HEARD  
THE SOFT PITAPAT OF HOOFS"

they crashed through a fish-coral, and her chair, caught by one of the poles, whisked her instantaneously from bow to stern. But when they anchored beyond the edge of a long reef, and the sun rose glaringly upon the shore, it must be admitted that her heroic little heart sank a degree. On the other side of the reef the waters ended in rippling purple shallows; and then there emerged a low bank of mud — a livid-yellow mud, flaccid and spongy, corroded with trickly streams that ran ink. At the upper end of this bank, flanked by four leafless, leprous palms, there rose a long building askew upon its rotting piles with torn tin roof and shutters fallen outward. In front, very white against the gray façade, the blue sky, the yellow mud, a pole sprang up with a faded American flag wrapped dejectedly about its top. Embracing the bank the two curved arms of a river came down in slow gurgitation of liquid ooze between screens of black-green vegetation.

"This is Himamaylan, little mother," said the young lieutenant (he had fallen rather easily into the relation imposed by her). "This is Himamaylan. Wish it were your station; you've twelve more miles overland."

Now, this thoughtful preference for Himamaylan (seeing what Himamaylan was) hardly promised for her own station. But she resolutely gulped down a certain tightening of the throat. "How jolly!" she said.

Saunders looked at her rather long. "What a darling you are!" he murmured. And the tone was hardly filial.

Which caused her to hurry her preparations for landing. A native, standing to his knees in the mud after a good deal of vocalizing from the lieutenant, listlessly strolled to a decrepit banca bottom up in the shallows, flopped it over, baled it out with a coconut shell, tied up the shaky outriggers with bejuca, and paddled leisurely, with an air of supreme indifference, to the counter of the launch. "I'll go ahead and reconnoiter," said the lieutenant springing into it; "it's only six, and Parker" (the American teacher of the station) "is probably not up yet." Miss Terrill saw him paddled to shore, saw him land and go up the rude causeway. At each step the stone under him sank as in a jelly, and his foot whisked out in a spatter of mud; at each step her heart followed the stone in its sinking movement. He disappeared into the great ruined building. She

waited it seemed a long time. The padron of the launch began a muttered discourse upon the sin of delay with an ebbing tide. The sun rose higher, poured its accusing glare upon the squalor of the scene. The hombre in the banca pulled his wide-brimmed straw hat over his eyes, curled in the bow, and went to sleep. The mud began to crawl with little black crabs. "Cheer up!" she said to herself in a crisp intonation, like the note of a bird.

The lieutenant reappeared at the head of a dozen villainous duplicates of the man in the banca. He paddled up. "All right," he said. "I have cargadores. Parker will arrange things to get you to your town. We'll land your stuff first; by that time he'll be presentable."

One by one her boxes were thrown into the banca, paddled ashore, and carried to the door of the big building, the convento of the friars before the revolution had driven them out. Then, very ceremoniously, while the padron warned about further delay, Saunders handed her into the little canoe, like a princess into her gondola, but again, on shore, and helped her over the first and worst part of the causeway.

"I must go now," he said. "Parker is waiting for you at the door, and that launch is beginning to thump bottom. And please, once more, won't you come back to Bacolot?"

She lifted her clear eyes to him and shook her head gently. "But you are a dear, good boy," she said.

To the subtle maternal tone of this, there was no replying. He bowed low over her hand and turned back. She started up right away. A great loneliness exhaled itself from the land. She did not look behind, but toiled stolidly toward the building.

Tied to one of the veranda posts, a native pony, short-necked, compact, muscular, was pawing the ground. She stopped and looked at it, gaining from it the first comfort received of things since her arrival. It was carefully groomed. The bay flanks shone like silk; the mane, parted, fell fluffily on each side of the curved neck, the forelock dangling roguishly between the eyes. Beneath the polished saddle a red blanket added a touch of color, almost of coquetry. The little animal stood there like a protest against the ambient discouragement.

But a white-garbed man was at the door. "Good-morning Mr. Parker," she said gaily. "What a nice horse you have there!"

"Good-morning, Miss Terrill," he answered, a gleam of approval in his pale, tired eyes. "But that's not my horse. Mine — well, it's like everything else about here" — and in a heavy gesture he passed his hand over the surrounding mustiness.

She met the owner up-stairs.

He was a young man with slender waist and broad shoulders. Leather-gaitered, buttoned to the chin in khaki, a big Colt's hanging to his loose belt, he gave Miss Terrill an impression of elastic efficiency very pleasing. But still more pleasing, she thought very secretly, were his eyes, golden-brown, soft, and rather grave. He was horribly reticent, though. He let Parker do the talking; leaning against the window-sill, he contented himself with short remarks dropped at long intervals like the sudden toning of a deep bell, and also with a consideration of her, serious and thorough like the pondering of a problem. It was something entirely different from that to which she was accustomed. She was not vain; but still, she had often seen herself, mirrored, as it were, in the eyes of men, and she knew that in her short khaki skirt, her long, tawny leggings, her wide-collared blouse, her soft felt hat beneath which her hair fluffed, light and golden as sun-kissed vapor, she was — well, picturesque at least. But here was a judgment that reserved itself, an admiration very much under check. His very position, as he stood there, his glances downward upon her, gave him a subtle strategic superiority. It was rather irritating; and when he bowed and excused himself out of the room, her return salute was stiff with a stiffness foreign to her sweet nature. But immediately she found herself listening intently, oblivious of Mr. Parker, listening to the steps springing down the stairs, stamping upon the flagging of the court, stopping beneath the veranda. There was a short silence, then a sudden clatter of hoofs. Unconsciously she was up and at the window — and he was gliding rapidly along the palm-lined road leading away from the sea, erect in the saddle, his waist giving flexibly to the pace of the pony.

"Oh," she ejaculated, "is he going away?"

"Yes," said Mr. Parker. "Back to his station at Cantalacan. It's ten miles beyond yours. He'll arrange things for you at Barang."

Then, strangely enough, the desolation of the surrounding landscape brusquely whelmed her again. She felt very much alone with

this Mr. Parker, with his stoop of the shoulders, his weary eye, his attitude of profound lassitude.

"I must start off for my station," she said decidedly.

## II

Miss Terrill leaned at the window of her new home, looking out into the dark of the plaza. She had put out the lamp, the room behind her was also dark, and between these two obscurities she felt rather lone. At intervals alarmingly frequent her rallying cry, "cheer up," chirped in the heated silence; but difficult it was for the spirit to obey the command of the lips. She had gone through a great deal of late — not so much in actual hardship; she could bear that buoyantly; but little by little the oppression of the land had heaped upon her, and she felt a very little girl indeed. Something akin to self-compassion filled her being as she dwelt over the events of the past days: — the sudden and thorough inefficiency of Mr. Parker when it came to arranging for her departure; the long, enervating wait for mythical carts, for carabaos that did not come; then, after she had taken hold of things, and the evasive Presidente, suddenly alacritous at the stamp of her foot, like a magician produced animals and vehicles by the dozen, the long ride to her station — the bumping and creaking of the ox-cart; the mud, the fearful bottomless mud; the miring in the rice lands, beneath the leaden sun in the pestilential swamp; the miles paced slowly as the crawl of an hour-hand while time slid by and the day died in gloomy splendor. And then, the entry into the pueblo at midnight, amid the howl of dogs, the croak of frogs, the shrill concert of katyids; the dinner at the Presidente's, with this people of alien race, of dark skins, of incomprehensible tongue; the appalling lack of comfort, of cleanliness — and then the night: she would never forget it, that first night in Barang. Her cot had been placed in a big, bare room. Through the torn roof she could see a lone star. There was rice stored in the corner of the room, and giant rats thundered over the loose planking, squealed and fought, while outside in the scum of the ditches the beasts of humidity shrilled in rasping clamor. Then the arising in the morning, weary to death, shrinking in fear at the thought of the first survey, in the inexorable sunlight, of the place which was to be her abode for twelve long months at



...THE SILENCE! HE WOULD SAY, 'THE SILENCE!'

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least and that first look — the wide, grass-disheveled plaza, with the carabaos wallowing in the mud-holes, the ponies dying of surra at their pickets, the leprous-walled, crumbling church across, the thousand leaning, rotting nipa shacks, the musty mountains steaming in the east.

Afterwards she had had a pleasant surprise. A house had been engaged for her, the Presidente announced, by Don Francisco. She went right away to view it. It stood facing the plaza, pointed-roofed, post-elevated, between shimmering banana-palms, a new nipa hut, clean and strong. The ground beneath was white with powdered lime, a reassuring carbolic odor hovered about, and she was pleased by the chance for picturesque decoration offered by the rich, nut-brown nipa of the interior. But while she stood in the center of the sala, planning, a muchacho in immaculate camisa stood before her. "Don Francisco has sent me to you; I am to be your servant," he said in the precise English of one carefully instructed. He proved a treasure, that boy. Then pieces of furniture began to arrive, one by one. She did not understand at first, but the owners, salaaming behind their sweating cargadores, explained that they were to be hers during her stay. She offered money; they refused. Don Francisco had asked them to do this; they were always glad to obey Don Francisco.

This was the third time in as many minutes that she had heard that name. When she was alone with Vincente, the new muchacho, she asked: "Who is your master?"

"You are to be my master," he answered in the tone of one who knows well his lesson.

"But who was your master? Who sent you?"

"Don Francisco," he said.

"But who is Don Francisco?"

"Don Francisco, the Maestro," he answered, evidently astonished at her obtuse ignorance.

But she divined now, and her cheeks flushed. It was the Maestro of Cantalacan. Parker had introduced him as Mr. Tillman. "Don Francisco" was much better, she reflected.

She had set briskly to work in her installation. She accepted a few pieces of the proffered furniture — quaint, old, hand-carved things of incredibly heavy woods; she performed wonders with boxes and

chintz; Isio mats enlivened the meerschau of walls and ceiling; the few pictures and flags left from her college days were hung; red narra boards tied with golden abaca along the walls made a place for her books; a big square, severe table, with her blotters, pads, inkstands, pens, and pencils upon it took an aspect inviting of studious hours. But when she rested and looked about her for the subtle feeling of coziness and warmth which usually follows such toil, as it must to the birds having built their nest, she found with consternation that it was not there — the feeling of intimacy, of home, was not there. She changed the petates, she moved the pictures, she hung orchids at the windows, arranged a panoply of native hats and spears over the door, fringed the grass-cloth portières. But it was useless. The feeling would not come. And she realized that it would never come; that all these efforts were puerilities before the great crushing assertion of the land — the grass-disheveled plaza, the ruined church, glistening in the white sun, the palms, the steaming mountain, the brown populations; that before this tranquil, brooding, all-powerful Presence, all her little defenses of art and adornment shriveled, dried into dust as cardboard toys in a furnace. It was like hiding behind leaves from God.

She turned to her work with enfevered zeal. She found a tumble-down nipa shed where some twenty half-naked, half-starved, miserable little beings, herded every morning by the municipal police, squatted beneath the stick of a slovenly, dull-eyed man, with a gibberish of English — the native teacher appointed temporarily by the military government. The school supplies had not come yet; there were no charts, no books, no slates, no paper, no pencils. The children sat on the damp earth, crushed and apathetic.

"Well, I can at least love them," she said to herself.

It was easy for her to love children. She loved everything that was small — babies, kittens, puppies, birds, and flowers (the latter she called "baby-flowers" when they were satisfyingly little). She taught the children trifles that did not amount to much; but beneath the tenderness of her presence these starved plants began to put forth blossoms. The dark eyes opened in wonder, softened in reverence. One day one of the little girls took her hand going home from school; and after that she was always followed by a dozen

demure little maids who took her hand a few steps in turn. She taught the class a song, and since there was not much to do, with the dearth of what was needed, they often sang, in their low, plaintive notes, their eyes fixed upon her in mute adoration.

They called her Mathilda, and she thought it very sweet.

But still the Presence weighed upon her with its crushing, tranquil malevolence, its external signs the sun white and ghastly, the mountains, steaming in mustiness, the fronds of palms, heavy motionless, metallic. She felt the weight of it as of some physical thing there upon her breast; beneath it her sleep grew torpid, her gestures languid, her eyelids drooped heavy upon the unfading blue beneath.

This day the obsession had been more poignant than ever. For in the morning she had found the school-house deserted. The cosecha had begun, and the children had all wandered off early to a big hacienda ten miles off to pick rice. The hours had dragged, long as death, empty as Infinity. And now she leaned, a little limply, at her window, between the dark behind and the dark before. "Cheer up," she chirped valiantly, but her heart would not answer.

Then, far down the road, consoling, familiar, she heard the soft pitapat of hoofs. The sound neared, swelled, drummed in a crescendo that seemed to beat in her heart. Detaching itself suddenly from the shadow, as if of its impalpable substance, there appeared the vague form of a man in the saddle, pliant-waisted, broad-shouldered. A singular panic possessed her; she drew aside behind the wall and peered, her hands upon her breast. With a rattle of stone and a spark the horse stopped there in the darkness in front. The shadowy rider seemed to turn in the saddle; she felt his eyes scrutinizing the darkened façade, the lightless windows. She panted. The horse champed resoundingly; her lips parted as if to speak.

Then, very distinct in the silence, she heard the decided whirr of a quirt. The form in the saddle bent forward; the horse rose in a jump. For a second the shadow of horse and man rose and fell, then it plunged into the darkness of which it seemed a part. The drumming of hoofs sounded down the road, farther, fainter, became a mere vibration, ceased.

But she stood there listening long after the sound had died. And when she moved

off toward her little cot, it was very wearily, and upon it she collapsed very suddenly.

She knew what was the matter with her now. She was lonely; God, how lonely!

### III

And thus as a shadow, flitting, mysterious, almost incorporeal, she was to know him for a long time. It might be during the day, at school; her eyes, straying out of the open door saw him cross the plaza to the rapid pace of his bay pony, erect beneath the leaden downpour of heat, his sombrero firm down upon his eyes, his waist giving pliantly to the swing of the saddle. He slid off with what seemed to her singular speed, like a being unreal, elusive, legendary; he was across the plaza ere her eyes were fairly fixed upon him, was disappearing along the palm-lined road into the wilderness, into the bosom of the mountain seeming to await him, dark, brooding, inscrutable. And when the red dot of the saddle blanket had lost itself in the venomous green of the distance, she would turn, a little listlessly, to her class.

"Come, children, we will sing," she would say.

And they sang, in their low, weird voices, their plaintive modification of some old home song. "How sadly they sing," she murmured; "how sad it all is."

Or it would be at night when she, standing at her darkened window, heard the sound of hoofs reverberate in her heart, and he passed, a mere shadow, immediately swallowed in the gloom. Sometimes she remained at the window, peering into the darkness; at other times she withdrew in unreasoning timidity into the farther depths of the sala, and stood there, panting, till the hoof-beats had sunk into silence. For a while, with a temerity that seemed to her immense, she left her lamp lighted behind her; but when finally he did come, at the sight of the luminous ring upon the road he circled wide into the night. She could divine him there, in the profundity of gloom; it seemed to her that he had dismounted, that he stood long, looking toward her. She trembled with excitement, keenly aware of her conspicuousness in the light. Then the horse rustled softly through the high cochen, struck the road again below the house, galloped off in sudden clatter.

These brusque apparitions left her very lonely.

One day, though, she caught him. Her watch had run down, and as she crossed the plaza to the school-house, she was aware by the position of the sun that she was much ahead of the correct time. There was little about her lone home, however, to call her back; so she pushed on, a little pale at the thought of the long day ahead. Then, as she was almost at the door, she started. A bay pony was before her, stamping but obedient to the long reins dropped Western fashion to the ground. Its flanks shone like silk, the long mane fell on both sides of the short, curved neck, the forelock dangled roguishly over the eyes. A red blanket flamed beneath the saddle.

For a minute she stood still, startled like an elf, her breath coming swift between her parted lips, poised in panic indecision. Then, with a lithe, resolute movement, she stepped within.

He was standing in the center of the room, examining with critical eye the torn roof, the sagging walls, the earthen floor. When he had become aware of her presence, he merely took off his hat in a silent greeting that held subtle homage. His eyes passed gravely over her. He should have been pleased indeed with the tremulous color of her cheek, the radiance of her glance. She wore a simple dress of blue linen with a sailor-blouse whose wide turned-down collar left a triangle of palpitating whiteness below the throat; she was hatless, and her hair lay upon her head with incredible lightness, like a golden vapor. A curl of it fell over her eyes, and she drew it back slowly in a graceful movement of her arm, bare to the elbow. But even as she gazed up at him, the suspicion of tenderness in his eyes went out abruptly; a stubborn reservation lowered over them like a curtain.

"You are carly," he said.

"Yes," she answered, and the word came like a sigh. She sat down, a little wearily, upon the only chair. "Yes," she repeated; "it's going to be a long day."

He scanned her with rapid, questioning concern, but immediately there returned the rigid reserve that baffled her.

"I must go," he said decidedly. "I've a new barrio school up there in the bosque."

That was all. He strode across the room to the door, gathered up the reins, mounted, and was off, leaving her alone in the big, empty shed. After a while she looked up.

Far toward the hills a little red spot was disappearing.

The following day the municipal treasurer came to her and told her what she should have known before — that the taxes had been collected and that there were some thousand pesos disposable for the pueblo school. So she saw, with an interest that made the days sweeter, the roof rethatched, the walls bolstered, a floor of bamboo being laid, and the Chino carpenter slowly evolving with his rough tools a dozen rude benches. A few days later an oldish little mild-eyed man presented himself to her. He told her that he had been one of Don Francisco's assistants, and was now to be hers.

This new proof of lofty and patronizing care exasperated her. She sent the man back with a message declaring that she needed no assistant.

Two weeks later he was again before her with a note. With a vague feeling of disappointment she saw that it was typewritten. It said:

The Provincial Superintendent has transferred Abada from my town to yours. I cannot disregard the order.

Her cheeks flamed a little when she reflected that the two weeks passed between the two offers were just time enough for the exchange of correspondence between Cantalacan and Bacolot.

But she soon found Abada invaluable. He had evidently been subjected to a rigid training; naturally, he took upon himself all the smaller troublesome details of her work. Also, he knew his own people thoroughly and was precious in lifting for her the uniform veil of stolidity. And he had ingenuity. He propounded a plan by which the children came washed to school; he interested the parents in the clothing of their offspring, so that now the room rustled with starch. The rivalry of the town factions he diverted adroitly into a race for the favors of the Maestra.

After a while, though, she noticed that Abada's brilliant suggestions came always on Monday mornings; also that on Sundays the little mild man, stick in hand, wended his way across the plaza and then down the road leading to Cantalacan. This vexed her, and the next propositions of her assistant were ignominiously rejected. That morning she mapped out her own course. She planted vines that with tropical vigor forthwith

began to climb the bare walls. At the windows she hung wonderful orchids. She draped two American flags in flaming panoply behind her desk, improvised of dry-goods boxes. The supplies had come from Bacolot (very strangely, in ox-carts belonging to the municipality of Cantalacan). The maps upon the walls, the blackboards and charts upon their tripods, the shelves of books gave to the place an air of study and quiet. Thanks to Abada's constant visits to parents, his free use (she did not know that) of Don Francisco's name, the attendance was rising by leaps and bounds; the school-house was full of gentle brown goblins. Her soul was sweet with the feeling of being loved.

And yet she could not shake off the old tyranny. An emptiness was within her; and emptiness it was, and yet it weighed like lead. Above, about her, the alien, incomprehensible Land flamed, fierce, inimical. She dreamed of grassy meadows beneath apple trees; through the flowering branches voices passed, voices of her own kin and race, sympathetic and intimate.

One day she had an idea that filled her with wild joy. She would give a dinner and invite Mr. Parker and Mr. Tillman.

The invitations were sent out and answered. On Saturday she went to the market. She passed amid the squatting women like a humming-bird, flitting hither and thither, stopping a moment to sip here or there, then whirling off again with her store. And when she returned, her tawny parasol tilted back upon her shoulders, her two boys behind her bore baskets filled with wonderful and colored things. She overhauled her stores and set to work immediately. A man she sent down to the sea to fish for her a lapo-lapo. And all day she measured and mixed and beat and prepared for the morrow. She was up with the sun the next day, and all morning she flitted about, humming like a bee building its honey-home, a white apron pinned to her dress, her face flushed, her hands floury. At noon Parker came in. She greeted him joyously and then, leaving him with the latest-received magazine, whirled off again to some mysterious final crisis in the kitchen.

At one o'clock a tao came with a note. Mr. Tillman was very sorry, but something unexpected and imperative had called him away. He would not be present.

Her hands dropped to her sides; a great disappointment filled her soul.

She forgot it partly in the performance of her duties as hostess. Abada took the place set for the missing one. Parker lost his eternal discouragement and livened in a way that made her glad. Late in the afternoon he left.

"Lordie, what a little wife she'll make," he murmured to himself riding in the gloaming. "And that fool Saunders, what's the matter with him anyway, leaving her down there so long!"

From which it would appear that Dame Rumor had not found it imperative to correct her first erroneous report.

As for Miss Terrill, her brave "cheer up" checked her just as she was on the point of idiotically weeping over the ruins of a splendid chocolate cake.

#### IV

The rains began. Seated at her window she would hear a roaring tattoo in the grove of abaca palms to the south. The noise neared, rose, thundered. Long, lithe coconuts began an inexplicable bending to and fro, their tops circling in trembling descent almost to earth, then swinging back to the spring of the bow-tense trunks in a movement exaggerated and violent like that of some stage-tempest. Out of the grove, beaten, trampled down, there advanced into the open a black wall of rain, perpendicular from earth to sky. Ahead of it dust, twigs, rubbish suddenly ascended to heaven in rotary spirals; trees were flayed of their leaves, roofs flew up like gigantic bats. Then her own house, strongly built, shook as with earthquake; the thatch of the roof sprang vertical, like hair that stiffens with fear, and between the interstices she saw the muddy sky stream by. A powder of debris, of dry rot, snowed down upon the table, the books, the chairs; little lizards, unperched, struck the floor with a squeak like that of a mechanical doll, remained as dead for a long minute, then scampered across the room and up the walls again; great black spiders, centipedes, scorpions fell; sometimes a large rat. Then the nipa clicked back to position as a box is shut; breathless silence, a heavy immobility petrified the world. There came three or four detached, resounding raps upon the roof, and suddenly a furious, roaring beating as of stones coming down, great stones chuted in thousands, in millions—and the church, the plaza, the mountain, the whole Land disappeared in a yellow swirl of waters.

It rained thus for hours, for days, for weeks. The leaden vault of the sky seemed irreparably cracked, letting down the liquid hoardings of ages. It rained, in drops big like eggs, falling so swiftly that they welded sky to earth as with iron bars; it rained heavily, monotonously, mournfully. The first wild, triumphant burst over, the elements seemed to have settled down to their task with a quiet, brooding patience, an immense persistence of unalterable purpose. It seemed that it would rain thus for years, for ages, for inconceivable eons. The world was rain, the future was rain; she lived in a chaos of water. The whole earth softened, dissolved; it rolled through eternity, a silent, viscous ball of ooze spattering the stars. Inside her hut a musty leprosy crept over things; her clothes rotted in her trunk, mushrooms sprang overnight upon her books; her very soul, it seemed to her, disintegrated before this malevolent persistence of elemental purpose. A black mournfulness was over her like a veil.

She yet saw him sometimes. Out of the obscure chaos he emerged, a vague shadow; behind the vitreous sheet of waters he passed, wrapped in a great cape, erect, immovable upon the horse struggling up to its knees in the mud, the heavy flaps of his sombrero down over his face, leaving to view but the hatchet-carved chin. She knew now where he had been that Sunday. A discharged negro soldier had been terrorizing a little barrio to the south. The Maestro had ridden there and going directly to the bully, had disarmed him and ordered him out of the country.

And now, up in the hills, but daily nearer to the coast towns, a band of tulisanes were committing depredations. Barrios were burned; principales suspected of giving information to the authorities were tortured. And it was said that a negro renegade was the leader of the band.

He was present to her in ways other than these shadowy apparitions. One day men had placed upon her nipa roof a sheeting of zinc; she found later that the material came from the ruined convento of Cantalacan. She felt about her a fostering care, immense, enveloping like the Rains, mysterious, impalpable like them. But it was impersonal, far, cold — like the Justice of God. It left her very lonely.

One morning at sun-up he rode into the pueblo at the head of a dozen men. By their

uniforms, their rusty Remingtons, she knew them as the municipal police of Cantalacan. For a week there had been a respite of the rains, and the roads were fairly firm; but the outfit came in mud-crusted to the eyes, the horses staggering and dripping foam. They clattered rapidly past the house and stopped before the Casa Popular. The Maestro dismounted, but she noticed that before he allowed the others to do so, he sent a man ahead to the outskirts of the pueblo on the side opposite to that by which they had come; she could see him, sharply delineated against the rising sun, scanning the horizon. The Maestro sprang up the bamboo steps of the municipal house; his voice rang sharp and incisive. There was a running to and fro of muchachos, and man after man, the town police assembled. She had noted before their slovenliness, but now, as they mingled with the men of Cantalacan, this appeared emphasized. There was something brisk and efficient about everything that came from Cantalacan, it seemed. The Maestro reappeared and mounted. He placed half of his men in the van, the other half in the rear, the Barang contingent being framed between, and putting himself at the head started out of the pueblo by the road opposite to that by which he had come in. She saw him for a while, pliant in the saddle, leaning forward, pressing the pace, the rest of the troop pell-mell after him, rising and falling one after the other, their broad hats flapping. Suddenly he seemed to go through the crust of the earth; man after man disappeared after him; the last laggard dropped out of sight. They were crossing the river. They reappeared, toiling slowly up the farther bank, bunched for a moment, then vanished between the palms.

Toward evening she saw them return. He was not riding in front. But between the horses, formed in a hollow square, something limp swung from side to side — a litter borne by four men.

## V

What followed came back to her afterwards, with strange blending always of vague unreality and glaring vividness.

Very calmly she went down to the Casa Popular, before which the cavalcade was stopping. On the ground she saw the litter with its lithe form silhouetted beneath the blanket. "He is dead," she said to herself

with weird certainty. All about her, men were talking excitedly; she did not hear a word, and yet, later, all that they said came back to her, complete to every inflection.

The Maestro had received secret information of an attack planned by Martin, the negro renegade, upon Barang; hence the move of the morning. The two parties had met upon the road; both had taken to the ditch and had peppered away at each other for a while. Then the Maestro, who had kept on his horse to hold his men better in hand, had been struck by a chance bullet; the pony, zipped by the same fire, had thrown him. But as, seizing the opportunity, Martin charged forward with a yell of triumph, the prostrate man, raising himself on his elbow with a last effort, had shot him through the head with his revolver. This sudden reverse had scattered the outlaws.

She did not hear this; it came back to her later. She stood very still; and her heart, with each solemn beat said, "He is dead."

A desire came to her to see him once more. She moved to the litter. She lowered the blanket. Upon the very white forehead the black hair was matted: matted with the toil done for her, in her defense. She separated the curls between her fingers, smoothing them in long caressing movements. And then she saw stirring between the pale lips the suspicion of a breath.

Instantly the dreamy lethargy that enshrouded her dropped like a cloak; and she was athrill with a fierce desire for action. "To my home, quick, quick!" she cried to the men. They took up the litter and started toward the house. But they were inconceivably slow. They jostled him. She pushed one of the carriers aside and herself took a pole. Finally he lay upon her little cot.

She tore open the khaki blouse with its spot of rust over the heart. The blue shirt beneath was soggy and dripping. With her scissors she cut off both garments, then washed the bared flesh. But there was something which would not wash off — a little bluish spot from which, constantly reforming, red lines radiated like the cracks of a broken pane.

He opened his eyes just then; they glared wild for a moment, settled upon her, softened, then with a sharp intake of breath he was unconscious again. She noticed that his right shoulder had a strange, caved-in

appearance. She felt the joint lightly. The shoulder was dislocated.

Her lips tightened. That first must be set, for from it he suffered. She had heard of it as something very difficult. She was a girl, weak, lone, ignorant; and yet it must be done.

She called Vincente, and together they tried to draw the arm back in its socket. It was sickening work. At every effort the strong shoulder muscles contracted in reflex resistance, and they were helpless as babes.

She desisted and thought, with an exasperated concentration of all her faculties. A snatch of chance knowledge came back to her. In her trunk she had a little medicine-chest given to her by loving friends when she had started on her long voyage. She had laughed at the time; she pounced upon it now like a wild animal upon food. She looked into it in anguished questioning. Yes, there it was — a vial labeled chloroform.

She sent Vincente out for Bendito. He was a cargadore, and very strong. He came, stood upon his immense bare feet before her, his straw hat in his hand, and she looked with thankfulness upon the bull-like neck, at the arms, bulging in ridges beneath the camisa. Once she had cared for his sick baby-girl, and now he adored her.

They moved the cot against three of the roof-sustaining posts and fastened it tight to them. They strapped the unconscious man to the cot.

The crucial moment came now. Right here she might murder him with criminal ignorance. She accepted the hazard heroically. She uncorked the little bottle, spilled some of its contents upon a wad of cotton, and applied this to the pinched nostrils. He struggled; his left arm tugged at the strap holding it till the muscles were tense to breaking. She persisted — and suddenly his effort collapsed; with a shuddering sigh his whole body relaxed liquidly.

She made use of Bendito now. At her command he took between his iron fingers the wounded man's wrist. She placed her soft hands upon the tao's corded arms. He tugged; she directed. From her tapering fingers there flowed into the stolid muscle of the machine-man a subtle fluid of tender intelligence. In the commonness of their work they became as one: he the body, she the soul. The chloroform had had its effect; the shoulder muscle loosened, elastic, to the steady pull. The arm lengthened, almost

immeasurably. She panted. Beneath the suggestion of her fingers Bendito gave a sudden sharp movement up and to the left. There was a resounding click — and then Bendito, Vincente, the man on the cot, the whole room floated slowly upward, leaving her in a lone, black hole.

But from this weakness she emerged to the urgent call of what there was yet to do. She wrapped tape about both shoulders to keep the set member in place. Then she turned to the wound.

She saw with relief that the stagnant red lake which had covered it at first had not returned. But there was still the little blue hole, with its radiations of cracked glass. She fingered it lightly. In there was a bullet, and it must be got out.

Pale, with both eyes closed, she gently inserted her little finger into the warm flesh. It was as if she were digging into her own heart. After a while she felt a hard, rough-edged object. She gasped in a strange mingling of physical horror and spiritual ecstasy. The bullet had sunk a bare two inches.

She looked through the chest, but there was nothing for the necessary extraction. She tried the scissors; they slipped and revolved about the leaden slug without seizing it. She wrapped twine thick about the blades. This time they caught. There was a momentary resistance; she tugged firmly, it seemed at the very core of her being. Slowly at first, then faster, the distorted bit of lead slid through the flesh, then popped out and rolled upon the floor. A little ruby foam came to the surface of the wound.

The whole world floated away gently, except a Voice, a thundering, all-filling Voice: "Señora, Señora," it crashed and reverberated through the infinity of Time and Space. It fell gradually into a call, gentle but insistent, that she must obey, and she opened her eyes upon the face of Vincente, yellow with fear; and it was he that was calling "Señora, Señora!"

She sprang to her feet at the command of her purpose. From the torn wound, little red drops were arising like bubbles, one by one — the drops of his life. She dressed the wound carefully. A great weariness fell about her like a pall; she sat down at the head of the bed. Something soft and delicious entered her soul.

She remained there until dawn. It was one of those nights when the heat weighs like

the tomb. Outside, the beasts of the damp shrilled in deafening clamor. Incongruous insects, demon-shaped, soft, loathsome, flopped heavily against the lamp. But a sweet content sang at her heart. The oppression of Things that had crushed her for so many months had lifted; her being distended in ecstatic repose. He slept, still in the torpor of the anesthetic, calm like a statue; she watched him, watched the white forehead with the black curls damp upon it, the eyes, closed in the shadow of the long lashes, watched this helplessness with a gentle feeling of maternal possession. His features were relaxed in lassitude; the corners of the mouth drew down slightly, in an expression a little tremulous, as that of a child who has cried and is not yet quite consoled. A great tenderness dissolved her being.

Toward morning, however, his cheeks flushed dull red, and he began to toss restlessly upon the narrow couch. She placed her hand upon his forehead and found it burning. She redressed the wound, placed fresh bandages about the shoulder; but the fever did not abate. All day she fought it, handicapped by her poverty of means. And then, as the sun had set in black and blood portent, and the night fell like a great velvet cloak from the sky, Fear crept into the little hut; and all night as she sat there by the cot, it was at her elbow, spectral, dilated-eyed, and cold.

He tossed and tossed in convulsive starts till the cane-bed creaked and cried. He muttered incessantly, words without end, rapid as the tick of a telegraph receiver. At times she could understand.

"The silence!" he would say, "the silence!"

He stopped a moment, his brows frowned, then the words came again, slow, as in painful mental analysis. "Their ways are different," he said; "their language incomprehensible. It is silence — God, what silence!"

He rose to a sitting posture and listened long, intently. "Nothing," he said, falling back, discouraged; "silence," he whispered.

Then, "And the mountain, the musty mountain, how it weighs!"

He was quiet for a long while. Then he spoke one word.

"Lone" — and the word drawled like a plaint.

A great wonder possessed her. So he also had felt what she had felt, had suffered what she had suffered. Through the armor of efficiency, of alertness, had penetrated the oppression of the Land. He, the strong, the vigorous, the self-reliant, had suffered as she, the weak, lonely girl. She passed her hand softly over his hot forehead; she bent down in an impulse to kiss. But he was talking again, one sentence repeated in swinging sing-song:

"Saunders, Saunders, may he make her happy; Saunders, Saunders, may he make her happy." He fell into a rhythmic beat, like the marching cadence of a drum. "Saunders, Saunders, may he make her happy," he repeated, over and over again, in ceaseless sequence.

She drew back afraid. Saunders — that was the young lieutenant at Bacolot. But who was the mysterious "Her" that out of the mechanical rise and fall of the sentence rose distinct in an emphasis of wistful tenderness? — a sense of profanation made her shrink; she should not listen to that.

She left the room and went below to rouse Vincente. But he was in the death-like stupor that is the sleep of the native. She could not wake him, make him understand what she wanted — that he should watch over his master. She had to go back, and as she re-entered the room he was still murmuring, but with slowing cadence, like a clock that runs down: "Saunders, Saunders, may he make her happy."

When finally the thing had died upon his lips, he was quiet a long time, and she remained there, listening to the beat of her own heart. The dawn was entering cracks and windows in grayish humid flow. She shivered a little; a great discouragement dissolved her strength. She moved to the window and looked out upon the misty landscape. After a while the sun appeared, a red ball of fire on the top cone of Canlaon. It rose, freed itself of the enveloping net of vapor, shone down, white, clear, inexorable; the mountain slopes began to steam.

A movement behind her made her turn.

He had risen and was sitting upright, his free arm raised high toward heaven, and in impassioned accents he was declaiming.

"Star of my Life," he cried; "Star of my Life, cold in the black sky, far, ah, how far! Star of my Life, in spite of all, in spite of thee, thou art my Star, my Star!"

He sank back as if broken with the effort. She placed her hand upon his hot brow, and beneath it she felt the heat slowly recede; soon he was sleeping peacefully like a child.

"Star of my Life!" she murmured wonderingly.

## VI

She was very happy that day. He slept heavily, broken with fatigue and loss of blood; she hovered about him like a butterfly, finding a thousand little, precious things to do. In the afternoon she decided that she must rest. She had improvised with screens a room in the sala; but she slept only in snatches. She woke often with a delicious feeling of duty to perform; and then she would glide to the door and from the sill watch him sleeping calmly within. She was no longer lonely. All night he slept thus; then, as in the morning she flitted about the room touching things here and there, she became aware that he had awakened. She did not turn toward him, but she could feel his eyes, softly luminous, following her gravely. She slid out of the room. He had not spoken.

But outside the world was dull. She returned. As she entered, the eyes were still on the door, wistful; but suddenly, like a veil there came over them the old stubborn reserve.

"I must go," he said. "I suppose I got laid up in that fool fracas over there. You've been very good to me. I must go."

He tried to raise himself, but a gray pallor sprang to his face. "Sh-sh-sh," she hissed gently. "You must be a good little boy and do as I say. You must not move."

A great weariness was upon him; his bones were as water, and beneath the soft "sh-sh-sh" this weakness became a dreamy and very pleasant feeling indeed. "I'll be a good boy," he murmured obediently. Suddenly she realized that he was very young after all; which gave her a very maternal tone as she said: "Drink this; it will give you strength."

The days that followed had a taste of honey. A dreamy passiveness held him in its thrall, and she was about him always, like a sweet despotism.

But slowly, as he grew stronger, came the change she dreaded. A corselet of reserve

drew about him ; the old subtle reservation again veiled his eyes. He spoke often of going.

On the fourth day the call of a bugle drew her to the window, and a troop of cavalry was sweeping into the plaza. At its head was young Saunders. Rumors of ladrone raids reaching Bacolot had caused the sending of the detachment ; it was to garrison Barang indefinitely.

She learned this from Saunders, for he called that evening, and together they sat at the bedside of the wounded man. She smiled upon the young fellow a slightly malicious smile, for he seemed very much consoled indeed. Later, as he left her at the head of the stairs, he confided that he had renewed a correspondence with an old school-friend.

"Sure *you* won't?" he asked in smiling apology.

"Sure I won't," she answered, with responsive gaiety, but reiteration of intention.

"Good-night, little mother," he said.

He came every evening after that, and the man propped up on the pillows listened with wonder to their light and impersonal prattle.

The last day came. Early in the morning the Maestro called Vincente, and with his help put on the khaki, the leather puttees, the belt with its burden loose along the thigh. The pony, all saddled, was standing outside. He meant to slip out unnoticed.

But once in the sala a sudden remorse detained him in hesitation. For the good of his soul, he knew he must not see her. And yet, it seemed black ingratitude, this sneaking departure. His eyes wandered over the table with a vague idea of leaving a written good-by —

A gliding swish behind him made him turn. She stood in the frame of the door, looking at him. She was wrapped in a loose gown, mauve-tinted, that stopped in a square before reaching the neck. Her hair fell in two braids behind her, leaving a haze of gold shimmering before the eyes ; and her eyes shone through, calm, wondering, and

blue. A vestige of pure, white sleep still hung about her cloyingly, and she was adorable.

"You are going?" she asked — and the words floated slowly, as if held back by some indefinable regret.

"Yes," he said, "I must go back."

She stood looking slightly past him at something very far, into an infinity that was desolate ; her eyes widened, purpled.

"I shall be lonely," she said impersonally, as if reading into that distance.

He started a little. After a while he said, hesitatingly : "The troops are here now ; the lieutenant —"

But she stood there, very still, staring at the future stretching long ahead like the past mirrored, the lone, inexorable future reflecting the lone, hard past. She moved forward a step, and that step was very weary.

"I shall be lonely," she repeated.

A tremulous wonder came into his eyes.

But suddenly she had crumpled upon the long wicker chair, her face hidden in her arms ; and her shoulders began to rise and fall softly.

He stood there, stupefied, watching the gentle swell and ebb, and slowly the wonder in his eyes grew to the light ineffable. He moved forward. He touched her timidly.

"Girl," he said in awed murmur, as if in the hush of a cathedral. "Girl, can it be !" But she remained gently weeping. He took her arms and raised her slowly ; and they stood before each other, their twined hands hanging loose between them, their eyes looking into each other's, gravely reading.

"Girl !" he said again, and this time the tone held the ecstasy of revelation.

"Boy !" she smiled back through the sacred dew of her tears.

He drew her to him, and she wept upon his shoulder in sweet abandonment, and his heart swelled within him in immense tenderness.

"Star of my Life !" he murmured.

# GALVESTON: A BUSINESS CORPORATION

BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER



FIVE men about a long table — a president and four managers of departments — govern the city of Galveston, Texas. This board is now five years old. It is probably the most direct and simple city government in the world. More than that: it is a revolution in local government in America; for it is organized on entirely new lines — the lines of a business corporation. Till now we have assured ourselves: "A city is a business corporation" — and run it with a legislature.

The Galveston Commission government has not only been a startling success in that city, but it is being adopted with great rapidity throughout the Southwest. The two largest cities in Texas have already taken it up, and within two years it is believed that every city of consequence in the State will have done so. From these — if its success continue — it must find its way north to the region of great cities.

The new idea was born of a tremendous disaster. On the 8th of September, 1900, the Great Storm came down on Galveston, and all but tore her from the map. One sixth of the population were drowned, one third of the property was destroyed in a night. The municipality itself was ruined — paved streets washed away, lights blown down, city buildings wrecked. And worse than all there was no money. Tax-payers — the great majority of them — could not pay their taxes then. The credit of the city was gone. Her bonds went down at once to sixty. Yet millions must be spent in public works to keep the city in existence. Thousands of people were hurrying away. To retain her population the city must have the assurance of protection from a repetition of the disaster.

Those were the days when good government was no pretty theory in Galveston.

It was a great serious desire. The community loomed big; the individual seemed very small. For the community was the only hope. Unless it could reorganize and go on, the individual was ruined. There was in the city a body known as the Deepwater Committee, formed to secure national appropriations for deepening the city's harbor. Its fifteen members are believed to have represented, in one way or another, nearly half the property of the place. Without delay, although it had never before concerned itself with municipal matters, this organization took affairs into its own hands. It planned ways and means of raising money, of satisfying creditors, of building public works, and it especially considered the formation of some agency to take over the management of the ruined city — a strong, responsible, centralized city government which would really govern. Now there were two systems which the city would certainly not adopt. She had tried them and found them wretched failures. The first was government by a mayor and ward alderman; the second was government by a mayor and a board of aldermen elected at large.

## *Ward Aldermen — A Vicious System*

Galveston inherited, together with the other cities of the United States, the usual system of dividing its territory into artificial districts, each of which elected its representative in the city council. Until 1895 she was ruled by the ward aldermen, who constituted by far the strongest branch of her government. It was impossible to elect really representative men to this body. Its members represented, not the city, but the ward; and the ward, in the great majority of cases could be almost certainly manipulated by the worst type of politicians. The aldermen had the distribution of the patronage and improvements. They divided them among their wards. Each alderman had the naming of his own election officers. The

ward alderman had Galveston, as he has most American cities, securely organized. It was a disgrace, but it could not be corrected. Citizens went about their own business and disregarded it.

In 1893 Dr. A. W. Fly, a big, aggressive, popular physician, was elected mayor of Galveston. The city council was then, and had been for several years, in the control of the Eleven. This assortment was made up as follows: one saloon-keeper, one bartender, one drayman, two wharf laborers, one negro politician, one journeyman printer, one retail butcher, one retail grocer, one curbstome real-estate broker, one political agent for a railroad which never existed except on paper. War started immediately between the mayor and his aggregation. The Eleven overrode more than thirty vetoes of the mayor in two years. The mayor, on his part, decided in 1894 to have an examination of the city's books. Being refused an appropriation for this by the Eleven, he paid for the work out of his own pocket.

It took four bookkeepers four months to unsnarl the thing. The whole system was honeycombed; the city had been exploited right and left. But far more astonishing than that was the absolutely barbaric crudeness of the affair. The losses from a defaulting ex-collector had been wiped off the books of an ex-auditor with a great daub of ink; the acting collector was calmly withholding thousands of dollars. The Eleven were giving all the city contracts to one contractor, and were frankly getting his endorsement on notes which they did not pay. These peculiar creatures, secure within the protection of the imaginary lines which made them, did not even trouble themselves to steal in a quiet and businesslike way. They battened openly on the city. If they had been less hungry or more intelligent, they would have fared better and gone farther. As it was, regardless of investigations, they had destroyed themselves. The citizens were refusing to pay taxes. The aldermen and their friends did not do so; then why should any one? Government cannot well continue without taxes. The rule of the ward aldermen was coming to a standstill — after having brought the affairs of the city into chaos.

There have been two plans of procedure commonly adopted, in America, under such circumstances. One — kindly, but pathetically ineffective — has been to try

to elevate the ward aldermen. The other, growing in popularity for fifty years, has been to take all power from him and leave him a shadow. This movement has gone furthest in New York, where in the last ten years the ward alderman has been so robbed of his vitality that little now remains but to put him out of his pain. Galveston did neither of these things. She neither attempted to evangelize the ward alderman, nor to destroy the creature and retain the name. She merely went to the State legislature and put out of existence this Frankenstein monster which she had created with her own hands to pursue her.

### *Aldermen at Large — A Failure*

From 1895 to 1901 Galveston was under another system — a mayor and a board of aldermen selected at large. She might be said to have had the usual type of American city government, reduced to its simplest form. She had escaped the viciousness of ward politics, but she retained exactly the same old machinery of operation. Imagine a business in which every matter to be considered goes first to a committee of three or five, then to a body of from twelve to two hundred, then at last to a single independent head for approval or disapproval — never once on its journey feeling the vital touch of a responsible hand, or the illumination of an expert mind. How long would a body of this kind exist in competition with the savage personal self-interest which drives the corporation of to day? Yet that is city government — whose daily business brings it into relation with the sharpest and most unscrupulous elements in the business world. Is the present general hopelessness and indifference toward civic affairs fairly a surprise under the circumstances? Can anything come out of such machinery but failure and disgust? The interest in Galveston, stimulated by the reform of 1895, continually died down, both on the side of the public and the office-holder; but, in the meantime, the sharp interest of the politicians remained. In 1899 a machine mayor was elected, and the better element had the greatest difficulty in electing a bare majority of the aldermen. It was this government which broke down under the strain of the Storm — offering the melancholy spectacle of a chief administrative body in a tremendous crisis, with its two branches in open hostility.

After the Storm this body arrived nowhere. At first it made a few feeble moves, some of which proved most unfortunate in a business way. It was advised by one of its members to resign, but it would not even do that. It merely talked loudly and vociferously. The public disregarded it entirely. They looked first and always to the Deepwater Committee — a body without any delegated authority whatever. The people of San Francisco did a similar thing after the earthquake, and those of Memphis after the scourge of yellow fever in 1878. In the white flash of great calamity the population of cities sees with perfect clearness the inadequacy of the old machinery of city government in the United States. It is useless when we need it most.

### *The Commission and Its Origin*

The Deepwater Committee met nightly, discussing the community's affairs. They viewed Galveston, not as a city at all, but a great ruined business. What agency should be selected to reorganize it? Obviously, no mayor and aldermen: not with the memory of the past: not with that pitiful, chattering thing before them as an object lesson! The matter was not to be considered. But about a month after the Storm the present commission government was suggested. Within ten minutes the idea was approved and adopted, and a committee chosen to formulate it. R. Waverly Smith, a former city attorney who suggested the idea, was chosen chairman. Two other lawyers — Farrell D. Miner, and ex-Congressman Walter Gresham — acted with him.

There were hints for the Galveston government in the commissions of Washington and Memphis, Tennessee, but they were little more than hints. For the important feature of the system the committee drew straight from modern business practice. Now, there can be no doubt of the splendid, brutal vitality of the great business organization. The whole earth is filled with it. We cannot escape its compulsion — eating or drinking, getting up or lying down. The problem of the charter committee was to inspire with the force of this strong, live thing, the moribund institution of city government. But where does this great driving force of the modern business corporation come from? From personality. The corporation succeeds because it has harnessed to its use the

ambition and interest of strong men, by placing upon them individual responsibility and authority. The Galveston committee, in the same way, brought into the impersonal, perfunctory operations of city government, the same power of personal interest and ambition — stimulated, not by any empty political preferment, but by the satisfaction of a fine and important public service.

The Galveston Commission is a body of five men — a mayor or general manager, and four managers of particular departments. All power resides in the Commission. A majority vote of the body is final. The mayor is presiding officer and general director of the affairs of the city, but he has no power beyond his vote as commissioner, except some minor abilities to act in case of emergency. The commissioners must also come to the board for all power to act. The Commission, at its first meeting, divides its departments among its members by vote, under these four heads: commissioner of finance and revenue, police and fire commissioner, commissioner of streets and public property, and water-works and sewerage commissioner. The mayor is elected specifically for his office, but the commissioners are not. But, though the division of departments is under the charge of the board, the public are practically certain, when they cast their votes, of the office each man will assume. In fact, the men who now serve were chosen because of special fitness for their work. The elections to the board are, of course, at large, and the whole body is elected together every two years — the election taking place in May, a time as far removed as possible from the time of other elections.

You must understand exactly the function of these commissioners, for this is very important. They are not superintendents in any sense — although they are salaried men, the mayor receiving \$2,000 and each commissioner \$1,200 a year; they are governors or managers of departments. First of all, each represents his department in the board. They outline its policy there as specialists in its affairs, and all questions concerning it are referred to them for their opinion. All matters of the daily conduct of their departments are under their supervision. They are in much the same position to the city that the British ministry is to the affairs of England. Their superintendents under them take the management of the

routine. They simply advise and direct. The work, consequently, in all but the largest cities, will not be so great but that it can be undertaken by most business men. Varied amounts of time will, of course, be given it, according to the temperament of the individual in charge, but the daily average need not be large. As a matter of fact, the Galveston commissioners give it more time than they would if they were not so actively interested in their work.

### *A Really Representative Government*

It is a wide-spread belief — and one of the most hopeless beliefs in the current pessimism concerning city government — that strong and representative men can never again be had for the service of cities. There is an ample supply for the management of libraries and hospitals and boards of trade, but none for the vastly more important work of city government. Galveston has contradicted this skepticism successfully. Her commissioners came into her service, it is true, under the pressure of a great calamity; but they still remain, and from present appearances they will continue some years longer. Their work interests them; it has become their hobby, as the libraries and hospitals and parks have their thousands of wealthy and successful men throughout the country. The change in the form of government has made this possible. In Galveston, where the office of alderman was a street joke or a disgrace, the office of commissioner is a high honor, and an absorbing personal interest for its holder.

This is the class of men who do the city business of Galveston: the first mayor-president was Judge W. T. Austin, for years one of the leading attorneys of the city. His death, in the fall of 1905, made the first and only change in the Commission up to date. He was succeeded by Henry A. Landes, a veteran wholesale merchant, with wide and varied interests in local business affairs. I. H. Kempner, the commissioner of finance, is perhaps the most promising young business man in the city — a banker and active manager of large business interests. Previous to his election he was for two years city treasurer. H. C. Lange, the water-works and sewerage commissioner, is an active partner in a prosperous wholesale house. Before becoming commissioner he was for a number of years a member of the subsidiary board which managed the routine of the

water department under the aldermen. V. E. Austin, commissioner of streets and public property, is a successful real-estate dealer. A. P. Norman, police and fire commissioner, is the secretary and treasurer of a live stock concern, and has seen previous service as alderman. The first two men are wealthy, the third in more than comfortable circumstances, and the last two of moderate means. They are all good, clean, representative men. Galveston has at last a really representative government.

The Galveston commission government began in September, 1901. Upon their installation, its members immediately reorganized the official force of the city. The salaries were not large, but they secured an excellent corps of officers. Albert Ferrier, the expert accountant who unearthed the scandal of the city's books in 1894, was made city auditor. Dr. C. W. Trueheart, a veteran physician with a life-long enthusiasm for proper sanitary regulation, was chosen health physician. John T. Rowan, one of the cleanest and bravest men on the police force, was put at its head. Throughout all the departments the best available men were selected with as much care as for a private corporation. This force still remains intact. Together with the commissioners, whose board has been broken only by the death of Mayor Austin, they form an administration as continuous as that of any business concern. Galveston, instead of changing managers every two years, has been governed by trained and experienced men. This government has now served five years. It has ceased to be an experiment. It has had ample time to prove itself.

### *Financial Saving, One Third*

Its brilliant success is best shown by its financial record. This is stated in a few words. The Commission found the city bankrupt, it has raised its credit to above par. It has saved Galveston one full third of her gross running expenses. The annual cost of the government of Galveston has averaged about \$650,000. In the four and a half years of commission government ending February 28, 1906, a saving of at least \$1,000,000 — over \$220,000 a year — had been made in comparison, not with the vicious period of the ward aldermen, but with the years of the general aldermen, following 1895.

The government in the four and a half years preceding the Commission had incurred

\$250,000 of debt for current running expenses; the new government incurred absolutely no debt for this purpose. The former government had had to its credit \$425,000 more in assessed taxes than the new one. After making allowance for the inefficiency of tax collection under the old régime, the Commission, during its first four and a half years, had saved the city at least \$500,000, which it must have raised by taxes or added debt if the old administration had been in charge. In addition, the Commission had saved \$500,000 more. Of this, \$200,000 was laid away by reducing the net debt by that amount, and \$300,000 was put into permanent improvements, which, if made at all, must certainly have been paid for by bonds if the former administration had been in charge. It might be objected that the slightly smaller population in the second period, under the Commission, would call for smaller expenditures. But this is not true. The second period has called for larger outlays—for all kinds of repairs after the Storm, and for the extension of the city's functions in every line, excepting possibly one—the fire department. And all this has been done under a slight average decrease in the tax-rate.

These results have been secured by straight, careful business methods, such as any man would apply to his own affairs. Great pressure and ingenuity has been used to add to the sources of revenue. An additional \$30,000 has been secured in the four and a half years from a vehicle tax, not collected in the period before. Nearly \$60,000 has been secured from interest on city deposits which, by an extraordinary piece of carelessness, was given over previously to the city treasurer. Some \$7,500 has been realized from taking over the costs which had formerly gone to the chief of police and the prosecuting attorney in the city court. The water-works, at practically no increase in operating expenses, have yielded \$115,000 more. And when the streets were rebuilt, the street railway paid its share of them—a matter of \$40,000. Added to this is a comparative saving in the four years and a half of \$60,000 and \$40,000 in the police and fire departments, from a reduction in salaries and force, and nearly \$40,000 from the cheaper operation of the electric light department.

But the one source of immediate income, where the greatest gains over the preceding

government have been made, has been the collection of taxes. Nothing could have been looser than the methods of collection under the ward aldermen régime. Delinquent taxes were let go not merely for a few years; a great share of them were lost forever. In 1897, after the reform movement of 1895, \$115,000 was marked off the city's books at one time; since then, sums probably equally large have also been charged off as worthless. The government of the general aldermen collected taxes better than its predecessor, but it, too, was making large losses. In its first four and a half years the Commission collected \$90,000 more in back taxes than the preceding government did in the corresponding time. The showing in current taxes was even more striking. Although the Commission's assessments were \$425,000 less in the period, its collections were within \$175,000 as much as those of the administration before—a gain of \$250,000. There is no miracle about all this. It means simply that for the first time Galveston is operated by business men on a business basis. Every possible corner of the city's operating system is now being watched with care, both to increase income and decrease running expenses. ↓

#### *The Great Sea Wall—A Study in Municipal Credit*

Of the building of the great Sea Wall, of the raising of the grade of the city, of the financing, by a bankrupt community, of public works costing one fifth of its assessed valuation, it will be necessary to speak only so far as all this concerns the credit of Galveston; for although a part of this work—the grade raising—was inaugurated and is now under the general oversight of the Commission, the big financial plan was not made by them, nor is any of the operation directly under their charge. The cost of all the improvements will be \$4,200,000. Of this, the county, of which Galveston forms 80 per cent in a financial way, assumed \$1,500,000 in the building of the Sea Wall. The United States government was induced to extend the wall around the property connected with its Fort Crockett on the southwestern border of the city at a cost of \$700,000 more, and the State of Texas was persuaded to remit the State taxes on Galveston property for seventeen years, and allow the sum of them to be used toward the \$2,000,000 which will be required for

raising the city's grade to the top of the Sea Wall. At the end of the last city year, on February 28th, Galveston had issued \$600,000 in grade-raising bonds. The city had then received \$330,000 in remittances from the State. This, together with an allowance from the holders of the old city bonds of half their interest for five years, just about offset the bond issue. From now on the concession from the bond-holders will cease, and the expenditures for grade raising will reach the full \$2,000,000 next year, when that work will be done. The city is being bonded for this. But the financial problem is already solved. The bonds of the city, which fell to sixty after the Storm, are now worth more than par. The credit of Galveston — city and country — was never so good before. And the city is protected forever by the huge Sea Wall — four and a half miles long and seventeen feet above the level of the Gulf — one of the greatest engineering works of modern times.

#### *Cleaning Up an Open Town*

So much for finance. Now for the general government of the city; and first of all its moral regulation. This was no fort-night's task. Galveston lies at the meeting place of two frontiers — the far bounds of the land and sea. For half a century the folk of both have met at this border and swapped sins. Out of the sea came the reckless sailors; off the land the hordes of wild excursionists, down for big Sundays-full of the joy of life after the dun-colored monotony of the up-country farm. Galveston was certainly an "open" town. There were "writers" for the policy-shops on half the corner groceries and barber-shops in the city, teasing for the nickels of the negro and the child. Every afternoon the two or three headquarters held their drawings. It was a primary department in gambling for the children of the place, and the average colored servant sent to market with money could safely be expected to filch a part of it for the lottery. There were a dozen public gambling-houses in full blast; there were several variety shows so-called, as nasty holes as the barbarism of modern cities sustains; and a great number of unregulated saloons, open wide, and charitable as the gates of Hell, seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day.

There was no systematic tax on vice during the worst days of the Galveston

government. The saloon-keepers were well represented on the board of aldermen. Both they and the gamblers contributed toward election expenses. Various members of the police force occasionally "borrowed" money from the liquor dealers on their beats, but there was no organized grafting. There was no occasion for it. The laws were loose, and public sentiment was low. In no southern city can public sentiment be considered really prudish. The young man must have his fling, and the town is kept open for him. In Galveston it was well recognized that one of the principal sources of the city's income was amusement, and Sunday amusement at that. This could not and cannot be avoided. The business sentiment of the city was very tender against giving Galveston the reputation of a "closed" town. It is yet, and Galveston is now no home of the saints. But the improvement has been striking, nevertheless. It has been more striking, indeed, because of this fact.

The Commission moved early against the variety shows and their dance halls, and soon made it impossible for them to conduct business. They then took up the better regulation of the saloons. These were compelled from the first to obey the regulations for keeping clean and orderly places. Later it was decided they must close at midnight, and this ordinance has been strictly enforced. The last matters to be attended to were the policy-shop and gambling-house. These institutions had been a fixture for years, but they had become unbearable, even from the tolerant view-point of the Southwest. The weeding of them out was not, however, a simple thing. The laws along this line are not very favorable for the authorities in Texas, and, in fact, there are laws of property in the State, which make it costly and dangerous for officers to break into a place, if no evidence is found. To this day, Chief Rowan is convinced that there is one gambler in town who keeps lights going in his old quarters every night simply to get the official into trouble for breaking in the door. But the Commission was not easily scared. "If they sue you for breaking into their places," said Mayor Landes to the Chief of Police, "you come to me. I personally will take care of you on your bond." The Commission moved against the policy-shops and gamblers. More than eighty places of "writers" and operators of policy-shops

were closed up by prosecution. The gamblers were all sued off into exile in Oklahoma.

In all the time of the Commission there has not been the slightest thought of any connection being established between the law-breakers and the commission government. The members of the old police force, who were under suspicion, were removed as far as possible in the reorganization. Only fifteen of a force of fifty-one men were retained, and the few doubtful ones who were kept have been watched carefully. During the five years of commission rule there have been twenty-nine changes in the small force, due to removal, resignation, and death. Practically the whole body of patrolmen, which was where corruption really took place in the old days, has been changed. The Commission has now an honest instrument with which to handle the criminal element of the community. Forty-four men do the work of fifty-one in former days, and do it incomparably better. As for any attempts to corrupt the governing board or their higher officials, such policy would be unthought of by the boldest criminal, in a small city like Galveston, where personal acquaintance with the character of men is so intimate. It would be silly.

Galveston is now a city where laws are thoroughly enforced. Not longer ago than the last term of criminal court during the past summer, the judge in charging the grand jury took occasion to compliment the city on the fact that it was so remarkably free from violations of the law.

#### *The Streets — An Obvious Lesson*

The streets are the kindergarten lesson in city government. Any one and every one must see every day whether the administration of that department is good or bad. Everybody knows and talks about the great change in Galveston. Before the Storm the business section of the place was paved with wooden blocks — left so dirty that at times it was impossible to recognize the paving with the human eye. The wood was so badly treated that it swelled with dampness, twisted the car rails and paving out of place, and made an almost impassable street surface. During the Storm this stuff rose in small rafts and floated away, leaving only the bare sand underneath. The Commission immediately set to work replacing it with brick. The whole business

section — thirty-eight blocks in all — is again paved, and the price paid for the work is 40 per cent less than for the worthless paving which preceded it. A good start has now been made toward paving with brick the main thoroughfare from the center to the amusement section on the Gulf front. In addition, one hundred and eighty-one blocks have been paved with shell and crushed rock. All of this work, except, possibly, the last item, would have been paid for in the past either by bond issue or by the abutters. Under the new government the city has secured about a fifth of the expense from the street railroad, and paid for the remainder out of current revenues.

A good appearance is as essential for a city as for an individual. Formerly, Galveston was a slattern, and a southern slattern at that — which is as far as language goes. For years the abutters had appropriated the walks in front of their places of business as a matter of course. In some cases, stands on city property were rented by abutters for as much as \$30 a month. The sidewalks of a southern town, with their hen-coops and boxes, are untidy enough at best, but those of Galveston had exceeded precedent and example. Commissioner Austin instituted a campaign, and cleaned them thoroughly. There was, of course, active protest from the interested parties, and generous threats that the Commissioner would suffer at the next election. But the walks were cleaned. And incidentally, the threats did not prove serious to Mr. Austin at election time.

The lighting of the streets has constituted another striking change — not to be estimated in dollars and cents alone. Nine thousand dollars a year — as has been shown — has been saved in this department by better management and cheaper supplies. The lights have been placed where they belonged. In the days of the ward aldermen they were distributed through the wards according to the dictation of the aldermen. The section of the wharves, in the meanwhile, had been left unlighted. Every year there was a regular loss of life by the drowning of sailors and longshoremen who had gone stumbling off in the darkness into the harbor. The Commission, in rearranging the lights, have found sufficient to place about the wharves. This has meant a noticeable decrease in the loss of

life, and it has meant also — as good street lighting must always mean — a decrease, clearly important, though, of course, elusive of calculation, in vice and crime.

All this has been accomplished on the streets in the past, all expenses being paid from current revenue. For the future there has been under consideration a plan which — even if never realized — is worth giving, as illustrative of the broad way in which the city's affairs are managed. If the city's assessed valuation increases as much in the next few years as is expected, the plan is to issue a million dollars' worth of bonds and pave the principal streets of the city at once, after the finishing of the grade raising. The city would immediately have the advantage of the great development which such a move would inevitably mean. The sum is not large looked at from the standpoint of the greatest cities, but for Galveston, with her debt and her small valuation, it is very great indeed. This plan may never be carried out, but the consideration of it shows the manner in which a farsighted and businesslike city government may act, and its influence, not only for the present but for the far future.

#### *The Emergence from Medievalism*

The financial success of the water department has already been spoken of. Commissioner Lange, who is jealously devoted to his work, has stimulated income in every way, and by his careful management the operating expense has been kept down to practically what it was before the Storm. The city is turning from the use of the cistern — the queer, huge wooden tubs, which in the old days collected all the inhabitants' water-supply from their roofs — to the city's mains. The growth of the sewers is also calling for a continually increased use of water. These sewers, also under Mr. Lange's charge, are now being rapidly extended through the place. Before the Storm the city had been sewerless, except for a system owned by a private company in the business center. Just before the Storm this private sewer was bought by the city. The task of the Commission has been to provide as early as possible for the residence section. The raising of the grade gives for the first time a slope across the flat sand island on which the city is situated, suitable for easy drainage into the bay. The Commission

has extended the sewers from eight to eighteen miles. In a few years the entire residence section will be covered by the system. And in the meanwhile the city is having its health regulations severely enforced.

The importance of the health department in a southern city — especially a seaport — needs no advertisement. The heat, the carelessness of sanitary precautions, the ships that drop in across the sea from the filthy tropics, with their chance cargoes of tropical disease — these dangers speak for themselves. Before the Commission there was no health department worthy the name. Shiftlessness was chronic. The kind-hearted aldermen and officials saw to it that no one need be clean unless he cared for that sort of thing. Under the new board, the work was taken up by Dr. C. W. Trueheart — a Virginian by birth, an old confederate soldier, with the prim, old-fashioned gray mustache and goatee of the period of the War: a stern and military disciplinarian. He is seventy now. "I wished," he says, "to show my appreciation, before I died, of the city which has given me my home and living through my active life." He has paid his obligation splendidly. A strictly trained force inspects and carries through the cleansing of the city. Records of real value are kept — they are insisted upon, by prosecution of Galveston's physicians, if necessary, and day and night war is waged on that ruler of the tropics and subtropics — the insect, especially the yellow fever mosquito. Dr. Trueheart has been through half a dozen yellow fever epidemics. He has had the disease himself; he is one of the few persons who have had it twice. And he is a crank on it; he says so himself. He was the attendant on the first case in the great yellow fever epidemic of 1867 — a disaster second only to the Storm — in which 1,100 people lost their lives; and was almost ostracized at first for his diagnosis of the disease. There are no epidemics of yellow fever in Galveston now. Three cases came in on steamers last year. They were taken in screened ambulances to a screened ward in the hospital, where Dr. Trueheart himself attended them. The steamers were fumigated and brought to dock. That was all. There was not even alarm, although the health physician, according to his policy, promptly took the public into his confidence. The yellow

fever mosquitoes have been hunted out of Galveston, so far as human agencies can hunt them. "They breed where you can get at them always," says Dr. Trueheart. "The *Stegomyia fasciata* is as domestic as a barnyard fowl." The cisterns are screened, the stagnant water drawn off, the cesspools regularly cleaned and treated with chemicals. And with the mosquito has gone the common house-fly, killed, to a large extent, at its breeding places. There is not only protection from yellow fever; there are fewer deaths from typhoid and diphtheria. With her water supply, her new sewers, and her health department, Galveston is emerging from conditions of medievalism to the status of a modern city. She is not only administered economically; she is a place where men and women are leading longer, better, and happier lives.

Galveston, in short, is now beginning to reap the results of five years of clean, able city government. She was desperate and bankrupt; now her credit is good. She was unclean; now she is clean; she was a town of vice and license; now she is orderly. Unpaved streets are well paved, there are good sewers where formerly there were none, there is an ample water supply in increasing use. The city is protected from future danger from flood. But good government has meant more than its direct service to the city. It has meant indirectly industrial and commercial prosperity. Property which fell dead, with no buyers, after the Storm, has regained its former value, and in sections has exceeded it. In two years more, when the grade raising is cleaned up, a much larger increase will undoubtedly take place. The city is prospering in a business way as it never did before. The fine beach and Sea Wall are being rapidly developed to entertain the growing excursion trade with a big amusement village. But most important of all, the shipping from the port is increasing tremendously. It has trebled since 1900, and Galveston is now the second city in the United States in point of the value of its exports. The government of the town did not, of course, cause all of this growth; but the conditions it brought about were a great factor. For good government is not merely a mechanical, routine, negative thing; it is a strong, positive agent, which takes hold on the far future in any city which is fortunate enough to possess it.

### *The Commission and the People*

The story of the Galveston Commission cannot stop, however, with the simple statement of methods and results. There remains another question — a very important question — to be considered: The attitude of the people of Galveston. It is the prevalent fashion to find common cause for all forms of civic misfortune in the indifference of the individual citizen. The doubt immediately arises: Do the citizens of Galveston appreciate their government, or is the Galveston system, started with the impulse of a great public need, destined to pass down by gradual degrees to that region of chaos and despair where, according to current belief, all good governments are ultimately bound to go? The answer to this is best given by a little history of Galveston elections.

Fortunately, the better and worse elements divide themselves quite clearly in Galveston politics. The place is, of course, strongly Democratic: so strongly that it would be idle for the Republicans to nominate a ticket in city elections. In the earlier days municipal candidates and factions arose out of the single party, largely through personal ambition. Since the reform year of 1895, however, the division in city contests has been along a different line. In that year the Good Government Club was formed, which — continued since under other names — has brought out for the better class of citizens a municipal ticket of their own. Broadly speaking, the city elections, since 1895, have been fought out between the citizens who want clean administration and the politicians and their followers. The Citizens' Club has been a most important influence in the reforms and political progress of Galveston. It has taken the disagreeable task of campaigning entirely out of the hand of the candidates, an arrangement which has had much to do with the success of the city in securing its high class of officials.

Under the old form of government the City Club — as it is now called — had a period of hard work at election time. In 1899 it lost its mayor, and nearly lost control of the aldermen. But there has never been a question of success since the inauguration of the Commission system. In 1901, the first election, there were only two members of the board to be chosen by the people —

three, including the mayor, being nominated by the Governor of Texas, according to the provisions of the original charter. In that first contest the miscellaneous opposition divided a little over 20 per cent of the votes between them. In 1903, the criminal courts of Texas having declared the nomination of commissioners by the Governor to be unconstitutional, all the members of the board were elected for the first time. There was a hot campaign against the administration that year, with a full ticket. It was a waste of strength, for the opposition polled only 24 per cent of the total vote. In 1905 the politicians took another course. They put up but two candidates, and made a desperate effort to defeat V. E. Austin, commissioner of streets, and A. P. Norman, police and fire commissioner, who were thought to have been made unpopular by the conduct of their departments. This move was still more unsuccessful, the two opposition candidates averaging only 21 per cent of the total vote. In all these commission elections the campaigning has been distinctly on one side. The book-keeping of the City Club shows this excellently. In 1899, when the club's mayor was defeated under the old system, its expense was \$1,200. In the three commission elections the average cost has been \$350.

But figures do not tell the whole of any story. In Galveston the present sentiment of the people must be considered. It may be had from the first man you run across in the street. "This government," says the Man on the Street, with approval, "gives us our money's worth." This sentence means more than it says: much more than many a high and rolling advertisement of patriotism. It means that the citizen of Galveston understands that the business of the city is his own, and is watching it. It means that there is in Galveston to-day the most powerful motive in the world for good government—the normal, healthy selfishness of the individual citizen opposed continually to the craft and greed of the exploiters of the community. And it is the new form of administration which made this possible.

#### *The Normal City Government*

After all is said, a city is primarily a business body: a great coöperative association for the transaction of community

business. Through it the individual corporator—the citizen—buys a great variety of things—ways of travel, water, light, education, health, protection from vice and violence. Through it he now sells, or should sell, the great rights and franchises—transportation, lighting, electrical communication—which the community has made so immensely valuable. A host of vital considerations—moral, mental and physical—depend upon the proper conduct of this community work; but if it is conducted properly, every function of the organization is carried out as it should be. Naturally, any successful type of municipal government must recognize these facts.

The present form of city government in the United States has been a failure since its first adoption three-quarters of a century ago. It was not framed as a city government in the first place; it was simply the system of the national government transferred bodily to the city. Fifty years of changes and repairs have not adapted it to its use. It is still radically wrong. It cannot act simply and directly, because it was fashioned to be complex and slow. It cannot be clear-cut and responsible, for it was intended continually to divide responsibility. It cannot represent the will of the city, because its strongest body represents the ward—the most vicious political unit in our democratic government. It is folly to expect efficient administration from this machinery. A thousand unsuccessful attempts at reform show it.

#### *Everybody Knows the Police Chief— Who Knows an Alderman?*

For the Galveston Commission, it may be said that it is a small, responsible, business-like body, thoroughly representative of the city. It produces results quickly, it produces the proper men to do its work, and—perhaps greatest of all—it produces the normal relation between the citizen and his government. A citizen is interested in good streets, in good lights, in good water, in efficient protection from vice and crime—in short in good municipal service. He observes and thinks naturally along those lines every day of his life. Every child in a city knows the fire chief and the police chief and the superintendent of schools. Who knows an alderman? Do you? If so, how many; and do you know enough about them to really vote intelligently? The

citizen of Galveston knows every commissioner of a department. He has an intelligent opinion of him, for he judges him by his work, which is before his eyes continually. This one feature is the greatest corrective to bad politics conceivable. It compels the citizen to choose by service, and not by political prejudice or affiliation. He will vote for good service, because it is his selfish interest to do so.

It would be rash to say that the Galveston form of government would be the exact form of future city government in the United States. It must very evidently be adjusted to conditions in other cities. The number of commissioners may have to be increased, though — as has been found by corporations — there is a distinct limit to the setting off of departments, formed by the business itself. In the case of the city's administration it is not likely that it would be of advantage to have more than seven or, at most, nine departments. It may not be necessary to have more than five. Another adjustment will be that in the greatest cities it will be necessary for the commissioners to give all of their time to the work. Cities up to 200,000 in population can probably secure the best government from commissioners who give only a part of their time — as in Galveston. Cities over that can easily afford to pay for the best managers obtainable in competition with other great corporations. The chief object is to get the proper class of men. The small city can secure them in one way, the larger in another, and both can certainly find them in their own populations.

But all this is not important; details for other municipalities can easily be worked out. The question is simply one of principle. Is an elective commission, composed of department heads, the proper form of government for the American city? There will be active objection to it, of course. It will be urged at once that it gives too great a concentration of power. But such concentration is not nearly so hazardous as is being made upon the mayor, under recent practice. There may be bad commissions elected, as there may be a bad mayor.

But there is only one fifth the danger in the Galveston Commission of electing a ruling authority entirely bad. For so long as one honest man remains on the board — with its intimate methods of transacting business — just so long is there a guarantee against great exploitation of the community.

#### *Precedents — The New England Selectmen*

The burden of proof must be on this new machinery, of course, but with some reservations. It must be remembered that commission government is not entirely new. Several American cities have tried it successfully in the past. For several centuries it has been a world-famous success in the management of the American town — for the New England selectmen are nothing more nor less than a commission of three, chosen at large and operating by majority vote, like the Galveston board. Moreover, in one great essential feature — the centralization of power in a single body — the commission is far closer to the English city government, than is the present city government in America. All this must be remembered and considered in the discussion of the Galveston plan.

The record of the new system in Galveston is certainly plain and unmistakable. There can be no question of its success. Whatever is to be its future, it deserves immediate consideration. City government has gone rotten in the United States; it has become a foul thing. This is no little matter. One dollar out of every ten we earn — we dwellers in the city — is taken over by a city official. We do not realize it, but it is so. But beyond and above all that, in other, bigger things, the administration of the city grips our lives like the great fates — happiness and health and future generations. Must we keep it still in the hands of the inefficient, the dull, or the criminal; or is there in this new system a means for representing at last the will of the people in the government of the city? As the citizens' committee of Galveston, asking for its new charter, said in its public address to the Legislature: "It is a question with us of civic life or death."

# TAMMANY'S TITHES

BY

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

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ILLUSTRATED BY W. GLACKENS



AT this time of night, the street was as quiet as a creek run dry — with nothing to recall the day's turbulent flow of traffic except its empty bed of paving-stones worn smooth. Over the black walls of the warehouses, a moon hung like the frosted globe of an arc-light in the slope of a high sky. Below it, a procession of street lamps, marching down the deserted sidewalks, had halted two by two along the gutter-edge; and under the light of one of these, Patrolman Feeny was planted foursquare on the corner bend of the curb, straddling his shadow, with his head down.

He was motionless — as motionless as a bull that is about to charge.

He had recently been transferred to this precinct from a station-house in Harlem,

because he had refused to buy the privilege of remaining conveniently near his home. Still more recently he had been called before the Deputy Commissioner on a baseless charge of being off post, and had been fined two weeks' pay. Finally, he had just been warned that he would continue to be so transferred, fined, and generally persecuted until he gave up the twenty-five dollars that was required of him. And he was glowering at the gutter here, his chest tight with a suppressed wrath, ready for all impossible revolts.

Or were they impossible? The elections were coming on. The Citizen's Union was making "police graft" the great issue of the campaign. He could give some evidence that would be worth hearing; and if he made Tammany his enemy forever, he would make all respectable folk his friends. There were other ways of earning a living besides this walking the beat, weren't there? A man had a right to call his soul his own, hadn't he? He wasn't owned by a lot of dirty grafters who could shake him down every time they wanted money, was he? Not by a — !

He raised his head defiantly — his big bullock head. He wasn't going to pay them for his right to earn an honest living. Not by a good deal! If he had to leave the department, he'd go. He could get along. He had saved a little bank account out of his salary. He could get a job somewhere.

He could get a job — for that matter — on the tunnel work, as night-watchman — like old Joe.

The thought was flashed on him by the sight of old Joe's lanterns further up the street, where the red lamps of a tunnel digging burned in the solitude like the signals of a deserted railway yard. They reminded him that it was time old Joe had his coffee;



"'I'm Vinny Doyle . . . . Mel'"

and he started up the flagstones to relieve the friendly watchman, his shadow now shouldering along determinedly before him, now following doggedly behind.

An iron shutter creaked somewhere in the wind; the blazing windows of a trolley car floated silently across the distant head of the street; a manhole was steaming in the gutter. For the rest, he was the only thing that made sound or motion.

When the red lights were still a block away, he saw "old Joe" doddering down to meet him, muffled in a yellow horse-blanket which he had doubled over his shoulders for a cape. He had a teamster's cap drawn down to his eyes. Under the peak of it,

his old black pipe protruded, smokeless, as usual, for he generally sucked it cold.

"All right," Feeny said gruffly. "I'll look out till yuh get back."

The old man stood to stopper his pipe with a hooked finger. Feeny turned him round with a hand on the shoulder, and they went along together.

The watchman coughed feebly. "I seen two dips goin' yonder to the baths," he said: "the Turkish baths. They'll be out fer no good to any one, d'yeh think?"

Feeny grunted; he did not reply.

"It's none av *my* business, that's true enough" the watchman muttered. "I thought yeh'd want to know."

"I don't care a curse if yuh seen all the crooks o' the Bowery," Feeny growled.

The old man stiffened in his step. "Eh? Eh? What's that now? What's that yeh're sayin'?"

Feeny took him by the elbow. "Come on," he said. "I'm sore. They've been poundin' me — up to Headquarters. No offense, Joe. No offense. They've been tryin' to shake me down . . . An' by —" he broke out, clenching his gloved fist before him, "I won't stand fer it. I'll fight 'em on it. I'll squeal on the whole lay-out. I will, s'welp me! I will!"

"Tsh, man, not so loud," the watchman cautioned. "What is it? Squeal, d'yeh say? Are yeh goin' to fight Tammany Hall?"

Feeny thudded his fist into his open palm. "I am!"

The watchman struck down at his hands with a passionate blow that knocked them apart. "Niver! Niver!" he cried. "Are yeh crazy, man? Niver try that. Niver, niver! Hear what I tell yeh." He had caught Feeny by the sleeve and clung to him. "Hear what I tell yeh." He dropped his voice. "They'll crush yeh like a toad . . . the way they did me." His old loose lips, set in between the heavy wrinkles that fell from his nose, writhed out the words in a hissing whisper. "The way they did me!"

Feeny took a long breath. "What's the matter? What ails yuh?" He had been startled.

The watchman pushed up the peak of his cap. "Did y'iver hear av Vinny Doyle?"

Feeny shook his head. "Doyle? What Doyle?"

"Yer father'd 'a' knowed." He tapped the patrolman twice on the broad chest. "I'm Vinny Doyle." He drew back. "Me!"

The strong light of an electric lamp above them shone in his face. It was the blurred, bone-nosed, gray face of senility, grooved and hollowed. A three days' beard had covered his chin with a growth as fine and white as a mold. His stretched neck was shrunken to the sinews. There were tears in his eyes.

"Vinny Doyle!"

Feeny backed him into the shadow of a doorway.

"Here, Joe," he said, "have a swig out o' this"; and fumbled in his coat tails for a flask.

The old man pushed him away. "Not me! My head's as clear as 't iver was . . . I know . . . I know what yeh're thinkin'!" — He passed his hand over his worried forehead. "Wait, now. Wait till I tell yeh . . . Vinny Doyle! . . . It's a name on a gravestone, that."

Feeny stepped out to reach an empty barrel plastered over with theater posters. He rolled it into the doorway. "Sit down," he said, and waited, frowning.

The old man sat down weakly. He sighed and shook his head. In a little while he sighed again. "D'yeh mind 'Big Six'?" he said. "Old 'Big Six'? — Tweed's 'Americus Six'?"

Feeny did not understand.

"The fire injun — the big one — the double-decker."

"I guess that was before *my* time," Feeny said.

"Sure enough, it was . . . Sure enough . . . Well, well. . . . I ust to run with her, an' fight with her . . . An' Bill Tweed? Yeh mind Bill Tweed?"

"I mind when he died in Ludlow Street Jail," Feeny answered patiently.

The old man chuckled. "He did that. He did that. . . . But this was thurty years befoore — down in th' injun house in Hinry Street — whin he was foreman av No. 6 — an' there was Conny Duffy an' Dandy Pipe an' all the lads an' me."

He threw back the corner of his blanket, and went through his gaping coat pocket for a match. "D'yeh mind," he said softly, "d'yeh mind how Duffy 'd sing 'Red Robin' — er 'Th' Angil's Whisper' — an' 'us sittin' 'round in the dark — an' the light leakin' out av the cracks in th' old stove — an' the wood that was blazin' in it, stole over Grigg's back fince the night befoore! . . . My, my, how Duffy cud sing. Did y'iver hear the bate av him?"

Feeny had been stooping down to listen. He straightened up now, filled his cheek with a ball of fine cut, and leaned back against the door-post.

The watchman wagged his head. "Niver the bate av Conny Duffy to sing — an' Butcher Sleeman to fight — till I wint at 'm barehanded, in the bunkroom, an' pounded his faytures into a mince. An' after that I was 'Banty' Doyle, the 'Tirror av the Tigers,' no-less — an' me two eyes blue-black fer a week. 'Yeh're a beauty,' Molly says to me. 'So I am,' says I. 'But I'm a plaster

cast to yer frien' Butch Sleeman,' I says. 'I come to tell yeh he won't be 'round to see yeh fer a month.'

"We wint off to Niblo's Garden that night, together, Molly an' me."

He was smiling, meditatively. "Molly was a great gurl — a great gurl. But she wanted all the fun av coortin' an' none av the trouble that begins whin the coortin' inds, an' she kep' me an' Butch prowlin' 'round there, spittin' an' spattin' the like av a pair av tom-cats on a fince, till we splitted the comp'ny into two halves with our fracshuns. An' whin Tweed run fer Alderman from the Sivinthe, we both woorked to see which cud woork the hardest — an' Tweed wint in, with a toorch-light percession an' a hill av a jam-baree — an' I got me job in the Coort House — an' Butch got a plintiful promise av big things to be."

Feeny snorted. "It's a dirty game, politics. They're a gang o' fakers."

"It's like iv'rythin' ilse," the watchman replied. "It's what we makes av it. But it takes big men to play it big, an' the little men it makes little shyesters." He reached out his black claw of a hand. "Man alive, if we Irish had the men to lead us! If we had the men! We stick to such as we have — we vote fer thim, an' fight fer thim, an' believe in thim whin iv'ry one ilse is peltin' thim with persecutions — an' by G —, they chate us, an' sell us, an' laugh at us — laugh at us! — till some one ilse sinds thim to jail fer stealin' from us! An' even *thin* do we give thim up? No, sor! 'Tis the curse av loyalty that's on us — the curse av loyalty. I mind the day whin I'd've bit off me thumb fer Bill Tweed, an' I —"

"What'd he do to yuh?" Feeny cut in.

"He done me dirt. He done me dirt." He gulped. "Wait, now. I'll tell yeh. Lind me the loan av a match."

His hand shook as he took it. When the dottle of his pipe was glowing again, he went on, hoarsely: "Yeh mind, in thim days, the fire comp'nies was a sort av military, too? Well, I was the best shot av the Young Americus Guard. An' whin we'd p'rade home from a target excoorsion — an' that was a clam-bake er a chowder party, 's the case might be — there'd be a big buck nigger at the head av us with the wooden target slung 'round his neck, an' somewheres about the middle av that butt there'd be *my* mark, now, yeh cud be sure av that . . .

That's how I come to jine the Zouaves — th' Ellsworth's Zouaves — the 'Pet Lambs' they called us — whin the war bruk out. I wint to pot holes in the ribils, an' Sleeman, that cudn't no more than hit a side av beef with his fat fist, he stayed to home, sure enough.

"An' he was the wiser man, but Hivens! there was 'liven hunderd av the boys enlisted from the fire-houses in three days, mind yeh! An' Sleeman must've been as cold-blooded as one av his own steaks to've stud the whoop that carried us all in.

"I wint to Molly. An', 'Molly,' I says, 'I'm off to Washin'ton. I've jined,' I says.

"'Jined?' says she, lookin' at what she saw in me face. 'Jined what?' An' her hand was gone limp where I held it.

"'I've listed with the boys,' I says. 'We're goin' to difind Washin'ton.' An' with that she gave a little grunt, like some one'd hit her in the wind, an' she come into me arm sobbin' so I cud feel her shakin' under me hand.

"She was a fine fat girl, as soft as feathers.

"'Faith,' I says, 'if I'd knowed this, now, I'd niver 've done it. 'Tis worse an' better than I thought,' I says. 'But look yeh now,' I says. 'I'm only sworn fer three months,' I says, 'an' if yeh'll marry me now, I'll be back in July to yeh.'

"'Twas takin' advantage av the poor gurl, I know. But we done it. I married her with her eyes wet. An' 'twasn't the las' time they were so — ner mine nayther — God hilp us!"

A rubber-tired coupé bowled past them, carrying the wreck of some midnight dissipation to the Turkish baths around the corner. Feeny spat solemnly and changed the leg.

"God hilp us!" the watchman said. "We marched off that day — the twilft' av April — like we was goin' on another clam-bake down the Bay — with the crowd whoopin', an' the band bleatin', an' us the bully boys! — down Canal Street to th' ol' 'Baltic,' that was lyin' where we'd ust to catch eels, many's the time — long, yellah-bellied eels — an' bat thim on the head fer supper . . . My, my. Little we thought! Little we thought!"

Feeny cleared his throat. "Did yuh serve all the war?"

"I did not — the worse luck! I got no further than Bull Run . . . We sailed down to Washin'ton an' wint into quarters



“ the room full av thim pounced on me—an’ some one grabbed the gun—an’ it wint off in his grip’ ”

there. An’ we toorned out to a fire that was burnin’ nex’ to a big hotel. I mind that well . . . An’ thin we were shunted here an’ shunted there fer months, an’ there was nothin’ but the divilmint av the boys till we wint to the front cheerin’ to wollop the ribils.

“What happened I dunno, fer right to the start av it, I got a bullet in me right arm—here!” He stretched out his deformed

wrist. “An’ while I was huntin’ fer a doctor, all the boys came runnin’ back through the woods on top av me, cursin’, an’ weepin’, an’ talkin’ to thimsilves—an’ the sight av thim scared the soul out av me, an’ I tied meself up in a han’kercheef an’ run till the groun’ lifted up an’ bumped into me—an’ that’s all I rimimber fer a week.”

He shook his head. “’Twas a bad business. ’Twas that.”

Feeny grunted.

"An' whin I heard the doctors talkin' — er thought I did — I was not in me right mind, no doubt — talkin' av cuttin' off me arm at th' elbow, I says to mesilf, 'No soree! If yez can't fix me together, I know a man that can.' An' I slid out av hospital, an' crawled to the depot, an' the nex' thing I rimimber I was bein' bandaged be ol' Doc. McGrath right here in Cherry Street. But how I got there, no one niver cud tell."

Feeny coughed apologetically.

The old man hastened to add: "Anyways it made no matter. Me time was up, an' I was no good fer soldierin' with the hole in the hinge av me hand. Not a bit. Not a bit . . . Rot the pipe! Have yeh the makin's av a smoke about yeh, at all?"

"I've got a cigar," Feeny said, feeling in the breast of his overcoat.

The watchman sniffed. "What good's a saygar? Gi' me a pinch av yer chewin'. I'll smoke that."

Feeny passed him the package of fine-cut, and he filled a pipe-bowl that was burned as thin and jagged as the half of a broken egg-shell. He blinked his pathetic old hound's eyes at the flame of the match. When the tobacco had begun to fume and bubble rankly, he settled down with his elbows on his knees, and said: "Listen, now. I've come to the pint. Listen!

"When I got foot on the pavemints again, what d'yeh think I larned? — that Sleeman had me job in the Coort House — Butch Sleeman! — an' him givin' me the laugh! 'Faith,' I says, 'I'll fix *you*, me brave boy,' an' I wint to Tweed. An' he toorned me down! Toorned me down! . . . 'Yeh wint galivantin' off to the war,' he says, 'an' left yer frien's to fight out their own troubles here,' he says, 'an' now yeh can make good,' he says. 'Go an' make good,' he says.

"I looked at him, an', 'I'm a married man,' I says — an' I tried fer to say it meek, fer Molly's sake, the way av married men — 'I'm a married man,' I says, 'an' the wife's in trouble, an' there's the doctor to pay, an' the likes av that,' I says.

"He waved me off like a street beggar. 'That's none av my doin',' says he. 'Wait yer toorn.' An' with that, 'twas as if some one had pulled a trigger in me head, an' I burst out with a curse av Tweed, like yer-silf here — jus' like! In thim days, I feared no man, nayther. I was young an' raised rough, with fires, an' fightin', an' the

devil knows what. An' I dared Tweed to his face. 'I'll make good,' I says. 'I'll show yeh, niver fear. I'll show yeh,' I says. 'I'll show yeh!'

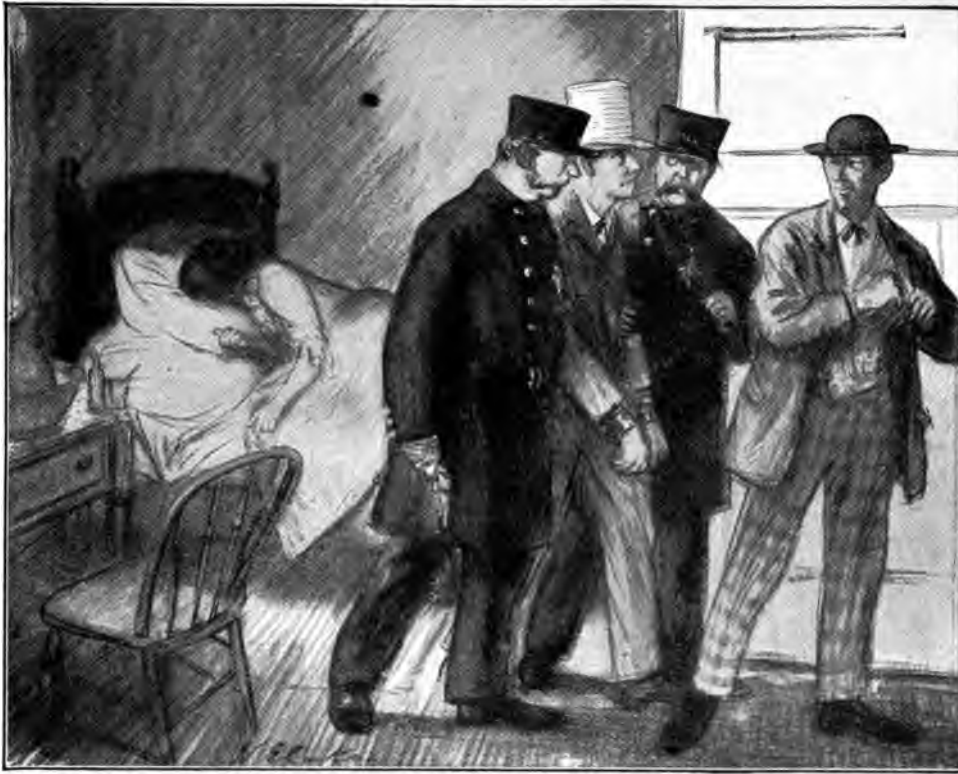
"An' I done it. I got Barney Coogan to promise he'd run again' Tweed's man fer alderman. I got a meetin' together an' nominated him. I woorked fer four months in the ward, with me frien's — an' I had plinty — an' Tweed bein' busy with his own campaign fer sheriff, an' Coogan a pop'lar man — we got Coogan ilicted by the lin'th av his long ears, an' the boys av No. 6 swore they'd batter me to a pulp.

"Look yeh now. Here's what happened. I was so blown up with what I'd done, that one night I walked into a joint they called the 'Tiger,' to show the gang I was in no fear av *thim* — if I *had* raytreated all the way from Bull Run to Cherry Street, hot foot, as they'd been sayin' durin' the iliction. Me arm was in a sling, but I had a pistol in m' other pocket, an' I strode up to the bar an' ordered me drink like a loord. An' whin I toorned on me elbow, there they sat watchin' me, quiet, like so many circus cats in a cage. An' I knew, thin, I'd done wrong.

"There was no word said, but one av thim got up an' slid too'rds the door, an' whin I started backin' on it, whippin' out me shooter, the tables wint over with a leap — an' the room full av thim pounced on me — an' some one grabbed the gun — an' it wint off in his grip — an' through the smoke I saw Butch Sleeman open his big mouth an' clutch at a splatter av blood on his throat an' go down with a gurgle!

"The bullet had took him fair in the neck, an' bruk his spine. He was starin' dead whin they picked him up off the sawdust, an' I dropped the gun an' run fer dear life.

"I was with Molly whin the police caught up to me — waitin' fer thim — sittin' on the side av the bed, an' Molly propped up with the pillows, in her night-clothes — waitin' fer thim . . . I mind the ruffles on 'round her neck, an' all . . . Niver a word she'd said, but jus' screamed whin I'd told her — an' caught hold av me hand, an' held to it, dumb, like dyin' . . . She sat up whin they come in, stiff an' starin', an' her lips as white as her teeth, breathin' hard. An' whin I kissed her good-by, she didn't take her two big eyes off thim, an' the sweat was drippin' off her face like water . . . I cudn't speak. Me voice was dried up in



“An’ that was the last I iver saw av Molly”

me throat . . . An’ that was the last I iver saw av Molly.”

He dropped his hands between his knees and stared out at the white street. “The last I saw av Molly . . . They swore I’d walked into the ‘Tiger’ an’ had words with Sleeman an’ pulled out me gun an’ shot ‘m. One after th’ ither, they got up an’ swoore to it — the whole gang — Tweed’s gang. An’ they told av th’ old inimity between us two, an’ how Sleeman had took me job from me. An’ they had the gun with the chamber impty, an’ the broken bullet. An’ they had *me*, like a man in a dream, listenin’ an’ watchin’ till the cold crep’ up from me feet, an’ me heart toorned over an’ died inside me.”

He licked his lips. “They sintined me to prison fer life.”

Feeny swore a great oath. “That — Tweed!”

“No!” he cried. “No! ‘Twas not Tweed. Little need had *he* to do it. ‘Twas done fer ‘m be the toads that wanted to get right with ‘m. There’s the danger! Whin yeh fight

Tammany, yeh fight all the thaves, an’ liars, an’ jail-burds that do the dirty work without bein’ told — in the hopes av what they’ll get fer it. Yeh’ll fight Tammany, d’yeh think? The dogs that live off Tammany’s leavin’s, *they’re* the ones yeh’ll fight, Feeny. An’ God hilp yeh!” He reached his hands up over his head. “God hilp yeh, fer yeh’ll need it. It’s me that knows — me that’s laid awake nights holdin’ mesilf down in me bed to kape from leapin’ at the bars like a wild-cat — me that’s been buried alive these thurty years, a livin’ corpse — me that’s lost wife, an’ child, an’ frien’s, an’ fam’ly — all lost, Feeny, all lost!” He broke into sobs, his old toothless mouth trembling and distorted, the thin tears streaking the hollow of his cheeks. “Me! The husk av a man! Me that dare not go into a crowd — that dare not so much as inter a departmint store — fer the fear av what might happen to drag me back to me cell! Out on commuted sintince fer good conduc’! All the life wrung from me, drop by drop, an’ the dried rind av me thrown

out here in the gutter! Take yer lesson here, Feeny. Take it here, fer it's bitter teachin' yeh'll get from *thim!*"

Feeny took off his helmet and wiped his forehead. The old man sank down on himself exhausted.

"At first I thought 'twas all done be way av just frightenin' me — that after a month er more some one 'd come foorth an' clear me, an' I'd go back to Molly contint to have no more to do with Tweed, ner Tammany, ner any other . . . Thin Molly died, an' the child after, an' she ust to come to me like, at nights — with the ruffles 'round her neck, an' all, an' her black hair pinned up the way she ust to pin it up fer bed — an' we'd whisper an' talk low together fer fear the guards 'd hear us . . . Well, well, 'twas years since — years an' years since. I was half crazed, no doubt.

"She wint, like iv'rythin' ilse. Molly wint. I dunno how ner why. An' I kep' writin' fer pardons — writin' — an' talkin' to this one an' that one — year in an' year out . . . I was 'Trusty' av 'Millionaires' Row,' as they called it; an' they all promised to hilp me whin they'd get out — Jawn Y. McCabe an' Biff Ellis an' all the rest. An' some one hilped me, no doubt; fer Guv'ner Roosevelt commuted me sintince to fifty-five years, an' I got twinty-two off fer good conduc', an' here I am . . . Here I am."

There followed the silence of despair — the old man hunched up on his barrel, gazing at nothing and sucking on his cold pipe

— and Feeny standing with his jaws set, blinking at the red lights in the road.

"What'll I do, then?" he said at last. "What'll I do?"

"Ay," the watchman answered, "what *can* yeh do? What can *one* man do to right what we've all av us made wrong, an' our fathers befoore us? We must make ourselves right first, Feeny, an' we can't do that. 'Tis in the nature av us — deep, deep! 'Tis like Jawn Y. McCabe that was sint up the river fer falsifyin' his register lists — an' I've seen him readin' his Bible in his cell iv'ry mornin', an' niver cud he see that he'd done wrong — niver! . . . 'Tis our nature to folly the man an' niver the principle — to love and hate on reasonin' — to be all heart an' no head!" He put his pipe in his pocket and rose stiff-kneed. "'Twill all come right some day, whin we're dead an' gone, mebbe — but nayther through you ner me, Feeny — nayther through you ner me." He muffled himself in his horse-blanket. "Kape yer eye on thim planks a jiffy," he said huskily. "I'm goin' 'round the corner to get a dish av tay."

Feeny watched him go. The silence closed in behind the shuffling footsteps. The distant murmur of traffic was no more than the breathing of a city asleep. And Nicholas Pascal Feeny was alone with the curse of his kind.

He took off his gloves. He tucked them into his belt. He drew a roll of bills from his pocket, counted off Tammany's tithe, and put it inside the sweat-leather of his helmet to have it handy. Even so!

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## SALUTO!

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

THE street sounds to the soldiers' tread,  
And out we troop to see :  
A single redcoat turns his head,  
He turns and looks at me.

My man, from sky to sky's so far,  
We never crossed before ;  
Such leagues apart the world's ends are,  
We're like to meet no more ;

What thoughts at heart have you and I  
We cannot stop to tell ;  
But dead or living, drunk or dry,  
Soldier, I wish you well.

From "A Shropshire Lad"



SENATOR WHITESIDE AND MILES FINLEN

Finlen and Marcus Daly worked together on the Comstock for day wages.  
They were old comrades

# THE STORY OF MONTANA

BY

C. P. CONNOLLY

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT EVENTS IN MONTANA POLITICS  
FROM 1894-1896

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

THOUGH Daly was defeated in the capital fight, he scored a significant victory in the next State Democratic Convention, 1896, when all Clark's candidates for office were defeated. Clark then retired from the field for two years, and when he returned to Butte in the summer of 1898 to begin his second campaign for the senatorship, his following in the convention of his home county, Silver Bow, had dwindled to five delegates. At this convention thirteen Democratic candidates for the legislature were nominated, and of these Clark could not hope to control one. He therefore formed an open alliance with the Republican party in his own county, and made a bitter fight on the whole Democratic ticket of Silver Bow County.

Clark shrank from another struggle for the senatorship. The cost of campaigning in Montana was very distasteful to him. "He is a close business man," said former Governor Hauser, one of Clark's witnesses before the United States Senate, "and he

doesn't like to 'let go.' He usually wanted to know how much money he would have to put up before he went into the race. I told him that instead of spending his money on pictures and palaces, he ought to spend it in Montana, where he had made it." — EDITOR.

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SENATOR WHITESIDE'S EXPOSURE OF CLARK'S  
ATTEMPTED BRIBERIES—CLARK PRE-  
PARES TO BUY THE MONTANA  
LEGISLATURE OUTRIGHT



THE campaign of 1898, preceding the legislative session which sent Clark to Washington, was ominous, and the election was made memorable by murder and attempted fraud. On November 8th the mining districts of Butte came down with their unfailing Daly majority. Precinct Number Eight, one of the strongholds of the Daly faction, lay half way up the hill, across the railroad spur that shunted the ore from the Never-Sweat and Anaconda mines. At about half-past four on the morning of November 9th the judges of this precinct were droning off the tallies when the door of the lonely, candle-lighted booth was suddenly thrust open and two men, wearing white masks, burst in and ordered judges and tally-men to throw up their hands. Dennis O'Leary, an unarmed special officer, grappled with the first man, and John J. Daly, one of the election clerks, sprang to his assistance. O'Leary was seriously wounded, and John Daly was shot dead. One of the judges threw himself across the ballot-box as Daly fell, and the assassins dashed through the door and disappeared in the darkness. They were never brought to justice, though a reward of \$10,000 was offered for their apprehension. John Hannifan, a witness at the coroner's inquest, testified that the hands of the assassin were small and white, and that on his left hand he wore a diamond ring. In the ballot-box which they had come to take, were 302 votes for the Daly-Democratic ticket, and 17 for the Clark-Republican ticket. The destruction of these ballots would have elected the Clark legislative ticket.

When all the returns were in, Clark's election to the Senate seemed out of the question, and Daly immediately went East and spent the winter in New York.

*Heroic Figures of the Old West*

The gathering of the clans at Helena on the eve of that critical senatorial election, was a pulse-stirring and memorable sight. The hotel lobbies were thronged with men who had won their spurs in the adventurous days of the old West. The wealthy banker, shaking hands with his old friends who have come in from distant parts of the State on the evening trains, is the man who used to drive bull-teams across a thousand miles of treacherous prairie. He pulled up before Bill Germaine's "Clipper Shades" on the Christmas eve of '65 with a train-load of provisions that saved the famine-stricken camp and netted him a fortune. Over in the corner, chatting with the erect, grizzled veteran in military garb, is Bob Daniels, who ran the gauntlet of the Nez Percé trail in '64, and rode into Last Chance Gulch at the head of a caravan of flour which he sold at \$100 a sack, cleaning up \$100,000 in a week. In the center of that animated group, under the main cluster of lights, is John X. Biedler, the Indian fighter, who wears the scars of a score of desperate battles and who is entertaining the crowd about him with droll stories of the outlaws and Vigilantes, and legends of the pioneers. Just to his right, intently listening, is shrewd Bill Devlin, who sold the Spotted Horse mine to an English syndicate for \$10,000,000. There, in the Clark camarilla, is Dick Riddle, who used to drive the four-horse stage up Daylight Gulch, past Bummer Dan's cabin, amid the cheers of armed, rough-clad men awaiting news from their old homes in the States. Beside him is Charlie Perkins, the Vigilante, who pulled the rope on "Dead-Horse Gallagher" over on Sleeping Child Creek in '63. That man of alert, well-poised figure is F. Augustus Heinze, aged twenty-eight — expert miner,

orator, and professed Bohemian; a gambler in fortunes, and the most unconcerned, uncompromising, and resourceful foe the "Standard Oil" ever sought to crush. Here comes the burly form of Miles Finlen, who knew Marcus Daly on the Comstock, when they were both poor. He was working for day-wages a year ago, and he has just cashed in on a lease of one of Daly's mines, and has half a million in bank.

Leaning beside the clerk's desk — the man with the wavy mustache, pinching an unlit cigar between his teeth — is Billy Buskett, the original of Eugene Field's "Pen Yann Bill."

Finally, that small, shrinking figure with the full beard and piercing eyes, is William A. Clark himself — whose income from one mine alone is \$1,000,000 a month.

The clean-shaven, freshly groomed men who form in groups about the corridors, are the members of the legislature; some from the cow counties and some from the mining camps.

The big, sun-tanned, muscular men whom you see on every hand are mostly cattle-men, who ride the plains with their cow-boys in the spring and fall round-ups, and spend their winters down the street at the Montana Club, in friendly games of chance where the stakes are heavy.

These men were all here in the days when no questions were asked about anybody's past. They all left histories behind them — some clean and others dubious. They are all on an equal footing here, and great men — by the standards of copper and gold, cattle and sheep. You may jostle elbows with them, sit at their tables, drink their wine — but unless you can write your check for six figures, their nightly poker games are no place for you, and you cannot aspire to political honors without their passports, properly viséd by their authorized lieutenants.

The buzz of eager, low-voiced conversation in the corridors rises at times almost to a roar. Elevators fly up and down, discharging one load and receiving another. Bell-boys are hurrying to and from the bars, carrying champagne coolers in either hand. Telephone bells jingle incessantly; hurried appointments are made, and strange invitations are sent out to stranger midnight festivities. The world is moving fast here, and State history is about to be made. Into the fierce hours that are dawning, the

thwarted ambition of one man will leap with an almost savage determination to attain its end, and these men, now so confident of themselves and so eager to enter the conflict, are to fall back besmirched and discredited when the hour of frenzy has passed, to face again the changeless standards by which, sooner or later, men are judged.



JOHN X. BIEDLER

The Indian fighter, one of the heroic figures of the old West

### *Clark's Preparations Did Not Daunt Daly's Followers*

Immediately after the popular election in the fall, Clark had made up his mind to buy his way into the United States Senate, and his plans were carefully laid. He had subsidized most of the newspapers in the State, and many of the press correspondents at the capital. Scarcely a line could reach the outside world that was not subject to his censorship. He had taken up his headquarters at the Helena Hotel, and across the hall from his rooms were those of his son, Charles

W. Clark, and his legal advisor, John B. Wellcome.

Charles W. Clark was then a young man of twenty-six, a graduate of one of the great Eastern universities. He was tall and thin, with a striking pallor of countenance and a manner somewhat effeminate. He had inherited a certain political sagacity, had wide experience in the uses to which money might be put, and was largely responsible for the ultimate success of the plan to debauch the legislature. "We will send the old man to the Senate or the poorhouse," was his way of stating it.

John B. Wellcome, Clark's principal fugleman at Helena, was also his leading Western counsel. He was a good lawyer, a man of likable personality, generous and good-natured, and completely wrapped up in Clark's success. He had friends everywhere and had many among the Daly following. He had never been prominent in politics, but was looked upon as the advisor whom Clark most frequently consulted in legal matters. He was the sort of man who, if he were so disposed, would be likely to do successful business in the underground passages that lead to the private offices of high officials. He was mild and affable, shrewd but uncritical. Ordinarily judicious, he became, in his dealings with members of the legislature, thoroughly reckless.

Half way up the hill, across from the United States Assay Office, stood the old Merchants' Hotel, remodeled and furnished for the use of the legislature pending the erection of the new State Capitol. The legislature opened on January 2, 1899. The night before, January 1st, the Daly junta had scored by electing Henry C. Stiff, of Missoula, as Speaker of the House over E. C. Day, the Clark candidate.

The air, from the first day of the session, was charged with rumors of bribery. It was openly proclaimed that W. A. Clark had \$1,000,000 to invest in a seat in the United States Senate, which meant about \$20,000 a vote for the necessary majority. The first eight days of the session were without striking incident, but quivered with the undertow of plot and counterplot. The balloting for senator was to begin on January 10th. Because of Daly's past adroitness, every one believed that Clark would not win his end without a desperate struggle, and though Daly himself was absent, the grim silence of his followers

threatened a burst that would drive Clark and his friends to the dugouts and cyclone cellars.

On the Sunday night preceding the Tuesday on which the balloting was to begin, the Clark leaders gave a banquet at which they announced that they had secured fifty-four votes, more than a majority, for the first ballot. The next day, the 9th of January, one of the members of the House, speaking in his place, referred to the current rumors of bribery, and moved the appointment of a committee to investigate them. The motion was carried over the protest of the Clark leaders. Similar action was taken in the Senate, and a joint committee was appointed, with power to send for witnesses and to administer oaths.

This committee met that night in a house on the outskirts of the city, and the testimony of four witnesses was taken. They were Fred Whiteside, State senator from Flathead County; Henry L. Myers, senator from Ravalli County; William A. Clark,\* senator from Madison; and Congressman Albert J. Campbell.

### *Whiteside Determines to Expose Clark*

The central figure in the exposure of Clark's bribery of the Montana Legislature, was Fred Whiteside. He had been a political partizan of Clark, had worked for him in his campaign against Carter, and had never formed any affiliations with the Daly party, which he had repeatedly opposed in State conventions.

Whiteside was thirty-six years old at the time of the exposure, and his record was a good one. Twenty years before, when the cattle-men wished to exterminate the buffalo, Whiteside, then a lad of sixteen, was shooting bison on the Montana plains for a living. Later, he studied architecture and mechanics and constructed a number of important buildings in the State. In 1896 he was a member of the House of Representatives, and was appointed one of a committee to investigate corruption in the State Capital Commission. This committee found it "inconvenient" to call certain damaging witnesses and reported favorably to the Commission. Whiteside filed an adverse minority report, for the suppression of which he had

\* Senator Clark of Madison County, although sometimes called Clark's namesake, was not a relative of the great mine-operator. This coincidence of name caused some confusion throughout the session, and gave Miles Finlen an opportunity to create a dramatic moment during the last ballot of January 28th.

been offered \$2,500. The legislature accepted the majority report by a close vote, but Governor Smith deposed Walter M. Bickford, one of the commissioners, and accepted the resignations of the rest. The grand jury, called to investigate the work of the deposed Commission, reported that "It was through Representative Whiteside's efforts that the misconduct of the Capital Commission was first discovered and exposed."

From the opening of the legislative session of 1899, Bickford, now one of Clark's lieutenants, distrusted Whiteside, having already come up against the man's courage and energy. Clark himself, however, seemed to have every confidence in Whiteside, who was an invaluable man in rounding up legislators. He was peculiarly a man of action, reserved and intense, who did not know the meaning of caution, much less of fear. Having once decided to fight the power which was sapping the legislature, he was willing to pay the cost. For weeks he went about the streets of Helena with his pistol in his overcoat pocket, and at night his hand was usually in the pocket beside his weapon.

On the afternoon of January 9th, after the committee of investigation had been appointed by the legislature, Whiteside was at the Warren Hotel, in his apartment, the two rooms of which were divided by heavy portières. In one of these rooms he was whispering to State Senator Myers of Ravalli County, the information that the investigating committee would meet that night, and on the following morning would turn over to the legislature \$30,000 which had been entrusted to Whiteside by John B. Wellcome for the purpose of purchasing the votes of Myers, State Senator Clark, and Representative H. H. Garr. While Whiteside was talking, an intimate friend of his entered the outer room and overheard enough of this conversation to gather its import. He lost no time in telling what he had heard to a third party, who hastened to Charlie Clark and revealed the fact that there was a plot afoot, refusing, however, to divulge names, but mentioning \$30,000 as the amount of money that would be turned in to the legislature the next morning.

The Clark forces held a consultation. They concluded that Bickford's suspicion of Whiteside was well-founded, and that he had betrayed them.

Whiteside had repeatedly heard it said by members of the Clark party that the

man who betrayed them would never live to be rewarded for his treachery. He had carefully prepared a written statement covering every detail of the plot he had set out to expose, and had sealed it and handed it to a friend who was in his confidence, saying that if anything happened to him the whole story would be found in this envelop. He had deposited the \$30,000 in one-thousand-dollar bills in the safe-deposit



STATE SENATOR WILLIAM A. CLARK

Senator Clark of Madison County, although sometimes called Clark's namesake, was not a relative of the great mine-operator. This coincidence of name, caused some confusion throughout the session, and gave Miles Finlen an opportunity to create a dramatic moment during the last ballot of January 28th

vault of the Union Bank & Trust Company of Helena, taking two keys; one of these he kept, and the other he placed in the hands of Congressman Campbell. But on the afternoon of the Monday on which the investigating committee had been appointed, he went to the deposit vault, secured the four envelopes containing the money, and repaired with them to his room in the Warren Hotel. Here he removed one of the drawers of the chiffonier, turned it upside down, and with carpet tacks carefully tacked the envelopes under the bottom of the drawer, after which he replaced it.

*Whiteside Confronted and Accused by  
Charlie Clark*

At about nine o'clock that night, while Whiteside was in the lobby of the Warren Hotel, Charlie Clark came in. His face, always pale, was now dead-white, and his lips were strangely compressed.

"I want to see you," he said to Whiteside. Whiteside invited him to his room, but Clark motioned in the direction of the street. They went outside. Across the street was an undertaking establishment, and in the shadow of this building stood four men. Clark walked toward this group, and Whiteside followed. There was something in the rigid outline of the figures that portended evil. Whiteside had a six-shooter in each overcoat pocket, and his hands sought his weapons.

"What is the matter?" asked Whiteside, as he approached the silent group of men. Charlie Clark two feet ahead of him.

"We want to see you," was the cold reply from Wellcome. "Come down this way and we'll tell you." The six men walked down the street to the office of the *Independent*, a newspaper owned by John S. M. Neill. They walked through the outer business office into a back room. The down-stairs portion of the building was deserted. All the men took seats except Whiteside and Ben Hill. Whiteside stood in the doorway with his back pressed against the door to keep it open, and Ben Hill, a burly fellow who had killed a man at Granite some years before, stood behind him, outside the door. Wellcome was spokesman; the others were silent. Wellcome told Whiteside they had heard that he was going to "peach," and they were certain of the truth of the rumor

because the amount of money they had entrusted to Whiteside tallied exactly with the amount they heard was to be turned over to the legislature the next morning. Wellcome said in so many words that if Whiteside was about to play the traitor, he would never leave that room alive.

Whiteside talked against time. There was something in the attitude of the men that

spoke more grimly than Wellcome's threat. Whiteside told them that the rumor was not true; that he did not have the \$30,000 in his hands now, and they knew it—that Wellcome himself knew it was in the safe-deposit vault of the Union Bank at that moment—and as he said this, Whiteside gave Wellcome the key. He reminded them of the important services he had performed—how he had revealed to them every particle of information that he thought might possibly be useful to them. He adroitly attempted to cast suspicion on others. He



FRED WHITESIDE

State Senator from Flathead County, "the central figure in the exposure of Clark's bribery of the Montana Legislature"

talked in this strain for thirty minutes. Growing bolder as he proceeded, and scanning closely the faces of his hearers, he finally said: "But you have struck the wrong man if you believe this story is true and think any threats will faze me."

"You have misconstrued my remark," said Wellcome, half convinced; "I didn't mean that as a threat. But if there's anything in this rumor," and his voice dropped to a pleading tone, "for God's sake, stop right here. We don't care about the money. We'll give you ten times that much rather than have you do this. Besides, if you intend to do anything of this kind, we will see that W. A. Clark withdraws his candidacy to-night, and his declination will be published in the papers in the morning."

"You are utterly mistaken," replied Whiteside. "There is no better friend of W. A. Clark in the legislature than I am."

"I believe Whiteside is telling the truth. I am willing to trust him," said Charlie Clark.

"You will find you are not mistaken, Charlie," said Whiteside.

Whiteside then said that he was afraid of the Daly crowd, and asked if he could borrow a gun. John S. M. Neill took a revolver out of his pocket and handed it to him.

Clark's friends deny Whiteside's statement that any threat was used by Wellcome at this meeting.

The party looked after him with questioning eyes as Whiteside backed out of the doorway of the little office, and left the building.

Whiteside fairly ran to the house on the outskirts of the town where the investigating committee was then in session. The house had been selected secretly by the committee to guard against a possible raid from thugs in the employ of the Clark faction. These heelers and rounders were everywhere. The \$30,000 that was then tacked to the bottom of the chiffonier drawer in Whiteside's room was to be turned over to the committee that night. At about three o'clock in the morning, after the evidence of Whiteside and the other witnesses had been taken and subscribed, some of the committee proposed that the money be left with Whiteside until just before the legislature met that morning. Whiteside objected. He wished to be relieved of the money at once. The entire committee then walked into town and to the Warren Hotel. Four men who accompanied them had each two revolvers in their overcoat pockets. As they neared the

hotel, a Clark man, standing on the corner, saw the committee with Whiteside and ran post-haste down the hill. No time was lost. Whiteside hurried the committee to his room, and the money was turned over to the chairman, Senator Anderson, of Meagher County, to whom a bribe of \$25,000 had been offered for his vote earlier in the session. Anderson was protected by armed guards until he

handed the \$30,000 over to the legislature the next morning. By the time half a dozen Clark heelers arrived at the hotel, apprised by the man who had been on guard, the committee had vanished.

The next day was January 10th, the day which had been feverishly awaited since the opening of the legislative session, for then the balloting for United States Senator was to begin. Before the ballot was taken, however, the report of the investigating committee was called for, and the sworn testimony of Whiteside, Myers, State Senator Clark, and

Albert J. Campbell, which had been given to the committee on the previous night, was read aloud before the joint session of the two houses. Whiteside's testimony was as follows:

#### *Senator Whiteside's Testimony*

"I have had various transactions with the senatorial candidates and their agents and others, from whom I have learned of the corrupt use that is being made of money in this senatorial contest, and if you will allow me, I will first state how I came to acquire this information. Six years ago I was in Helena during the senatorial contest, and I saw the corrupt methods that were practised at that time; also in the senatorial fight of 1895; and when I was elected to the Senate



WALTER M. BICKFORD

Whiteside testified that Bickford was one of the most active agents in purchasing legislators

last fall, I determined, if possible, to expose any one who should attempt such practices in this body.

"When I arrived in Helena ten days ago, I was looked upon by all the senatorial candidates as a fit subject for missionary work. I was approached by agents of all of them, but the representatives of W. A. Clark were the only ones that offered me any money. I apparently fell in with their plans and was soon on the inside. They told me all that was being done. They offered me \$10,000 in cash, and a great deal more in promises. John B. Wellcome and Charles W. Clark were the managers, while their chief assistants have been A. J. Steele, William McDermott, and Walter M. Bickford. Besides the men I have named, they had a great many lieutenants with whom I did not come in contact.

"I have in my hands now \$30,000 in currency, which I will turn over to the committee; \$5,000 of this was paid to me by John B. Wellcome for my own services, and I will explain in detail how I received the rest of the money. I desired to get some proof besides the money and my own word, and as I had confidence in the integrity of State Senator Clark, of Madison County, I sent Congressman Campbell to him. They had a talk together, and Mr. Clark agreed to help me. I met him by appointment in Mr. Campbell's room in the Helena Hotel on the night of January 3d. I explained to him fully the part I wanted him to take, and then I saw Mr. Wellcome and told him that Senator Clark, of Madison County, could probably be bought. Mr. Wellcome authorized me to offer him \$10,000, and the next time I saw Wellcome, which was the next day, I told him that Clark would accept it.



CHARLES W. CLARK

Son of William A. Clark, who said: "We will send the old man to the Senate or the poorhouse"

"About nine o'clock on the evening of January 4th, I met Wellcome in the lobby of the Helena Hotel, and he asked me to bring State Senator Clark and fix the matter up. We three went up to room 201, and Wellcome placed ten one-thousand-dollar bills in a large envelop and sealed it up. State Senator Clark put an endorsement on it, and they gave it to me to hold until the

senator should fulfil his part of the agreement, which was that he was to vote for W. A. Clark, of Butte, for United States Senator whenever they wanted him. If he voted as agreed, I was to give him the money, whether W. A. Clark was elected or not.

"I talked the senatorial situation over with Charles W. Clark, Wellcome, and others, very often. We discussed the different members, and they told me of the members who had been bought and others with whom they were negotiating. Wellcome said, 'every man who votes for Clark is to be paid, and the man who votes for him without being

well paid is a fool.' They gave me the names of the members whom they claimed had been bought, and the amounts which had been paid or put up for them. These amounts ranged from \$5,000 to \$10,000. They claimed to have bought about an equal number of Republicans and Democrats, but they would not pay over \$5,000 for Republicans.

"At the request of Wellcome and Charlie Clark, I approached Senator Myers, of Ravalli County, but not in the way they intended. They authorized me to offer him \$10,000. I talked the matter over with Senator Myers and he agreed to help me make the exposures. I afterwards saw Wellcome and told him that Myers would accept the \$10,000. He asked me to take Myers up into a room in

the Helena Hotel, and said he would meet us with the money. This was about seven o'clock of the evening of January 7th. I took Myers to the room, and then went to Wellcome's room, but instead of going to see Myers with me, he gave me the money and asked me to fix it with Myers. I went to Myers and counted out the \$10,000 and put it in an envelop and sealed it. Mr. Myers then signed his initials on the back of it. I took the envelop and showed it to Wellcome. The understanding was that I was to keep the money until Myers voted for Clark, when I was to turn it over to him.

#### *Clark Expected to Use a Million*

"There seemed to be no end to the supply of money. I think they expected to use nearly \$1,000,000, and, as near as I can judge, they have already paid out about \$200,000. A considerable portion of this money was absorbed by the second lieutenants who handled it. Some of it was paid to members, but the larger portion of it was deposited with third parties, to be held in escrow.

"They ran short of money several times, because large-sized bills were hard to get. Most of it was in one-thousand-dollar bills, some in five-hundreds, and some in fifties and one-hundreds. Wellcome said that W. A. Clark had instructed them to go in and win, no matter what it cost. They generally paid \$500 or \$1,000 down, and the balance was paid into the hands of a third party, to be paid to the member after he had given his support to Clark. The payment was not contingent on Clark's election.

"I also talked the matter over a number of times with Representative H. H. Garr, of Flathead County. He said that he had been offered money, and I advised him to tell them that he would take it and to have them place it in my hands. He went up to see Wellcome in his room on Sunday, January 8th. When he came down he said Wellcome had promised to place the money in my hands the next day.

"The following day I saw Wellcome in his room, and he gave me five one-thousand-dollar bills for Garr. It was at this time that he gave me the \$5,000 for myself. As soon as I received the money, I went down and took Garr into another room, put the \$5,000 into an envelop and sealed it, and had Mr. Garr sign his initials on the back.

I also put the \$5,000 which I received for myself in an envelop and sealed it and put my initials 'F. W.' on the back of the envelop.

"I do not think W. A. Clark knew all the details, but he knew in a general way what was being done by Wellcome and the others, for in talking over the different members with me, he spoke of Senator Anderson, of Meagher County, and said that he could not be influenced with money like some of the other members.

"I did not consult with any one about going into this thing, but did it entirely on my own responsibility. I wanted to catch every man who was concerned in such work, and my object was to break up the band of boodlers that has so long infested this State. State Senator Clark and Senator Myers helped me for the sole purpose of making this exposure, and not for any hope of gain or reward for themselves."

#### *Panic Among the Clark Forces*

The testimony of Henry L. Myers and State Senator Clark corroborated Whiteside's story throughout. State Senator Clark swore that when his \$10,000 was given to him, Wellcome had taken him to another part of the room under the pretext of calling his attention to an engraving that hung on the wall, and had then handed him the money.

The tense excitement which prevailed during the reading of this report no one who was present will ever forget. The guilty looked into one another's eyes and felt the terror of the thing. Some rushed to their friends and begged them to save their reputations. Others stood in mute consternation.

When the clerk held up the handful of Government notes, consisting of twenty-seven one-thousand-dollar bills, five five-hundred-dollar bills, and five hundred dollars in smaller denominations, making the total of \$30,000, the spectator could have heard a thistle-down roll up the aisle of the House.

After the report of the committee was read, State Senator Whiteside rose in his place and spoke upon his own evidence. He said in part:

"Men of apparent respectability and good standing in this community are trafficking in the honor of members of this body as they would buy and sell cattle and sheep. They have gone into this senatorial contest as they would enter into a government contract



JOHN B. WELLCOME

One of the most active members of the Clark faction. He entrusted \$30,000 to Whiteside for the purpose of purchasing three votes for Clark

to furnish horses. What new code of morals or of ethics has been discovered which makes of bribery a virtue, and condones the crime of a man because he is rich?

"I know there is a sentiment in this community which favors the election of W. A. Clark to the United States Senate by fair means or foul. I know that the course I have pursued will not be popular, but so long as I have life, I propose to fight the men who have placed the withering curse of bribery upon this State. I had rather go back to the carpenter's bench where I learned my trade, and spend the rest of my days in toil and obscurity and be able to hold my head erect and look the world in the face, than be a party to the condonation or the knowledge of this crime unexposed. The man who is

weak will come out of this contest infamous, while he who is strong will emerge from it sublime. What has become of the men who were bribed in the legislature of 1893? Shunned by their fellow-citizens, spurned by the very scoundrels who caused their downfall. This contest between two men has already culminated in murder in Precinct Number Eight in Silver Bow County, and the life of the man is not safe who dares to oppose the element that committed that crime. My own life has been threatened, but I defy the men who have made the threat; for, when weighed against honesty and honor, life has no value; and if this be the last act of my life, it is well worth the price to the people of this State."

The joint session dissolved. The spectators in the galleries remained, hushed and motionless, while the senators, with strained eyes and compressed lips, filed through the aisles and across the lobby to the Senate. No one who was present at that scene can ever forget it.

Representative Stephens, of Missoula County, then introduced the following resolution, which was adopted unanimously:

"Resolved, by the House of Representatives, in joint assembly with the Senate, that the evidence submitted to the joint assembly by the joint committee of the Senate and House is sufficient to convict the persons therein named of the crime of bribery in any district court of this State, and therefore we request that the judge of the district court of the First Judicial District in and for the County of Lewis and Clark, call a session of the grand jury in said district to take up and examine into the matters stated in said report, as they would in any other case of alleged crime against the peace and dignity of the State."

#### *Seven Votes for Clark on the First Ballot*

When, after the reading of the report of the investigating committee and the adoption of the above motion, the first ballot for United States Senator was taken, Clark received three votes in the House and four in the Senate. It will be remembered that on Sunday night, two days before, the Clark leaders had boasted at their banquet that they had positive assurance of fifty-four votes for Clark on the first ballot.

This same legislative body which called for a grand jury to investigate the charge made against Clark, *within eighteen days elected him to the Senate of the United States.*

The grand jury was called on the following day, January 11th, by Judge Sidney H. McIntire, one of the judges of the district court, sitting at Helena, and began its labors on January 14th. A significant incident may be here noted. Judge Henry C. Smith presided over the criminal department of the district court at Helena, and in the ordinary course of events it was his province to call a grand jury. He was temporarily absent from the capital on the 11th, but was to return on the following day. Judge McIntire, however, immediately called the grand jury. McIntire's brother, a practising lawyer of Helena, was shortly afterward employed by Clark at a large salary. When asked in the Supreme Court on cross-examination in the Wellcome disbarment proceedings, what retainer he received, he demurred answering, and the Supreme Court protected him from divulging the amount.

Clark bowed to the storm. He stood that afternoon in the crowded lobby of the Helena Hotel, a crushed and broken man. He saw the mailed hand of the implacable enemy who pursued him with relentless fury. Daly himself was in New York, but politically he was ubiquitous, omnipresent. At every turn Clark met this Nemesis. It crept upon him in dark alleys under cover of the night, and pursued him openly in the highways. Clark's furtive eyes glanced into those of his son and of Wellcome, who stood with him in the little group from which the surging crowd in the lobby held sympathetically aloof. He saw there only the reflection of his own despair.

John S. M. Neill, A. J. Davidson, and A. J. Steele were already out, hurrying to telegraph offices and dashing off message after message, summoning to the capital every old-time friend Clark had in the State to save him from the collapse toward which his despondency was fast hurrying him.

Clark himself was then incapable of constructive thought. But there were those about him now who had been trained in the Daly camp, who were resourceful in plan and adroit in execution. Why not, they suggested, proclaim this exposure a Daly plot? Why not declare that this \$30,000 was Daly's



JOHN S. M. NEILL

One of Clark's staunch lieutenants, Whiteside was taken to Neill's office at night by others of the Clark faction and told that if he intended to betray the Clark interests he would not leave the room alive

money? The grand jury could be fixed, if the exits of the jury room were flooded with money. Let Whiteside, Clark, and Myers be indicted for conspiracy, let them be persecuted as defamers of character.

And Clark listened. A strength which he had never shown before now set his teeth and clenched his hands. He determined to test the power of money to the uttermost. He was ready to sell the fee-simple of his soul for election.

The fourth instalment of "The Story of Montana" will explain how thirty-five members of the Montana legislature were bought at a total cost of \$431,000, will picture the city of Helena demoralized by bribery, and will describe the dramatic session in which Clark was elected to the United States Senate.



*From the drawing by Howard Pyle*

"THE TALL MAN WAS LYING AT HIS FEET, HUDDLED HIDEOUSLY  
ON THE FLOOR"



## THE SECOND-CLASS PASSENGER

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "VROUW GROBELAAR AND HER LEADING CASES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD PYLE

THE party from the big German mail-boat had nearly completed its inspection of Mozambique. They had walked up and down the main street, admired the palms, lunched at the costly table of Lazarus, and purchased "curios" — Indian silks, Javanese knives, Birmingham metal-work, and what not — as mementos of their explorations. In particular, Miss Paterson had invested in a heavy bronze image — apparently Japanese — concerning which she entertained the thrilling delusion that it was an object of local worship. It was a grotesque thing, massive and shaped generously, weighing not much less than ten or twelve pounds. Hence it was confided to the careful portorage of Dawson, an assiduous and favoured courtier of Miss Paterson; and he, having lunched, was fated to leave it behind at Lazarus' Hotel.

Miss Paterson shook her fluffy curls at him. They were drawing towards dinner, and the afternoon was wearing stale.

"I did so want that idol," she said plaintively. She had the childish quality of voice, the insipidity of intonation, which is best appreciated in steamboat saloons. "Oh, Mr. Dawson, don't you think you could get it back for me?"

"I'm frightfully sorry," said the contrite Dawson. "I'll go back at once. You don't know when the ship goes, do you?"

Another of Miss Paterson's cavaliers assured him that he had some hours yet. "The steward told me so," he added authoritatively.

"Then I'll go at once," said Dawson, hating him.

"Mind, don't lose the boat," Miss Paterson called after him.

He went swiftly back up the wide main street in which they had spent the day. Lamps were beginning to shine everywhere, and the dull peace of the place was broken by a new life. Those that dwell in darkness were going abroad now, and the great saloons were filling. Dawson noted casually that evening was evidently the lively time of Mozambique. He passed men of a type he had missed during the day, men of all nationalities, by their faces, and every shade of colour. They were lounging on the sidewalk in knots of two or three, sitting at the little tables outside the saloons, or lurking at the entrances of narrow alleys that ran aside from the main street every few paces. All were clad in thin white suits, and some wore knives in full sight, while there was that about them that would lead even the

most innocent and conventional second-class passenger to guess at a weapon concealed somewhere. Some of them looked keenly at Dawson as he passed along; and although he met their eyes impassively, he — even he — was conscious of an implied estimate in their glance, as though they classified him with a look. Once he stepped aside to let a woman pass. She was large, flamboyantly southern and calm. She lounged along, a cloak over her left arm, her head thrown back, a cigarette between her wide, red lips. She, too, looked at Dawson — looked down at him with a superb lazy nonchalance, laughed a little, and walked on. The loungers on the sidewalk laughed, too, but rather with her than at Dawson.

"I seem rather out of it here," he told himself patiently, and was glad to enter the wide portals of Lazarus' Hotel. A grand, swarthy Greek, magnificent in a scarlet jacket and gold braid, pulled open the door for him, and heard his mission smilingly.

"A brass-a image," he repeated. "Sir, you wait-a in the bar, an' I tell-a the boy go look."

"You must be quick, then," said Dawson, "'cause I'm in a hurry to get back."

"Yais," smiled the Greek. "Bimeby he rain-a bad."

"Rain?" queried Dawson incredulously. The air was like balm.

"You see," the Greek nodded. "This-a way, sir. I go look-a quick."

Dawson waited in the bar, where a dark, sallow barman stared him out of countenance for twenty minutes. At the end of that time the image was forthcoming. The ugly thing had burst the paper in which it was wrapped, and its grinning bullet-head projected handily. The paper was wisped about its middle like a petticoat. Dawson took it thankfully from the Greek, and made suitable remuneration in small silver.

"Bimeby rain," repeated the Greek, as he opened a door for him again.

"Well, I'm not made of sugar," replied Dawson, and set off.

It was night now, for in Mozambique evening is but a brief hiatus between darkness and day. It lasts only while the sun is dipping; once the upper limb is under the horizon it is night, full and absolute. As Dawson retraced his steps the sky over him was velvet-black, barely punctured by faint stars,

and a breeze rustled faintly from the sea. He had not gone two hundred yards when a large, warm drop of rain splashed on his back. Another pattered on his hat, and it was raining, leisurely, ominously.

Dawson pulled up and took thought. At the end of the main street he would have to turn to the left to the sea-front, and then to the left again to reach the landing-stage. If, now, there were any nearer turning to the left — if any of the dark alleys that opened continually beside him were passable — he might get aboard the steamer to his dinner in the second-class saloon with a less emphatic drenching than if he went round by the way he had come. Mozambique, he reflected, could not have only one street — it was too big for that. From the steamer, as it came to anchor, he had seen acre upon acre of flat roofs, and one of the gloomy alleys beside him must surely debouch upon the sea-front. He elected to try one, anyhow, and accordingly turned aside into the next.

With ten paces he entered such a darkness as he had never known. The alley was barely ten feet wide: it lay like a crevasse between high, windowless walls of houses. The warm, leisurely rain dropped perpendicularly upon him from an invisible sky, and presently, hugging the wall, he butted against a corner, and found, or guessed, that his way was no longer straight. Underfoot there was mud and garbage that once gulfed him to the knee, and nowhere in all those terrible, silent walls on each side of him was there a light or a door, nor any sight of life near at hand. He might have been in a catacomb, companioned by the dead. The stillness and the loneliness scared and disturbed him. He turned on a sudden impulse to make his way back to the lights of the street.

But this was to reckon without the map of Mozambique — which does not exist. Ten minutes sufficed to overwhelm him in an intricacy of blind ways. He groped by a wall to a turning, fared cautiously to pass it, found a blank wall opposite him, and was lost. His sense of direction left him, and he had no longer any idea of where the street lay and where the sea. He floundered in gross darkness, inept and persistent. It took some time, many turnings, and a tumble in the mud to convince him that he was lost. And then the rain came down in earnest.

It roared, it pelted, it stamped on him. It was not rain, as he knew it: it was a cascade, a vehement and malignant assault by all the wetness in heaven. It wiped, it stung, it thrashed; he was drenched in a moment as though by a trick. He could see nothing, but groped blind and frightened under it, feeling along the wall with one hand, still carrying the bronze image by the head with the other. Once he dropped it, and would have left it, but with an impulse like an effort of self-respect, he searched for it, groping elbow-deep in the slush and water, found it, and stumbled on. Another corner presented itself; he came round it, and almost at once a light showed itself.

It was a slit of brightness below a door, and without a question the drenched and bewildered Dawson lifted the image and hammered on the door with it. A hum of voices within abated as he knocked, and there was silence. He hammered again, and he heard bolts being withdrawn inside. The door opened slowly, and a man looked out.

"I've lost my way," flustered Dawson pitifully. "I'm wet through, and I don't know where I am." Even as he spoke the rain was cutting through his clothes like blades. "Please let me in," he concluded. "Please let me in."

The man was backed by the light, and Dawson could see nothing of him save that he was tall and stoutly made. But he laughed, and opened the door a foot farther to let him pass in.

"Come in," he bade him. His voice was foreign and high. "Come in. All may come in to-night."

Dawson entered, leading a trail of water over a floor of bare boards. His face was running wet, and he was newly dazzled with the light. But when he had wiped his eyes, he drew a deep breath of relief and looked about him. The room was unfurnished save for a littered table and some chairs, and a gaudy picture of the Virgin that hung on the wall. On each side of it was a sconce, in which a slovenly candle guttered. A woman was perched on a corner of the table, a heavy shawl over her head. Under it the dark face, propped in the fork of her hand, glowed sullenly, and her bare, white arm was like a menacing thing. Dawson bowed to her with an instinct of politeness. In a chair near her a grossly fat man was huddled, scowling heavily under thick, fair brows,

while the other man, he who had opened the door, stood smiling.

The woman laughed softly as Dawson ducked to her, scanning him with an amusement that he felt as ignominy. But she pointed to the image dangling in his hand.

"What is that?" she asked.

Dawson laid it on the floor carefully. "It's a curio," he explained. "I was fetching it for a lady. An idol, you know."

The fat man burst into a hoarse laugh, and the other man spoke to Dawson.

"An' you?" he queried. "What you doing 'ere, so late an' so wet?"

"I was trying to take a short cut to the landing-stage," Dawson replied. "Like a silly fool, I thought I could find my way through here. But I got lost somehow."

The fat man laughed again.

"You come off the German steamer?" suggested the woman.

Dawson nodded. "I came ashore with some friends," he answered, "from the second-class. But I left them to go back and fetch this idol, and here I am."

The tall man who had opened the door turned to the woman.

"So we must wait a leetle longer for your frien's," he said.

She tossed her head sharply.

"Friends!" she exclaimed. "Mother of God! Would you walk abroad with you knives for ever? When every day other men are taken, can you ask to go free? Am I the wife of the Intendente?"

"No, nod the vife!" barked the stout man violently. "But if you gan't tell us noding better than to stop for der police to dake us, vot's der good of you?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders, and the shawl slipped, and showed them bare and white above her bodice.

"I have done all that one could do," she answered sullenly, with defiant eyes. "Seven months you have done as you would, untouched. That was through me. Now, fools, you must take your turn — one month, three months, six months — who knows? — in prison. One carries a knife — one goes to prison! What would you have?"

"Gif der yong man a chair, Tonio," said the fat man, and his companion reached Dawson a seat. He sat on it in the middle of the floor, while they wrangled around him. He gathered that the two men anticipated a visit from the police very shortly, and that they blamed it on the woman, who

might have averted it. Both the men accused her of their misfortune, and she faced them dauntlessly. She tried to bring them, it seemed, to accept it as inevitable, as a thing properly attendant on them; to show that she, after all, could not change the conditions of existence.

"You stabbed the Greek," she argued once, turning sharply on the tall man.

"Well," he began, and she flourished her hand as an *ergo*.

"Life is not spending money," she even philosophised. "One pays for living, my friend, with work, with pain, with jail. Here you have to pay. I have paid for you, seven months nearly, with smiles and love. But the price is risen. It is your turn now."

Dawson gazed at her fascinated. She spoke and gesticulated with a captivating spirit. Life brimmed in her. As she spoke, her motions were arguments in themselves. She put a case and demolished it with a smile; presented the alternative, left a final word unspoken, and the thing was irresistible. Dawson, perched lonely on his chair, experienced a desire to enter the conversation.

Both the two men were beyond conviction. "Why didn't you" — do this or that? the tall man kept asking, and his fat comrade exploded, "Yes, vy?" They seemed to demand of her that she should accept blame without question, and to her answers, clear and ready, the fat man retorted with a gross oath.

"Excuse me, sir," began Dawson, shocked. He was aching to be on the woman's side.

"Vot?" demanded the fat man.

"That's hardly the way to speak to a lady," said Dawson gravely.

The tall man burst into a clear laugh, and the fat man glared at Dawson. He flinched somewhat, but caught the woman's eye and found comfort and reinforcement there. She, too, was smiling, but gratefully, and she gave him a courteous little nod of thanks.

"I don't like to hear such language used to a lady," he said, speaking manfully enough, and giving the fat man eyes as steady as his own. "No gentleman would do it, I'm sure."

"Vot der hell you got to do mit it?" demanded the other ferociously, while his companion laughed.

The woman held up a hand. "Do not quarrel," she said. "There is trouble

enough already. Besides, *they* may be here any moment. Is there anything to get ready?"

"But vot der hell," cried the fat man again. She turned on him.

"Fool! fool! Will you shout and brawl all night, till the chains are on you?"

"Your chains: you put them on us," the tall man interrupted.

She turned swiftly on him, poisoning her small head over her bare breasts with a superb scorn.

"Why do you lie?" she demanded hotly. "Why do you lie? Must you hide even from your own blame behind my skirts? Mother of God!" — an outstretched hand called the tawdry Virgin on the wall to witness — "you are neither man nor good beast — just —"

The tall man interrupted. "Don' go on!" he said quietly. "Don' go on!" His eyes were shining, and he carried one hand beneath his coat. "Don' dare to go on!"

"Dare!" The woman lifted her face insolently, brought up her bare arm with a slow sweep, and puffed once at an imaginary cigarette. There was so much of defiance in the action that Dawson, watching her breathless, started to his feet with something hard and heavy in his hand. It was the idol.

"Thief!" said the woman slowly, gazing under languorous eyelids at the white, venomous face of the tall man. "Thief and —" she leaned forward and said the word, the ultimate and supreme insult of the coast.

It was barely said when there flashed something in the man's hand. He was poised on his toes, leaning forward a little, his arm swinging beside him. The woman flung both arms before her face and cried out; then leaned rapidly aside as a pointed knife whizzed past her head and struck twanging in the wall behind her. The man sprang forward, and the next instant the room was chaos, for Dawson, tingling to his extremities, stepped in and spread him out with a crashing blow on the head. The "idol" was his weapon.

The stout German thundered an oath and heaved to his feet, fumbling at his hip and babbling broken profanity.

Dawson swung the image and stepped towards him.

"Keep still," he cried, "or I'll brain you!"

"Der hell!" vociferated the German, and fired swiftly at him. The room filled with

smoke, and Dawson, staggering unhurt, but with his face stung with powder, did not see the man fall. As the German drew the revolver clear, the woman knifed him in the neck, and he collapsed on his face, belching blood upon the boards of the floor. The woman stood over him, the knife still in her hand, looking at Dawson with a smile.

"My God!" he said as he glanced about him. The tall man was lying at his feet, huddled hideously on the floor. The room stank of violence and passion. "My God!" and he stooped to the body.

The woman touched him on the shoulder. "Come," she said. "It's no good. It was a grand blow, a king's blow. You cannot help him."

"But — but —" he flustered as he rose. The emergency was beyond him. He had only half a strong man's equipment — the mere brawn. "Two men killed. I must get back to the ship."

He saw the woman smiling, and caught at his calmness. There was comprehension in her eyes, and to be understood is so often to be despised. "You must come, too," he added, on an impulse, and stopped, appalled by the idea.

"To the ship?" she cried, and laughed. "Oh, la la! But no! Still, we must go from here. The police will be here any minute, and if they find you —" She left it unsaid, and the gap was ominous.

The police! To mention them was to touch all that was conventional, suburban, and second-class in Dawson. He itched to be gone. A picture of Vine Street police-court and a curtly aloof magistrate flashed across his mind, and a reminiscence of evening paper headlines, and his mind fermented hysterically.

The woman put back her knife in some secret recess of her clothes, and opened the door cautiously. "Now!" she said, but paused, and came back. She went to the picture of the Virgin and turned its face to the wall. "One should not forget respect," she observed, apologetically. "These things are remembered. Now come."

No sooner were they in the gloomy alley outside than the neighbourhood of others was known to them. There was a sound of many feet plowing in the mud, and a suppressed voice gave a short order. The woman stopped and caught Dawson's arm.

"Hush!" she whispered. "It is the police. They have come for the men. They

will be on both sides of us. Wait and listen."

Dawson stood rigid, his heart thumping. The darkness seemed to surge around him with menaces and dangers. The splashing feet were nearer, coming up on their right, and once some metal gear clinked as its wearer scraped against the wall. He could *smell* men, as he remembered afterwards. The woman beside him retained her hold on his arm, and remained motionless till it seemed that the advancing men must run into them.

"Come quietly," she whispered at length, putting warm lips to his ear. Her hand dropped along his arm till she grasped his fingers. She led him swiftly away from the place, having waited till the police should be so near that the noise of their advance would drown their own retreat.

On they went, then, as before, swishing through the foulness underfoot, and without speaking. Only at times the woman's hold on his hand would tighten, and, meeting with no response, would slacken again, and she would draw him on ever more quickly.

"Where are we going?" he ventured to ask.

"We are escaping," she answered, with a brief tinkle of laughter. "If you knew what we are escaping from, you would not care where. But hurry, always!"

Soon, however, she paused, still holding his hand. Again they heard footsteps, and this time the woman turned to him desperately.

"There is a door near by," she breathed. "We must find it, or —" again the unspoken word. "Feel always along the wall there. Farther, go farther. It should be here."

They sprang on, with hands to the rough plaster on the wall, till Dawson encountered the door, set level with the wall, for which they sought.

"Push," panted the woman, heaving at it with futile hands. Even in the darkness he could see the gleam of her naked arms and shoulders. "Push it in."

Dawson laid his shoulder to it, his arms folded, and shoved desperately till his head buzzed. As he eased up he heard the near feet of the menacing police again.

"You must push it in!" cried the woman. "It is the only way. If not —"

"Here, catch hold of this," said Dawson, and she found the bronze image in her hands.

"Let me come," he said, and standing back a little, he flung his twelve stone of bone and muscle heavily on the door. It creaked, and some fastening within broke and fell to the ground.

Once again he assaulted it, and it was open. They passed rapidly within, and closed it behind them, and with the woman's hand guiding, Dawson stumbled up a long, narrow, sloppy stair that gave on to the flat roof of the building. Above them was sky again. The rain had passed, and the frosty stars of Mozambique shone faintly. He took a deep breath as he received the image from the hands of the woman.

"You hear them?" she said, and he listened with a shudder to the passing of the men below.

"But we must go on," she said. "We are not safe yet. Over the wall to the next roof. Come!"

They clambered over a low parapet, and dropped six feet to another level. Dawson helped the woman up the opposite wall, and she sat reconnoitering on the top.

"Come quietly," she warned him, and he clambered up beside her and looked down at the roof before them. In a kind of tent persons appeared to be sleeping: their breath was plainly to be heard.

"You must walk like a rat," she whispered smiling, and lowered herself. He followed. She was crouching in the shadow of the wall, and drew him down beside her. Somebody had ceased to sleep in the tent, and was gabbling drowsily, in a monotonous sing-song.

"If they see us," she whispered to him, "they will think you have come here after the women."

"But we could say —" he began.

"There will be nothing to say," she interrupted. "Hush! There he comes."

Out of the tent crawled a man, lean and black and bearded, with a sheet wrapped around him. He stood up and looked around, yawning. The woman nestled closer to Dawson, who gripped instinctively on the bronze image. The man walked to the parapet on their left and looked over, and then walked back to the tent and stood irresolutely, muttering to himself. Squatted under the wall, Dawson found room amid the race of his disordered thoughts to wonder that he did not instantly see them.

He was coming towards them, and Dawson felt the bare shoulder that pressed

against his arm shrug slightly. The man was ten paces away, walking right on to them, and looking to the sky, when, with throbbing temples and tense lips, Dawson rose, ran at him, and gripped him. He had the throat in the clutch of his right hand, and strangled the man's yell as it was conceived. They went down together, writhing and clutching, Dawson uppermost, the man under him scratching and slapping at him with open hands. He drew up a knee and found a lean chest under it, drove it in, and choked his man to silence and unconsciousness.

"Take this, take this," urged the woman, bending beside him. She pressed her slender-bladed knife on him. "Just a prick, and he is still forever."

Dawson rose. "No," he said. "He's still enough now. No need to kill him." He looked at the body and from it to the woman. "Didn't I get him to rights?" he asked exultantly.

She raised her face to his.

"It was splendid," she said. "With only the bare hands to take an armed man —"

"Armed!" repeated Dawson.

"Surely," she answered. "That, at least, is always sure. See," she pulled the man's sheet wide. Girt into a loin-cloth below was an ugly, broad blade. "Yes, it was magnificent. You are a man, my friend."

"And you," he said, thrilled by her adulation and the proximity of her bare, gleaming bosom, "are a woman."

"Then," she began spiritedly; but in a heat of cordial impulse he took her to him and kissed her hotly on the lips.

"I was wondering when it would be," she said slowly, as he released her. "When you spoke to the German about the bad word, I began to wonder. I knew it would come. Kiss me again, my friend, and we will go on."

"Are we getting toward the landing-stage?" he asked her, as the next roof was crossed. "I mustn't miss my boat, you know."

"Oh, that!" she answered. "You want to go back?"

"Well, of course," he replied, in some surprise. "That's what I was trying to do when I knocked at your door. I've missed my dinner as it is."

"Missed your dinner!" she repeated, with a bubble of mirth. "Ye-es; you have lost that, but," — she came to him and laid

a hand on his shoulder, speaking softly — "but you have seen *me*. Is it nothing, friend, to have saved me?"

He had stopped, and she was looking up to him, half-smiling, half-entreating, wholly alluring. He looked down into her dark face with a sudden quickening about the heart.

"And all this fighting," she continued, as though he were to be convinced of something. "You conquer men as though you were bred on the roofs of Mozambique. You fight like — like a hero. It is a rush, a blow, a tumble, and you have them huddled at your feet. And when you remember all this, will you not be glad, friend — will you not be glad that it was for me?"

He nodded, clearing his throat huskily. Her hand on his shoulder was a thing to charm him to fire.

"I'd fight — I'd fight for you," he replied uneasily, "as long as — as long as there was any one to fight."

He was feeling his way in speech, as best he could, past conventionalities. There had dawned on him, duskily and half-seen, the unfitness of little proprieties and verbose frills while he went to war across the roofs with this woman of passion.

"You would," she said fervently, with half-closed eyes. "I know you would."

She dropped her hand, and stood beside him in silence. There was a long pause. He guessed she was waiting for the next move from him, and he nerved himself to be adequate to her unspoken demand.

"You lead on," he said at last unsteadily.

"Where?" she asked breathlessly.

He did not speak, but waved an open hand that gave her the freedom of choice. It was his surrender to the wild spirit of the Coast, and he grasped the head of the brass image the tighter when he had done it. She and Fate must guide now: it rested with him only to break opposite heads.

She smiled and shivered. "Come on, then," she said, and started before him.

They traversed perhaps a score of roofs enclosed with high parapets, on to each of which he lifted her, hands in her armpits, swinging her cleanly to the level of his face and planting her easily and squarely on the coping. He welcomed each opportunity to take hold of her and put out the strength of his muscles, and she sat where he placed her, smiling and silent, while he clambered up and dropped down on the other side.

At length a creaking wooden stair that hung precariously on the sheer side of a house brought them again to the ground level. It was another gloomy alley into which they descended, and the darkness about him and the mud underfoot struck Dawson with a sense of being again in familiar surroundings. The woman's hand slid into his as he stood, and they started along again together.

The alley seemed to be better frequented than that of which he already had experience. More than once dark, sheeted figures passed them by, noiseless save for the underfoot swish in the mud, and presently the alley widened into a little square, at one side of which there was a fresh rustle of green things. At the side of it a dim light showed through a big open door, from which came a musical murmur of voices, and Dawson recognized a church.

"The Little Garden of St. Sebastien," murmured the woman, and led him on to cross the square. A figure that had been hidden in the shadow now lounged forth, and revealed itself to them as a man in uniform. He stood across their way, and accosted the woman briefly in Portuguese.

Dawson stood fidgeting while she spoke with him. He seemed to be repeating a brief phrase over and over again, harshly and irritably; but she was cajoling, remonstrating, arguing, as he had seen her argue in that ill-fated room an hour back.

"What's the matter with him?" demanded Dawson impatiently.

"He says he won't let me go," answered the woman, with a tone of despair in her voice.

"The devil he won't! What's he got to do with it?"

"Oh, these little policemen, they always arrest me when they can," she replied, with a smile.

"Here, you!" cried Dawson, addressing himself to the man in uniform — "you go away. *Voetsaak*, see! You mind your own business, and get out."

The officer drawled something in his own tongue, which was of course unintelligible to Dawson, but it had the effect of annoying him strangely.

"You little beast!" he said, and knocked the man down with his fist.

"Run," hissed the woman at his elbow — "run before he can get up. No, not that way. To the church, and out by another way!"

She caught his hand, and together they raced across the square and in through the big door.

There were a few people within, most sleeping on the benches and along the floor by the walls. In the chancel there were others, masked by the lights, busy with some office. A wave of sudden song issued from among them as Dawson and the woman entered, and gave way again to the high, nervous voice of a man that stood before the altar. All along the sides of the church was shadow, and the woman speedily found a little arched door.

"Come through the middle of it," she whispered urgently to Dawson, as she packed her loose skirts together in her hand — "cleanly through the middle; do not rub the wall as you come."

He obeyed and followed her, and they were once more in the darkness of an alley.

"It was the door of the lepers," she explained, as she let her skirts swish down again. "See, there is the light by the sea!"

The wind came cleanly up the alley, and soon they were at its mouth, where a lamp flickered in the breeze. Dawson drew a deep breath, and tucked the image under

his arm. His palm was sore with the roughness of its head.

"Some one is passing," said the woman in a low tone. "Wait here till they are by."

Footsteps were approaching along the front, and very soon Dawson heard words and started.

"What is it?" whispered the woman, her breath on his neck.

"Listen!" he answered curtly.

The others came within the circle of the lamp — a girl and two men.

"I do hope he's found my idol," the girl was saying.

Dawson stepped into the light, and they turned and saw him.

"Why, here he is," exclaimed Miss Paterson shrilly.

He raised his hat to the woman, who stood at the entrance to the alley — raised it as he would have raised it to a waitress in a bun-shop, and went over to the people from the second-class saloon.

"I found it," he said, lifting the image forward, and brushing with his hand at the foulness of blood and hair upon it. "But I was almost thinking I should miss the boat."

## A RAIN MOOD

BY

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

We prayed for a day of rain  
In the sunny summer weather  
And for long hours spent together  
In the heavy hush and gloom  
Of a dusky silent room  
And the patter of drops in the pane,  
And a murmurous sigh in the leaves  
And the swish of the rain in the eaves  
And the tremulous trouble and start  
Of the wind in the great tree's heart --

We prayed for a day of rain  
And the exquisite infinite sense  
Of a being more intense  
And the needlessness of speech  
For the lips and hands of each  
To the patter of drops in the pane.

We prayed for a day of rain  
That the world might seem less wide  
That severed us side by side  
And the minutes might seem more long  
Sung to the drowsy song  
Of the patter of drops in the pane.  
For the glory and glamour and green  
Were a barrier set between  
Our souls that strove to be one  
In the glare of the blazing sun.



# KILLBOHGAN AND KILLBOGGAN

BY

HERMINIE TEMPLETON

AUTHOR OF "DARBY O'GILL AND THE GOOD PEOPLE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN

ONCE upon a time, and a black-fortuned, potato-blighted time it was, there lived near the town of Clonmel, in the beautiful County of Tipperary, a sober-minded farmer named Jerry O'Flynn.

Of cattle or horses or sheep or goats or any four-footed beasts, Jerry had none, saving and barring a beautiful white pig which he had picked up at his own threshold on a blustery evening in April, when it was a little stray, shivering, pink-nosed bonive.

Well, that same pig grew and grew, fat and silky and good-natured, till it was the pride and the pleasure of the family to currycomb him, to wash him, to feed him, and to rub his fine, broad back. And when the time came for him to go the way of all pigs, Jerry's thatched roof covered as sore a hearted family as dwelt in all Ireland. However, the piteous law which compels the strong to prey upon the weak, was in this instance considered to be inexorable; so, the evening before

the day of execution, Jerry repaired to a secluded spot behind the high, black turf stack, and there, with his own unwilling hands, arranged the grim paraphernalia for the morrow's tragedy. When this dismal work was finished, the honest fellow had not enough courage left to carry him back to the cottage, there to face the accusing eyes of his children, so he slunk over to the stile in the lane and stood with his right arm thrown listlessly about the hedge post, lost in troubled contemplation of the unconscious and confiding victim who stretched himself luxuriously in the grass at his master's feet.

So preoccupied was the lad with his bothersome thoughts, that he failed to notice the hasty approach of good-natured old Mrs. Clancey, and he answered her cheery "God save ye" with a half-frightened start.

"I've come to tell ye, Jerry agra," the excited woman panted, "that there's a letther — a big blue letther — from Amerikay —



*As he could contemplate the unknown and  
the long future*

waited for ye down in the town, and the postmaster (and Jess to boot) wouldn't let me have it to bring to you. He even refused to open it for me so I might bring ye the news when it was true. The cause of the cows' fight on him. She spoke with such hearty earnestness as to suggest a keenly dis-  
tinct idea to us.

"Thank ye, and thank ye again for your notice, Mrs. Clancy. You may see the letter was from America."

"Oh, that's all," the postmaster said, "and now that a letter at all has come the best of us."

"But that's quite a letter," Jerry

said to me. "Americans who could be seen and heard a letter from the land of the free and the home of the brave."

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him these two years. "I'm bilin' to know who the letter's from, but I can't go after it the mornin' because" and he sighed deeply. "We've got that day for the killin' of Charles, the pig, there. And it's a red-handed murderer I feel meself already, Mrs. Clancy, ma'am."

Well, at these words, strange as it may seem, Charles gave a startled grunt, rose to his feet, and there a look of such reckless daring from under his white eyelashes, first at Jerry, then at Mrs. Clancy, that the old woman, with a murmured "God save us when we look at that now," shook back a pace from the stile.

"I wouldn't tell that dog Jerry O'Flynn," said she, with a warning wag of her finger, "I wouldn't tell that dog if he was as

full of goold suverins as the Bank of England, Ireland, and Scotland put together, so I wouldn't!"

The smouldering trouble in Jerry's gray eyes deepened, and he sucked hard at his empty, black pipe.

"And why wouldn't ye, Mrs. Clancey, ma'am? What raisons have ye agin him?" asked Jerry, peering anxiously at her from under the rim of his old caubeen. Mrs. Clancey deliberately folded her arms in her shawl, and came a step nearer the stile.

"Well, first and foremost," says she, "he is a shupernatural baste, and there's a knowledgeableness in the cock of his white eye when he turns it on me that makes me shiver, so it does. Look at him sitting there now! Look at the saygacious twist of the tail of him. I'll warrant he ondherstands every worrud we're thinking, let alone sayin' — conshuming to him."

Jerry threw an apprehensive eye over his shoulder at the pig who now sat with his back toward them, solemnly twisting his tail first this way, then that. But for all his seeming indifference there was such a subtle suggestion of listening in the twitch of the beast's ears and the hump of his broad shoulders, that Jerry placed a cautious hand to his mouth when he whispered: "Do ye think so, Mrs. Clancey? No, no, it's only just the natural cultivation of the baste. Though I'll not deny that Char-les has sometimes the look of a Christian on him. Then, again, his ways are so friendly and polite that it goes sore agin me heart to lift a hand till him, so it does. Sure, pigs have feelings as well as you or I, and you wouldn't like to be kilt yourself, Mrs. Clancey, I'm thinkin'."

The unhappy personal comparison offended Mrs. Clancey's ever sensitive dignity so with head askew and tight lips she replied, "If I wor a pig, which Heaven forbid, I hope I'd be pillosopher enough to be satisfied with me station in life. Pigs were born to be kilt; how else could they be turned into things needful! 'Tis the least they can expect."

"Thru fer ye!" apologetically sighed Jerry. "And to substantiate what ye're sayin', there's the rint long due, an' Christmas almost on top of us, and the childer needin' shoes, an' herself fairly perishin' for a bit of a bonnet; an' look at him! there sits tay, an' bonnet, an' shoes, an' rint, and lashin's an' lavin's of tobaccy; and here am I wid an empty poipe, too tindher-hearted to

transmogrify the baste. What'll I do at all, at all?"

"Faith, I dunno, Jerry, ma bouchal. It's beyant me," replied Mrs. Clancey turning to go. "But" — and a sudden thought halted her — "to-morrow is market day at Clonmel, and if that same Char-les wor *my* pig, I'd have him half way there before the sun stuck a leg over the mountain, and I'd sell him widout the flutter of an eyelid. By that manes ye'd shift the raysponsibility on to himself. And if Char-les is half as wise as he purtinds to be, lave him alone but he'll take care of himself."

With a self-satisfied toss of her head and a cheerful "Good-night," the wise woman took herself hurriedly up the road.

Jerry leaned heavily on the stile and gazed with unseeing eyes at the brown shawl fast disappearing in the shadows, until he was startled by two short, indignant grunts at his side. Looking quickly round he met the reproachful eyes of the pig gazing steadfastly up at him.

"Arrah don't be blaming me, Char-les, me poor lad! Don't look at me that way! Me heart's fair broke, so it is. Haven't I raised you since you were the size of that hand? an' a sociabler, civiler mannered baste I niver saw. Musha, I wisht you were a cow, so I do; then you wouldn't be a pig an' have to be kilt. Heigh ho! Sorrows the day! come along up with me, agra, an' we'll have a petatie."

That night, long after the hearth was swept and the childer and herself were in bed, Jerry sat with his chin in his hands gazing moodily into the smouldering turf. The heavy task of the morrow drove all wish for the bed from his mind, so the leaden-hearted lad decided to sit up until morning — the better to get an early start.

As thus he waited, the stillness of the night grew heavier and heavier around him, broken only by the spluttering of the ash-covered turf at his feet, and he felt the darkness of the room creeping up from behind, and pressing down upon his shoulders like a great cloak.

The expiring rush light on the old oak mantel above his head struggled feebly with the strangling shadows as it burned itself to the very rim of the tall brass candlestick. But the contest proved a hopeless one, and so at last with one despairing spurt of yellow flame the vanquished light sank gurgling and choking out of sight. Jerry marked

how its soul in one slender, wavering spire of gray smoke crept softly upward and disappeared. With a little shivering shrug, the lad drew his stool closer into the hearth. "Some one stepped over me grave sartin that time," he complained. "My, but isn't this a murdherin' shuperstitious night?"

And the turf fire at his feet — sure never before had its dull red caverns held so many

into an open sea of gray ashes. As they disappeared a sudden chill filled the whole room, and on that instant, loud and shrill, Phelim, the old black cock, crowed from his perch outside the door — a most unlucky sign before midnight, as every one knows. Jerry flung a startled look at the clock. Its two warning fingers pointed the hour of midnight.

He hastily drew himself together on the



*" 'to-morrow mornin' whin ye're takin' me to market, you'll be travellin' in much better company than I'll be in' "*

weird and grotesque phantoms: an old woman with a bundle of sticks on her back glowed for an instant there, then suddenly changed and sank into a body stretched out on a low bier. And then the body rose slowly upright and stood a tall, long-faced, hunchbacked man who soon spread and pread, and then crumbled into a pack of running hounds. Jerry's fascinated eyes watched the pack until with a sharp crackle and a little hiss of flame the hounds dropped

stool, counting the slow, heavy strokes and dreading he knew not what. The last chime of the old clock was yet tingling through the room, when Jerry heard (and his heart turned to jelly at the sound) a strange, weird voice calling from outside under the window. "Jerry! Jerry O'Flynn!" wailed the voice, "why don't you open the dure?"

But Jerry never moved; he sat with stiffened hair and wild, straining eyes fixed on the black window-panes.

"Jerry! Jerry!" demanded the voice, now harsh and commanding, "I ask you once more, will you open?"

Slowly, like one asleep, Jerry arose and step by step retreated backward till his groping hands touched the wall behind him. There with parted, dry lips and trembling knees he waited.

The clock had ticked five times — he timed it by his beating heart — when, without so much as a bolt being drawn, the door swung wide open, and from the blackness without what should step boldly over the threshold but Charles, the pig. Not as he was wont to come, mind you, with friendly grunt and careless swagger, but silent and stern and masterful. He marched into the room, over to the fireplace, and sat himself upright in quiet dignity upon the stool that Jerry had just left. Jerry never moved a muscle, but stood frozen with surprise and growing resentment that Char-les, the pig, should give himself so many airs and make himself so free about the house.

The beast never deigned so much as a side look at his master but, wriggling himself into a comfortable position on the stool, he opened his mouth and in a gruff, patronizing way began to speak. At the sound of the strange voice all the boy's fears rushed back on him.

"Jerry O'Flynn," said the pig, "what are ye afeard of? Come over and sit on that stool ferninst me, and don't stand there shiverin' and shakin' like a cowardly bosthoon!"

"I'm not afeard," quavered Jerry, as he sidled over and seated himself gingerly on the very edge of the stool. "But may I ax yez a faig, civil question?" says he.

"You may *not*," snapped Charles, "you're here now to do as you're bid, and not to be axing questions."

At this unheard-of impudence, Jerry's anger got the better of his fright. "As I'm bid!" he spluttered, thumping his knee. "What do you mane? Amn't I the mas-ther?"

"Masther! Ho! ho! Masther! Be-dad, will ye listen to that!" roared the pig. "Why, you dundher-headed Omadhuan, who has been currycombing me, an' brushing me down all these months, an' who has been working for me early and late in the fields to get butthermilk an' petaties for me brakwusts, I'd like to know? Masther indeed! let me hear no more of that," grunted the pig, crossing his legs as he spoke. Jerry scratched his head in furious bewilderment.

"Tundher an' turf!" he gasped. "Thru for ye, Char-les! I never thought of it that way. But thin, me lad, the raison you got such grand care was becase I intended to —" He stopped short, frightened out of his seven senses by a quiet look in the pig's eye.

"Intended to what?" asked Charles calmly.

"Nawthin," mumbled Jerry.

"Umph," the pig grunted. "Fill the poipe and hand it over to me, and pay attention, for I've something to tell you. You know by this time, I suppose, that it's no ord'nary baste you have ferninst ye; an' I want ye to undherstand," says he, pointing his pipe, "that to-morrow morning whin ye're takin' me to market, you'll be thravellin' in much betther company than I'll be in."

"Well, who and what are ye at all, at all?" demanded Jerry.

The pig leaned over and got a coal for his pipe. "Listen, and I'll expatiate," he puffed.

"You must know that I am Killbohgan, the ould ancient Milesian maygician who in an unlucky moment had the comither put on him by Killboggan, an oulder and a trifle ancienther enchanter; and who to escape from the parsecutions of Killboggan changed himself into a hare."

"Oh, be the powers!" cried Jerry, slapping his knee with his hand. "The first hard worruk ye'll do in the mornin' will be to go out an' change me flock of ducks intil a herd of cows, so it will."

"Oh, you poor man," sighed the magician. "There was a time when such a thrick 'ud be only sport and May game for me. But wirrasthrue, that was hundherds of years ago. I once changed a hill of red ants into a dhrove of wild ulephants to plaze one of me sick childher. But Killboggan has dhrawn all the power from me now, an' I used the last spell I had that midnight when I changed meself into a wee white bonive before your own horse-pittiful dure."

The pig scratched his ear reflectively with the stem of his pipe, and smiled, and shook his head sadly when Jerry remarked:

"I always knew there was something shu-perior in your charack-ther, Char-les."

"Be that as it may be," continued Charles, "as I was sayin': afther I had changed meself into a hare, what did the bliggard Killboggan do but turn himself intil a hound,

and for years and years he hunted me from one end of Ireland ground to the other. One day, as we were goin' lickety splicket up the Giant's Causeway, the villain nearly had me by the hind leg, and findin' meself in such a dusperate amplush, I quick turned meself intil a herring and dhropped intil the say.

"Well, anyway, it wasn't a minute till Killboggan had metamorphied himself intil a whale, and, be the mortal man, came sploshing in afther me. And so for hundherds of years we'd been rumagin' and rampaging from one ind of the everlasting salt says to the other, till on Chewsdays last April Ned Driscoll, who was out fishing for herrings, caught me in his net. And as he was passing your door that same night, I slipped out of his basket and turned meself into a purty white bonive in the road beyant."

"Well, well, d'ye mind that," exclaimed Jerry, "wondhers'll never sayse. And you can't gainsay, Char-les, but what you've got the best of good thratement."

"It's the truth ye're spakin'," nodded the pig. "And now, to prove me gratitude, I'll show you a way to fill your pockets with goold. Whenever you need a little money, just take me to the nearest fair and sell me for the best price you can get. Then go your ways, and never fear but I'll be back to ye safe and sound be cock-crow." In his excitement over this prospect, Jerry lost sight entirely of the sheer dishonesty of the plan.

"Oh, be the powers," he exulted, "the goose that laid the goolden egg is a mere flaybite be comparison to you!"

"There's only one thing you must be careful of," said the magician, raising his pipe warningly to his nose, "and that one thing is this: you are on no account to sell me to a dark, long-faced man with a hump on his back, for that'll be the tarnation schaymer of the worruld, Killboggan. But see, the day is breaking! Tie the rope to me leg, and off to Clonmel with us."

Jerry took the sociable creature at his word, and down the road they put. But the journey was so delayed by wonderful tales of giants and of magicians and by some fine old ballads which Charles sang as they sat under a hedge to rest, that it was the middle of the forenoon before they found themselves in the busy market place of the fair. At once Jerry was hailed on all sides, and it wasn't long till he was offered two pounds for his fine pig. Almost immediately afterwards, Red Shaun, the drover, raised the bid to two pounds ten.

"No," cried Jerry, "I'll not take a penny less nor three pound. And it's ashamed I am to part with him for that. Here you, Wullum!" he called to his first cousin, William Hagen, who stood by. "There's a letter for me in the post-office beyant; do you hold Char-les here till I go for it."

He slipped the rope into William's hand, and was off like a shot. It wasn't two minutes till he was back again with the letter in his pocket. There stood William, a glad smile on his round, red face, and four gold sovereigns shining in his open palm. But the pig was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's Char-les?" shouted Jerry, a cold fear gripping his heart.

"Char-les is gone," chuckled William, "but here's the price of him; and a pound more than you axed for the lazy baste."

"Who bought him?" demanded Jerry, anxiously. "Tell me quick, who bought him?"

"Sorra do I know who the long-faced, black, ould targer was! But he seemed mighty glad to get the pig at four pounds, and was in a great hurry to be away with himself."

Jerry tried to speak, but his voice at first failed him. "Did the schaymer have a hump on his back, I dunno?" he managed at last to gasp.

"No less," answered William, "a hump like a camel's. But what's come over ye, man? You're as white as a ghost."

For answer Jerry pushed William aside and dashed madly into the surging crowd; and for the rest of that day he searched every nook and corner for some trace of the lost Charles; but in vain. It was well on to midnight when, footsore and sorry-hearted, the remorseful lad lifted the latch of his own cottage door. As he did, the breath almost left him, for there on the same stool, just as before, sat Charles. But not altogether the same either, for instead of the usual jolly, careless expression worn by the pig, there was now on his countenance a settled look of hopeless dejection. And Jerry noticed also that although the pig's body was as big as ever, his sides were almost transparent. Indeed, the tongs leaning against the wall, near which the creature sat, were quite visible through the poor fellow's ribs.

As Jerry walked slowly toward the fireplace, the pig addressed him, and the sad tremble in his voice went straight to his master's heart.

"I'm dead now; now I'm dead, Jerry," wailed the pig. "I wrestled with that scoundrel Killboggan till tin minutes ago, and his spells and charrums have me melted away to a looking-glass image of meself. Oh me, oh my, oh me, oh my! Be accident I got him down at last and managed to escape and fly to you. But he's coming. He'll be here in a minute, and then good-by forever to the

and Jerry had barely time to snatch a fistful of salt from a crock on the dresser shelf, when the kitchen door flew open, and in strode a tall, humpbacked man with the longest, darkest face Jerry had ever seen.

"You have that villain Killbohgan here somewhere, and you'd bettther let me have him at once," croaked the dark man in a deep, harsh voice. He stood wide on his legs



*"From one end of the kitchen to the other they whir'ed"*

raynowned Killbohgan. I can do no more. I'll vanish entirely."

"Och, what a murderin' pity," mourned Jerry, wringing his hands. "Is there no help for you?"

"There's only one poor chanst in all the worruld," moaned Charles, "but I don't think you'd be ayquil to the task. If you could manage to stuff a handful of salt into Killboggan's mouth, that'd put an ind to his powers and his parsecutions. I'd soon grow fat agin. But sure what's the use of talkin' — Oh, be this and that, here he is!"

The pig made a jump and a mad scramble for the other room, and dived under the bed,

in the middle of the floor. "Ha! there he is skulkin' undher the bed. Wait till I have him out and finish him here ferninst ye."

With these words the magician made a bolt for the other room but as he did, Jerry, with a courage which has since become the settled boast of all his descendants, gave a quick spring and landed fair and square on the ugly intruder's back. And then began a struggle which for noise and destruction has never been equaled before or since in any respectable man's kitchen. With his left arm clasped tight about the long, bony neck, Jerry strove with his right hand to thrust the fistful of salt into the villain's mouth.

dazzled Katie's eyes; ten yards of calico; eight yards of beautiful red flannel; two pounds of good black tea; three pairs of shoes for the children, "God bless thim"; and a great package of tobacco and a fine new pipe for himself.

"Me Uncle Dan in Amerikay isn't dead

afther all, Katie," he exulted, "and to prove it he put tin pounds in the lettther; and afther buyin' all ye tould me to and lashins more, I paid the rint, thanks be, and I have still a matther of four pounds tin tucked safe an' deep in the bottom of me breeches pocket."



# THE STORY OF LIFE-INSURANCE

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE ASTOR FORTUNE," ETC.

VI

## THE RAID ON THE SURPLUS



IN the early '80's the Tontine bubble burst. The first policies reached maturity; and the Equitable was called upon to make good its agents' promises. As all the authorities had anticipated and predicted, it paid the surviving members only small proportions of its estimates. Its failure, indeed, was even greater than general expectation; and unexplainable on the grounds apologetically put forth.

From that time the Equitable has been called upon annually to redeem its pledges and has invariably failed. A few quotations from its own official publications sufficiently illustrate its deficiencies. In 1871, for example, the Equitable issued to one "J. B.,"\* aged forty-three, a \$10,000 policy maturing in 1886. The agent estimated that Mr. "J. B." would obtain at the end of his Tontine period, cash "profits" of \$5,328. In fact, the Equitable paid him \$2,931. In the same year it issued a \$25,000 policy to one "J. S. T.,"† also maturing in fifteen years. The agent estimated cash profits of \$12,142.50. The Equitable paid \$6,693.50. Thousands of similar instances could be specified. In general, the Equitable has seldom paid more than sixty per cent of the estimated profits. It has averaged in the neighborhood of fifty; and frequently has ultimately paid only forty and thirty. The other New York companies have made records similarly bad. The Northwestern Mutual, although it also has failed to realize its anticipations, has

made a much better showing. The Northwestern, on the whole, has played the game fairly and honestly. Its managers have run the company, not for their own advantage, but for that of their policy-holders. They have held themselves to a strict accountability. While the New York companies have gone to extremes to avoid accounting, and have paid at the conclusion of the Tontine periods whatever winnings they chose, the Northwestern has willingly rendered precise statements to every policy-holder every year. Dishonesty, under these conditions, was practically impossible.

Statistics give no adequate idea of the suffering these Tontine settlements involved. Hyde's comparatively small dividends were realized by forfeiting the policies of unnumbered smaller and more unfortunate members. Mr. "J. S. T.," whose record is quoted above, represented a class especially attracted by the Tontine scheme. He was evidently a man of large means. The New York companies have always preached Tontine, on the ground that many men were thus persuaded to insure who ordinarily would not have taken out policies at all. Such men, that is, entered the company, not for the insurance, but for the "investment." In other words, men of wealth have taken Tontine policies in order to get the profits made by closing out those less affluent than themselves. In 1878 Elizur Wright declared that, up to date, 100,000 policy-holders in the Equitable and New York Life, who had dropped their policies, "found themselves in no better position than if the companies had failed." In 1885 John K. Tarbox, insurance commissioner of Massachusetts, declared that forfeitures

\* Results of Tontine policies maturing in 1886. Page 11. Equitable Official Document.

† Ibid. Page 10.

already set apart and divided under the Tontine system, "would have provided for dependent family support to the amount of tens of millions of dollars." In the main, lapsing members were those overtaken by misfortune. Others ceased through carelessness; misunderstandings concerning the days of payment or days of grace allowed; or temporary illness. Others had taken Tontines with inadequate notions of what they were; and then afterwards abandoned them in disgust. Many, in the hope of inordinate gain, had taken much larger policies than their circumstances justified; and after paying several large premiums, dropped out. All, of course, had absolutely no redress.

However, the lot of the survivors was almost as unfortunate. The great majority had accepted the agents' estimates as absolute guarantees. Thousands had adopted this method of providing for old age. Inevitably, when they found themselves so badly deceived, they sought redress. They bombarded the Equitable and New York Life with protests; and personally stormed the offices. They obtained little satisfaction. Hyde, Beers, and the rest repudiated all the agents' promises; and triumphantly pointed out that the estimates had never been incorporated in the policy. Again, they called attention to the clause that virtually forced the acceptance of any apportionment made. For the next twenty years the policy-holders sought satisfaction in several ways. Through legislative investigations they tried to penetrate the Tontine secret. In 1885 the Ohio legislature authorized a committee to investigate Tontine. The New York companies forced upon it, as consulting actuary, Mr. Sheppard Homans, the man who, above all others, devised the Tontine system and compiled the Tontine estimates. Homans led the committee by the nose. He held many of the sessions at his own office; and examined practically all the witnesses himself. The proceedings developed into merely a congress of presidents and actuaries, who, day after day, loudly sang hosannahs to Tontine. In New York, public sentiment, largely aroused by Jacob L. Greene's attacks, forced the appointment of a Tontine committee. The legislature limited the sessions practically to four days, and refused to authorize the employment of counsel. The first session, held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, developed into a farce. William B. Homblower, as counsel

for the New York Life, and Charles C. Beaman, as counsel for the Equitable, consumed most of the time by asking meaningless questions; Chauncey M. Depew dropped in and told a few humorous stories. The committee subpoenaed Henry B. Hyde, but he had mysteriously left town. James W. Alexander appeared as the leading witness. The committee demanded certain important Equitable books; but Mr. Alexander gently postponed their presentation. It asked for the Equitable's salary list; and that, Mr. Alexander also diplomatically withheld. He did, however, reveal several interesting facts. He declared that the Equitable directors had never authorized the Tontine policy; at least, that no record of such authorization existed. He added that the idea that Tontines were kept in classes was a "popular delusion." For years the Equitable, in numberless official documents, had maintained that such classes existed; and Henry B. Hyde, under oath on the witness-stand in 1877, had repeated the statement. The committee asked Mr. Alexander how the Tontine results were arrived at. "It is something of a puzzle," he replied, "to know just how the adjustment is reached." The four days having expired, the committee returned to Albany and asked for an extension of time. Senator James Husted, for years the leader of the insurance lobby, now took charge and prevented this extension. The legislature even attempted to shut off an official report. In 1887 Theodore M. Banta, the present cashier of the New York Life, informed his board that its share of the expense incurred in quieting this investigation was \$7,500.

### *"Red Ink" Tontines*

All attempts to kill Tontine by legislation, the New York companies successfully opposed. If a law actually got upon the statute books, they usually discovered some way of nullifying it. Only one thing could kill the Tontine scheme: a law which, like that of Massachusetts, prohibited the forfeiture of policies. All through the '70's insurance reformers sought to imitate, in New York State, this Massachusetts legislation. In the year 1879, public sentiment proved too strong and actually forced a surrender value law through the legislature. This guaranteed lapsing policy-holders the value of at least two-thirds the reserve, either in temporary or paid-up insurance. In that form it would have ended the Tontine policy;

Hyde and his associates, therefore, appended an amendment which authorized policies with no surrender values, provided they contained on the margin a notice printed *in red ink* that all rights to such surrender values had been waived. Recent legislation on patent medicines permits their sale, provided the ingredients are duly labeled on the bottle. Likewise, the legislature now authorized Tontine, provided the prescriptions were printed on the margin. The New York Life circumvented this red-ink clause in characteristic fashion. President Beers issued a policy in which not only the waiver clause, but numerous other sections, were printed in red ink. By spattering red-ink all over the policy, the New York Life diverted attention from the damaging clause the law required.

*Hyde Secures Immunity from  
Law Suits*

The policy-holders, failing to obtain satisfaction in the legislature or through investigating committees, now appealed to the courts. An avalanche of lawsuits started against the Equitable and the New York Life. Policy-holders alleged fraud, misrepresentation, and failure to keep proper accountings or regular Tontine classes. At times the companies quieted prospective litigants, especially if they were influential citizens, by increasing the Tontine payments. In some instances they even silenced popular clamor by settling Tontine policies before the periods had expired. In 1887, for example, the New York Life purchased a \$100,000 policy on the life of John V. Farwell, of Chicago, for \$40,000. Mr. Farwell had asserted that he had been swindled by the New York Life agent, the notorious "Sam" Dinkelspiel, and had threatened suit. Such purchases were a fraud on the other policy-holders, as, according to the scheme, they were themselves entitled to the profits obtained from surrendered policies. Smaller holders did not receive such considerate treatment; and consequently many suits reached trial. The point especially aimed at was to gain access to the books; to ascertain the regularity with which they had been kept, the honesty with which the money received had been invested and disbursed. The policy-holders desired to learn the actual reasons for their small returns: whether they were explained by natural causes or extravagance and dishonesty in management. Naturally, the hostility manifested toward all

investigations, legislative or judicial, impelled the desire for detailed information. The policy-holders therefore asserted that the companies were great holders of trust funds; that they had so completely failed to maintain their promises that general suspicion of improper methods existed; and that individual accounting to policy-holders must be made. The Equitable now repudiated the contention that it held policy-holders' premiums as a trustee. It interposed a demurrer in the case of Bewley against Equitable on these grounds: "The plaintiffs, as policy-holders, have no rights which entitle them to bring this action. The policy-holder is not *cestui que trust*. And neither the directors nor the company are trustees. The policy-holder is not a partner. He is not a creditor. He is not a member of the company. The fund produced by the payment of all the premiums does not in any sense belong to the policy-holders, but belongs exclusively to the company."

The courts generally have sustained this view. They have decided several times that the policy-holders' rights are purely contractual; and that such apportionment as the companies make must be accepted. Occasionally, however, a phrase in a decision aroused apprehension. Once or twice the Court of Appeals hinted that, in certain contingencies, an actual accounting might be obtained. Justice Peckham, in *Frederick Ulman* against the New York Life Insurance Company, interjected a paragraph that caused general consternation in New York. Justice Peckham called attention to the fact that the policy contract called for an "equitable apportionment" of profits. Unless proof to the contrary were submitted, the presumption that an "equitable apportionment" had been made stood in the company's favor. But, intimated Justice Peckham, should the policy-holders furnish proofs that an inequitable apportionment had been made or that such apportionment had been based upon "erroneous principles," then the court might with propriety open the whole case. Hyde and his associates promptly met this decision by practically shutting off their policy-holders from access to the courts. They secured the passage of the law which virtually prevented insurance companies from being sued. Under this law all suits for an accounting must be brought, not by the policy-holder himself, but by the *Attorney-General*. Probably New York State

never enacted a more infamous statute than this; whether it is constitutional, has never been judicially determined. It practically gave the insurance companies a license to loot the policy-holders at will.

*"Deferred Dividend," or Semi-Tontine, Succeeds the Tontine Policy*

Thus Hyde and his associates completed the several links in a conspiracy that kept their policy-holders from justice. In spite of this they had to abandon the Tontine game. The public, after nearly twenty years' trial, finally grasped its meaning, and refused to purchase full Tontine policies. Hyde at once invented another new policy, similar to the old, but somewhat modified. About 1883 he announced another "great discovery"—his "semi-Tontine." In 1885 this became the "non-forfeiting" Tontine; in 1886 the "Free Tontine." This policy was practically identical with that now known as the "deferred dividend." It differed from the original Tontine in that it gave a surrender value on lapse. If you lapsed now, you did get a paid-up policy; you simply forfeited your "dividends." In the event of death before the Tontine period expired, you also forfeited all dividends. Unquestionably, the deferred dividend or semi-Tontine was a reform on the old idea: though in principle equally obnoxious. Hyde used the same methods of solicitation. His agents still canvassed by promising immense returns at the conclusion of the deferred dividend period. Hyde based his new estimates, however, upon "actual results." He took the "dividends" paid on full Tontines as estimates of probable payments upon semi-Tontines. If further evidence is required of the bad faith of all these estimates, this circumstance furnishes it. The "results" on full Tontines were made up largely out of lapsed policies; this great source of profit, as already said, did not exist in the case of the deferred dividend. How, then, could the results of semi-Tontines be expected to equal those on full Tontines? Of course, they never have. Deferred dividend policy-holders have been just as badly misled, just as completely swindled, as the holders of the old Tontines.

*Money Wasted by Extravagance and Delusion*

Why have all the Tontine companies failed so miserably to realize their early promises?

It must be granted that from the first the complete fulfilment was impossible. When pressed, the New York companies have explained their failure chiefly on two grounds: the fall in the interest rate, thus reducing expected profits from investments; and the realization of fewer lapses than anticipated. Unquestionably, the interest rate has fallen in thirty years; but the mathematicians have demonstrated that this accounts only to a small degree for the Tontine deficits. Just how far the failure to realize innumerable lapses explains the falling off we shall never know. Hyde always kept these facts carefully concealed. The lapse rate under Tontine, as already shown, was enormous. A third factor, which the New York companies have never brought forth, better explains these small "dividends" than a decreased interest rate and unrealized lapses. That is an *increase in expenses*. On this point we have illuminating data. The Equitable's expense rate steadily advanced under Tontine. In 1871, when the first Tontine Savings Fund policy was issued, the Equitable spent seventeen cents out of every dollar paid in as premiums, in expenses. In 1890, the year before the first twenty-year Tontine became due, it spent twenty-five.

An especially valuable authority on the subject is Mr. Theodore M. Banta, the present cashier of the New York Life. Mr. Banta has held influential office in this company for nearly fifty years. He has witnessed the rise and the decline of the Tontine and semi-Tontine scheme. In 1887 he presented a series of grave charges against the New York Life management. One of his severest counts was the Tontine system. He asserted that the management had become so extravagant that, had it not been for the increase in the market value of certain securities, the New York Life, at that moment, would have been insolvent. Referring to the "estimated results" made by certain experts, Mr. Banta declared that "the experts in question probably did not foresee that so large a share of the policy-holders' monies would be squandered by extravagant business methods."

The Tontine and deferred dividend funds have been preyed upon and wasted chiefly in two ways. Inside rings have personally profited from them; and greater sums have been wasted in the mad race for new business.

To make the whole process understandable we must revert once more to fundamental

principles. Dividends or annual savings arise primarily from two sources. The company realizes fewer death losses than those upon which it has based its premium prices; and a higher interest rate on its investments than it had assumed. The third element of possible saving is upon the loadings. These are the amounts added arbitrarily to the premiums to cover the cost of management. Obviously, the best managed companies are those that save the most from their loadings, get the largest returns from their investments consistent with safety, and so select their risks that they have the largest saving from mortality. In the main, the big New York companies have selected their insurance risks with care. Concerning certain branches of the New York Life's medical department — its South American and far eastern business, and its sub-standard risks — there may be considerable doubt; but all three do show a fair, though not remarkable, profit from mortality. The waste and dishonesty have affected chiefly those parts of the premiums which are supposed to provide for expenses and to be laid aside for investment.

#### *Enormous Salaries Given Relatives and Favorites*

Life-insurance expenses consist mainly of agency expenditures, administrative salaries, advertising, legal outlays, and taxes. Agency disbursements will be described in detail in the next article. Upon the salary list, millions which, under honest conditions, would have been returned to policy-holders as dividends, have been disbursed. This abuse dates back many years. Henry B. Hyde, from the very first, exacted heavy tribute. In the old times the officers regularly abstracted certain sums as secret "bonuses"; in three years the Mutual Life, as has been shown, thus appropriated \$189,000, and charged it on the books as dividends paid to policy-holders. The New York Life, up to fifteen years ago, tolerated the same practice. William H. Beers, at the time he was deposed, drew \$75,000 a year salary; and a bonus of \$25,000. The New York companies have also multiplied offices in the most reckless fashion. The Equitable, in addition to a \$100,000 president, had a \$100,000 vice-president; three vice-presidents whose salaries ranged from \$30,000 to \$60,000 each; and secretaries, assistant secretaries, controllers, treasurers, and auditors almost without number. The New York Life had a \$100,000

president; four vice-presidents receiving anywhere from \$20,000 to \$40,000; three second vice-presidents, each receiving from \$18,000 to \$30,000; and the usual assortment of secretaries, treasurers, controllers, auditors, and the rest. In many cases the directors multiplied these highly-paid positions in order to find soft places for relatives and other hangers-on. John A. McCa'll makes his son, recently graduated from Harvard, secretary of the New York Life at \$15,000 per annum; his son-in-law, vice-president at \$35,000; another son-in-law, inspector of agencies at \$15,000; a brother-in-law, auditor of the Paris office at \$7,500; a "boyhood friend," Andrew Hamilton, lobby generalissimo at heaven only knows what compensation. These large salaries explain, to a greater degree than is commonly supposed, the falling off in policy-holders' dividends. The Mutual paid in salaries to its home office more than \$1,000,000 a year\*: nearly half what its policy-holders received in dividends.

All these officers have shown the itching palm even in ludicrous details. They have taken everything that came their way, no matter how small. They have scrambled for elections to sub-committees, and to the boards and committees of subsidiary institutions, partly for the sake of directors' fees. They have frequently quieted protesting trustees by elections to committees, especially in the allied trust companies, where fees were large and frequent. Each attendant gets ten or twenty dollars; it was commonly remarked that, unless these dignified financiers were watched closely, they abstracted more than one gold eagle from the plate. On one historic occasion, an especially grasping trustee was actually forced to disgorge an extra gold piece to which he had no legal claim. Almost invariably committeemen divided among those present the fees of absentees. A year or so ago a high financial officer of the Mutual Life attended a committee meeting of a subsidiary trust company. It was purely technical; he was the only member present. He pocketed the whole \$140 fees usually allotted to a full attendance. William H. Beers, while president of the New York Life, suddenly recalled one day that, by a strange oversight, he had not drawn any director's fees for the past twenty years. He at once had the

\* It is fair to add that the Mutual, since these disclosures, has reduced its salary list by at least \$330,000 a year.

cashier draw him a check for \$2,500 to square up the account. In 1904 the Equitable spent \$44,000 in directors' fees. William H. McIntyre, in addition to a salary of \$30,000, made \$8,640 annually in director's fees in the Equitable and its allied companies.

### *Millions Spent in Corrupting the Legislature and the Press*

Under the head of legal expenses and advertising, the companies have concealed enormous amounts spent in corrupting legislatures and the press. The trustees have thus purchased immunity for their own dishonesty and delinquencies, and continued themselves in power. Innocent persons never bribe and seldom pay blackmail; but the managements of the New York companies have done both for thirty-five years. In 1872, for example, they collected \$20,000 for legislative purposes; and the particular favor sought in this instance is a fair indication of the motives that have usually prompted such contributions. They sought the passage of a law which, in effect, would have crushed their smaller rivals and given them a monopoly. They have constantly used the official machinery of the state against the interests of their policy-holders. They have fought all liberalizing reforms. In the '70's they opposed, year after year, bills providing surrender values on lapsed policies. They have stood against all legislative attempts to prevent cheating by agents. They have opposed legislative attacks on the Tontine and deferred dividend system. Their interests have become so diversified that they have manifested interest in numerous questions not immediately connected with insurance. They have kept watch of all legislation affecting banks, trust companies, safe deposit companies, railroads, and numerous other corporations. They have uniformly used their influence in such cases against the public good and in favor of privileged interests. They have amended the investment law twenty times in thirty years, not for the sake of protecting their policy-holders, but to permit investments along lines that guaranteed private profit to themselves. Above all, the insurance companies must control the legislature to prevent exposure. For thirty-five years have they stood on the brink of the *débauché* that has now arrived. In 1870 the insurance department investigated the Mutual. The

Mutual, however, succeeded in stopping proceedings just as they became interesting; and in suppressing the official records. In 1877 the Insurance Committee of the Senate took several hundred pages of testimony; but just as the relation between the Equitable and certain companies wrecked during the '70's was about to be unfolded, it suddenly adjourned and submitted no official report. Expenditures for these purposes, all at the cost of the policy-holders, date back many years. Henry B. Hyde, fifteen years before he died, began contributing to state campaign funds. Since 1896, the three big companies have given sums ranging from \$25,000 to \$50,000 to the Republican National Committee. Hyde originated his famous "yellow dog" fund largely for legislative purposes. Mr. Hughes demonstrated that an alliance existed between the Equitable, the Mutual, and the New York Life for waging legislative warfare; that, however, is an old story. For many years, Charlton T. Lewis managed the legislative campaign in their interest. Mr. Lewis was one of the most brilliant men of his time. He figured as a reformer in many lines; and was a classical scholar of recognized attainments. For nearly forty years, however, he used his splendid abilities in defending, in legislatures and out, the New York insurance companies.\*

\* As far back as September 18, 1878, Mr. Lewis wrote to the New York Life: "At a conference of the New York companies it was found that an addition to the subscription by the three largest companies of \$300 by the New York Life and the Equitable each and \$1,350 by the Mutual will enable us to pay C. M. Depew, Esq., (\$4,000) in addition to the obligations we have already assumed." In 1881 the three companies, also on requisition of Mr. Lewis, paid C. M. Depew \$4,000. In 1887, in connection with the repeal of a certain tax law, the New York Life paid Mr. Lewis \$17,000 for "seven visits to Albany, \$14,500, traveling expenses, \$450, newspapers, \$650, and three visits to Massachusetts, \$2,500." Mr. Lewis received the money in bills. Mr. Theodore M. Banta put the above voucher before the trustees of the New York Life in 1887, when the following colloquy took place:

Q. Who is Lewis?  
A. (Banta) A lawyer in the Equitable Building. At one time, years ago, there was a chamber of Life-Insurance. It went out of existence. He was the controlling spirit in that. He is the party who is employed to look after legislatures.

Mr. Banta said that \$100,000 was paid in 1887 by the three companies to Davies, Cole and Rapallo for services in connection with the repeal of chapter 514 of the laws of 1880; of which the New York Life paid \$17,241. He submitted a large number of vouchers showing the legislative activities of the combination extending back twenty years. Then, under date of May 8, 1888, the following was addressed to the New York Life by the Equitable:

"Please send check to order of Henry B. Hyde for \$1,028.99 — legal services and disbursements for company's account; and, December 20, 1888: 'Please draw check to order of Thomas Jordan, Cashier of Equitable for \$7,106.70 as below: Law expenses, \$1,008. Advertising, \$1,000.70, Miscellaneous, \$1,152.' In 1880, the New York Life paid the following voucher: 'J. W. Alexander, of the Equitable, check 34,370 sent to him personally and not officially, \$7,400.' Again the New York Life paid money to the Mutual, such vouchers as these being put in: 'To H. J. Cullen, \$7,500, May 28, 1884, Note: Legal services and expenditures. This was given to Major Ulrich of the Mutual Life after Cullen had endorsed it and cashier had certified the endorsement so that currency could be drawn.'"

The combination have paid the campaign expenses of senators and assemblymen in New York and other states ; and have always controlled the insurance committees and dictated the appointment of insurance commissioners. Two insurance superintendents in New York State have been ejected from office for accepting their bribes. At the same time they have paid enormous sums in blackmail. They have patronized largely the twenty or thirty insurance papers that exist almost exclusively by so-called insurance "advertising." This, too, is an ancient abuse ; we have already shown how the Mutual, in 1878, after imprisoning Stephen English, editor of the *Insurance Times*, for six months, finally bought him off for \$35,000. Mr. Hughes recently revealed the fact that one Joe Howard, Jr., had drawn for several years \$2,500 from both the Mutual and the Equitable. By referring again to the trustees' investigation of the New York Life in 1887, we learn the antiquity of this custom and also get a capital insight into the nature of Howard's services. On the subject of "blackmail," vice-President Archibald H. Welch testified as follows :

One day (in 1884), Howard sent in his card to me and presented a letter from President McCurdy of the Mutual Life. The letter was to this purport : "Mr. Howard has shown me some articles which have been brought to his notice. I feel it is a matter of interest to you, and therefore give this letter with suggestion that you give him careful attention." Howard opened up a large package of manuscript made up largely of severe attacks upon this company somewhat after the manner of those which had been largely published in some insurance journals. Some things which he had had not been published. He also had some matters which are contained in this charge. Insurance journals are read exclusively by insurance men. Howard stated that the documents were to be published in a leading New York paper and other papers. If those articles had been published, it would reach a large volume of outsiders that no statement we could make would reach, and if it did reach them it would not destroy the bad effect of the attack. Howard stated that he was the correspondent of several New York, Boston, and Washington papers. We considered it to the interest of the company that these things should not spread. I recognized the fact that this company is doing business largely on public confidence. We have that confidence, and to destroy or alarm it would be very disastrous to the interests of the company. There was no question in my mind but what it was best to suppress this article. The method of suppressing it we had to discuss. It was finally arranged that Howard should receive a certain specified sum — \$5,000.

We shall probably never know how much money has been spent in this fashion.

That the New York Life has paid Andrew Hamilton \$1,300,000 in the last ten years, for which he has rendered no accounting, has been proved ; and unquestionably other disbursements have been so completely covered up that not a trace remains. The Mutual Life has wasted hundreds of thousands of dollars on its legislative agents which, in the official reports, have innocently figured as "stationery and supplies." To hide its tracks, it had forged the names of office boys, fixed up bogus vouchers, and paid bills to imaginary business houses created for this particular purpose. Its expenditures for advertising and supplies have aggregated, in one year, \$1,134,000 — half as much as it has paid in policy-holders' dividends ; that item, it is known, contains money spent on legislatures, blackmail, and in other illicit ways. Already two former vice-presidents have been indicted for perjury and forgery in connection with this account.

#### *Most Attractive Investments Neglected; Millions for Wall Street*

Hyde and his competitors also anticipated great Tontine and deferred dividend profits from excess interest earnings. At present the New York companies base their premiums upon three and three and one-half per cent. That they must earn to maintain solvency ; anything beyond is theoretically returned to the policy-holders. Thus they have an absolute standard of investment earnings ; the unpardonable sin is the realization of less than three per cent. If they have securities yielding less than this minimum, they have a deficit in the reserves which must be made up from other sources — that is, the surplus. Because these companies have this great accumulation to fall back upon they have sunk millions in investments that do not realize the interest rate needed to maintain solvency. For at least twenty years, the New York companies, to a great extent, have deliberately closed their eyes to the safest and most profitable investment opportunity — mortgage loans on New York real estate ; and have placed their policy-holders' premiums in Wall Street securities which return relatively a much lower rate. Thirty-five years ago the Equitable, the New York Life, and the Mutual invested more than sixty per cent of their funds in mortgage loans ; now they have only about fifteen. The New York Life sins most grievously. It has total assets amounting to

\$390,000,000; and only \$23,000,000, or less than six per cent, invested in first mortgages. Both the Mutual Benefit and the Northwestern, on the other hand, have more than fifty per cent of their assets thus put away. First mortgages are especially valuable assets for life-insurance companies. When made with honesty and judgment, they combine safety with liberal returns. Moreover, the insurance company, unlike the national bank, does not need "quick assets." It is not subject to "runs." Its contracts mature regularly; and it knows years in advance what its cash obligations will be. For five years preceding the present upheaval, the New York Life practically refused even to entertain applications for mortgage loans. Instead, it established a branch office in the heart of Wall Street; placed in charge Mr. George W. Perkins, a member of the firm of J. Pierpont Morgan & Company; and invested exclusively in stock-market securities.

These managements do not like mortgage loans, simply because they do not afford opportunities for personal advancement and reward. They cannot manipulate them; cannot buy and sell them at will; there is "nothing in it" for themselves. In saying this we need not necessarily imply that trustees directly profit by the sale and purchase of these securities — though that has happened. The impelling motive is more deep-seated. If they invest in realty loans, they remove themselves from associations with the great men of the time. They do not associate with great bankers, railroad owners, captains of industry. They will not obtain appointments to the boards of great corporations; have their names put down for syndicate participations; be taken in, when great enterprises are floated, on the ground floor, nor obtain tips on the stock market. For example, Mr. James H. Hyde held directorship in some fifty corporations; largely traceable to investments held by the Equitable Life. He demanded, and obtained, election on the Pennsylvania board simply by virtue of the Equitable's large holdings in Pennsylvania stock. All investments are made by finance committees; the members of these finance committees invariably hold directorships in endless banks, trust companies, railroads, and miscellaneous corporations. They get these positions and the enormous opportunities for personal profit furnished thereby, simply by virtue of the

investments they make for their insurance companies. In other words, to advance themselves, they sacrifice millions in interest earnings for their policy-holders. Of forty-five leading life-insurance companies, the Equitable Life has realized the smallest investment returns. Close competitors for this position are the Mutual and the New York Life.

### *Dividends Eaten Up by Depreciating Office Buildings*

Instead of buying first mortgage liens, the New York companies have preferred investments directly in fee property. They have had a mania for enormous office buildings. Three together, in the last thirty-five years, have put not less than \$100,000,000 into property of this kind. Henry B. Hyde originated this reform. He erected the first Equitable building largely for the purpose of display, as an outward manifestation of the Society's greatness and stability. He believed that the average American would rather insure in a company dwelling in a splendid monument of this sort than in one with unpretentious headquarters. As soon as he had finished the first Equitable building, he therefore put up a counterpart in Boston. Others followed in Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large cities of the West. He also erected monuments to the Equitable in Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Vienna, Melbourne, Sydney, and other foreign places. The New York Life and the Mutual have followed his example. The New York Life has buildings in Belgrade, Budapest, and Amsterdam; the Mutual has one at Cape Town.

On these buildings the policy-holders have lost in a variety of ways. In the first place the buildings have, as a rule, tremendously depreciated in value. The total cost of the present Equitable Building in New York was \$18,000,000. Its present value, on the Equitable's own estimate, is not more than \$15,000,000. Only the phenomenal growth in Broadway land values has saved the policy-holders from a much greater loss. The New York Life's Broadway building cost \$7,121,000; the company now claims a valuation of only \$5,000,000. The Mutual's main office building in New York cost \$17,277,000; the Mutual has written off more than \$6,000,000 in the last seven years. Many of the foreign buildings show similar depreciations. The Equitable's Melbourne

"advertisement" cost \$2,864,000; the Society at present gives it a value of only \$2,000,000. The first New York Life building in Paris cost \$1,102,000; in 1891 the French government valued it at \$470,000. The present Paris building cost \$2,500,000; the company now gives it a value of \$1,300,000. The Equitable has invested \$37,884,000 in its fifteen office buildings; the insurance department, in order to give them an earning power of three per cent, has placed the value at \$26,000,000 — a loss of \$11,884,000. Should the properties actually be sold, the depreciation would probably be even larger.

But the policy-holders have lost not only in capital value. For years, many of these buildings have earned much less than the interest rate upon which the companies have based their premiums. In 1887, Theodore M. Banta declared that the New York Life's Broadway building did not earn enough to pay taxes and the cost of keeping it clean. One of the most serious charges brought against President Beers was the loss on this structure. John A. McCall had hardly taken office, however, when he started a building several times larger than the old one. On this, the New York Life realizes about two and one-half per cent. Its Minneapolis building pays two and one-half; those at Montreal and St. Paul only about one. The Equitable, after reducing its building valuations from \$37,000,000 to \$31,000,000, was still unable to earn, on the majority, the interest rate on which it had based its premiums. On nine of them it earns anywhere from 1.56 to 2.98 per cent. Let us trace the history of one of these structures, showing precisely how the policy-holders have suffered. The Equitable erected the Boston building in the '70's at a cost of \$2,342,979.73. It then calculated its premiums at four per cent. That is, the income from this structure should be some \$93,700. In fact it earns only about \$23,300. Here is an annual loss of \$71,400 on this one piece of real estate, an amount which must be obtained elsewhere to make solvent that particular asset. It comes out of the surplus — upon the money that is laid aside for "dividend" purposes. Properly invested, that \$2,342,000 should yield more than four per cent, and thus contribute some surplus itself. But, far from increasing policy-holders' dividends, it decreases them. In fact, these office buildings have constantly prevented policy-holders from receiving the

benefit of other investments more advantageously made. The Mutual Life, and to a less extent, the New York Life, have frequently realized good profits from the sale of general securities. Such profits, which otherwise would have been returned as "dividends," have been used instead to wipe out losses on real estate. From 1895 to 1905, for example, the Mutual sold securities for \$12,786,000 more than it paid for them. That handsome profit ought to have benefited the policy-holders. But \$9,000,000 was used to reduce valuations on real estate, and thus bring it to a better percentage showing.

### *Why the Office Buildings Have Not Paid*

The policy-holders have not realized profits upon these buildings largely because they have been managed dishonestly. Henry B. Hyde first showed how to use them for private profit; and his competitors have proved apt pupils. He charged the Equitable Society itself an enormous rental for space occupied in its own building; but foisted upon it at absurdly low prices as tenants, favored persons and corporations in which he had a personal interest. In the early '70's he founded the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company, owning the majority of the stock himself. The Equitable Society obligingly fitted up special quarters for this in its own building, and installed an expensive plant of safe deposit boxes and vaults. The Equitable, for the last fifteen years, has received net rentals for this establishment amounting to \$230 per annum — not enough to pay for maintenance, light, heat, and janitor services. The Hyde family and their associates, however, have received in the neighborhood of \$87,000 a year. The Equitable Society, that is, furnishes the entire plant, rent, and largely the maintenance; the Hyde interests take all the profit. This arrangement continues until the year 2001, when the lease, with its renewals, expires. Hyde himself also rented, on similar terms, choice quarters in the Boston building for safe deposit purposes. In this case the Equitable has not only obtained no rent, but has expended thousands of dollars for the benefit of the Safe Deposit Company. The Hyde family and their associates, however, net some \$36,000 a year. This arrangement will expire about two centuries hence. Hyde also rented himself spacious quarters in the Equitable's St. Louis

building — again for safe deposit purposes — paying, therefore, \$100 per annum. Henry G. Marquand, famous as a patron of art and a donor of private chapels to theological seminaries, was Hyde's most conspicuous partner in this Missouri enterprise. For years, the directors and many officers of the Equitable knew nothing of these leases. They were not kept among the Equitable's official papers. Superintendent Hendricks finally discovered them in the personal possession of William H. McIntyre, for years Henry B. Hyde's confidential man.

About 1885, the New York Life followed in Hyde's footsteps. It leased the basement in its Broadway building to the Manhattan Safe Deposit Company for \$12,000 a year; although a well-known dry-goods firm had offered it \$22,000 for the same quarters. The Manhattan Safe Deposit Company consisted of the New York Life and its high officers and trustees. But this business did not go well; the Manhattan Safe Deposit Company got deeply into debt. When failure became inevitable, the New York Life purchased, at par, the stock with which its own trustees found themselves encumbered. The policy-holders, that is, kindly relieved their own trustees of a very bad investment. In the Mutual Life Building there are also safe deposit companies, in which Mutual directors hold office and stock; but full details concerning these have not yet been obtained.

#### *Fifty Trust Companies and Banks Feeding on the Policy-holders*

Henry B. Hyde also originated the subsidiary trust company. Back in 1870 he organized the Mercantile Trust Company, and installed it in the Equitable Building. Later, he added to the Equitable the American Deposit & Loan Company, the Western National Bank, and large interests in some fifty other financial institutions. In 1888 the New York Life organized, for similar purposes, the New York Security & Trust Company; in 1892 the Mutual started the United States Mortgage & Trust Company. Together, the three now own largely in nearly fifteen allied financial institutions. They have kept on deposit in them not far from \$75,000,000, always at low interest rates, usually two per cent. We need only recall again the fundamental investment conditions under which life companies operate to detect the fraud. The New York

companies must earn at least three per cent to maintain solvency; under present investment conditions they can readily get four and one-half; and yet they have placed in these allied institutions nearly \$75,000,000 at about two per cent.\* The policy-holders annually lose nearly \$2,000,000 in this way. For these balances there is no legitimate justification. Insurance companies need not carry large bank balances in order to provide against heavy and unexpected calls. The Equitable has a regular weekly income of \$1,500,000; its weekly expenditures are less than \$1,000,000. Neither do they need large balances as a basis for loans and other banking accommodations; they themselves have more available cash than they can use, and should look for opportunities to lend, not borrow. Better managed life companies do not carry such great balances. The Northwestern Mutual, for example, has had for several years, less than two per cent of its assets in bank; whereas the Equitable has had more than nine. But in all cases, the New York companies are large holders of stock in the favored depositories. Invariably, prominent trustees, usually members of the finance committees, personally hold stock, and, as trustees of the subsidiary concerns, practically direct their affairs. In many cases they left this money with the distinct promise that they would not draw against it. In 1903, for example, President Alexander, in a letter to vice-President Hyde, described the Equitable as "strapped for money by engagements already made," and declared that he was straining every nerve to raise \$1,000,000 by a specified date. At that time the Equitable had bank balances of \$37,000,000, nominally subject to check. The New York Life for several years carried anywhere from \$3,000,000 to \$13,000,000 with the New York Security & Trust Company, in which the company and nearly all the leading trustees held stock. The Mutual Life left for years flat sums ranging from \$250,000 to \$8,500,000 with from fifteen to twenty banks and trust companies in practically all of which the company and the directors personally owned shares.

In other words, the New York companies have furnished working capital, at low rates of interest, to some fifty allied institutions. These institutions lend this money

\* Since the recent disclosures the New York companies have materially reduced these bank balances.

out at a profit; and use it in other money-making ways. New York Life officers admitted that they left from \$3,000,000 to \$13,000,000 with the New York Security & Trust Company, that it might have an available capital upon which it could rely in making loans. Whenever the trust company had a good opportunity to make large loans, the New York Life increased its deposit for that particular purpose. In return, the trust company paid the New York Life one half of one per cent less than it obtained itself; in other words, it made one half of one per cent out of millions that belonged to the policy-holders. Mr. McCurdy, Mr. Hyde, and Mr. McCall attempted to justify this practice on the ground that their insurance companies, as large stockholders themselves in the trust companies, obtained profits in the shape of dividends, and also in the increase in the value of their stock. Both these arguments are inadmissible. Every investment must stand on its own merits; large profits on trust company's stocks do not justify large losses on trust company deposits. Moreover, even allowing for the dividends received, the companies have not found their trust company affiliations profitable. The Mutual's net return, after deducting its loss on deposits from its profits as dividends, is little more than three per cent; the Equitable's, little more than one. Again, the increase in the value of the stocks cannot be admitted as an asset. The quotations of the trust company stocks depend largely upon insurance affiliations and deposits; withdraw these, and the value is problematical.

#### *Policy-holders' Profits Transferred to Allied Trust Companies*

In other ways the trust companies prey on the policy-holders. The Mutual Life, for example, purchases the debentures of the United States Mortgage & Trust Company. This latter corporation invests largely in western mortgages. It obtains from four, four and one-half to five per cent; and sells these — or debenture certificates based upon them — to the Mutual Life at four. In other words, it takes the policy-holders' money, invests it at four and one-half per cent, and pays the policy-holders four — thus making from one-half to one and one-half per cent itself. The Mutual Life could make all these loans directly; The Northwestern Mutual and the Union Central hold

similar securities in large amounts, but do it without such expensive intermediates. The Mutual has invested \$6,000,000 in this way. Both the Mutual and the Equitable buy mortgages on similar terms from the Title Guarantee & Trust Company, of New York, and the Lawyers' Mortgage Company. Notwithstanding the fact that they have their own machinery for lending on New York City real estate, they prefer to give the profit to companies in which Hyde, McCurdy, *et al*, have pecuniary interests. The Equitable has in other ingenious ways fleeced its policy-holders through the trust companies. In 1905, for example, it had advanced not far from \$7,000,000 to its agents against future commissions. Since 1894, the insurance departments have refused to admit these as valid assets. The ingenious Henry B. Hyde then adopted the plan of assigning these loans to the Commercial Trust Company, of Philadelphia. Virtually — though this was not the precise form of the transaction — he deposited the money in the trust company at three per cent interest. The trust company lent it to his agents at five. That is, its stock-holders make a two per cent profit on this large sum.

#### *Insurance Companies Benevolent "Grandmothers"*

Life-insurance trustees have also diverted to their trust companies profits that belonged to policy-holders. They have used the latter's credit in underwriting syndicates, and then given part of the profits to these allied institutions. Trustees have obtained favors in the shape of loans. They have borrowed large sums in the names of their stenographers, frequently on insufficient collateral; and have let the loans run for years, sometimes not even paying interest promptly. Through the trust companies they have used the policy-holders' money in speculative enterprises. If the thing went well, the trust company kept the profits; if ill, it was sometimes turned over to the parent insurance company. Indeed, the officers of the United States Mortgage & Trust Company commonly referred to the Mutual Life as their "grandmother." If a speculative enterprise turned out badly, the "old lady" sometimes relieved them of it. In 1899, for example, the United States Mortgage & Trust Company reorganized the Washington Traction & Electric Company. The public refused to invest, and the

trust company found itself inconveniently loaded up with \$1,000,000 unsalable bonds. The "old lady" obligingly purchased these, although it already had \$2,000,000 which it had taken as the result of a syndicate participation. In 1894, Henry B. Hyde discovered that the Western National Bank, in which he and the Equitable owned stock, was practically insolvent. It had reached this condition by lending \$600,000 on a wildcat land scheme in Kentucky. Mr. Hyde quietly transferred this collateral to the Mercantile Trust Company, paying the Western National Bank cash. Later, he spent through the trust company enormous sums in a useless attempt to make the collateral valuable. After his death, James W. Alexander had the whole obligation, amounting to \$2,600,000, transferred to the policy-holders of the Equitable Society.\* The New York Security & Trust Company has also found a benevolent "grandmother" in the New York Life. It also reorganized a street electric system, this time in New Orleans. After the reorganization, the company went into a receiver's hands, and the New York Security & Trust Company had some \$3,800,000 in unsalable securities. The New York Life kindly relieved it of the burden; and afterwards sold the bonds at a loss of \$326,000 to the policy-holders.

#### *Profits from Speculative Syndicates*

Trustees have also plundered the policy-holders by the purchase and sale of securities and through engagements in speculative enterprises, such as syndicates and joint accounts.

In the Equitable the syndicate dates back many years. Records of eighteen exist in Henry B. Hyde's time. In its only legitimate form, the syndicate is a combination of investors, personal and corporate, for the actual purchase of securities. It is thus only another manifestation of the magnitude of modern business enterprise. A great railroad, for example, offers \$50,000,000 in bonds in a single issue. Manifestly, few bankers are strong enough to assume such a large flotation without promises of support. The banking house therefore forms a syndicate among certain investors, each agreeing to take a certain proportion at a specified price. Among the largest investors are the three big New York insurance companies. If they actually take the

\* It is fair to add that the present management of the Equitable has repudiated this obligation.

bonds at the price at which they have subscribed, and place them away in their vaults for investment, the operation is entirely free from criticism. But that is precisely what they have not done. Indeed, according to modern Wall Street ethics, the purchase of syndicate securities at the original subscription price is regarded as distinctly bad form. The presidents and treasurers plaintively declared that had they thus mortally offended the bankers, they would have received no more participations. They are expected to buy these securities, not at the price at which they have subscribed, but at one higher.

The members of underwriting syndicates are not primarily customers. They are guarantors. They put down their names for certain allotments merely to assure the success of the flotation. The bankers pledge themselves to sell the securities, if possible, in the general market. Only in the event that it does not take them, do the syndicate members actually buy. Speyer & Company, for example, purchase from the Republic of Cuba, \$35,000,000's worth of bonds at eighty-nine. In order to safeguard themselves, Speyer & Company form a syndicate, the members of which agree to purchase at that price. With this assurance, Speyer & Company can continue the operation in complete safety to themselves, for they have an assured sale. However, they have no intention of selling directly to the syndicate members. They dispose of the whole allotment to the general public at prices varying from ninety-one to ninety-seven. The difference between the eighty-nine at which the syndicate subscribed and the price at which the general public purchases is profit. This, Speyer & Company divide among the members of the syndicate. It is their compensation for the guarantee. They have theoretically assumed a considerable risk; that is, had the public not taken the bonds, the syndicate would have had to, and realized a loss. This has actually happened. J. P. Morgan & Company, for example, three years ago formed an underwriting syndicate to guarantee \$50,000,000 International Mercantile Marine bonds. The public did not buy; and many disgruntled participators, including the New York Life and the Mutual, have large blocks of these unsalable securities on hand. Essentially, in other words, syndicates are purely speculative.

Trustees of life-insurance companies, who have thus speculated, have enjoyed unusual

advantages. Their syndicate speculations have usually turned out fortunately. That is because they have had at hand large purchasers of securities—i. e., their own life-insurance companies. Their syndicate gamblings have been most unsportsmanlike; for they have bet upon "sure things." The syndicate managers always expect that the companies will purchase largely in the market; and that is the reason they have let the insurance magnates in. They have always placed these opportunities for profit where they would do the most good. In the Equitable they have selected James H. Hyde, James W. Alexander, Chauncey M. Depew, William H. McIntyre, and other members of the finance committee; in the Mutual, Richard A. McCurdy, Robert A. Grannis, Frederic Cromwell, George G. Haven, A. D. Juillard, and others similarly high-placed. These gentlemen, as participators in syndicates, made profits contributed, to a considerable extent, by the purchases which they made for their own insurance companies. Take that very case of the Cuban bonds. They all subscribed at eighty-nine; but the Mutual Life purchased its bonds in the open market at ninety-two. The directors salved their consciences by admitting the Mutual Life itself into the syndicate as a participator in the profits. The Mutual, that is, usually played two rôles: as a member of the syndicate and as part of the "general public" which purchased the securities. The Equitable did not usually observe such niceties. Years ago, Henry B. Hyde formed his own syndicates; purchased securities at ground floor prices, and sold them to the Equitable at generous profits. He called his syndicates "Louis Fitzgerald and Associates," and "George H. Squire and Associates." His son, following the parental example, named his "James H. Hyde and Associates." In some cases he gave the Equitable itself a share of the swag; more frequently he did not. In 1902 James H. Hyde formally notified Kuhn, Loeb & Company in future to put all participations usually assigned the Equitable, in his own name; his object in this was to get the profits himself instead of giving them to the policy-holders. Let us trace a few of these operations. On June 11, 1902, "James H. Hyde and Associates" subscribed to \$1,000,000 Metropolitan Street

Railway bonds at ninety-four; seven days later they sold the same to the Equitable at ninety-seven and one-half—pocketing profits of \$30,000, without risking a dollar of their own. On October 28 they obtained \$1,250,000 Oregon short line bonds at ninety-six; five days later they sold them to the Equitable at ninety-seven. Mr. Hyde and Mr. Alexander made \$25,044 by this deal. Occasionally, syndicate managers required working capital and then issued "calls" to the members. Frequently, they needed this only temporarily, and returned it after concluding the transaction. In such cases the "old lady" supplied the cash. Thus, in 1901, J. P. Morgan & Company allotted the Equitable Society a \$1,500,000 participation in Chicago, Burlington & Quincy bonds. The Equitable itself, however, got only \$500,000; James H. Hyde, James W. Alexander, Louis Fitzgerald, Chauncey M. Depew, and other members of the finance committee took the lion's share themselves. When a "call" for cash was made, however, the Equitable paid not only its own proportion, but that of these philanthropic trustees. Later, the Equitable purchased all the bonds at a price much in excess of that paid by the syndicate. In this transaction, in which the Equitable had supplied all the cash, it realized in profits \$7,729; and Messrs. Hyde, Alexander, Depew, and the rest, for which they had not risked a single dollar, some \$28,000. The trustees exclaim that the policy-holders have lost nothing; that they have good bonds, usually worth more than they have paid for them. But they have lost. That their own trustees might profit, they have paid excessive prices for their investments. In some cases they have received bad securities: the old Henry B. Hyde syndicates frequently forced undesirable bonds upon the Society.

Why the Mutual, the Equitable, and the New York Life make relatively the poorest showing on investments of some forty American life companies must now be sufficiently apparent. Why they have generally failed to make good their agents' "estimates" of profits is also partly explained. The greatest source of extravagance and waste, however—the millions spent in the solicitation of new business, the mania for size—still remains to be described.

# EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

## THE REMINISCENCES OF CARL SCHURZ

**T**HERE will be published in McClure's Magazine, starting in November, the second part of the memoirs of the late Carl Schurz. The vivid and romantic picture of his boyhood in the country of the Rhine, and the adventures of the ill-fated German Revolution of 1848, printed during the past year, have formed a delightful and illuminating contribution to modern literature. But the memoirs reach their chief and special significance to American readers with this second series — a significance now greatly heightened by the knowledge that these reminiscences will be the final word of the genuine patriot who wrote them.

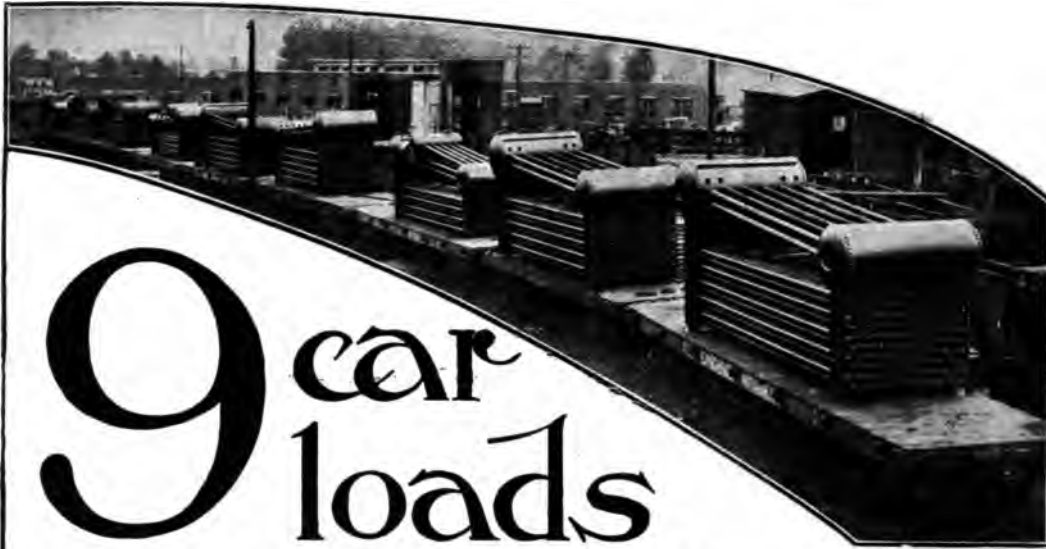
The life of Mr. Schurz was disposed with singular fortune for the observation of the social movements of the nineteenth century. In the first half of this, starting from the American and French Revolutions, there passed over Occidental society the most tremendous uplift of democracy the world has ever seen. This impulse was felt by Mr. Schurz in the most susceptible period of his life, and the naïve and single-minded patriotism of the German youth — so difficult for the American and English mind fully to appreciate — is chronicled in the earlier reminiscences. Then, in the middle of the century, there came one of those inevitable changes in the ruling sentiment of society which sweep, as surely as the great tides of the sea, through the affairs of men. The wave of political idealism spent itself in the despair of the European Revolutionists, which the memoirs so feelingly and intimately describe, and the great wave of material development followed it. Mr. Schurz left forever the scene of the apparently hopeless reactionary movement in Europe and came to the established democracy of America.

The second period of his memoirs begins with his first glimpses of this country. Into the extremely crude and provincial, social and political outlook of the United States of half a century ago, he brought with him the wide sympathy and the keen appreciation of liberty gained by bitter experience. He saw at a glance the peculiar dangers which

threatened the democracy of the West — especially that singular spectacle, the survival of human slavery in the one great republic of the world — and he threw himself with extraordinary promptness into the fight against this, first politically and later in the Civil War.

Mr. Schurz, from the beginning of the Republican party, was identified with this movement against slavery, and his memoirs set it forth with all the vividness of fresh acquaintance and the deep understanding drawn from a thorough knowledge of the great contemporary democratic movements of the world. A series of great figures appears on his pages : in politics, Seward and Chase, and the tragedy of their presidential ambitions ; Sumner, with his calm refinement ; Douglas, "the parliamentary pugilist," tossing back his dark hair, throwing himself boisterously into the lap of a fellow Senator during debate in the Senate ; — in war, McClellan, "the young Napoleon," the diffident Burnside, the fiery Hooker, Meade arranging quietly for Gettysburg, a sight of Grant, and a close and most human view of Sherman — raging over the humiliation of the rejection of his terms to Johnston.

But best and most intimate of all is the picture of the great, lonely figure of Lincoln. Few more vital views of him have ever been given. He moves familiarly, with his rusty coat, gray shawl, and battered stove-pipe hat, through the frontier life of Illinois ; he appears uncouth, but irresistibly logical, against the savage Douglas in the famous joint debates ; he quietly puts aside the impossible aggression of Seward, discusses foreign policy, hears patiently the complaints of the war, and speaks and acts before your eyes in the grim, sad crises of his great public service. It is a complete and graphic drawing of Lincoln by a close personal friend — enough in itself for the reconstruction of this perennially great and lovable character. The memoirs of Mr. Schurz contain a great body of matter of irresistible interest to any American ; but if they gave nothing at all but this one portrait, they would rank among the most important reminiscences of years.



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*"Oh, hour of all hours, the most blessed upon earth,  
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—Owen Meredith.

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Just before steak is done, place half a dozen medium thin slices of **Premium Bacon** on the steak, in pan or broiler, and allow it to cook as the steak is finishing. This will impart a delicious flavor to the steak. When serving, place bacon crosswise on steak, as illustrated.

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# McCLURE'S FOR 1907

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**The Power of the Press** in America to-day lies in the periodical. The political dictatorship of the great newspaper editors of thirty years ago can never be revived in America. There are at least twenty-five newspaper territories in the United States. Each of these is influenced by its own press, and no daily newspaper is a force beyond its restricted province.

**The Magazine** in a vast country like the United States — where the dimensions are those of a continent — has an influence almost unlimited. It reaches as many thinking people on the West coast as on the East, in the South as in the North. The Paris press controls France; the London press controls England; *but only the magazine is big enough to reach all America* — such a field is beyond the scope of the greatest daily ever published.

**McClure's Magazine** was the first periodical to realize this great responsibility, and the first to make the monthly periodical a vital influence in good government and good citizenship — an instrument to help a great, wide-spread people understand itself and its possibilities.

**McClure's for 1907.** As heretofore it will be the purpose of this magazine to discuss intelligently the momentous problems that confront the people of this country, to further all good causes, and to picture vividly the great human drama, which was never so intense, so absorbing, and so full of meaning as it is to-day.

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**Lincoln Steffens** begins in this number of McCLURE'S his series of studies on the Juvenile Court of Denver. The first article appears in this number — a vivid story, full of pathos, humor, and incident, with an underlying theme of moral responsibility.

The work of Judge Ben B. Lindsey broadened and deepened as he went on; and just so the succeeding articles of this series grow deeper. They tell how the politicians combined to destroy Lindsey because he was destroying ward politics; of his fight; of the way his boys, — his "child criminals" whom he made good boys, — helped to save him, and helped also to save Colorado. They bring home the fearful responsibility of society for the gallows and the prison. It is not exactly the laws which have been to blame, but the men on the bench who have not tempered justice with mercy, and the men in the back rooms of saloons who play with the law and lawmakers.



LINCOLN STEFFENS

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# McCLURE'S FOR 1907

## Carl Schurz's Reminiscences



CARL SCHURZ

Carl Schurz's Reminiscences — resumed in November — will take up his career in America. His early life in Germany was a stirring romance. His American reminiscences are the most vital and important contribution to American history made in recent years. For half a century the big developments of American civilization were personal experiences to Carl Schurz. As a General in the Civil War, as Minister to Spain, as Commissioner in the Reconstruction of the South, as Senator, Secretary of the Interior, and Reformer of our Civil Service, he lived constantly in the thick of great events, and saw great history in the making.

## Great Pictures of the Civil War

Carl Schurz saw this heroic time as no American-born writer could ever see it. He came here fresh from the great democratic movement of Europe, with an intimate knowledge of foreign politics; and he beheld the Civil War period in its true place in the progress of history. He shows the most tremendous epoch in American history in a series of magnificent pictures. With the creative touch of the great historian, he restores its momentous scenes and its giant figures.

## Living Portraits of Great Men

**Douglas**, sinister champion of slavery, going down with scowling brows into the ignominy of the cause he chose.

**Sherman**, impetuous and wrathful, storming in his headquarters after the mistake of Johnston's surrender.

**Lincoln** — the clearest picture of all — from the ungainly pioneer to the weary Head of the Nation, confiding to his friend his sorrow over the wretched campaign of 1864.

Grant, Chase, Seward, Sumner, Conkling, Blaine, and a score of others live again in these vivid pages. The story of their motives, ambitions, and achievements forms an intimate history of the past fifty years in America.

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# McCLURE'S FOR 1907

## The Price of Clark's Senatorship

"This senatorial contest has reminded me of a horde of hungry, skinny, long-tailed rats around a big cheese," said Senator Whiteside, addressing the famous "bribery session" of the Montana Legislature.

The climax of the great Clark-Daly feud is reached in the November McCLURE'S. Mr. Connolly tells how thirty-five men were induced to sell their votes; how some were reached through their friendships, some through their ambitions, and some through grinding necessity. The author depicts a city hysterical with guilt and greed—a community fighting to drown the voice of reason and to evade the compulsion of the moral law.

The chapter closes with the terrible scene of Clark's election, in which the men who were bought delivered what they had agreed to furnish, their prices being shouted at them as they voted.



F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE

## The War for a Hill of Copper

Next Mr. Connolly takes up the most romantic chapters of Montana's history—chapters glowing with color and tense with action. This epic of the "Wild West" now becomes the story of the war waged about a great treasure.

First come the struggles of the early mine owners—the crime and treachery that were the price of a lump of copper—men denying their families, betraying their friends,—risking starvation and death to hold the claims that were the gates to the underground treasure-house.

Then F. Augustus Heinze, the bucaner and soldier of fortune, drifts into the West and fights with the largest corporation in the world for a hill full of copper. That struggle was one of the greatest combats in modern finance. The personal side of the story presents such a medley of passions and motives and greed as would have given a theme to Balzac.

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# McCLURE'S FOR 1907

## Perceval Gibbon



PERCEVAL GIBBON

Fifteen years ago young Kipling opened India to the imagination of the English race. To-day, in the same way, another young Englishman, Perceval Gibbon, is opening Africa—another strange, far-off land, possessing all the wonder and fear which still linger among the unfamiliar peoples on the twilight edges of the world. Mr. Gibbon's short stories in **McCLURE'S** will easily rank among the most striking work of their kind ever published in America. His personal experiences in Africa have been incredibly various and exciting. He has sailed down her coasts as a sailor before the mast; he has prospected in her gold-fields, fought in the Boer War, led negro caravans deep into the interior. But his stories are not mere reminiscences; they are strong literary art—direct, nervous, powerful, full of the deep call of free and primitive human nature.

## Joseph Conrad

If there has been one great reputation made in English literature during the last five years, it is Joseph Conrad's. No other man has been read so seriously or has so influenced younger writers. Mr. Conrad has written the best sea stories in the language, and his "Lord Jim" has been pronounced the greatest romantic novel of the last decade. His name stands for the call of adventure, the fascination of strange tribes and races, and the mystery of remote seas. During the coming year this magazine will publish, among others, Conrad's great sea story, "The Brute."

## New Writers

This year **McCLURE'S** is especially rich in the work of brilliant, vigorous, young writers. Three of these we feel sure have given us work that will make a deep impression everywhere. Each year new writers are heard from—enthusiastic young story-tellers who see life freshly and vividly and who express it with fervor and individuality. We have always made an especial effort in behalf of

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# McCLURE'S FOR 1907

## Myra Kelly

Four years ago, a story by a then unknown writer appeared in the Christmas number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. "A Christmas Present for a Lady" was everywhere pronounced the best story of the month and introduced a new American author. It seldom happens that a writer repeats a particular success, but unless we are much mistaken Myra Kelly's story "Little Bo-Peep," which will be published in the Christmas McCLURE'S for 1906, will rival in popularity her first success of four years ago.



MYRA KELLY

Beside our old friends, Patrick Brennan, Eva Gonorowsky, and Morris Mogilewsky, we now meet in Miss Bailey's school-room a new figure, a little cousin "come out of Russia," who brings to us the realization of a race tragedy. It is a story of the hour, vibrating with the sharp cry from out the black heart of Russia, and the American people are ready for it. This is only one of a series of stories by Myra Kelly which will appear in McCLURE'S during the next twelve months.

## Mary Stewart Cutting

Among the best things McCLURE'S has to offer for the coming year are Mary Stewart Cutting's subtle studies in domestic life. The first of these, "On the Ridge," will form a prominent feature of the Christmas number. It is the best of the "ridge" stories and is an adroit presentation of a very delicate subject—what the weather can do to the moral sense of a community. The story is full of warmth and color, and there is a most tactful irony in the telling. More than any other writer of to-day, Mrs. Cutting has given literary distinction to the essentially domestic story.

## of Fiction

new writers who have something to say, and we get them for McCLURE'S. Most of our "big" successes were "new people" when we began to print their work—they made their first appeal to the public through McCLURE'S. For the next twelvemonth, as always, we can promise our readers the best work that is being done by young American writers.

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# McCLURE'S FOR 1907

## Willa Sibert Cather



WILLA SIBERT CATHER

Miss Cather claimed quick attention from her first published story. Here was not the usual "new material" but a new voice. Here among the hosts of poor wooden puppets which are pushed about under the name of current fiction, were human beings moving and speaking at the high crises of actual life. Here were real human motives at work. A critic in the January *Atlantic* said of Miss Cather's volume, "The Troll Garden": "Her stories seem to me quite the most important in recent American fiction." Two stories by Miss Cather, "The Namesake," and "The Profile," will appear in McCLURE's this winter.

## Josephine Daskam Bacon

A new series of child stories by the author of "The Madness of Philip" will appear in McCLURE's during the year. They deal with the fanciful and imaginative moods of children rather than with such perversities as "Philip's," and "Dicky's." These new studies of children are deeper in feeling and have more of the romantic quality than Mrs. Bacon's earlier work, though she has lost none of her inimitable drollery.

## Jeannette Cooper

More of the graceful, witty love stories, which everybody reads, and so few can write. Miss Cooper's contributions to McCLURE's for 1907 will help to silence the complaint that "nobody writes love stories nowadays."

## Harvey O'Higgins

No writer has ever portrayed the Irish-American with such insight and truth as Harvey O'Higgins. His stories of this brave, witty, militant race, fighting for a place in the New World, have been a feature of McCLURE's for the past four years. There are few more vital American short stories than his "Tammany's Tithes" in this issue of McCLURE's. He will continue in 1907 his studies of "the bravest people in the world."

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# McCLURE'S FOR 1907

## Viola Roseboro'

A dramatic critic in remarking upon the artificial qualities of the usual stage story, named half a dozen he had read from time to time which were exceptions to the rule—which were deep in sympathy and insight and rang true throughout. It developed that each of these stories was the work of Viola Roseboro'. Her studies of the stage have especially endeared her to people interested in the drama and in the art of fiction. They are unique as understanding interpretations of a peculiar people, and are written with a color and verve which charm and fascinate the reader. Her novel "The Joyous Heart," a study of war times in the South, was equally vigorous and virile in style, and shows the same gift of sharp, vivid characterization. Some of the best and most human of Miss Roseboro's short fiction will appear in McClure's during the coming year.



VIOLA ROSEBORO'

## Herminie Templeton

Her Irish folk-tales are the most human product of the Celtic revival in this country. In telling these stories, which she heard from her old nurse in her childhood, Miss Templeton preserves the complete credulity with which she first listened to them. She is under the spell of her own eerie legends. They are tender, witty, mystical, and full of the one magic that has eluded progress, that still lingers by green hills and waterfalls—the magic of Ireland.

## Rex Beach

The author of "The Spoilers," and of innumerable fresh, strong short stories, is a master-writer on out-of-doors men. He will contribute two of his most humorous stories to McClure's in 1907. They tell, in the broad, ironic dialect of the Far West, how a professional sprinter out of a job met a cowboy; how they made a business arrangement to "clean up" Kansas, and how they "went bust."

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# McCLURE'S FOR 1907

## O. Henry

About four years ago a novelist of New York City was talking to a group of young journalists in San Francisco.

"Why has no one ever done New York in fiction?" asked one of the Western men. "We have story after story of New York, and novel after novel, but nothing which makes us feel the place — nothing which expresses it as a whole."

"That's true," said the New York man. "But the place is too large, too complex, too unsettled. The man may come who will do it, but he will have to be a bigger man than we have now."

At that time a new writer who signed himself "O. Henry" was just beginning to appear in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. He was writing farcical Western stories in flamboyant dialect. In two years he was famous; and at about that time he began to write of New York. This year he published "The Four Million"; a book which expressed, in skeleton, the life of New York. This brilliant and audacious storyteller will continue in the McCLURE'S of 1907 his interpretation of American life.

## Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

Mrs. Woodrow, who has won recognition by her short stories of the women of "Zenith," will continue the series in McCLURE'S during the coming months. Not many years ago she was living in remote mining camps in the neighborhood of Cripple Creek, unconsciously studying the free and generous mining-camp life, particularly the type of women it produced. So genuinely, humorously, and affectionately has she exploited Mrs. Nitschkan, Mrs. Evans, and the others, that anybody can understand what it was that prompted a florist's wife in the West to send the author a great bunch of violets, with the message, "Not for Mrs. Woodrow, whom I do not know, but for Mrs. Nitschkan, whom I love."

Among the thirty or forty other writers who will contribute fiction to McCLURE'S in 1907, are Alice Hegan Rice, Richard Washburn Child, William Butler Yeats, Justus Miles Forman, Helen R. Martin, and Basil King.

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# McCLURE'S FOR 1907

## Burton J. Hendrick

"The only articles out of the mass of stuff written about Life-Insurance which have made the subject plain and interesting" writes a subscriber, concerning Mr. Hendrick's series of articles in the *McCLURE'S* of 1906. This young writer, who combines in a high degree the historical faculty with an interesting style, will continue his studies of American life for the *McCLURE'S* of 1907.



BURTON J. HENDRICK

## Samuel Hopkins Adams

One of the greatest reporters in the world and a writer of vivid, realistic fiction. His articles in *McCLURE'S* on public health have brought the science of sanitation to the attention of the American people. The range of his work is marvelous, and he never wrote a dull line. Late in the year 1907, Mr. Adams will contribute to *McCLURE'S* a striking series of articles on a subject new to the American magazines.

## Ray Stannard Baker

This popular writer on current social tendencies, "whose mind is a crystal through which men see truth," will discuss for *McCLURE'S* the great problem of railway ownership, which lies at the heart of modern commercial oppression. A railroad man, President A. R. Stickney of the Great Western, said last year to a newspaper interviewer:

Sir Walter Raleigh said that the sea was the world's highway, and the power that controlled the sea would control commerce, and the power that controlled commerce would control the wealth of the world, and the power that controlled the wealth of the world would control the world. He was right. He laid down the law that England has followed, and that has made it the controlling power in the world—for that is what it is. \* \* \* Now what Raleigh said about the sea as the world's highway is true of the railroads as this continent's highways. Who controls the railroads controls commerce; who controls commerce controls the wealth; and who controls the wealth controls the country. Our danger is the fearful inequality of distribution. People see that the few have immense wealth, while the many, who produce it, have little. But the many do the voting, and what they vote becomes the law of the land. That is a big and pregnant fact which must never be forgotten.

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# McCLURE'S FOR 1907

## William Allen White



WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Some years ago William Allen White contributed to McCLURE'S MAGAZINE a series of character studies of public men. For the first time an American writer did what French journalists do so well:—made living portraits of living men, gave us their humanity, their whole physical and mental personality, until they stood out alive like the creations of the great novelists. These sketches made the plausible, conventional tone commonly used in treating of public men sound like the wooden platitudes of the old school histories. The articles were copied as widely in England as in this country.

During the coming year Mr. White will contribute to this magazine another important study of a man and his work -- an article on **THE ACTUAL ACHIEVEMENTS OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ADMINISTRATION.**

## George Kibbe Turner

Best known to readers of McCLURE'S as a writer of fiction, but a journalist of ability, with a clear insight into American affairs. He begins his regular work for McCLURE'S in this issue with an article on "Galveston; a Business Corporation." It tells of a new and successful experiment in city government, and it is a great article of the McCLURE type.

**Three Great Serial Articles** will run through the November and December numbers of McCLURE'S.

For various reasons, three or four series of articles in preparation for McCLURE'S cannot now be announced. One of them will certainly have a wider interest than any other magazine serial of the year. Another tells the inside story of a successful movement for the control of an important commodity. Still another will treat of a far-away corner of this country where law is dead, and men are reverting to the institutions of the tribal period.

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# McCLURE'S FOR 1907

**The Object of McClure's Magazine** is, first and foremost, to discuss the immediate issues of our civilization. The most urgent problems of the present time consist in bringing under the reign of law the great forces loosed upon the world in the last century. The task of this generation is to convert into human good and happiness the miraculous inventions and discoveries, and the enormous material resources made available within the past hundred years.

The great German thinker, Haeckel, said, regarding the last century:

While we look back with just pride on the immense progress of the nineteenth century in a knowledge of nature and in its practical application, we find, unfortunately, a very different and far from agreeable picture when we turn to another and not less important province of modern life. To our great regret we must indorse the words of Alfred Wallace: "Compared with our astounding progress in physical science and its practical application, our system of government, of administrative justice, and of national education, and our entire social and moral organization, remain in a state of barbarism."

The great problem of government to-day is to organize and master the new sources of power revealed by science, and the enormous wealth created partly by inventions and partly by the development of a great virgin continent. These governmental issues will be discussed, as heretofore, by the foremost thinkers and investigators, in **McCLURE'S MAGAZINE**.

**The modern municipality**, with its consideration for health and safety, its great industrial machinery, and complex activities, offers problems in government which differ from those of any previous period in the world's history.

**The railroad**, with its allied powers, has introduced momentous questions in government and economics.

It is the purpose of the magazine to take up the larger movements in civics, economics, and government, and to discuss the results of important investigations and experiments in these subjects — much as scientific journals report upon discoveries as they are made throughout the world. Whenever a problem has been solved or simplified, the facts will be made known to the entire country. Mr. Turner, in this number, reports Galveston's contribution toward efficient city government; Mr. Steffens in his articles on Judge Lindsey, shows the cause and cure of certain phases of juvenile crime; Mr. Baker will

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# McCLURE'S FOR 1907

throw light upon the problem of the railroads. By other similar articles the magazine will report, step by step, the struggle for better things that goes on in every city and community to-day.

## Extraordinary Story of Lincoln's Death

An unexpected find in the way of a reminiscence of Lincoln's death will be presented in a coming number. It is the story of two brothers — still living in the Middle West — who were with the assassinated president from the time he was first shot in Ford's Theater until his death. They saw Booth steal into the Lincoln box, gave immediate assistance to his victim, helped to carry the unconscious president to his death-bed across the road, and waited until he died there in the morning. Probably no other individual had an experience comparable to this, which, singularly enough, sees the light after so long a term of years.

**Art in McClure's** will maintain its high standard in both choice of pictures and quality of reproduction with the aid of such well-known artists as Blumenschein, Keller, Sterner, de Ivanowski, Fogarty, Taylor, Wyeth, Schoonover, Glackens, Gruger and Campbell; and other hitherto unexploited and unknown artists of undoubted merit.

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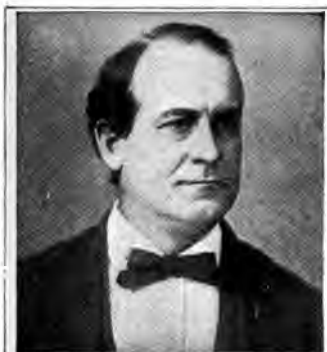
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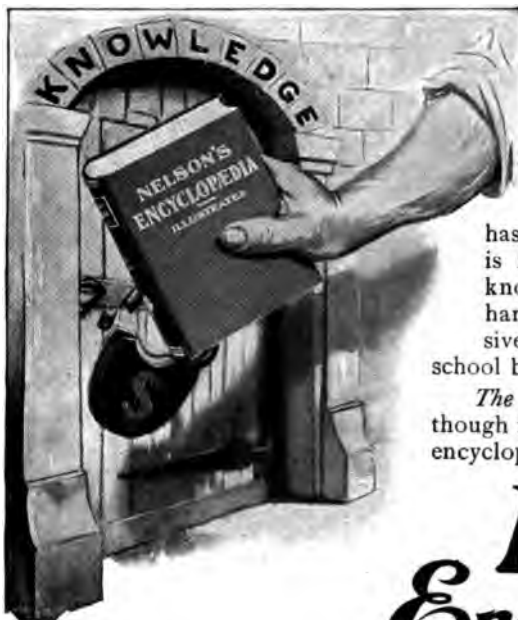
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that they receive university entrance credits, annual ships in the university for best work in correspondence. Instructors are college graduates who give their entire our work. Inquiries invited.

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as well as you can, send to us and we will a handsome portfolio of drawings by the artist, Charles Lederer. A course of lessons by home, may qualify you to earn a good salary as a cartoonist. Instruction individual and adapted to your talent.

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ective and useful pamphlet containing chapters on home ent, will be sent for ten cents to partially cover cost and Tells of remedies and methods devised and successfully by a physician for many years. Call or send for it at once. **BRYANT, M.D., 62 B WEST 40th ST., N. Y.**

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most widely used System in the world. Type-writing and Book-taught at home by the most Complete and Scientific methods. **Business-bringing Course in Letter Writing.** Free Booklet. **d Correspondence Schools, 4243 C. Calumet Ave., Chicago.**

**WOULD LIKE TO CORRESPOND H LADY SCHOOL TEACHERS** others who have a few hours a week to spare) all over the tates. We have a proposition that will be greatly to their e. An unusual opportunity. **INDUSTRIAL CO.** Belfast, Me.

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Earn from  
**\$25 to \$100**  
a Week



The question with every man whether he owns a business or is employed at a salary is "HOW CAN I INCREASE MY INCOME." If he possesses common-sense and has a common school education, the question can quickly be solved, provided he will look into the matter intelligently. It doesn't cost anything for you to find out THE VALUE TO YOU OF A PAGE-DAVIS ADVERTISING COURSE; to find out why hundreds of men and women who were working for as small an amount as \$12.00 a week are to-day, after COMPLETING A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE WITH THE "ORIGINAL SCHOOL," MAKING \$2,000 AND \$3,000 A YEAR.

Our course in advertising by correspondence has the commendation and confidence of the most successful and prominent advertising men in this and foreign countries. It will help you to earn from \$25.00 to \$100.00 per week. A common school education is sufficient.

With our help you can increase your income as did Mr. Frank W. Bope, advertisement writer for L. J. Weisenfeld Co., Baltimore, Md. who writes "the 50% increase in salary which came to me at the end of the first month, was due to the proficiency given me by your instructions.

Mr. R. C. Combs, President of the Germa Mfg. Co., says: "I have applied enough Page-Davis instructions so far to boost our sales to \$500.00 a day."

Mr. A. A. Armstrong, a country school teacher, secured the splendid position of Advertising Manager with the great McCarthy Dry Goods Co., at more than double his former pay as a teacher.

Mr. J. B. Westover, Mr. Jas. A. Fisk, Mr. C. C. Braendle, Mr. C. V. Fullenwider—these and hundreds—yes, thousands of others, left ordinary clerkships and stepped into advertising positions at double and treble their former salaries.

PAGE-DAVIS men are the level headed type that do not hesitate to prepare for advancement when all the evidence points to this being the one road to success.

We will prepare you by correspondence thoroughly and practically for the best business in the world.

Write for our large new prospectus. It will be sent to you FREE.

Sign your name and address, and send this coupon now.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE  
NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY.....  
STATE.....

Send me, without cost, your Prospectus.

**PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY**

Address Dept. 1065, 90 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO  
Either Office Dept. 1065, 150 Nassau St., NEW YORK

We guarantee a square deal to all who trade here.

# PEARS' SOAP

## APPEARS EVERYWHERE

Good morning!  
have you used Pears' Soap?

Guten Morgen!  
Haben Sie  
Pears' Seife  
benutzt?

Bon jour!  
Vous êtes-vous  
servi de  
Savon  
Pears?



Ohayo  
"Pears"  
no Shabon  
wo otsu-  
kaini nari  
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おはよう  
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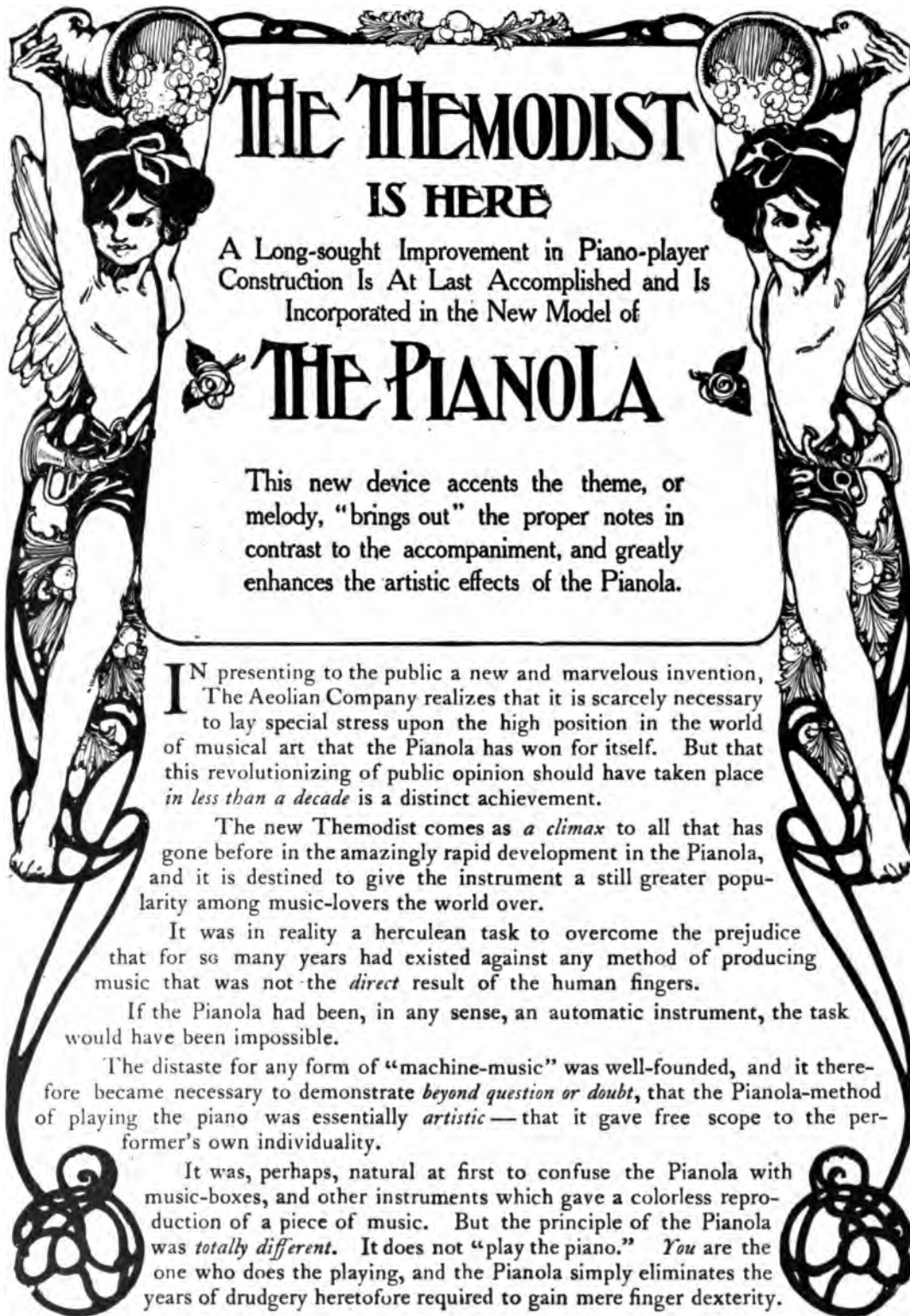
Buenos días!  
¿Se ha lavado  
Vd. con el  
Jabón de Pears?

Pears' Soap is used all over the civilized world -  
wherever people are careful of their face, hands  
and complexion, - wherever cleanliness is a virtue.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

*(to rights secured)*

Never accept substitutes; insist on getting what you ask for.



# THE THEMODIST IS HERE

A Long-sought Improvement in Piano-player  
Construction Is At Last Accomplished and Is  
Incorporated in the New Model of

## THE PIANOLA

This new device accents the theme, or  
melody, "brings out" the proper notes in  
contrast to the accompaniment, and greatly  
enhances the artistic effects of the Pianola.

IN presenting to the public a new and marvelous invention,  
The Aeolian Company realizes that it is scarcely necessary  
to lay special stress upon the high position in the world  
of musical art that the Pianola has won for itself. But that  
this revolutionizing of public opinion should have taken place  
*in less than a decade* is a distinct achievement.

The new Themodist comes as *a climax* to all that has  
gone before in the amazingly rapid development in the Pianola,  
and it is destined to give the instrument a still greater popu-  
larity among music-lovers the world over.

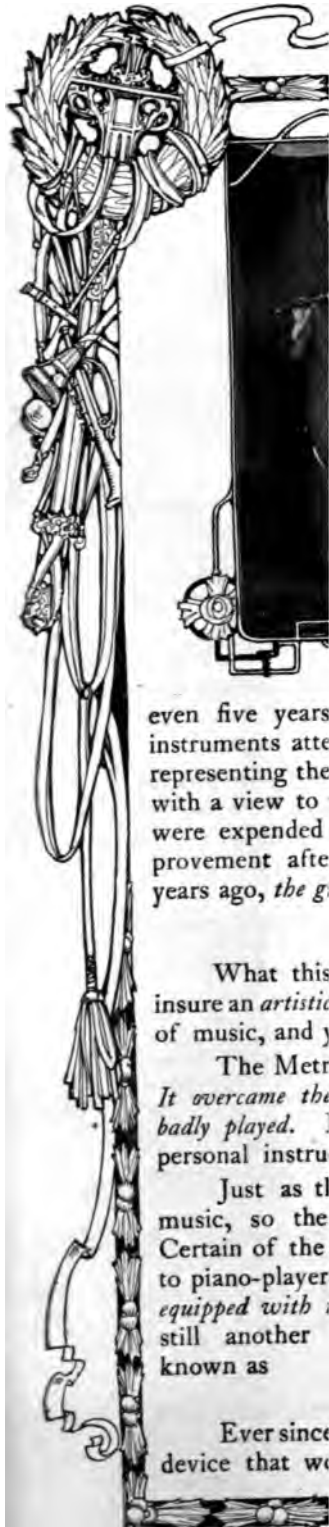
It was in reality a herculean task to overcome the prejudice  
that for so many years had existed against any method of producing  
music that was not the *direct* result of the human fingers.

If the Pianola had been, in any sense, an automatic instrument, the task  
would have been impossible.

The distaste for any form of "machine-music" was well-founded, and it there-  
fore became necessary to demonstrate *beyond question or doubt*, that the Pianola-method  
of playing the piano was essentially *artistic*—that it gave free scope to the per-  
former's own individuality.

It was, perhaps, natural at first to confuse the Pianola with  
music-boxes, and other instruments which gave a colorless repro-  
duction of a piece of music. But the principle of the Pianola  
was *totally different*. It does not "play the piano." *You* are the  
one who does the playing, and the Pianola simply eliminates the  
years of drudgery heretofore required to gain mere finger dexterity.

We guarantee a square deal to all who trade here.



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even five years ago, and immeasurably superior to the various other instruments attempting to produce similar results. A corps of experts, representing the best talent available, have been steadily experimenting, with a view to the perfection of every detail. Large sums of money were expended in carrying forward this experimental work, one improvement after another being added, until there came, about three years ago, *the great achievement of*

### THE METROSTYLE

What this marvelous invention successfully accomplished was to insure an *artistic* rendition by each Pianola-owner, no matter how ignorant of music, and yet without any sacrifice of the performer's individuality.

The Metrostyle immensely raised the standard of Pianola-playing. *It overcame the objection of those who had previously heard the Pianola badly played.* It gave every Pianola-owner the privilege of taking personal instruction under the foremost masters of the pianoforte.

Just as the Pianola itself had proved a revolutionary factor in music, so the Metrostyle in turn revolutionized Pianola-playing. Certain of the great musicians, who had heretofore remained lukewarm to piano-players of any kind, now hastened to endorse the Pianola *when equipped with the Metrostyle.* Now The Aeolian Company announces still another revolutionary improvement in the Pianola, a device known as

### THE THEMODIST

Ever since the invention of the Pianola, a need has been felt for some device that would enable the performer to *bring out the melody of a*

**We guarantee a square deal to all who trade here.**

# Armour

**S**PECIALIZING  
 Armour food p  
 the year round and  
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 good."

¶ Armour's Extract is a co  
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 soups, entrees, roasts, vege

We guarante

# Armour's

**S**PECIALIZING for quality—that is what makes Armour food products the standard of excellence all the year round and all round the world. The Armour name and the Armour brand on the label always mean “quality,” because Armour & Company never stop at producing something “just as good” or “good enough.” The constant effort is to produce something *better*. That is “the Armour way.” It is the every-day, all-the-year-round business creed in six of the largest, cleanest and best equipped food producing plants in the world.

## The best Extract of the best Beef

¶ A kitchen without Armour's Extract of Beef is like soup without salt; it lacks savor. A jar of Extract (if it's Armour's) will double the resources of the housewife who likes to “have things taste good.”

¶ Armour's Extract is a concentration of the rich, meaty flavors of choice beef—the best extract of the best beef. It gives life and zest to everything it touches—soups, entrees, roasts, vegetable. A



little of it helps to convert the “left overs” of yesterday into a choice dish for today. And when chilly days come, a quarter of a teaspoonful in a cup of boiling water, with a little salt and pepper, makes a beverage that warms, cheers and invigorates.

¶ “Culinary Wrinkles,” a little cook book written by Ida M. Palmer, tells of more than one hundred ways of using Armour's Extract of Beef to advantage. It will be sent on request.

We guarantee a square deal to all who trade here.

Beef, the  
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has been tested by forty years of  
*It pays.* It has put Armour  
has put them in a class by them-  
self constant use and approval  
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do stay. Armour & Company  
do not deteriorate. If you want to be  
buying meat food products, look  
for the label.

## **ertain Hams r" Branded**



for the stomach's sake. The doctor-  
experts on diet all recommend ham  
— tender, mild-cure ham  
— especially for persons  
whose digestion is just a  
little "slow."

¶ But be sure you get Ar-  
mour's "Star" Ham, with the  
five-pointed star burned into  
the skin. That mark guar-  
antees you the pick—a "just  
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deal to all who trade here.

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They sing for you,  
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 Please send me catalogue of Victor Records  
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is the one you never feel.  
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With a *hair* mattress beneath  
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Office:  
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TIFF

Fifth Ave

Gold an

*Bangles and Br*

Open work scrolls  
with seven amethysts

Oval band, richly cl  
torquoise matrix, -

Open work, burme  
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Carved scrolls, and  
six oblong amethysts,

Rosettes and open w  
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Double wire bracele  
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Plain Gold

Gold bangles, -

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New York

## Bangles

*in 14-karat gold*

Burmese finish,  
- - each \$38

ish, with eight  
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\$10, \$15.50, \$17, \$20

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# IC DUTY A A A A RFORMANCE

## An Unbroken Line of Successes

The tremendous improvement in quality, due to our new and exclusive processes of curing, blending and ripening American grown leaf, extends through our entire line.

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This "▲" merit-mark appears on the front of every box containing such cigars, and may be accepted implicitly as a guarantee of mellowness, "smoothness," quality, fragrance, and uniformity of character.



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Among the "▲" (Triangle A) brands each smoker is sure to find the cigar he wants. The list is so long that only a few of the more prominent can be mentioned here:

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rica"

The printed  
spaces on this page  
outline the exact size  
and shape of an ostrich  
and a hen's egg. The  
former weighs 3 pounds  
and contains 30 times the  
amount of meat contained  
in the latter.

The upper portion of the  
halftone represents a farm  
scene, while below is a brood  
of young chicks a few days  
old, and a nest as pre-  
pared by the parent  
birds.



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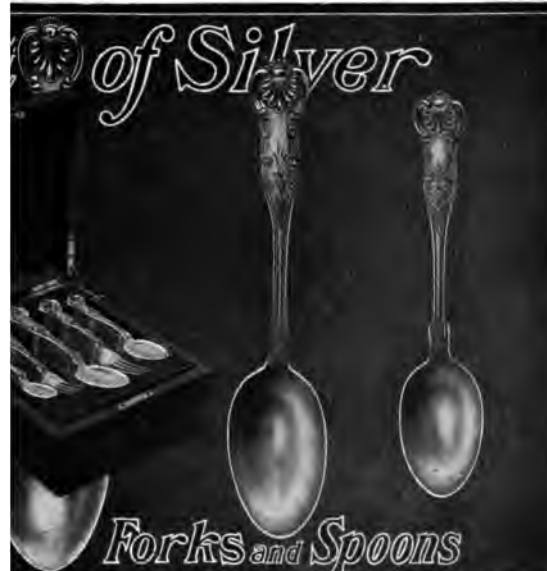
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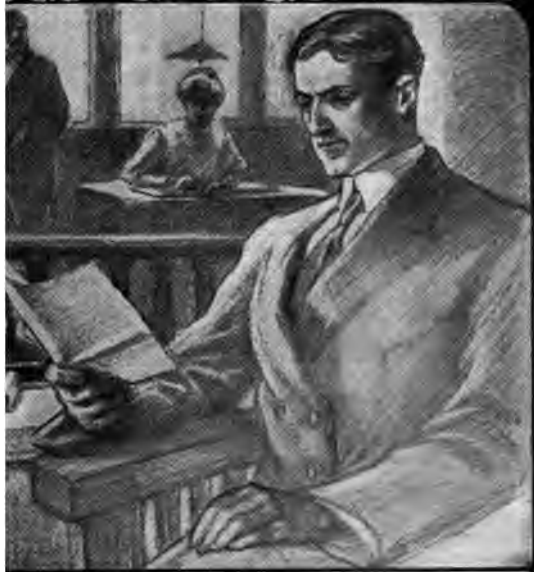
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Interest April and October

## PURPOSE OF ISSUE:

Above bonds are  
city authorities to provide  
plement the work accom  
**Wall** around practically

## SINKING FUND:

The city provides  
Bonds are callable for sink  
taxes for the period 190.  
\$1,105,000 for entire  
**sioners of this issue.**

## FINANCIAL STATEMEN

Assessed valuation  
Total debt  
Deduct Water D  
" Sinking f

Official valuation property  
Population (U. S

## GROWTH:

Galveston stands *sec*  
with \$166,317,642 for 1905-0  
clearings have increased fr  
06. Galveston ranks *eighth*  
Galveston received for expc  
Orleans, next port in rank,  
lines of steamers to foreign  
commodities from the gre  
Atlantic seaboard will in  
Galveston from year to yea

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fund of 2% per annum of the outstanding bonds.  
by lot at par and interest. The state donates certain  
raging \$65,000 per annum and amounting to about  
These funds go direct to the sinking fund commis-

06)

-	-	-	-	-	-	\$22,740,000
-	-	-	-	-	-	3,323,000
-	-	\$614,000				
-	-	460,967				1,074,967
DEBT	-	-	-	-	-	\$2,248,033
by City	-	-	-	-	-	2,805,780
1900)	-	-	37,839			

the list of ports for *foreign export values*  
g surpassed only by New York City. Bank  
1,368,000 in 1896-97 to \$638,740,000 in 1905-  
g all ocean and gulf ports in *import values*.  
905-06 2,656,600 bales of cotton while New  
d only 1,653,142 bales. Galveston has 57  
tries. The unmistakable trend of export  
hwest towards the Gulf instead of the  
r immensely increase the importance of

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ting the usual middle-man they offer you  
e entire 6% your money should and can  
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able at par in multiples of \$100;  
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enabling the person without capital  
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equivalent of an ordinary interest  
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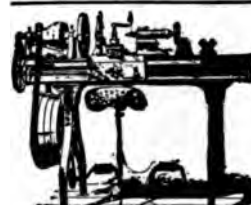
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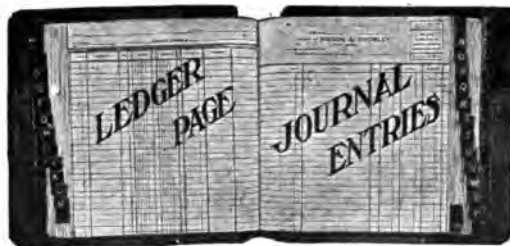
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of good judgement—the discriminat-  
ing man, or, to be more explicit, the  
average man—the man you touch shoulders with every day—he is the man whose judgement has made possible the great success of these simple, sensible and serviceable suspenders.

For every reason given in favor of other make suspenders at least two logical arguments can be advanced why YOU should wear BULL DOG SUSPENDERS, and the strongest one is

**They Outwear Three Pairs Of The Other Kinds**

They're sold in all the best shops so please *ask your dealer*, but if necessary we will mail them for 50c. the pair postpaid. In regular and extra lengths, light and heavy weights, and youth's sizes.

**HEWES & POTTER**  
DEPT. 4. 87 LINCOLN STREET, BOSTON, MASS.  
Send for **FREE** Booklet—"Correct Dress and Suspender Styles."

deal to all who trade here.



*Shaw*

kind that require  
like some socks which are "al

The reason why! — We  
own yarns from the best  
thereby insuring uniform a  
of yarns which are most du  
ing qualities of our socks ha  
the past 29 years.

We use dyes which cont  
injurious matter, and co  
dyes which will rot any fabri  
This is why *Shaw* s  
their color.

Your dealer can s  
*Shaw* Socks, or we w  
taining 6 pairs, correct weig  
assorted, as follows, upon r  
prepaid to any point in the U

- Style 19s9 Black—Famous
- " 19F20 Black—Embroi  
dinal figures.
- " 5P1 Black and White  
side, pure white i
- " 3s8 Rich Navy Blue.
- " 5P14 Black and Car  
blended.
- " 9s2 Rich Tan.

Our new and beautifully  
is just out.

May we send you one?  
for it to-day.

Should you order direct, p  
specify size or size

**SHAW STOCKING**

Smith St., Lo

We g

# Wonderful Edison

## Phonograph Offer

**IF** you love music and entertainment be sure to read every word of this great offer.



**Mr. Edison says:**



**"I WANT to see a Phonograph in every American home."**

Here is your opportunity—while this offer lasts every reliable responsible person in the U. S. can try a genuine Edison on this great free trial offer.

# FREE TRIAL

**Free Trial Means Free Trial**

**No C. O. D.—No Money Down**

Try the instrument in your home; play the beautiful Edison gold moulded records and if *then* you do not care to keep the outfit return it at our expense. We do not charge you one cent for the trial.

**50c a Week**

now buys a genuine Edison Outfit—easiest possible payments at lowest possible cash prices.

**An up-to-date Edison Outfit at only \$14.20**

**\$27.50** buys the finest kind of an Edison Outfit with a complete equipment, beautiful two-foot flower horn and one dozen genuine Edison gold moulded records. For full description and terms of payment read our catalog. *Remember—free trial—no money down—it's our risk to please and satisfy you. Send no money to anybody for a talking machine until you have had the genuine Edison on free trial.*

**Sign this coupon**

*Do not bother with sending a letter; merely sign and mail the coupon, writing name and address plainly. Write today.*

**Frederick Babson**

EDISON PHONOGRAPH DISTRIBUTERS

149-150 Michigan Ave.  
Suite 1417

Chicago  
Ill.

**FREDERICK BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors,**  
149-150 Michigan Avenue, Suite 1417, Chicago.

Please send me free, prepaid, your catalog of Edison phonographs, your free circulars of the great Outfit No. 5 and terms of payments.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

are deal to all who trade here.



## Confessions of Flat-iron

By A. Taylor-Cutter

THE "Tailor's Goose" forsook  
 "Well, if *I'm* the Tailor  
 who is the Tailor's Fox?—to  
 "Better ask the Tailor—he  
 "When there's any 'foxing'  
 with a Suit of Clothes or an Overcoat  
 find Old Doctor Goose is the standard  
 "When the journeyman tailor  
 fulness here, that should have  
 out by the needle; or a *short*  
 tight seam, or a slack one, the  
 Old Doctor Goose gets busy, at  
 his practice.

"I can do more stretching a  
 in *ten* minutes than your poor  
 working Tailor could do in ten  
 Tailor knows.

"And no Consumer can tell,  
 difference in effect between *m*  
 job and the needle-working *tailor*

"Of course, *my* work won't  
 the first damp day of wear.

"But what does Brother T  
*that?*

"Before the Purchaser can  
 on a damp day, he must *buy* a

"And, when he has bought  
 it, then it's 'up to him' to *keep*  
 shape—viz., get it pressed u  
 over *regularly* by Old Dr. Go

"Oh, yes—I know that's

"But the expense *then* co  
 Purchaser's pocket—not ou  
 Tailor's pocket.

We guar

"Of course, Brother Tailor and I have to make our little Profit, you know.

"And it costs about *ten* times as much to shape a Coat Collar fully with *permanent needle-work* as it costs with *my* quick and easy process of hot flat-iron faking.

"What's the use of putting *permanence* into the shape of a Coat Collar, or into the Shoulders, when you can't get any more *price* for them from the Clothier, and it doesn't '*show*' to the Consumer *on the day of sale*?

"'Sincerity Tailoring'—Bosh!

"What does Brother Tailor, or Brother Clothier, care for *that* if he can make a dollar or two more per suit, by the Dr. Goose method?

"Why, 80 per cent. of all the Coats and Overcoats made are *shaped by the flat-iron*.

"Granted they *do* wilt out in a hurry, and need constant pressing.

"But *that's* the Consumer's funeral.

"I tell *you*, Neighbor, this Kuh, Nathan & Fischer method is just so much *profit* wasted.

"Their idea of opening up every faulty seam, in a Revision Room, and their re-shaping it by costly *hand-needle-work* is as foolish, to my mind, as their shaping of all Collars, Lapels, and Shoulders by the same tedious and permanent method.

"The Retailer won't *pay* them any more price for *their* Clothes on that account.

"And the Consumer doesn't care much, either.

"He doesn't *know* enough about the difference in *permanence* to care.

"Yes, yes—I grant you—the Consumer must *frequently* pay for pressing a *flat-iron shaped* suit, if he would *keep* it looking as well as a "Sincerity" *needle-shaped* suit would look *without* pressing.

"But that's the Consumer's Loss, not the *Manufacturer's*, nor the Retailer's loss.

"Oh, very well then—

"People who *know* enough to want needle-shaped clothes instead of Flat-iron shaped clothes, *can* get them if they look for label of the 'Sincerity Clothiers' on them. That label reads—



deal to all who trade here.

McCl

# 365

WITH

**A shave every day  
two cents a week, with  
edged wafer blades of**

One million satisfied users  
premiacy due to the double-edged  
are Always Sharp—**facts true on**  
a single user who is not getting  
to know it.

### SOLID SATISFACT

**Any man can shave him-**  
Gillette. It is the simplest as w  
razor made. Every double-edge  
science and skill can make it. Th  
ture of Gillette Blades is made spe  
a unique process which required ye  
converted into Gillette double-edg  
in temper, and with the most pe  
in the world.

### **NO STROPPING NO HONING**

**50,000 double-edged**  
are turned out at our factory—1  
edges—the strongest kind of evide  
lette Razors are widely used and a

Every man should secure a  
Satisfaction guaranteed or money  
30 Days' Free Trial Offer. Most  
offer; if yours won't, we will.

### **12 BL**

The Gillette Razor is packed  
edges) each blade good for an av  
When dulled throw away as you d

**PRICES:** Triple Sil  
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Sold by all Drug, Cutlery and Har

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# Gille

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WRITE *Words* FOR A

And we will write the music and present to B  
A HIT will make you RICH. Send now  
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Greatest summer and winter resort  
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ear for less than  
nderful double-  
te Safety Razor.

supremacy of the Gillette, a su-  
high require No Stropping and  
Gillette Blade. If there is  
ost satisfaction, we want

Actual Size  
Ready for Use

### VERY ONE

and easily with the  
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purpose. By  
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### Gillette Playing Cards

For 25c. Silver or Stamps

and the name of a friend  
who does not use the Gil-  
lette Razor, we send post-  
paid, to every address a full  
deck of playing cards, regular  
50c. quality, celluloid finish, with  
round corners and gold edges, in  
handsome heavy gold-embossed  
leatherette telescope case.

### 24 SHARP EDGES

e leather case with 12 double-edged blades (24 perfect  
re than 20 smooth, delightful shaves without stropping.

A new blade inserted in a second.

ith 12 Blades, \$5; Standard Combination Set with  
lated Holders, \$7.50; Extra Blades, 10 for 50c.  
everywhere. Send to-day for our handsome illustrated booklet.

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**AND HE IS MY BEST FRIEND.**  
andle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts -  
in handle and hook to hold it.  
to cleanly per-  
is who

**The Propyl-lac-tic**

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Youths' 25c. Children's 25c.  
By mail or at dealers. Send for our free booklet,  
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why gentlemen have alv  
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you will find the



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in all ages and nations. That is  
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its supremacy in good taste and  
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Fall and Winter styles in Men's and  
Principal cities of the United States.

**YOU'RE MADE TO MEASURE**  
**Putman Boots.**  
like a glove *and* fit all over.

have been the Standard among Western Hunters, Prospect-  
and the best) and we have learned through our personal con-  
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no more than others. Send for catalogue of over 30 different  
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6, 200, 14 inches high. Bellows Tongue, Uppers are Special  
Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on, making the lea-  
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Under the working of  
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# "A. A. D."



All Kalamazoo Cook Stoves and Ranges are equipped with our patented oven thermometer which makes baking and roasting easy.



Royal Steel Range for all kinds of fuel.

We guarantee  
anywhere  
durability  
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To let  
tion, we  
360 Day  
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you every cent you have paid us, if not exactly as represented.

## LOWEST

We sell you a Kalamazoo *direct* from factory prices.

You save all middlemen's, dealers' commissions, amounting to from \$5

Is there any good reason why you should

Is it not as good to you as it is to

We are the *only* actual manufacturer on this basis.

Don't confuse us with "mail order lots" and retail them. Will you not

## Send Postal for Catalog

(Showing 267 styles)

Compare our prices with others, note the high quality of our stoves and

save money by buying direct from the

All Kalamazoo stoves are blacked.

mediate use when shipped. Write

stove bargains.

## We Pay the

You simply cannot afford to buy a cheap stove from a dealer or mail order retailer, when you can get a Kalamazoo for the same or even less money. Buy the best, and secure lasting satisfaction.

**KALAMAZOO STOVE**

We guarantee

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are fuel savers,—  
life time—  
in all respects.  
low in price and high in

easily operated and quickly  
made ready for business.  
the actual manufacturer—  
they returned if everything  
as represented—  
in your own pocket the  
jobbers' profits when you  
Kalamazoo.

## BEST QUALITY

for a \$20,000 bond, that you cannot secure  
a stove or range of higher quality, of greater  
venience and of greater economy in fuel  
they have proved *best* by *every* test.

to your own satisfac-  
the Kalamazoo on a  
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ve or range  
high grade  
dear at any



Radiant Base Burner.  
High grade parlor  
heater for hard coal.

Manufacturers Kalamazoo, Mich.

to all who trade here.



## Build V

It's Cheaper than

Nothing is more wasteful than warm with heaters. A coal gas, is the besetting hou

## Cabot's S

is wind and frost proof. It v stop earlier, and enough will two ordinary winters to pay th



burning your money — and b tearing off the outer finish at

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**SAMUEL CABOT, S**

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Maker of Cabot's S

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# m Houses.

## Fuel to Heat Cold Ones.

thin, draughty houses, and trying to keep  
with its accompaniment of vitiated air and  
his country. A house lined with

## hing "Quilt"

l tight. Its heater will start later and  
l—to say nothing of doctor's bills—in  
e. Read the following remarkable result :

### Warmth by Insulation Alone No Artificial Heat

le sun-house had an inside temperature  
the shade in February when the tempera-  
was below zero. There was no arti-  
whatever and this wonderful result was  
to the sun's rays and the perfect insula-  
by the lining of Quilt, which prevented  
m escaping. Remember the discomfort  
draught across your feet ; remember the  
ng and bleached cheek produced by too  
cial heat ; remember the heater that is  
es. (Cold houses can be made warm by  
Quilt.)

*ilar sent free.*

**rer, 139A Milk St., Boston, Mass.**

**ntal Points.**

**d Conservo Wood Preservative.**

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Business Block, Los Angeles  
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## Housewives Appreciate

Neatness and Economy shown  
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### "SAPOLIN

### Stove Pipe Enamel

simply put on with the brush will  
every can, rusty Stove Pipes, Gas  
Furnace Fronts, Gas and Oil Stoves,  
Machines, or anything else may be  
easily given a brilliant, permanent  
intensely black finish (like that on  
1-2 pint cans with brush, 20 cents)

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**ON A FLAT SURFACE—  
There's the Supreme Test  
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Rex Flintkote easily makes good—despite standing water, stinging dirt or falling sparks. Beating rain can't go through it because it's non-porous. Driving rain can't get under it because there are no rough, upturned edges. Any workman can lay it. Its flexibility makes it cling while its firmness makes it "stand up." It will wear longer, require less attention, and stand by you better in time of fire than any roof made. The sooner you use it the quicker you begin to save.

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"We have sold over 1500 squares of this roofing, covering all kinds of buildings from refinery to warehouses and buildings where flat roofs were necessary. Up to this writing we have as yet not had a single complaint. Have tried various grades of roofing paper, but in our estimation there is none equal to Flintkote Roofing. H. F. JAENKE LBR. CO., Jennings, La."

Artistic effects can be attained with our new red paint especially adapted to Rex Flintkote. Look for the "Flintkote Boy." Insist on the genuine. It will save you from expensive experimenting with cheap substitutes. Accept our free sample to test with red-hot coal; also our free booklet on roofing points. Write us at once.

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stand the Laundry Test b  
details of construction — s  
illustrated — are never slig  
they add greatly to cost of

Our Ascot Collar is corr  
It is cut back fairly well,  
style and is a most comforta

Ask your furnisher to show you C  
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each.

No. 45.

Falls, N. Y.  
abinets.

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**Y**OU may think you know what a Phonograph is; you may think you have heard one; but you do not know what a Phonograph will do — you do not know how good it can be until you have heard the



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Thomas Alva Edison invented the Phonograph idea. The Edison is his own best development of the Phonograph idea. It possesses the marvelous quality of giving you "your kind of music" better — that is more clearly, more entertainingly, more musically — than any other talking, singing or playing machine. "Your kind;" that is the keynote of the Edison Phonograph. You don't have to learn to like it. It plays what you like.

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helps to establish confider  
parchment-like rustle that  
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That you may discover  
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We want you to know how it is possible to fill the **CONKLIN PEN** as easily as dipping a common pen into an ink-stand. We want to tell you why it is the only fountain pen that is never in trouble.

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Think of a fountain pen being filled instantly by one pressure of the thumb! And not only filled but cleaned as well.

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The pen with the Clip-Cap

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this pen, which is the Standard of the World, is practically indispensable, — more so than under any other circumstances.

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**4-cylinder Touring-car \$2800**

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The Autocar five-passenger Type XII is the car that is most exactly adapted to the needs of the great majority of motorists.—Which has ample confirmation in the present tendency of other makers toward touring-car models of like wheel base, tread, weight and motor-power.

Proportions aside, no other car has, or can have, Autocar ideas. Notably **Autocar Control**—the only system of control perfectly combining guidance and speed regulation, throttle and spark being governed by the grips which form parts of the rim of steering wheel.

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Model-F—has made marks that proclaim reliability. A severe test run gave it prominence among touring cars. Driven by a 12-horsepower engine, carrying five people and made the run through four States from Wisconsin, and return—a trip of

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Entered on this tour. Stretches of sage were hills to climb and sand wastes never loosened a bolt, and made an *seven gallons of gasoline.*

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In every particular this car is to the minute, but is really *two* of any other machine on the many improvements, its mechanical completeness, its superior finish make it imperative for you another step in the purchase of you have learned all about this wonderful

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— an autor smooth and well-balanced almost marvelous when compared in what has heretofore been acknowledged as the highest type of motor car. The exclusive double acting steering gear increases safety of riding; superior control is gained through the perfect transmission; a new marine type regulates the speed of the engine conditions, minimizing vibration and consumption; the independent steering for engine saves wear and strain

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Graygood Hydraulic Shock Absorbers provide an oil cushion between axles and car body which makes the car practically unaffected by roughness of a road-bed, in a similar manner as the water cushion beneath a boat makes the boat unaffected by roughness of a river-bed.

# GRAYGOOD HYDRAULIC

## Double-Acting SHOCK ABSORBER

(Formerly the "AMERICAN")

### Explanation of Section

"A" is oil-chamber above and below "B."  
"B" is piston head.  
"C" is piston-rod.  
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Cut about 2/3 actual size.

This is the only real shock absorber. Absorbs all shocks, perpendicular, horizontal, and side-swaying, the heaviest as well as lighter shocks. Absolutely prevents breaking of springs, yet does not stiffen springs or prevent their normal action.

It keeps the wheels on the ground and prevents loss of traction.

Once correctly adjusted to the car it needs no further adjustment or attention.

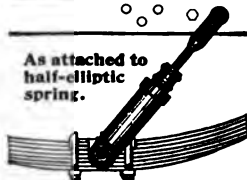
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3-inch barrel, nickel-plated  
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were the originators of the Rubber-core ball. Each of our yearly productions has been marked by improvements. Our latest and best, the HASKELL-MATCH ball, embodies every good quality of previous Haskell's—with many others added—and the qualities eliminated—and we can confidently call it as being by far the very best ball on the

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It is easier to  
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Twelve blades |

Complete in ha

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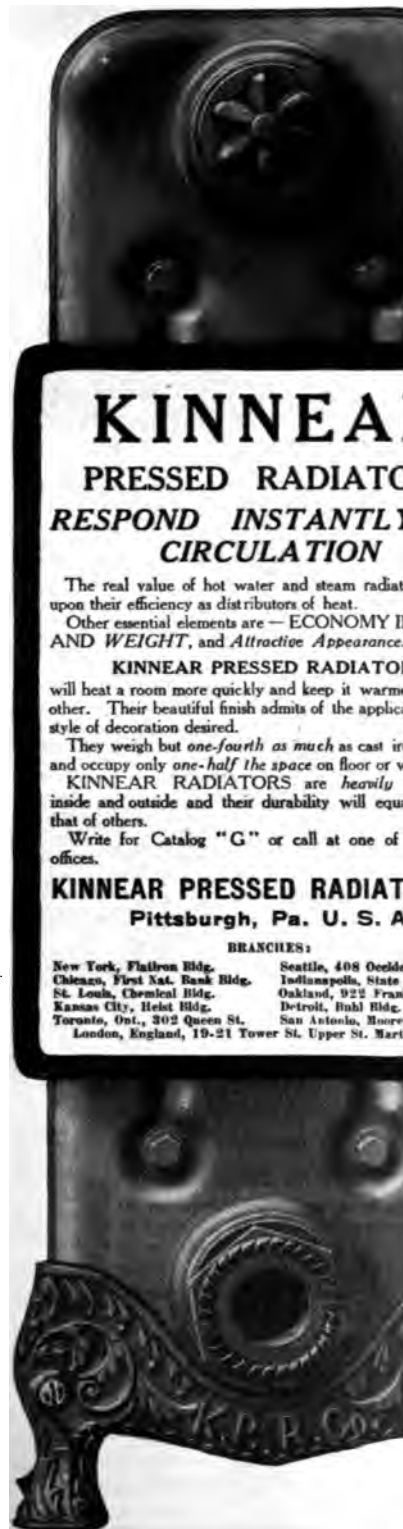
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**Style 2RE1**—As illustrated, high shoe, lace style, Blucher cut, walking heel. Made of Black King Calf.

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"I am directed by the Quartermaster to inform you that the hats submitted by you to this office have been subjected to a severe test, and have withstood it with credit. The hats were soaked with water for twenty-three days, the crowns creased, for thirty-two days, and then flattened. Hat No. 11 was put under a test, and was repeated on three occasions, and sometimes it did not

**This method**

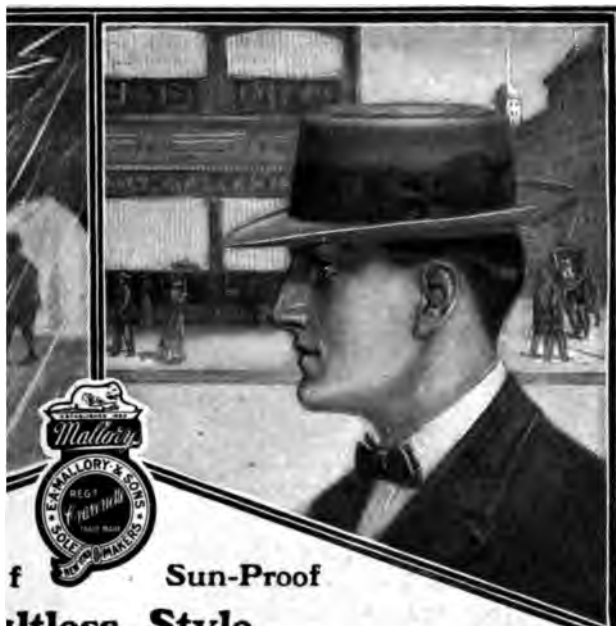
*Ma*

has faultless hat-style, unexcelled. A Cravenette hat cannot become soft, keep their stiffness indefinitely, cannot fade them, rain cannot

Three



**We guarantee**



f **Sun-Proof**  
**Stainless Style**

of a material. For instance, we take one of our regular hats in any shape, according to the latest styles approved by the fashion, and treat it with the famous Priestley Cravenette process which, as you know, is a perfect waterproof.

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**Cravenette**  
**Hat**

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The Razac solves the problem of the man who has never been able to shave himself, the man who has never used safety razors without the happiest of results.

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but don't let them "hand you a lemon"  
in the shape of any of the old model  
safeties. The Razac is in a class by  
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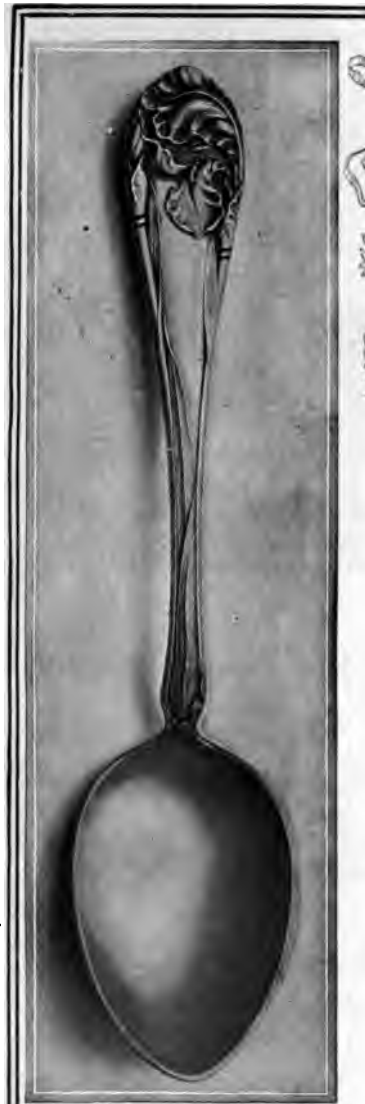
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